

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

IN PRAISE OF DUSK.

For some they love the morning hours,
The yellow midday sun,
But give to me the twilight when
The cricket voices come.
When bright against the hedges glow
The earliest fireflies,
For then I meet my sweetheart with
The dusk light in her eyes.
Behind the western hill the sun
Is far upon its way,
Though twilight lingers seems to be
An afterthought of day.
And when we part at dark I know,
Unwitting though he be,
That in her eyes' sweet twilight lies
An afterthought of me.

THE STROKE OF RUIN

Boyle Harding leaned back in an easy chair on the iron rail gallery which overhung the sidewalk and smoked slowly, with half closed eyes. He was waiting and expecting the arrival of his young friend, Francis Rapin, who had lately interested him to a singular degree.
Even at the moment, up the uncarpeted stairway, came the active creole's feet, two steps at a time, along with a lively tune sung almost breathlessly through a curving black mustache.
"Well, and what is it?" demanded the New Yorker. "What have you found out?"
"Maybe she went to the French opera. Go with me. I have a box. Come."
"But haven't you yet seen her?"
"Seen her. How should I know? M. Harding forgets the conditions." He laughed in his atrociously frivolous French way.
"I beg pardon," said Harding quickly. "I had indeed forgotten that I did not know her name, her place of residence, nor yet even the color of her eyes. Yes, I will go with you to the opera. Everybody goes, eh?"
He had come south a fortnight past with letters of introduction to influential people, but he was not seeking society. A quiet sojourn in New Orleans with his eyes and ears open suited him better.
What was perhaps just the thing he would have most desired came to him unexpectedly one day. He suddenly met a beautiful young woman face to face at the door of Garcia's old book store. Harding was electrified and impulsively lifted his hat. She passed him with a half smile, leaving a breath of violets and the rustle of a gown quietly elegant in the air round about.
A lover is a great fool, but he is the only man who knows what song it was that the stars sang, and to him you must go if you would learn the secret of heavenly happiness and the value of dreams as nutriment for the imagination. A lover's soul will trouble its stature by feeding one moment on a smile.
In fact, Boyle Harding had felt this sudden growth within. It had quickened, broadened and sweetened his spiritual vision, while affording a fine and richly mysterious nutriment to his enjoyment of his new surroundings.
This was midway in the fifties, when New Orleans had reached the splendid zenith of her wealth, and when the peculiar color of her social life was most dazzling and romantic.
As they went along Rapin was prattling on the subject of fencing, always a great vogue with the jeunesse doree of New Orleans.
"But you must be interested in sword play—in fencing. It is the noblest of all exercises for gentlemen, and your physique is precisely made up for it. You must be a master, or you could be."
"I have had good masters," Harding replied, in an evasive tone, "but I am losing interest in it."
"Your masters were in New York?"
"No; Paris. I had M. Duval for three years."
"Ah, what fortune! He, and he only, teaches the 'stroke of ruin,' the pass which pierces across from shoulder to shoulder, disabling the victim for life, yet never killing him!"
"And you learned his stroke? Oh, but I am overjoyed, and you will teach me to do it. Ah, monsieur, I shall be your lifelong debtor. I have dreamed of that incomparable stroke, I have made two journeys to Paris to learn it, but you must know, M. Duval is an ancient enemy of my father's. I could not go to him."
A great curve of splendor, a flash of faces, throats, bosoms, jewels, laces, eyes, fans—a bewildering horizon of corages, coiffures, necklaces, handkerchiefs, rings; a foam of airy gowns sinking and swelling gently, like surf froth against a beach of fairyland. Harding gazed in half blinded stupidity, so he felt, and could see no details, could make out no individual face distinctly.
"We will begin the lessons tomorrow," murmured Rapin. "I shall be an apt scholar, monsieur."
"Yes," said Harding absently. He was gazing along the great sweep of beauty and light.
"But excuse me a moment or two," the creole added after awhile, when the curtain was down. "I am going to call at the box of a friend."
Harding continued his survey, which now that his eyes had somewhat accustomed themselves to the glare, seemed more real and absorbingly interesting.
Presently he saw Rapin in a box, a magnificent one, near the center, talking with a tall young woman, and it was she. There could be no doubt for a moment.
Harding's eyes were fixed. The trance of that old time love which men used to acknowledge was upon him. And at the very central moment she turned from Rapin and looked straight at him.
The proxy fact was that Rapin in his enthusiastic way had been telling Mlle. Marie de Montmartin—that was her name—about his good fortune in finding a master to teach him the "stroke of ruin," and he had directed her attention to the young man in his box.
Rapin presently returned to the box,

bringing with him, or at least Harding fancied it, a breath of that exquisite violet perfume which had been haunting Harding's memory for days and nights together.
"Who is she—the young lady in the box where you've been?"
The abrupt inquiry and a certain timbre of Harding's voice betrayed his emotion to the quick creole.
"Oh, she—that is, Mlle. Marie de Montmartin. Lovely, isn't she? You might envy me, M. Harding. She is my betrothed."
"Ah!"—Harding hesitated and a palish change passed over his face. Then he coolly added: "I do envy you. Yes, she is the most beautiful girl that I have ever seen. She is the one I met in the old book store door. You are quick to find."

