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

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

POET SAMUEL MINTURN PECK.

He Is an Alabama Bachelor and the Lyrist of the Sunny South.

Nearly every magazine reader is familiar with the dainty, exquisite verse of Samuel Minturn Peck, but few of them know anything concerning the personality of the young poet who twangs his lyre so tunefully. This is due largely to the fact that Peck has made no attempt to exploit himself by taking to the lecture platform or by encouraging newspaper interviewers. He resides in a venerable southern mansion in the outskirts of Tuscaloosa, Ala., spends a great deal of his time communing with nature, and pens his songs as the muses inspire them. He is a bachelor, and his books, his music and his beloved roses fill his life with pleasure and peace.

SAMUEL M. PECK.

The poet's father was a distinguished member of the southern bar, and was at one time chief justice of Alabama. He was a native of New York and was of Welsh and French extraction. The poet's mother was a Connecticut woman of English descent. He began writing verse at a very early age and was soon one of the well known contributors of society verses to the leading magazines. His first book of poems, "Cap and Bells," has passed through five editions, and is particularly popular in the south. A later book, "Rings and Love Knots," has also been successful and is nearing a third edition. Many of the poet's poems have been set to music and achieved wide popularity.

One of the best known is "A Little Knot of Blue," written for Yale students, set to music by the Yale Glee club and frequently sung by a chorus of 300 students. Another popular song is "Mignon," which has often been sung by Calve, and still another is the negro melody, "Swinging on a Grapevine Swing." Everything Peck writes is so musical and is so perfect in rhyme and rhythm that it quite naturally suggests a song.

Peck is a man of prepossessing appearance, with a sturdy physique, fair complexion, gray eyes and a well formed head poised upon broad, powerful shoulders. When he sings of nature he seems to get very near to nature's heart, and his "Elf Song" is a rare bit of poetic fantasy.

A NEGLECTED BABE.

The Future King of England Is Being Brought Up on a Bottle and by Servants.

A loyal writer has been lamenting the undeserved slight cast upon the Duke of York's baby, who has been left for a full fortnight in sole charge of Mrs. Green, his nurse, in gross disregard of tradition and precedent. Even Queen Victoria, his great-grandmother, who made such a fuss about him when he was born, although within a couple of hours' journey, has not been to see him since the christening, and now she has gone off to Scotland. His mother, his four grandparents, his aunts and his numerous cousins were all out of reach, and this baby, who will one day be king and emperor, was entirely among strangers two whole weeks. His mother came back last night, but the baby will not see much of her, for she starts almost immediately with her husband on another long trip.

It is not suggested that Prince Edward himself has worried much about this seemingly heartless neglect. Being a royal baby, he has never been allowed to seek nourishment at the maternal fount, and, like all infants, whether born to the purple or in a hovel, his tastes are simple and his wants small. I refuse positively to make known the particular brand of infants' food upon which Prince Edward is waxing fat, but am able to add upon authority that he enjoys robust health and will be vaccinated at the end of this month.—New York Sun's London Letter.

Making Use of Their Experience.

Smallwort—I wonder what the Chinese government are calling home their men in America for? They surely have enough men at home.

Mrs. Smallwort—I guess they want the laundrymen as scouts to scour the country.—Cincinnati Tribune.

In Our Great Grandfather's Time,

big bulky pills were in general use. Like the "blunderbuss" of that decade they were big and clumsy, but ineffective. In this century of enlightenment, we have Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets, which cure all liver, stomach and bowel derangements in the most effective way.

If people would pay more attention to properly regulating the action of their bowels, by the use of these little "Pellets" they would have less frequent occasion to call for their doctor's services to subdue attacks of dangerous diseases. The "Pellets" cure sick and bilious headache, constipation, indigestion, bilious attacks and kindred derangements of liver, stomach and bowels.

A NIHILIST PLOT.

Truth About the Accident to the Grand Duchess Xenia of Russia.

There is great excitement in imperial circles at St. Petersburg, according to trustworthy information, because of the accident to the Grand Duke Michaelovitch and the Grand Duchess Xenia, the daughter of the czar, on the evening of their marriage a few weeks ago. The telegraphic dispatches which were sent from Russia at the time declared that on the way from Peterhof palace, where the wedding was celebrated, to the castle of Prosha, where the honeymoon was to be passed, the coachman's eyes had been blinded by the bright calcium lights, the carriage had been overturned and the occupants severely bruised.

But this report, it now appears, was highly colored by order of the imperial censor, who wields such autocratic power over the press and telegraph offices in Russia. The truth appears to be that the accident was the result of a nihilistic conspiracy to murder the young pair.

