

Be on your Guard.

If some grocers urge another baking powder upon you in place of the "Royal," it is because of the greater profit upon it. This of itself is evidence of the superiority of the "Royal." To give greater profit the other must be a lower cost powder, and to cost less it must be made with cheaper and inferior materials, and thus, though selling for the same, give less value to the consumer.

To insure the finest cake, the most wholesome food, be sure that no substitute for Royal Baking Powder is accepted by you.

Nothing can be substituted for the Royal Baking Powder and give as good results.

Rameau and the Dog.

Many eccentricities are pardoned in musical geniuses, especially by those who do not suffer from them. Unfortunately the object of a musician's wrath is quite apt to be unable to appreciate why he has offended.

One can fancy the possessor of the untrained voice who figures in the following story thinking hard things of the celebrated composer Rameau.

One day Rameau while calling on a lady fixed a stern glance on a little dog who sat in her lap and was barking good naturedly. Suddenly Rameau seized the poor little fellow and threw him out of the window.

"What is the matter?" asked his hostess, much alarmed.

"He barked false!" said Rameau indignantly.—Youth's Companion.

The Power of Gold.

He loved her. She loved him. But her father objected because the young man was almost a total stranger.

The time had come when the youth must ask the father for his daughter, and he feared to go to him.

He held a long conference with his beloved. He told her he did not want to ask her father.

"George, dear," she asked in a tremulous voice, "how much are you worth?"

"A million dollars, darling," he responded proudly.

Her face shone in the twilight.

"Then you don't have to ask him," she said with simple trust. "Let him know that, and he will ask you."

And George gave the old man a tip.—Detroit Free Press.

Playing to Light Houses.

It is his custom to confide all of his little adventures to him, he found it quite in his turn of fancies one evening to relate a little incident that had happened fully a fortnight after his receipt of Olef's letter.

Ivan had returned home long after his usual hour.

"What kept you so long, Ivan?" I asked as he came down to dinner.

"A most peculiar circumstance, my darling," he answered. "I was passing along Broadway, near Canal street, to my office when a young man came near to me—closer, Ivan, closer! I fear I trembled! I cried, as he clasped me in his arms. But the woman only quickened her pace, which we discovered by the rapid flash of light.

Forer and faster she hurried toward us. Irene, becoming inconsolable, rushed off to the nearest cafe.

The woman was now upon us! For an instant a bright flash illuminated the spot. I looked; I saw a face.

"Great God! Vera!"

"Ivan!" I cried. "Do you see! A spirit! Her specter! Vera's ghost!"

The man strove to speak. His tongue was lashed to the roof of his mouth. He moved—confronted her, the phantom like figure, as a daredevil might face a hariborg of death!

"At last!" the woman cried.

"Vera!" screamed Ivan, and fell upon his knees before her.

"It is here that I find you!" she continued. "I have tracked you many times, thinking that you were but building our plans as we agreed."

"As who agreed?" Ivan cried.

"You, Ivan Trosky, my husband, and I, Vera, your wife!" she answered, as her hot temper flared.

"Yes, as we agreed! I have crossed your path a score of times. Under the park tree I heard you plight your troth. In the lover's seat I have heard your passionate words of love. I have watched and waited patiently, believing that you or she would come to me. But now you have gone too far. Your words are no longer empty sounds. You love that girl! Ah, deny it not! Trust to a woman's eyes to read the perfidy in a man's heart!"

"You had no right to come further into the shade to miss the flash of her temper."

"Out upon it!" she exclaimed. "The face has gone far enough! You would have made it tragedy! Oh, I know! The girl's falling health but a few weeks back, her discovery of her weakness, your attempts to poison her! It is too true! Ah, where is the stranger you found fainting in the street? Olef—where is he?"

"God! Olef!" I screamed, as the frightful truth all darted to my brain. "The stranger, the accident, the hospital! I bent my tortured heart to listen."

"Where is he?" she repeated. "You have told me in your letters—the forcible detention of Olef at your friend's house—your confession. And the sentence which you pronounced on his head and sent to me! Ah! you would—would have killed the girl for her fortune, as we agreed! But your heart, even blacker than mine, turned false to your wife! You ruined the plot by your perfidy! Jealousy drives me to confess it! You loved her! I am here to avenge the wrong! You would have wrought a tragedy—till your mind became topsy-turvy, and then you would have wed the girl, deceiving her into the belief that I was dead! But now it is my turn! We will end it here! Aye, and with a tragedy indeed! Now pay for your sins! And with the stout arms of a maniac Vera bound him in his tracks; then with giant force she pushed him to the cliff. My heart stood still! The ground vibrated!"

"At last!" I cried.

"Woman! what would you do?" and she struggled with her as one of his feet slipped over the rock. He was falling!

TO BE CONTINUED.

The Harem in Modern Turkey.

"Harem." In the modern acceptance of the word, it means the private apartments, and all these rooms are called by the same name even in a harem's establishment inhabited solely by men, but generally it is applied to every place intended for women.