The next day Rapin came to Harding's room for his initial lesson, but the young man begged a postponement. He was not feeling in good form, he said, and would come to the next lesson.
And now Harding's powerful letters of introduction came into play. The only son of General Stanope Harding had the key to open even the exclusive gate of the mansion wherein the ancient family traditions of Montmartin were kept in an atmosphere of their own.
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So, in due course of time, the engagement was announced and the wedding day approached.
Harding had a desire to go again to the old book store of Garcia, on Royal street, and have his first meeting with Marie over once more in his imagination. But just then his hat was lightly tapped from his head by Rapin, who immediately picked it up and handed it to him, saying:
"M. Harding will not remember his promise to teach me the mysterious stroke of M. Duval."
At first Harding's heat of temper was great, but reflection led him to consult his friends, who ridiculed the thought of a duel. His northern friends were unanimously opposed to the duel, but now he must be frank and lay the matter before his fiancée's family.
"You must fight him, sir," said Montmartin.
"Of course there is but one way open to a gentleman," sighed Marie; "you must challenge him."
They met at sunrise under the "oaks" so well known to dueling history. Merely clinked their rapiers for honor's sake and Marie's.
That was but about 40 years ago, and yet what a distance! What a far spin the world has made down the "groove of change" since then!

Yesterday a white haired man whose shoulders drooped strangely and whose two arms dangled half paralyzed beside him walked down Royal street.
That was Francois Rapin, said a crowd of the world's made down the "groove of change" since then!
"Y-e-e-s," drawled another of the group, with a queer little shrug. "Y-e-e-s, Mr. Harding taught him the 'stroke of ruin,' ha, ha, ha! It is true, is it not?"
Boyle Harding and his wife live in Nice, where, in most comfortable circumstances and well loaded with fame, Harding writes his novels and plays with his grandchildren. His wife is said to be still beautiful and very domestic.
—Mauria Thompson in Vanity.

Seeds of the Mushroom.
The spores (seeds), composed of a two coated cell, are borne on the gills or tubes under the cap. One plant often produces 10,000,000 spores. To see these tiny spores you must cut the top of a toadstool off and lay it right side up on a sheet of black paper. After a few hours remove it carefully, and an exact representation of its shape will remain on the paper, formed by the thousands of spores which have fallen out. If the spores fall on favorable soil, they germinate and send out great numbers of tiny threads. These, becoming intertwined and woven together, cover the ground like the finest web, and this is known as the mycelium, or "spawn." The threads absorb nourishment, and carry it to the quickened spore.—Margaret W. Leighton in St. Nicholas.

Polish Versus Moss.
The speakers were two brawny Scots who evidently had not met for a long while. Sandy asked Tomald about business, but the reply was either evasive or unsatisfactory. For the rough, uncouth Sandy, perhaps suspicious that his friend had fallen into his old tricks, suddenly broke forth loudly and vehemently.
"Heh, mon," he said, "but ye'll ha'e ta settle down, mon Tomald. Ye ken a roilin' stone gathers na moss."
"What's wantin' moss, ye auld foggie," was the quick retort. "An here's wantin' a roilin' stone gathers ta ye'll ne'er git, an that's polish, ye pair gow!"
—Boston Budget.

Chinese Dentists.
Chinese dentists rub a secret powder on the gum over the affected tooth and after about five minutes the patient is told to sneeze. The tooth then falls out. Many attempts have been made by European dentists to secure this powder, but none has ever succeeded in doing so.
No Excuse.
"Ma, that baby across the street hasn't any teeth."
"Of course not, Tommy. You didn't have any when you were that small."
"But that baby's pa is a dentist."
Life.

She Tricked the Burglar.

