Pay the Price of the Royal for Royal only.

Royal Baking Powder is shown by actual chemical tests absolutely pure and 27 per cent. greater in strength than any other brand.

Many grocery stores have recently been stocked with second-class brands of baking powder, which are urged upon consumers at the price of the high-cost, first-class Royal.

These powders cost from 8 to 30 cents a pound less than the Royal, besides being of 27 per cent. less strength. If they are forced upon you, see that you are charged a correspondingly lower price for them.

The proprietors of Ely's Cream Balm do not claim it to be a cure-all, but a sure remedy for catarrh and cold in the head.

I have been afflicted with catarrh for twenty years. It became chronic, and extended to my throat, causing hoarseness and great difficulty in speaking; indeed, for years I was not able to speak more than thirty minutes, and often this with great difficulty. I also to a great extent lost the sense of hearing. By the use of Ely's Cream Balm all dropping of mucus has ceased, and my voice and hearing have greatly improved.—James W. Davidson, Attorney-at-law, Monmouth, Ill.

Apply Balm into each nostril. It is quickly absorbed. Gives relief at once. Price, 50 cents at druggists' or by mail.

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Hoitt's School, near Millbrae, San Mateo county, Cal., in charge of ex-State Superintendent Ira G. Hoitt and wife, is undoubtedly one of the best schools for Boys on the Pacific Coast.

Use Enameline Stove Polish; no dust, no smell.

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JUDGE J. B. HILL, of the Superior Court, Walker county, Georgia, thinks enough of German Syrup to send us voluntarily a strong letter endorsing it. When men of rank and education thus use and recommend an article, what they say is worth the attention of the public. It is above suspicion. "I have used your German Syrup," he says, "for my Coughs and Colds on the Throat and Lungs. I can recommend it for them as a first-class medicine."—Take no substitute.

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PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION 25 CTS.

SONG AND SINGER.

I saw him once, the while he sat and played—
A stripling with a shock of yellow hair—
His own rare songs, in mirth or sorrow made,
But tender all, and fair.

And as the years rolled by I saw him not,
But still his songs full many a time I sung,
And thought of him as one who has the lot
To be forever young.

Until at last he stood before mine eyes
An age bent man, who trembled o'er his staff;
My sight rebelled to see him in such guise,
Ripe for his epitaph.

I grieved with grief that to a death belongs:
How Time is stern I had forgot, in truth,
And how that men wax old, whereas their songs
Keep an immortal youth.

—Richard E. Burton in Century.

The First Postage Stamps.

The first postage stamps issued by the government were the denominations of five and ten cents. These stamps are now obsolete and they would not be recognized by the postoffices. The five cent stamp contained a portrait of Franklin, made after a painting by John B. Longacre, in which the first postmaster general is presented wearing a white neckerchief and a coat with a fur collar. The color of the stamp is a light brown and there is a border of fine, straight lines around the entire stamp. The ten cent stamp contained a portrait of Washington made from Stewart's painting; its color was black and it had in the upper corners the letters "U. S." These two stamps were all that were used until 1851, when letter postage was reduced to three cents and a new series of stamps came in.

All of these stamps are now obsolete, but they included eleven different denominations. There was a one cent stamp, a three cent stamp and a five cent stamp. There were also ten, twelve, twenty-four, thirty and ninety cent stamps; and in addition to these two carrier stamps, each of which cost one cent. These stamps all bore the busts of American statesmen.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

An Interesting Composition.

An Ohio schoolmistress vouches for the following as a faithful copy of a boy's composition on Columbus. Some of the writer's historical statements are a little "mixed," but our readers will not need to have the errors pointed out:

Columbus was a great patriotic. he was born in Genoa, Italy. It is undoubtly known what year, but I think it was Friday, October 12, 1435.

Columbus was the youngest of his five brothers and so one day he concluded that he would go out and see if he couldn't do something for his country.

He went to Brooklyn, New Lork, and walked the streets until he was tired and hungry. he then went to a baker shop and bought him two three-cent loafs of bread he ate one going along the street and the other he put in a red handkerchief and put it in his pocket, a lady seeing him laughed at him and made fun of him. finally he became so smart and intelligent that she married him.—Youth's Companion.

An Empress' Diary.

The German empress keeps a diary which no one, not even the emperor, ever sees. At the close of each year the diary is closed with a locked clasp and consigned to an iron safe containing her majesty's jewels. The same key serves for all the diaries, and the empress wears it attached to the chatelaine at her waist. The emperor often consults her regarding the date of past events, and has on several occasions asked her to record some fact for him which he desires to remember. Her majesty is a close observer of men and things, and it is probable that the secrets of the sealed records will be interesting reading to future historians.—New York Sun.