The end of the Turkish railway carriage contained off from the rest, is a harem. So the ladies' cabin on board ship and the latticed gallery in a mosque.

In the dwelling house it is all that quarter inhabited by the wife and children and other ladies of the family, and here, I may say, in passing, that very few Turks nowadays have more than one wife. The traditional Turk with his innumerable women longer exists, except as a very rare exception, and the Mohammedan law has sacrificed the advantages of the privacy granted him by the Mohammedan law and custom.—Scribner's Magazine.

Dr. Fuller's Memory.

Among those who have performed great feats of memory may be mentioned Dr. Fuller, author of the "Worthies of England." He could repeat another man's sermon after hearing it once and could repeat 500 words in an unknown language after hearing them twice.

He one day attempted to walk from Temple Bar to the farthest end of Chesapeake street, and the Minister had to walk on either side of the way in the order of their occurrence, and he did it easily.—Interior.

Sympathy.

Rupert—I think I'll pour some cologne in this medicine bottle.

Rupert—Why, to take the taste out of its mouth.—Harper's Young People.

THE DOUBLE CROSS

By ARDENNES JONES-FOSTER.

"Bless you, no; not blood relatives. Ivan is my uncle by marriage, and only great-great uncle at that, his wife having been great aunt to my mother."

One night and once again, as we walked beneath the heavy canopy of the park trees, a shadow fell in front of us—the figure of a woman, it appeared to me—and as quickly it lit away again. I remember having twice remarked it to Ivan. On the second occasion the shadow came just as we were replighting our torch and naming the day. I started, considerably frightened. Ivan called me.

"It was nothing," he remarked; "only a branch of that tall tree swinging across our path."

"But if it had been—if it could have understood—if it could have spoken—that shadow would have heard our pledges!"

"And you are ashamed of them, my darling?"

"No! oh, no, Ivan. Only I am a creature of such silly suspicions. My nation—my dear Swedish people—are somehow imbued more or less with a belief in 'gerie things,' as the Scots say. It may be a fault, but it was born in me. Even when I was a child my old nurse used to tell me tales of strange gnomes and hobgoblins, saying that they swarmed about us, and the lesson seems to have followed me. So do not chide me."

His answer was that which he always gave when I pleaded for grace.

He kissed me.

The shadowy figure had faded into space.

As it was his custom to confide all of his little adventures to him, he found it quite in his turn of fancies one evening to relate a little incident that had happened fully a fortnight after his receipt of Olef's letter.

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A GENUINE ROMANCE.

This is How It Happens in Real Life—A Story of a Young Man and a Girl.

This is a story of a young man and a girl. The girl was pretty. The young man thought she was the most beautiful being he had ever seen.

He met her in the house of a friend in the village in which she lived. He was dazed. He followed her around the entire evening.

He tried to make an impression, and when he came away he thought he had impressed her, and he was in the seventh heaven of delight.

He came back to Buffalo. He talked of the girl by day and dreamed of her by night. Business kept him from going again to the village which held the radiant being within its corporate limits. He did not know her well enough to write to her. He moped. His eyes grew dim. He was sorely stricken with love as a man could be and maintain anything like his mental poise.

Last week one day he heard that she was in this city visiting friends. He was wild with delight. A day later a friend of the friends with whom the divinity was staying came to him and said that he thought he could fix things so the stricken young man could see the southern tier girl to the theater. The young man implored him to do so, and he did.

In the days between the theater going and the first arrangements the young man lived in a dream-like state. He was wild with delight. A day later a friend of the friends with whom the divinity was staying came to him and said that he thought he could fix things so the stricken young man could see the southern tier girl to the theater. The young man implored him to do so, and he did.

The night came. The young man went after the girl with a carriage. It was the best one he could hire. He had the four best seats in the theater. They saw the play, and he took them to the sweetest cafe in town and had luncheon. He ordered champagne like a California millionaire.

Then they drove home. The girl talked of inconsequential matters. She had liked the play. She told the young man that she would be in the city a month longer. They reached the house of her friends. He helped her out of the carriage, and she tripped up the steps, said "good night" sweetly and vanished behind the heavy doors.

The young man got in the carriage and drove back to the city. He was so full of the image of the girl that he was down before he had time to think of anything else. Then one extraneous thought did come to him. He sat up straight in the carriage and swore a big, triangular oath.

She had not asked him to call!

He got out of the carriage and went into a hotel. He sought the reading room and seized a sheet of paper. Then he put down these figures in a row:

Carriage..... \$3.00
Tickets..... 4.00
Luncheon..... 10.00
Gloves..... 2.00
Incense..... 0.50
Total..... \$19.50

He held that slip of paper in his hand for a long time and gazed at it earnestly, not to say sadly. Finally he rose, and as he did he said hoarsely, "Well, I got the gloves back anyhow."—Buffalo Express.

How Coral Grows.