"Take him all around, the burglar has as much human nature in him as the average man. It cuts the professional to the quick to be called a sneak thief. There are just three things he will run from—a hysterical woman, a small dog and a revolver. If a burglar gets into your house remember that discretion is the better part of valor. Sometimes diplomacy is better than either."
"So far a woman carried the blue ribbon on diplomacy. The lady, hearing some one in the dining room, thought it was her husband, and slipped down to pour a glass for him. She confronted a burglar, who was making a vigorous search of the sideboard. She stepped to a closet and brought out a heavy basket, saying: 'Here is the silver. Now, do go away, my good man, because I hear my husband at the front door and he carries a pistol.'"
"The burglar fled with the basket, and the lady fainted. When her husband revived her, she told the tale and explained that the basket contained an immense maltese cat that slept in it. She fainted again for the possible fate of pussy. The next morning the cat scratched at the basement door. It looked no worse for the adventure, and it bore a noted around its neck which conveyed the compliments and admiration of her victim—the burglar."—Chicago Times-Herald.

A Fireproof Cement.
An important result attended a test made by order of the Reichsbank—the German government's banking establishment—with a safe made of cement with steel wire placed in between. The question to be decided was whether it is practicable to build vaults of this material for safety against fire. A safe was placed upon a pile of logs drenched with kerosene, and after being set on fire, kept burning for half an hour exposed to a heat of about 1,800 degrees F.—that is, a heat in which iron will melt. Two hours after the safe was opened, and the contents—silk, paper, draft blanks and a maximum thermometer—were found to be absolutely unharmed, and the maximum thermometer showed that within the safe the temperature at no time during the test rose above 85 degrees.

How to Reduce Your Weight.
When you are dieting to reduce flesh, you must eat solid bread, and give up potatoes, rice, beans, corn, peas, bean, milk, cream, all sweets, cocoa, indeed anything which even suggests sugar or starch. Dry toast without butter, tea without either milk or sugar, rare meat with no fat, and as far as possible, no vegetables at all should form your diet. Take all the exercise you can in the way of walking; go twice a week to a Russian bath (where possible) and in variously go to bed hungry. Anybody brave enough to live up to these laws will certainly lose flesh.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Modern Criticism.
A small but sturdy boy of 5 years was lately entered as a pupil at one of the best fine de siecle suburban kindergartens. Evidently, however, the young man had his own opinion of what a "school" ought to be, probably based on his observations of the studies of his two older brothers, one of whom is in preparatory school and the other in college, as he seemed to feel quite degraded at belonging to a school where no books were used.
His little air of apology when you drew from him, most unwillingly, accounts of the games and studies of his kindergarten was something quite too funny. The other day on his way home he met a crowd of public school children and was hailed with shouts of "Hello, Ted! Do you go to school here?"
"No," replied Ted, with a fine contempt for his alma mater. "I go to school where you don't learn anything."
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The Cellars of Bordeaux.
The cobwebs will seem to an impressionable visitor the noblest things in the Bordeaux cellars. Some of them look like thick pale clouds, number in hue of course, but famously suggestive of warmth. And with even only a moderate imagination one may go to and fro among the barrels fancying the pendant shapes overhead as dusky stalactites instead of the waxy net to which they really are. If you hold your candle high enough, you may shiver a few yards of the fabric. But that truly is a shocking deed of vandalism, for, though no layman can understand why this dismal tapestry is revered as it is, its ignorance will not be held sufficient excuse for his crime.—Chambers' Journal.

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"No doubt, no doubt," replied the man of many experiences. "Have you submitted it to a publisher?"
"Not yet. I wanted to get your advice."
"My candid advice?"
"Well, if I were in your place, I'd go through the book and pick out what I considered the passages of striking excellence."
"Yes?"
"And throw them away."—Washington Star.

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Second Fair Critic—Yes, the finishes are rather unsatisfactory—Ailly Sloper.
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When a washerwoman changes her place of residence, one may ask her "where she hangs out now" without using slang.

The Truth of It.
There was a one legged man at the Staten Island ferry house the other day who was asking for alms, and who claimed that his leg had been bitten off by a shark. One of the men accosted him and said:
"I saw you in Buffalo about a month ago and then you told me that an alligator bit your leg off."
"Yes."
"I saw you in Cleveland last week, and you then claimed to have fallen under a street car."
"Yes."
"Do you change your story in every town?"
"Most always."
"Well, now, tell me how you really did lose your leg and I'll give you a dime."
"Honest?"
"Well, sir, I jumped in front of a moving machine to save the lives of two children, and after being set on my leg, not one of them got a scratch!"—Detroit Free Press.