On the way to the castle the newly wedded couple had to cross a bridge spanning a dangerous cut. The bridge had been tampered with by the conspirators, so that when the imperial carriage rushed over it the timbers gave way, and the carriage and occupants fell to the bottom. The coachman was so badly wounded that he died before he could be removed to a hospital. The grand duchess was badly bruised about the head and body and had her right arm broken. It is also feared that she was injured internally. Her young husband had also severe cuts about the head.

The excitement, of course, was intense in the city when the truth became known, despite the efforts to suppress it and to spread the news that it was an accident.

Many reasons are assigned as the motive for the attempt to kill the favorite daughter of his majesty. It had been expected, some say, that the czar, in honor of the wedding, would pardon a number of political prisoners. When it became known that these hopes were not to be realized, the nihilists determined to revenge themselves in a way which would hit the ruler hardest—the death of his daughter. They almost accomplished their purpose. The czar and other members of the family fear that the wretches, maddened by the partial failure of their plans, may try some other way of seeking revenge. The police for this reason have orders to be unusually vigilant.—New York Tribune.

NEW FOUND WEALTH.

Over $2,000 Discovered In an Old German Family Bible.

James Pateman is a wholesale dealer in potatoes who lives on Federal street, Camden. His wife's maiden name was Oberstal, and her mother sold fruit and vegetables for 50 years under the old Market street sheds. She died in 1879, and her daughter was surprised to find how small her savings were, although she had been a very thrifty woman. It was believed, however, that she had given her money to a frolicking spendthrift son, and the matter was forgotten.

Two weeks ago a relative called on Mrs. Pateman to ask what had become of the mother's German Bible, saying that it contained the family births and deaths and should be looked up. Mrs. Pateman, after some reflection, remembered that an old trunk contained some of her mother's clothing and at once made a search therein. The Bible was found—a huge folio, 18 inches square—and it contained much besides good precepts, for between the leaves nestled a 5-20 United States bond for $500, with all the coupons attached, and $750 in legal tender notes. Further search brought to light a nest of gold and notes in a battered old tin tea cady. Some of the eagles are dated 1820, and there are over $50 in $1 pieces.

In all the treasure trove is about $2,100. Mrs. Pateman already wishes she had never seen the money, as about 20 nephews and nieces are going to law for a share of it.—Philadelphia Times.

A Soft Thing In the Crab Line.

Just think of a soft shell crab weighing 24 ounces and measuring 21½ inches from tip to tip of the extended claws. Such a crab was received by Mr. S. R. Scoggins yesterday, with two crates of other soft crabs, shipped from Deal's island, Maryland, by Mr. W. J. Webster.

In a letter which accompanied the shipment Mr. Webster wrote that it was the largest soft shell crab he had ever seen or heard of. Mr. Scoggins, who has been in the fish business over 50 years, said he had never seen one which even approached in size this giant soft crab. He sent the crab by express to the Smithsonian institute at Washington for permanent preservation.

Th soft shell crab varies in size from two inches to the size of the gaint crab sent to Mr. Scoggins. The "count" crab, which is considered full size, measures 9 inches from tip to tip, is 5½ inches long on the shell and 2½ inches across the back.—Baltimore Sun.

Human Nature.

Samuel Gompers sizes up human nature in this way: "The more the wage-worker gets the more he will want. We are just like other people. You will find that the man who earns $1 a day aspires to $1.10, the man who has half a million wants a million, and the man who has $50,000,000 wants the earth."

SAVED A LITTLE GIRL'S LIFE.

Harvard Student Rescues a Child From Death by an Electric Car In Cambridge.

A signal instance of courage and quickness of thought, which undoubtedly saved the life of a little child, occurred in Cambridge on Friday evening.

Shortly before 7 p. m. a Tremont House electric car was passing along Main street at a very rapid rate. Near Windsor street a little girl, apparently about 3 years of age, ran from the sidewalk toward the track. The motorman quickly shut off the current and put on the brake. Then the child paused, and the motorman released the car.

Just as the car had regained its momentum the child, through some strange impulse, darted forward to cross the track. The motorman was almost breathless with horror. There was no time to stop the car, and the toddling infant seemed doomed.

Suddenly a tall, athletic young man sprang from his seat at the end of the front row, and grasping the curved handle on the dasher of the car with his right hand swung himself out on the fender. Just as the car was about to crush the little girl under its wheels he seized her firmly by the waist.

It was a trying moment to the nerves of the passengers and motorman. It seemed for an instant as if both man and child would fall in front of the fender. But by an almost convulsive effort the rescuer lifted the little girl from the track and laid her on her back at one side out of the reach of the wheels.

So great was the strain upon him that as soon as the child was released he himself fell forward on the fender, and only an unusual degree of agility enabled him to scramble up on his knees and back to his seat in the car.

The whole thing was done in an instant. The motorman, pale with fright, was only able to look his thanks.

The hero of the affair was the most composed person on the car. He at once sought a rear seat to avoid attention, merely remarking to the motorman as he passed: "Gad! Why don't you get out of this?"

