

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

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

ON CRUSOE'S ISLAND.

TERRIBLE SUFFERING OF CREW OF THE BURNED SHIP PARTHIA.

One Steals Fresh Water, Leaves Out Plug and Finally Dies From Drinking Brine, Saved by Governor de Rod—Strange Coincidence of Fate.

The three masted ship Parthia of Bath, Me., sailed from Liverpool for San Francisco with a cargo of 3,400 tons of coal on June 25.

On her last trip Captain Charles G. Carter, a down east shipmaster, took charge of the Parthia, sailing with a cargo of American wheat for Liverpool.

When the ship was about 1,000 miles out on the north Atlantic on the voyage to San Francisco, a carrier pigeon, hungry and nearly exhausted, flew into the rigging. The bird was caught and fed by the sailors. The pigeon bore no message, but around one leg was a silver ring.

It was thought by the seamen that the pigeon would bring good luck to the Parthia. The crew christened the bird Mike, and it became a favorite.

The coming of the pigeon was the only incident to break the monotony of the long voyage around the Horn until the noon of Sept. 27, when a sailor discovered smoke coming out of the after hold, near the mizzenmast. The ship was then 450 miles west of Chile.

Captain Carter said at once it must be a case of spontaneous combustion in the coal, the beginning of so many fires that have destroyed great ships. The crew couldn't get at the blaze, for if they opened the hatches, the flames would burst forth and every opening would be a volcano.

Captain Carter called all hands aft. There were 27 men. He told them their only hope lay in taking to the boats. Three were at once provisioned and equipped with sails and nautical instruments. Plenty of fresh water was stowed aboard. It was determined to stand by the ship as long as possible, and she was steered toward the land.

The next day the smoke, heat and gas had become almost overpowering. The cabins were too hot to stay in. Nothing could be done inside the ship, and the water in the butts was so hot that it had to be cooled before drinking.

A strong gale had sprung out of the northwest and blew with fury for two days. On the second day of the storm the whole ship became so uncomfortable and unsafe that Captain Carter gave the command for all hands to take to the boats at 6 p. m. The doomed Parthia was then 400 miles from the Chilean coast.

Captain Carter and eight men took the longboat. Chief Mate Nicolson and eight men had the second, and Second Mate R. A. Crocker and eight sailors the third.

All night the crew, loyal to their ship, stood by to see the last incident in her brief, awful history. One hour after quitting the Parthia flames burst through the decks, the force of expanding gas hurling the hatches skyward with a succession of booms.

The pine spars and hempen lines were food for the flames, which crackled from shrouds to yards. The ocean was lighted up for miles about, and the heat was so intense that the three boat crews had to pull far away.

Circling round and round the blazing ship all night was Mike. The pigeon appeared fascinated by the fire, and tried repeatedly to light on the spars. Captain Carter believes Mike finally became a victim to the flames. With a splurge and a prolonged hiss the Parthia sank into the Pacific, leaving only a few sputtering, charred embers tossing on the waves.

On account of the direction of the wind Captain Carter deemed it best to sail with it for Juan Fernandez, Robinson Crusoe's island, 400 miles to the northward. The gale blew worse than ever, and the sky was black. Captain Carter lost sight of the other two boats between 2 and 3 p. m. next day, and did not sight them again.

The sailors had constantly to bail the longboat, and their belongings, except food, water, clothing and instruments, were thrown into the sea.

After a lull of days and another storm of 24 hours, the captain's longboat landed at Juan Fernandez Oct. 9, after eight days of exposure. The boat with the first mate and eight more sailors arrived at the island the day after.

Alfred de Rod, a man of German parentage, represents the Chilean government on Robinson Crusoe's island. He has the title of governor, and lords over the 40 or 45 persons now on the island. Captain Carter speaks gratefully of

My son was afflicted with catarrh, I induced him to try Ely's Cream Balm and the disagreeable catarrh smelt all left him. He appears as well as any one.—J. C. Olmstead, Arcola, Ill.

