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

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

PAIN.

Thou drear companion of the slow night hours,
Thou sharpener of the soul, long, long had I
Waged weary combat with thee, though my cry
Of anguish only cheered thy mocking powers,
As through the years we strove, no respite ours,
Till, lo, one day each breathed victorious sigh,
The master, thou, of my mortality,
But master who beneath my spirit cowers,
Its slave forever. Now fast friends are we,
My vanquished victor, pain, and much I owe
To thy stern fellowship. Through thee I see
With quickened sense all things both high and low,
For knowing all that I can never be,
Tutored by thee, all wider life I know.
—Elizabeth West in Century.

A BOAT RACE STORY.

Jack Davenant was the stroke of the Cambridge university eight. He was a man greatly to be envied. Wealthy—his father was a large mine owner in the north — popular, good looking and thought to be one of the best strokes turned out from either university for some time. Last, but not least, he was engaged to be married at Easter to Ruth Meynell, as bonny a lass as need be, with whom he had been in love for some years.

It was the afternoon before the great event when the following telegram reached him:

Meet me, King's Cross, 5:30. DAVENANT.

Jack was delighted, for it had been a great disappointment to him when his father had told him that business of importance would prevent his witnessing the race. When the train glided slowly into the station, you may be sure that a cordial greeting was exchanged between father and son. But Jack was startled to see how greatly altered his father's appearance was from what it had been three months before.

"Well, how do you think I'm looking, dad?" he exclaimed presently, when they were seated in a private sitting room in the Great Northern hotel. "We are all of us in good form, I believe, and shall make the Oxford lot do all they know, I'm certain. There's only one thing I can't make out. Have you noticed how strongly the betting goes on Oxford? It was '4 to 1 on' in this evening's paper. If it were not absurd, I should think that there was some plot on to damage our boat or something, only that's impossible. But anyhow I can't help feeling anxious. Those 'bookies' are generally right in their odds on this race, and there is nothing in our respective form and times to warrant the long odds. Do you know, I feel that I must win this race. I'd willingly give five years of my life to be certain of it!"

Here Jack saw his father turn ghastly pale. He darted out of the room and was back again in a minute with some brandy, which he made his father swallow, and waited with intense eagerness to hear what was the matter, anxiously requesting to be allowed to send for a doctor at once.

"No," said his father, "that is no good. I have already consulted one about these heart seizures, which are common enough just now. My doctor says that any intense excitement might carry me off like the crack of a gun. Those were his words. But that doesn't matter, Jack," he added. "Brace yourself for a great shock, one which will try even your strong nerves. Jack, my poor boy, your words went through me like a knife just now. Mine is a dreadful errand up here to see you today. Jack, I have come to tell you that we are utterly ruined. Fool—villain that I am, I have, urged with the desire to leave you vast wealth, speculated largely and lost."

At first Jack thought that his father had taken leave of his senses. The shock was tremendous, but varsity strokes are the material of which the leaders of forlorn hopes are made. His strict training and strong nerves soon came to his aid, and he tried to cheer up his father by the usual commonplaces of hoping that it wasn't so bad as his father dreaded it to be. And then the thought of the great event in which he was to take such a prominent part on the morrow rushed across his mind, and he couldn't help saying:

"But if you love me, as you say you do, how could you bring me such ghastly news at such a time as this, when the fact of my knowing it one day sooner or later could make no earthly difference to our circumstances? It was wickedly cruel not to keep the news till after the race."

"Stop, Jack," his father replied. "You mustn't blame me unjustly. You have sufficient reason to blame, yes, hate, me without that. Listen! I told you I loved you, and I do. It was for you that I have acted as I have done. As I just said, I am a doomed man. At the outside, I am only given one year to live. And time being so short, and my affairs so shaky, what was I to do? Draw closer to me, closer, Jack! A whisper heard would be fatal."

Jack bent down his head, and his face became as white as his father's. And this is what he heard:

"Jack, I have put every halfpenny I possess, and more—£50,000—on Oxford for tomorrow's race."

For a moment Jack looked at his father. He was fairly staggered. Then, without a word, he took up his hat and left the hotel, haunted by his father's pale, entreating face, and made his way to the training quarters.

The day of the race broke bright and fair, and London turned out her thousands of holiday makers, as only London can. The race was finely contested throughout, and it was only in the last quarter of a mile that the light blue flag forged slowly ahead, and after the most exciting struggle ever witnessed—if we except the memorable dead heat—Cambridge won.

Ruth Meynell, who was staying with some friends in town to witness the race, had no doubt been one of the most interested and excited of the spectators. At the point where she had seen the crews pass, Oxford happened to be leading. So her delight was proportionately great when the news of the light blue victory reached her.

Surely a girl was never so happily situated! Loving and beloved, and her sweetheart—who had promised to spend the evening with her friends—the hero (for the moment) of the whole civilized world.

We left Jack on his way to the hotel where the Cantabs were staying. It is impossible to describe his feelings, the shock had been so great. He had loved and reverenced his father so much, and always thought of him as the soul of honor.