THE BUCKEYE STATE CONTRIBUTES A STORY.
How Fred Taylor, a Member of the Gallant 189th N. Y. V. I., Finally Found What He Has Sought Since the War Closed.
From the Ashland, Ohio, Beacon.
Mr. Fred Taylor was born and brought up near Elmira, N. Y., and from there enlisted in the 189th regiment, N. Y. V. I., with which he went through the war, and saw much hard service. Owing to exposure and hardships during the service, Mr. Taylor contracted chronic diarrhoea, from which he has suffered now over thirty years, with absolutely no help from physicians. By nature he was a wonderfully vigorous man. Had he not been, his disease and the experiments of the doctors had killed him long ago. Laudanum was the only thing which afforded him relief. He had terrible headaches, his nerves were shattered, he could not sleep an hour a day on an average, and he was reduced to a skeleton. A year ago he and his wife sought relief in a change of climate and removed to Geneva, O., but the change in health came not. Finally on the recommendation of F. J. Hoffner, the leading druggist of Geneva, who was cognizant of similar cases which Pink Pills had cured, Mr. Taylor was persuaded to try a box. "As a drowning man grasps a straw I took the pills," says Mr. Taylor, "but with no more hope of rescue. But after thirty years of suffering and fruitless search for relief I at last found it in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. The day after I took the first pills I commenced to feel better and when I had taken the first box I was in fact a new man." That was two months ago. Mr. Taylor has since taken more of the pills and his progress is steady and he has the utmost confidence in them. He has regained full control of his nerves and sleeps as well as in his youth. Color is coming back to his parched veins and he is gaining flesh and strength rapidly. He is now able to do considerable outdoor work.
As he concluded narrating his sufferings, experience and cure to a Beacon reporter, Mrs. Taylor, who has been his faithful helpmeet these many years, said she wished to add her testimony in favor of Pink Pills. "The pills alone is due the credit of raising Mr. Taylor from a helpless invalid to the man he is today," said Mrs. Taylor. Both Mr. and Mrs. Taylor cannot refuse to express the gratitude they feel or recommend to highly Pink Pills to suffering humanity. Any inquiries addressed to them at Geneva, O., regarding Mr. Taylor's case they will cheerfully answer as they are anxious that the whole world shall know the value of the pills for them and that suffering humanity may be benefited thereby.
Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are for sale by all druggists, or may be had by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y., for 50 cents per box, or six boxes for \$2.50.
First oyster (teebly)—Help! Help! I'm in the soup. Second oyster—I feel for you, brother, but I can't find you.
"THE MELANCHOLY DAYS HAVE COME"
The saddest of the year, "not when autumn has arrived, as poet Bryant intimated, but when a fellow gets oilful. He weeps and yells in his in his in the foliage if not in the foliage at that intransigent time. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters will soon discipline his rebellious liver, and regulate his bowels, besides toning his stomach and healthfully stimulating his kidneys. Malaria, rheumatism and nervousness are also relieved by the Bitters.
NEW WAVE EAST—NO DUST.
Go East from Portland, Pendleton, Walla Walla, and N. to Spokane and Great Northern Railway to Montana, Dakotas, St. Paul, Minneapolis, Chicago, Omaha, St. Louis, East and South. Rock-belt track; fine scenery; new equipment; Great Northern Palace Sleepers and Dining; Family Tourist Cars; Buffet-Library Cars. Write A. B. C. Dennison, C. P. & T. A., Portland, Oregon, or F. L. Whitney, G. F. & T. A., St. Paul, Minn., for printed matter and information about rates, routes, etc.
DEAFNESS CANNOT BE CURED
By local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure Deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out of this tube restored to its normal condition hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflammation of the mucous membrane. We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.
TRY GERMEX for breakfast.

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As he concluded narrating his sufferings, experience and cure to a Beacon reporter, Mrs. Taylor, who has been his faithful helpmeet these many years, said she wished to add her testimony in favor of Pink Pills. "The pills alone is due the credit of raising Mr. Taylor from a helpless invalid to the man he is today," said Mrs. Taylor. Both Mr. and Mrs. Taylor cannot refuse to express the gratitude they feel or recommend to highly Pink Pills to suffering humanity. Any inquiries addressed to them at Geneva, O., regarding Mr. Taylor's case they will cheerfully answer as they are anxious that the whole world shall know the value of the pills for them and that suffering humanity may be benefited thereby.
Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are for sale by all druggists, or may be had by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y., for 50 cents per box, or six boxes for \$2.50.
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"THE MELANCHOLY DAYS HAVE COME"
The saddest of the year, "not when autumn has arrived, as poet Bryant intimated, but when a fellow gets oilful. He weeps and yells in his in his in the foliage if not in the foliage at that intransigent time. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters will soon discipline his rebellious liver, and regulate his bowels, besides toning his stomach and healthfully stimulating his kidneys. Malaria, rheumatism and nervousness are also relieved by the Bitters.
NEW WAVE EAST—NO DUST.
Go East from Portland, Pendleton, Walla Walla, and N. to Spokane and Great Northern Railway to Montana, Dakotas, St. Paul, Minneapolis, Chicago, Omaha, St. Louis, East and South. Rock-belt track; fine scenery; new equipment; Great Northern Palace Sleepers and Dining; Family Tourist Cars; Buffet-Library Cars. Write A. B. C. Dennison, C. P. & T. A., Portland, Oregon, or F. L. Whitney, G. F. & T. A., St. Paul, Minn., for printed matter and information about rates, routes, etc.
DEAFNESS CANNOT BE CURED
By local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure Deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out of this tube restored to its normal condition hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflammation of the mucous membrane. We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.
TRY GERMEX for breakfast.