CATARRH

Ely's Cream Balm opens and cleanses the nasal passages, relieves inflammation, heals the sores, protects the membrane from colds, restores the sense of taste and smell. The balm is quickly absorbed and gives relief at once.

A particle is applied into each nostril, and is agreeable. Price, 50 cents at drugists or by mail.

46 Warren Street, New York.

the governor's treatment of the Parthia's distressed seamen. Governor de Rod, Captain Carter says, has for years befriended from 30 to 35 shipwrecked American seamen a season, and has never received the slightest recognition from the government of the United States. On Oct. 19 a Chilean man-of-war put in from Valparaiso to inquire after Captain Carter and the men. The commander brought a tale of suffering from Second Mate Crocker's boatload of sailors more thrilling than that of the others. Mate Crocker had become soiled during the first blow after leaving the Parthia, and had steered east for the Chilean coast. The water in the cask got low, and his men were put on short allowance. There was plenty of salt pork, but they could not eat it without drink. On the sixth day out David Jones, a Welsh seaman, who could not speak English, thinking nobody was looking, stole a long drink out of the cask. He forgot to put back the plug, and all the water ran out of the cask. Next day the nine men had not a drop of water to drink.

The lad confessed, and the sailors were for cutting his throat and throwing him overboard, but Mate Crocker told them Jones should stay in the boat as long as he did.

For seven days the boat went without water, and the sufferings of the men were frightful. Again and again they attempted to take up the salt water, but Mate Crocker restrained them. On the sixth day after the water was exhausted Jones leaned over the side and took a long, deep draft of sea water. He fell into the bottom of the boat in a terrible paroxysm and died after five hours of suffering. They threw him overboard then, fate having worked the punishment they had in mind to inflict.

That same day, 60 miles from Valparaiso, the boat encountered the steel hull of the burned coal ship Garfield. They recognized her, for the Garfield had loaded with coal for Valparaiso at the next pier in Liverpool and had sailed at the same time.

It was a coincidence of fate. The Garfield had been deserted for the same reason as the Parthia on Oct. 9.

Mate Crocker boarded the hull in search of water, but the butts had burned out of the steel shell. Next day the boat reached Valparaiso, and a war vessel was sent after the other boats.

The American consul sent the men north, and they have just landed in New York and related the above story of their adventures.—New York World.

FOR FUTURE DEBSES.

Bill to Be Presented to Congress by the American Federation of Labor.

The American Federation of Labor has made public the text of the bill to restrict the jurisdiction of courts of the United States in proceedings of contempt which it will present to congress. The bill is the outgrowth of what organized labor calls the "persecution" of Eugene V. Debs and the other labor leaders who were engaged in the great railroad strike last year. The bill is:

"Be it enacted by the senate and house of representatives of the United States of America, in congress assembled, That the courts of the United States, sitting as courts of equity, shall not have jurisdiction to punish for contempt any person charged with the violation of any order or decree of courts whose acts or omissions are connected with the commission of any offense indictable under the law of the United States or of the state in which the offense is committed, but in every such case the offense against the court shall be deemed merged in the greater offense against the state or the United States, as the case may be."

CANADIAN KNIGHTS SECEDE.

D. A. Carey Likely to Become Master Workman of the New Order.

Considerable excitement was caused in labor circles by a report from Montreal that the Knights of Labor there had decided to secede from the general assembly and form a purely Canadian order. This action on the part of the Quebec Knights was unexpected, the complaints against the general assembly having all come from Ontario labor men.

It is now a foregone conclusion that the Ontario Knights will also secede from the general assembly, in which event they will join Quebec and form a Canadian order. Already several nominees have been suggested for the offices which such action will leave open, D. A. Carey being mentioned as being likely to receive the position of general master workman of the Canadian order.