And now there was only one course open for him, either to do or die, though to help to win the race was to help his own utter ruin. And then Ruth? What of her? Oh, he mustn't even think of that. The race and winning—it must be his only aim and object. Small wonder, then, that it was remarked at the start that Davenant looked "off color."

We have seen, however, that he had literally pulled the race out of the fire. Strong man though he was, the severe mental and physical strain told on him, and he had to be lifted out of the boat at the finish. But he was strong as iron and quickly recovered. How he wished he might not! For what had he to live for now? The shouts and cheers seemed bitter mockery. He recalled his father's whisper and saw again the imploring look. Jack knew that he was a beggar.

Making his recent indisposition an excuse for not dining with the crews that night, and refusing the many kind offers of companionship, he drove to the Great Northern hotel, where the fame of the victory had preceded him, and made inquiries as to his father's movements. His father had ordered dinner at 7 and was going northward with the mail that night. Jack decided to wait for him, and having had light refreshment sat down to smoke and reflect on the events of the last two days.

Presently the waiter brought him an evening paper, and on running his eye over the news he saw a paragraph headed, "Death From Excitement at the Boat Race.—News just to hand that at the conclusion of the race, the finish of which was extremely exciting, an elderly gentleman in full sight of the finish was seen to stagger and fall. Medical attendance was speedily obtained, but life was pronounced to be extinct. The remains were removed to the mortuary awaiting the inquest. From letters and papers on the deceased it is feared that he was G. Davenant, Esq., father of that brilliant oarsman who today stroked the Light Blues in such a gallant manner. Our readers will join with us in expressing the hope that this may prove to be a mistake."

Jack never knew how he got through the next few days. He did all that was necessary in a perfectly mechanical manner. He had his father's remains buried in the family vault. Also he wrote to Ruth, telling her that "he could never marry her, though it almost broke his heart to say so." And then, as might be expected, the overtaxed brain and body gave way, and Jack Davenant lay in his father's stately mansion sick unto death at the very time that Ruth Meynell—not knowing of his serious illness and scorning to wear her heart on her sleeve — had arranged to tour with friends abroad.

And so these two young lives, which but a few days before seemed so full of life and hope, were blighted as it seemed at their very outset.

In due time Jack pulled through. And then, for the first time for many a sad day, the light of hope shone upon him, and he understood what before had been inexplicable—namely, that instead of being the panper he feared he was, he was really immensely rich.

His father had certainly lost money in the troublous times of strikes, but not sufficient to impair his princely fortune. Business worry, telling upon an enfeebled frame, coupled perhaps with natural excitement about the race in which his son was to take such a leading part, had brought about that dreadful hallucination from which he had suffered, for, in fact, he had not bet one farthing on the event.

The most learned scientists cannot undertake to explain the subtle working of the mind diseased. But it was suggested that since those interested in the result of the "varsity boat race" are often guided in their hopes by the state of the betting it might be inferred that Jack's father had been too intently watching the odds.—London Tit-Bits.

An Ascetic Sentiment.

"It's a shame," said the ardent patriot, "that our girls should be married away into Europe as they constantly are."

"Yes," replied Sinnicker, "but it might be worse."

"How?"

"They might insist on their husbands living in this country."—Washington Star.

FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

A FIVE-YEAR-OLD POET.

She Has Never Learned a Line of Verse, but Composes It Cleverly.

There is a Hoboken tot who will some day shine among the women poets of the land if her precociousness at the present time counts for anything. Gertie Walker is the little girl's name, and all day long, from the time that her big blue eyes peer lazily from behind her long brown lashes, to the moment when the sandman comes scattering his slumber poticus, Gertie is busy making rhymes—not mere childish nothings, mind you, but good, sensible rhymes

about the things she sees about her—the sky, a dog, a trolley car, a ferryboat—everything that goes to make up her narrow world.

The gift for versifying came to Gertie quite naturally, and some of her simple childish stanzas put on paper make very pretty reading. Indeed you would never suspect that the verses were made and originated by a mere babe of five short summers. You see, little Gertie has never learned how to read and could therefore never know just what poetry means.

Just the same she goes on making her rhymes almost always in perfect time and always about the beautiful objects of nature. At no time is the bright little damsel more happy than at nightfall, when she sits in her tiny rocker and builds air castles of verse to the amusement of those who are listening to her. We may all hear from this tot over in Hoboken some day.—New York Recorder.

A Brave Little Bugler.

Every war brings out stories of heroism that last long after many other incidents of the conflict are forgotten. Boyish bravery in the heat and smoke of battle in particular is always told of and seems to have more distinction than that of the older soldier, who is trained to do his duty under all circumstances. From the Japan-China war has come a story of a brave little bugler that is likely to be told over and over again. It was on one of the battlefields, which were not frequent in that war, when the Japanese troops were somewhat panic stricken and were retreating before the Chinese, that the little bulger was mortally wounded.