Grasshopper Traps.

It is singular that those who, in the west, suffer so much from grasshoppers do not give more attention to a method of capture which has been in use for many ages in the grasshopper stricken regions of the Old World. As is well known, the grasshoppers can easily be driven like sheep in front of any one driving them, and by extending long lines of rather closely woven fishing net the grasshoppers may be driven into those nets and easily captured.—Meehans' Monthly.

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There are two ways you can tell the genuine Slicker: the Fish Brand trade mark and a Soft Woolen Collar. Sold everywhere, or sent free for price.
A. J. TOWER, Manufr. Boston, Mass.
Our Shield Brand is better than any waterproof cost made except the Fish Brand.

ANOTHER AFRICAN EXPLORER.

He Wandered to Busy Madison Square in Quest of the Festive Elephant.

He was squarely built, was dressed in sober black, had a luxuriant dark beard and his hair fell like a curtain over the collar of his coat.

His hands rested on a stout stick as he sat on a bench in Madison square near the spot where George Francis Train used to energize his "Psycho," and one could not help noting in the stranger's eyes the faraway, introspective look that characterizes the brooding Buddha or the philosopher who dreams while awake.

As I was trying to conjecture who or what he might be a stranger stepped briskly up behind me and said:

"Sit near him and keep him in conversation for about five minutes until I come back. He will tell you some great stories about the Dark Continent."

Then he walked off at a rapid pace.

Astonished though I was curiosity compelled me to take a seat on the same bench with the long haired man who was gazing into vacancy, and I ventured to remark that it was a pleasant day.

Lifting himself out of the fog of his reflections my neighbor replied:

"Delightful weather, indeed, but big game is scarce. I have seen the spoor of thirty elephants in a spot no bigger than this, and got a dozen mighty tusks after trekking for only two hours. The barbers spoil everything. I would rather trust myself to the hotpotters—you have read about them in 'She,' I presume—than allow a barber to run his lawn mower over my head and currycomb me like a brickyard mule.

"You have doubtless noticed," continued my eccentric companion, "that a barbers' trust is now being organized. Did you ever hear of such an atrocious outrage? If you don't patronize them they will boycott and blacklist you throughout every city in the United States. Next they will force congress to pass a law that every man must wear his hair no longer than an inch and must pay for two shaves weekly whether he retains his beard or not."

Satisfied that my humorous though solemn looking friend was quietly guying me I said: "Excuse me, but I infer from your words that you have traveled extensively in Africa. Were you with Stanley, or may I be bold enough to ask your name?"

"Oh, I don't invite notoriety," said he, "but I have no reason to conceal my identity. I am Allan Quatermain!"

Before I could regain my breath the stranger who had previously addressed me returned in company with another man.

"Come now, Mr. Quatermain," said Number Two, "it is time to get back to camp."

The great hunter arose and went quietly along.

"Who is he?" I gasped to Number One.

"A patient who is being treated in a private home for insane persons," was the answer. "Quite harmless and will probably recover. His chief hallucination at present is that he is a great African hunter and explorer. He got away from us this morning and we expected to find him in the menagerie at Central park, but somehow he wandered down here instead. That gentleman walking with him now is a doctor."—New York Herald.

A Fisherman Who Went A-Fishin'.

Nimrods and anglers are fond of telling how Mr. Jenney went a-fishin'. Mr. Jenney is one of the members of a firm that doesn't deal in anything except goods for huntsmen and the kindred of that branch. It came Mr. Jenney's turn to have a vacation. He made ample provisions for piscatorial pleasures, for Mr. Jenney is particularly fond of that sort of fun. Being in the business he was equipped better than the average angler. He reached the waters where he was to create havoc with the fish. He put on his fisherman garb, unpacked and went into camp. The greenhorn drew nigh and looked upon the city fisherman with eyes of longing. The rod was connected. Mr. Jenney stopped suddenly. He had lost or forgotten something. His face looked like a whitewashed fence just after a rain. He had forgotten his lines, flies and hooks. He rammed one hand in a pocket and drew out a bundle of things. He picked out a string and an old fashioned hook, the same as that carried by a boy when he runs away from school. And thus accoutered Mr. Jenney went a-fishin'.—Chicago Tribune.

Scratching Matches on the Sky.

It was evening, and a little Brooklyn boy stood at a window with his face flattened against the pane. He was watching a slowly gathering storm. Distended, ominous looking wind clouds and thunder heads went bowling through space, while lightning flashes illumined the murky aqueous background. For some time the electrical broadsides continued, but still the little boy was an interested spectator. Darkness settled upon the scene, but only to make the lightning more vivid by contrast. The little boy's mother entered the room. Finding him intently gazing out of the window she asked:

"Well, Willie, what do you see?"