Coral is formed by eggs, spontaneous division and growth. The rate of growth has not been fully determined. Professor Agassiz indicates the growth of reef at Key West at the rate of six inches in 100 years and adds that if we doubled that amount it would require 7500 years to form the reefs in that place and hundreds of thousands of years for the growth of Florida.—Fire and Water.

MAN'S INHUMANITY TO HIMSELF.

The most inhuman outrages, outrages which would disgrace the savage, man perpetrates against his own kind. He has a habit of giving his intestines and bowels a dose of medicine constantly to do this under the impression that medicine only which is violent in its action and does not touch the cause, invigorates the intestinal canal instead of weakening and irritating it. The liver and stomach are in the best of health, and the benefit of nature is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which is palatable, but thorough, and invigorates the intestinal canal instead of weakening and irritating it. The liver and stomach are in the best of health, and the benefit of nature is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which is palatable, but thorough, and invigorates the intestinal canal instead of weakening and irritating it.

Parker—I have received very gratifying news of my son who is now in college. Barker—Yes? What news? Parker—He's alive.

CURE FOR OTHERS.

To purify, enrich and vitalize the blood, and thereby invigorate the liver and digestive organs, leaven up the nerves, and put the system in order generally, "Golden Medical Discovery" has no equal.

DYSPEPSIA IN ITS WORST FORM.

EVIN DIERTEL, Esq., of Gettysburg, Pa., writes: "Only those who have had dyspepsia in its worst form know what a case needs. I have found in your 'Golden Medical Discovery' the relief I so sorely needed. Although I can now eat any kind of food, I always keep your 'Golden Medical Discovery' on hand when getting down from an active summer's vacation, to quiet stomach fire, and to stimulate the system generally. I heartily recommend these medicines to every one whose suffering is of the nature that I have described."

WHY TAKE OTHERS?

CURE THAT TAKES THE BEST WITH SHLOH'S CURE.

It is sold on a guarantee by all druggists. It cures Indigestion, Consumption and is the best cough and Croup Cure.

ST. JACOBS OIL CURES MAGICALLY STRAINS.

Chronic Cases of Many Years Cured Easily.

IF YOUR BUSINESS DOES NOT PAY, chickens are readily raised by using the Potluna incubators and brooders. Our illustrated catalogue tells all about it.

Don't buy any but the Potluna incubators and brooders. We are Pacific Coast Headquarters for Bone and Clover Cutters, Markers, Books, Caponizing Tools, Fountain Pens, Sewing Machines, and every other article required by poultry raisers. See the machines in operation at our exhibit with the Norway Street Farm, Milwaukee Park, and every other article and kind of eggs. Catalogue free if you want it. Write to us.

POTLUNA INCUBATOR CO., 1200 N. 1st St., Milwaukee, Wis.

"WHERE DIRT GATHERS, WASTE RULES."

GREAT SAVING RESULTS FROM THE USE OF

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MRS. HENRY WARD BEECHER

Has retained her vigor of mind as well as strength of body in her old age. She writes: "40 ORANGE ST., BROOKLYN, N. Y., February 11, 1890."

"I have used ALCOCK'S PLASTER for some years for myself and family, and as far as able, for the many sufferers who come to us for assistance, and have found them a genuine relief for most of the aches and pains to which flesh is heir. I have used ALCOCK'S PLASTER for all kinds of lameness and acute pain, and by frequent experiments find that they can control many cases not noticed in your circulars."

"The above is the only testimonial I have ever given in favor of any plaster, and if my name has been used to recommend any other, it is without my authority or sanction. Mrs. HENRY WARD BEECHER."

BRANKENRITH'S PILLS are the best medicine known.

"I look at old Mr. Jones over these well-known pills. 'What! Talking to himself? I guess not. He is so deaf he can't hear himself talk.'"

As a cure for sore throat and coughs "Brown's Lozenges" have been thoroughly tested, and maintain a good reputation.

"I have never had the courage to get married. 'Have you, eh? What's your business?' 'Oh, I'm out on a long timer.'"

HOW'S THIS?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of emphysema that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last fifteen years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligation made by him. WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. WASHINGTON, KINSMAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surface of the system. Price, 75 cents per bottle. Sold by all druggists. Testimonials free.

Guard yourself for summer malaria, tired feeling, by using new Oregon Balm Purifier.

Use Kneumie-sive Poisin: no dust, no smell.

TRY GERMA for breakfast.

KNOWLEDGE

Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adopting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid active principle embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs.

Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, a refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative, effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers, and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them and is perfectly free from every objectionable substance.

Syrup of Figs is for sale by all druggists in 50c and \$1 bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co., whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered.

FRUIT PRESERVED! LABOR SAVED!

ANTIFERMENTINE PRESERVES CIDER, MILK, BUTTER, CATAP, PICKLES, etc., and does it SUCCESSFULLY by preventing fermentation. The use of this wonderful preservative assures an endless supply of preserving fruits and vegetables of all kinds. NO MOLDS on top of fruit. Saves time and labor, and is in every way a decided success.

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