A passenger said that the young man was a Harvard student who resides on Sacramento street, Cambridge.—Boston Herald.

REIGNING FAMILIES.

America Has Its "Uncommon People, and They Are Our "Royal Families."

In discussing the family squabbles of one of the reigning families of New York, Mr. Ward McAllister, as the recognized authority on everything which concerns the uncommon people, says that the trouble is doubtless over and the family "probably entertaining some foreign prince at their house on the Thames."

Why not? Are not our royal families as good as those of Europe, of Asia, of Africa or anywhere else where royal families are tolerated?

Mr. McAllister will undoubtedly agree with us that they certainly are. It makes no great difference how power over man is obtained—whether by the force and brutality which made princes in more primitive times or by modern methods. The result is the same in any event.

It is just as honorable and glorious a thing to accumulate a hundred million unearned dollars and thereby master the bodies and subjugate the minds of 10,000,000 men as it is to do the same thing by virtue of controlling a million bayonets. On either hand it is power usurped from the people to dwarf and maim their minds and souls for the greater glory of their masters.

Our royal families need not stand back for those of Europe or of any other country. Their right to reign is as good, their blood is as good, and their manners, though sometimes indecent when measured by ordinary standards of decency, are even better than those which characterize the most courtly courts of the world.

When our reigning families go to Europe and buy the palaces of the effete survivors of a decayed feudalism, it is condescension to entertain the former owners, and it would be condescension still if it were done in the servants' hall instead of the salon.—New York World.

A Great Summer Snowslide.

The Rev. Roland D. Grant of the First Baptist church reached home last week, the first to arrive of the party leaving here a month ago to make the ascent of Mount Hood from Government camp. The descent was easy enough, almost too rapid for some. One lady badly frightened the crowd when she made a misstep and started down the mountain side at a lively gait. There was a momentary shriek of horror, but when the woman struck her heels firmly in the snow and so checked her wild career every one felt better. Just then Dr. Grant suggested he could do the same himself, and he, his daughter and Mrs. W. Gray were a moment after floundering in the snow. They slid down 1,000 feet, landing in safety below, to the great merriment of those who watched the frolic.—Portland Oregonian.

Modest Oscar Wilde.

A story is being told that on the death recently of the great scholar, Mr. Walter Pater, the editor of a London evening paper telegraphed to Oscar Wilde to ask him to supply some personal gossip about the dead man, who was known to be a friend of the ex-esthete. Whereupon Mr. Wilde wired back, "Leave the gossip to the jackals, not the lions, of literature."—New York Times.

Abyssinia's New Stamps.

It is difficult to understand the object to which the king of Abyssinia intends to devote the elaborate postage stamps which he is now having engraved and printed at Paris. There is no postoffice and no postal service in Abyssinia, and the Ethiopians have not yet developed the civilized mania for stamp collecting.—New York Tribune.

The latest addition to the fashionable wardrobe is an odd garment made without sleeves. It's a chic affair, however, and bids fair to be very popular. The first bodice of this description was born in France. It was made of black chiffon over black lace. Flimsy bows of the chiffon graced each shoulder. These bows were the only semblance of sleeves which the bodice possessed. But, odd as the idea may seem, sets of sleeves were sold with it. They were all of some sheer material like chiffon or crepe de chine, but made according to a variety of designs.

One pair of sleeves were of white chiffon ruffles and had a soft, billowy appearance very effective. Another pair were very bouffant scarlet puffs. The bodice is to be worn with different skirts, and the idea is to have the sleeves match the shirt in color. The Parisian modiste is certainly unique.

SMALL BEGINNINGS

Make great endings sometimes. Ailments that we are apt to consider trivial often grow, through neglect, into atrocious maladies, dangerous in themselves and productive of others. It is the disregard of the earlier indications of ill health which leads to the establishment of all sorts of maladies on a chronic basis. Moreover, there are certain disorders incident to the season, such as malaria and rheumatism, against which it is always desirable to fortify the system after exposure to the conditions which produce them. Cold, damp and miasma are surely counteracted by Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. After you have incurred risk from these influences, a wineglassful or two of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters directly afterward should be swallowed. For malaria, dyspepsia, liver complaint, kidney and bladder trouble, nervousness and debility it is the most deservedly popular of remedies and preventives. A wineglassful before meals promotes appetite.

"Who was the first man to make a mountain out of a mole hill?" "Oh, some real estate dealer, I suppose."

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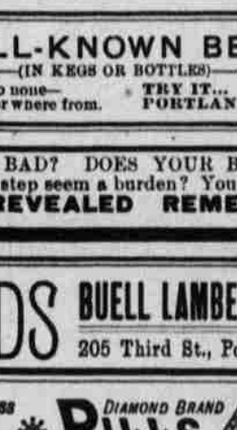

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