Stricken and dying as he was, the brave lad did not forget his duty. He saw the troops flying and knew that the Chinese were gaining a victory. With splendid courage he raised himself, and grasping his bugle sounded a loud and stirring "charge." The troops heard and rallied under its message, charged valiantly in obedience to it, and the day was theirs. But the little bugler had died as they fought and did not even know that his effort had been successful. His comrades knew, however, what he had done, and they bore him from the field in triumph, and already the "uta," a poem of honor, has been written in his memory, while his mother has arrayed herself in robes of state and honor, and wound her hair with flowers, the proudest woman in the empire, that her only son should have thus distinguished himself.—New York Times.

A Good One.

How is this for a conundrum from a boy of 5 years old:

"Mamma, what is it has four legs and only one foot?"

Mother—It must be some strange animal.

Boy—Give it up?

Mother—Yes.

Boy—A bed.

The boy was using the foot of the bed for a horse, which suggested the conundrum.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Little Ben's Request.

Little Ben lives in a new house, one of the most modern of modern houses, where light, water, heat and other things are all to be had by turning a knob or touching a bell. He lives in a state of perpetual marvel over these things, and the other night when suffering from a headache the little fellow said to his mother, who sat beside him: "Please turn on the dark, mother. My eyes hurt me."

Frank and His Shoe.

Frank slid his foot hastily into his button boot and shouted:

"Quick, mamma, hand me the shoe key. I want to lock my shoe."—Youth's Companion.

Ana, Mana, Mona, Mike.

In an empty room we three
Play the games we always like
And count to see who "it" shall be—
Ana, mana, mona, mike.

Round and round the rhyme will go
Ere the final word shall strike,
Counting fast or counting slow—
Barcelona, bona, strike.

What it all means no one knows,
Mixed up like a peddler's pack
As from door to door he goes—
Hare, ware, frow, frack.

Now we guess, and now we doubt,
Words enough or words we lack,
Till the rhyming brings about,
Welcomed with a farewell shout—
Hallico, ballico, we-wi-wo wack, out!
—Toronto Truth.

THE T. G. C. Y.

If we take up a modern atlas and look over the map of the United States, we see the traceries of rivers and railroads so intertwined as to be confusing. But main stems and main streams are plainly lined. It is very much like a chart of the human system, with nerves and arteries well defined. Particularly do we see the G. S. N. (great Sciatic Nerve), main stem, which can carry to the square inch more pain than some railroads carry in freight. A prominent business man in a big city was attacked by Sciatica. The pain was awful. He hurried home in fear that he would be crippled by it. In half an hour he was cured by St. Jacobs Oil. He now takes big stock in that famous remedy, and travels on the T. G. C. Y. (take good care of yourself) plan, keeping a bottle of the great pain cure always at hand.

Landlord—I'll have to raise your rent. Tenant—For what? Landlord—They've changed the name of this street, and it is now an avenue.

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We offer One Hundred Dollars reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.
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TRY GRAIN-O for breakfast.

Rebuked.

A little negro gamin passing along Bay street yesterday morning saw a stump of a cigar fall on the sidewalk in front of a store. He made a second base slide for it, and when he had it safely corralled beneath him he rolled his eyes around the points of the compass to see if another gamin had also seen the stump fall.

"Dat war in Cuba is making Havanas skace, an you can't take no chances," he remarked as he brushed off the ash and blew away the sand and dust from the coveted snipe. Going into the store he said to Charley Ellis:

"Boss, gimme a match, please, sah?"

"Matches are not here to give away, but to sell," said Mr. Ellis, assuming a look of intense severity.

"Dey is, eh?"

"That's what they are."

"Well, how much is dey er box?"

"One cent."

The gamin tilted the stump in one corner of his mouth, held to the band of his pantaloons with one hand, ran the other hand in his pocket and pulled forth a copper.

"Gimme a box." And he laid down a cent.

He got the box, struck a match, lit the stump so well that it poured forth volumes of smoke, and then handing the box back to Mr. Ellis assumed a look of intense severity and said:

"Put dat box on de sheff, an de nex' time a gemmen come in hyar an ax you fer a match you gin him one outen my box."—Florida Times-Union.

FALSE WITNESSES.

There are knaves now and then met with who represent certain local bitters and poisonous stimuli as identical with or possessing properties akin to those of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. These scamps only succeed in foisting their trashy compounds upon people unacquainted with the genuine article, which is as much their opposite as day is to night. Ask and take no substitute for the grand remedy for malaria, dyspepsia, constipation, rheumatism and kidney trouble.

Hobson—I understand your daughter is taking great pains with her singing. The Poor Father—Takin' is not the word; giving is more like it.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP
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PISO'S CURE FOR
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CONSUMPTION

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and have not had a single attack of my old complaint even during the extreme hot weather. My general health is also much better."—MISS MINNIE A. BEERS, Concord, Nebraska. $1; six for $5.

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HOT SPRINGS

Hoping to be cured by this celebrated treatment, but very soon became disgusted and decided to try S.S.S. The effect was truly wonderful. I commenced to recover at once, and after I had taken twelve bottles I was entirely cured—cured by S.S.S. when the world-renowned Hot Springs had failed. WM. S. LOOMIS, Shreveport, La.

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