The Convict Question in Spain. The recent mutiny on a Spanish ship carrying volunteers to fight the Cubans was caused by the fact that 170 convicts were on board charged with the same mission. Probably the Cubans would as soon deal with convicts as with the plundering officials who are making use of them.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The Milwaukee Wisconsin says that abbreviations should be avoided because they are undignified, and cites the New York court of referring to "Congressman Allen, Pop., Neb." as a horrid example. How about the Boston Globe's reference to a band concert in "Madison sq pk?"

BATTLE OF KING'S MOUNTAIN.

A Notable Contest That Was Fought in the Revolutionary War.

Two or three days later word was brought to Ferguson that the Backwater men had come over the mountains; that the Indian fighters of the frontier, leaving unguarded their homes on the western waters, had crossed by wooded and precipitous defiles to the help of the beaten men of the plains. Ferguson at once fell back, sending out messengers for help. When he came to King's mountain, a wooded, hogback hill on the border line between North and South Carolina, he camped on its top, deeming that there he was safe, for he supposed that before the backwoodsmen could come near enough to attack him help would reach him. But the backwoods leaders felt as keenly as he the need of haste, and choosing out their picked men—the best warriors of the force and the best mounted and armed—they made a long forced march to assail Ferguson before help could come to him. All night long they rode the dim forest trails and splashed across the fords of the rushing rivers. All the next day, the 6th of October, they rode, too, until in mid afternoon they came in sight of King's mountain.

The little armies were about equal in numbers. Ferguson's regulars were armed with the bayonet, and so were some of his Tory militia, whereas the Americans had not a bayonet among them, but they were picked men, confident in their skill with the rifle, and they were so sure of victory that their aim was not only to defeat the British, but to capture their whole force! The backwoods colonels, counseling together as they rode at the head of the column, decided to surround the mountains and assail it on all sides. Accordingly the bands of frontiersmen split one from the other and soon encircled the craggy hill where Ferguson's forces were encamped. They left their horses in the rear and immediately began the battle, swarming forward on foot, their commanders leading the attack.

The march had been so quick and the attack so sudden that Ferguson barely had time to marshal his men before the assault was made. Most of his militia he scattered around the top of the hill to fire down at the Americans as they came up, while drawing up his regulars and a few picked militia he charged in person with the bayonet, first down one side of the mountain and then down the other. Sevier, Shelby, Campbell and the other colonels of the frontiersmen led each his force of riflemen straight toward the summit. Each body in turn when charged by the regulars was forced to give way, for they had no bayonets wherewith to meet their foes, but the backwoodsmen retreated only so long as the charge lasted, and the minute that it stopped they stopped, too, and came back ever closer to the ridge and ever with a deadlier fire. Ferguson, blowing a silver whistle as a signal to his men, led these charges, sword in hand, on horseback. At last, just as he was once again rallying his men, the riflemen of Sevier and Shelby crowned the top of the ridge. The gallant British commander became a fair target for the backwoodsmen, and, as for the last time he led his men against them, seven bullets entered his body, and he fell dead. With his fall resistance ceased. The regulars and Tories huddled together in a confused mass, while the exultant Americans rushed forward. A flag of truce was hoisted, and all the British who were not dead surrendered.—"Hero Tales From American History," by Theodore Roosevelt, in St. Nicholas.

Without the Fatal Gift of Beauty. A curious confession was overheard in a Market street car recently. Two young men were engaged in a friendly conversation, when one said:

"Well, old man, you have seen my wife. Now tell me what you think of her."

"She seems to be a most lovable woman. I should say her disposition is angelic, and she is the personification of the good, hard, common sense that is required to make a home happy."

"But don't you think she is a beauty?"

"Well—er—you know"—the evident embarrassment of the truthful friend was painful to everybody in the car. He did not want to lie; neither did he wish to give offense by telling the truth. "That is a hard question to answer. You know ideas of feminine beauty differ greatly. A woman who is absolutely repulsive to one man is the acme of feminine beauty in the eyes of another."