AFTER THIRTY YEARS

THE BUCKEYE STATE CONTRIBUTES A STORY.

How Fred Taylor, a Member of the Gallant 189th N. Y. V. I., Finally Found What He Has Sought Since the War Closed.
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A Fireproof Cement.
An important result attended a test made by order of the Reichsbank—the German government's banking establishment—with a safe made of cement with steel wire placed in between. The question to be decided was whether it is practicable to build vaults of this material for safety against fire. A safe was placed upon a pile of logs drenched with kerosene, and after being set on fire, kept burning for half an hour exposed to a heat of about 1,800 degrees F.—that is, a heat in which iron will melt. Two hours after the safe was opened, and the contents—silk, paper, draft blanks and a maximum thermometer—were found to be absolutely unharmed, and the maximum thermometer showed that within the safe the temperature at no time during the test rose above 85 degrees.

How to Reduce Your Weight.
When you are dieting to reduce flesh, you must eat solid bread, and give up potatoes, rice, beans, corn, peas, bean, milk, cream, all sweets, cocoa, indeed anything which even suggests sugar or starch. Dry toast without butter, tea without either milk or sugar, rare meat with no fat, and as far as possible, no vegetables at all should form your diet. Take all the exercise you can in the way of walking; go twice a week to a Russian bath (where possible) and in variously go to bed hungry. Anybody brave enough to live up to these laws will certainly lose flesh.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Modern Criticism.
A small but sturdy boy of 5 years was lately entered as a pupil at one of the best fine de siecle suburban kindergartens. Evidently, however, the young man had his own opinion of what a "school" ought to be, probably based on his observations of the studies of his two older brothers, one of whom is in preparatory school and the other in college, as he seemed to feel quite degraded at belonging to a school where no books were used.
His little air of apology when you drew from him, most unwillingly, accounts of the games and studies of his kindergarten was something quite too funny. The other day on his way home he met a crowd of public school children and was hailed with shouts of "Hello, Ted! Do you go to school here?"
"No," replied Ted, with a fine contempt for his alma mater. "I go to school where you don't learn anything."
—New York Herald.

The Cellars of Bordeaux.
The cobwebs will seem to an impressionable visitor the noblest things in the Bordeaux cellars. Some of them look like thick pale clouds, number in hue of course, but famously suggestive of warmth. And with even only a moderate imagination one may go to and fro among the barrels fancying the pendant shapes overhead as dusky stalactites instead of the waxy net to which they really are. If you hold your candle high enough, you may shiver a few yards of the fabric. But that truly is a shocking deed of vandalism, for, though no layman can understand why this dismal tapestry is revered as it is, its ignorance will not be held sufficient excuse for his crime.—Chambers' Journal.

Cold Blooded.
"There are several things in this book of mine that I think are particularly good," said the author to a publisher.
"No doubt, no doubt," replied the man of many experiences. "Have you submitted it to a publisher?"
"Not yet. I wanted to get your advice."
"My candid advice?"
"Well, if I were in your place, I'd go through the book and pick out what I considered the passages of striking excellence."
"Yes?"
"And throw them away."—Washington Star.

Bad Endings.
First Fair Critic—But he's awfully hard on his heroes and heroines—always makes them marry each other at the end.
Second Fair Critic—Yes, the finishes are rather unsatisfactory—Ailly Sloper.
Ernest Charles Ward, the son of Frederick Charles, receiving great praise for his work in character parts. Young Ward may star before long.
The new leading lady of Charles Rohlf's company is Madame Elit, whose work in the serious drama elicited favorable comment when she was starring.

The Word Hayden, now applied exclusively to a noisy young woman, formerly denoted a person of like character, but of either sex.
When a washerwoman changes her place of residence, one may ask her "where she hangs out now" without using slang.