At that instant there was a vivid flash of lightning, quickly followed by a loud clap of thunder.

"Oh, mamma!" Willie exclaimed, as if he had solved a difficult problem after long study, "I dess Dod is getting ready to light his lamps, 'cause he's scratching matches on the sky."—New York Herald.

Bloomingdale's Secrecy.

There is in New York city a vast institution whose fame as a phenomenon of its kind is world wide, but whose secrets and mysteries have never been penetrated by the daylight of public knowledge.

This place, from which the outside world is forever debarred, is the Bloomingdale Insane asylum. No prison in the city or country is guarded and watched like this institution. To get out of it without the knowledge of the officials is impossible.

There are inmates of the place whose families would deem it an awful disgrace for it to become even slightly known that any one connected with them was confined in Bloomingdale.—New York Journal.

Killed and Ate Her New Husband.

An extraordinary story of cannibalism comes from Zanzibar. A love match had been made between a couple of young Swahilis, and on the day following that of the marriage the bridegroom's friends called to offer the customary congratulations. They experienced some difficulty in getting into the hut and at last forced an entrance, when they found that the bride of a day had killed her beloved lord, had already had one feast off his body and was preparing the remainder for future use.—London Hawk.

The distance traveled by Stanley in the interior of Africa is estimated by him at 5,400 miles, of which all but 1,000 were on foot. The expedition occupied three years and rescued 300 persons, at a cost of less than £80,000.

PLEASURES OF MEMORY

What a blessed thing is memory! How it brings up the pleasures of the past, and hides its unpleasantnesses! You recall your childhood days, do you not, and wish they would return? You remember the pleasant associations, while the unpleasant ones are forgotten. Perhaps to your mind comes the face of some friend. It was once a pale, sad face. It showed marks of pain, lines of care. It seemed to be looking into the hereafter, the unknown future. And then you recalled how it brightened, how it recovered its rosy hue, how it became a picture of happiness and joy. Do you remember these things? Many people do, and gladly tell how the health returned, how happiness came back, how the world seemed bright. They tell how they were once weak, nerveless, perhaps in pain, certainly unhappy. They tell of sleepless nights, restless days, untouched food, unstrung nerves. And then they tell how they became happy, healthy and strong once more. You have heard it often in the past, have you not? You have heard people describe how they were cured and kept in health? You certainly can remember what it is that has so helped people in America. If not, listen to what Mrs. Annie Jenness-Miller, who is known universally as the great dress reformer, says: "Six years ago, when suffering from mental care and overwork, I received the most pronounced benefit from the use of that great medicine, Warner's Safe Cure." Ah! now you remember. Now you recall how many people you have heard say this same thing. Now you recollect how much you have heard of this great Cure. Now you are ready to admit that memory is usually pleasing, that the highest pleasure comes from perfect health, and that this great remedy has done more to produce and prolong health than any other discovery ever known in the entire history of the whole world.

She puts her hand around my neck,
A slave to beauty's plot,
I put my hand inside my vest
And give her all I've got.

SAFE, SURE AND SPEEDY.

No external remedy ever yet devised has so fully and unquestionably met these three prime conditions as successfully as ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS. They are safe because they contain no deleterious drugs and are manufactured upon scientific principles of medicine. They are sure because nothing goes into them except ingredients which are exactly adapted to the purposes for which a plaster is required. They are speedy in their action because their medicinal qualities go right to their work of relieving pain and restoring the natural and healthy performance of the functions of muscles, nerves and skin.

Beware of imitations, and do not be deceived by misrepresentation. Ask for ALLCOCK'S, and let no solicitation or explanation induce you to accept a substitute.

ALLCOCK'S CORN AND BUNION SHIELDS effect quick and certain relief.

Teacher—Johnny, you may tell me what political economy teaches. Johnny—Not to run a $10,000 man for a $1,000 office.

If success be the true test of merit, it is a settled fact that "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*" have no equal for the prompt relief of coughs, colds and throat troubles.

A man who has the money to go off for a summer trip usually lacks the time, and those who have the time usually have no money.

TRY GERMEA for breakfast.

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Tutt's Tiny Pills enable the dyspeptic to eat whatever he wishes. They cause the food to assimilate and nourish the body, give appetite and develop flesh. Price, 25 cents. Exact size shown in border.

CONSUMPTION.
I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease to any sufferer who will send me their Express and P. O. address. S. A. Slocum, M. C., 183 Pearl St., N. Y.

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The man who is the most awkward at saying nice things is usually the most sincere.

$100 REWARD. $100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh, being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer $100 for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address

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