"Ha, ha! I knew I couldn't be mistaken," laughed the young husband, and his friend flushed painfully. "That's all right, old man. I made up my mind to marry the homeliest girl I could find, and I wanted to get your opinion. I am satisfied now that I made no mistake. You know how many of our friends have had their lives wrecked by handsome little dolls for wives. Well, I made up my mind that I would get a wife who would not fascinate every one who came along."—San Francisco Post.

Mrs. Avery and Dr. Buckley. Mrs. Rachel Foster Avery is authority for the statement that Dr. Buckley, the anti woman suffrage champion, lacks the sincerity even if he has the courage of his convictions. "My reasons for making this statement," says Mrs. Avery, "are as follows: A summer or so ago Dr. Buckley and the Rev. Anna Shaw met at Chautauqua for the purpose of debating the suffrage question. Aunt Susan (meaning Miss Anthony) and I accompanied Miss Shaw. The evening before the day of the debate Dr. Buckley and Miss Shaw were, in an entirely amicable way, discussing the subject of the future fray, and I myself heard him say, 'Oh, well, there's just one thing—no matter which one of us is right in theory, woman suffrage is certainly coming, it's simply got to come, we can't help seeing that, even those of us who are most opposed to it.' Therefore I say that Dr. Buckley has not the sincerity of his convictions."

BROKE THE TOBACCO TRUST

Tobacco Manufacturers Losing Ten Millions a Year.

Great Excitement in St. Louis—No Possibility of Preventing Buil Greater Loss in '06.

St. Louis, Feb. 3.—(Special.)—Colonel William Kirchhoff, General Western Manager of the American Tobacco Company, has been a user of tobacco all his life, and for years has smoked as many as twenty cigars daily. After using a few boxes of No-To-Bac, the desire for tobacco is completely gone, and he is wonderfully improved in health. His cure is attracting a great deal of attention and comment and many prominent St. Louis business men are following his example. People are just waking up to the fact that the continued use of tobacco is very injurious.

An interview with Mr. H. L. Kramer, the originator of No-To-Bac, develops the fact that within three years it has reached an enormous sale, almost entirely upon merit alone. Over one-million boxes of No-To-Bac have been sold, and 300,000 tobacco users cured. At the present rate No-To-Bac will cure in '06 from 200,000 to 300,000, and as Mr. Kramer says, "it is always the worst cases that want a cure; those who have chewed and smoked from boyhood—some of them thirty, forty and fifty years, and we even have records of cures after sixty years of tobacco using. So, you can see that, if they are spending an average of \$50 a year (tobacco is a small amount), the cure of 300,000 tobacco users in '06 would result in the loss of the sale of tobacco amounting to over \$10,000,000 which will be saved to the cured."

No-To-Bac is truly a medical wonder, for it not only cures the desire for tobacco, but invigorates the nervous system and marvellously increases weight and strength. Like all great successes, No-To-Bac has many imitations and substitutes, and the public should be warned against these. No-To-Bac is the original tobacco habit cure, and is sold under an absolute guarantee to cure the tobacco habit by your own device.

Sea Water For London.

It is proposed to supply London with sea water for bathing by pumping the water from the channel, near Brighton, and conveying it to a great reservoir on Epsom Downs, from which it would flow down hill to London.

Maud—Charles proposed to me last night and we're engaged. Margaret—Goodness! How did you manage it?

A CANAL CHOKED UP

Is practically useless. The human organism is provided with a canal which sometimes becomes choked up, namely, the bowels, through which much of the waste matter of the system escapes. When they are obstructed, constipated, in other words—Hostetter's stomach Bitters will relieve them effectually but without pain, and institute a regular habit of body. This medicine also remedies malaria, biliousness, indigestion, nervousness and kidney trouble, and strengthens the entire system.

Break, break, break, Thou ten-dollar bill and fee! For 'tis a sure token that once being broken Thou'll never come back to me.

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T. A. Slocum Offers to Send Two Bottles Free of His Remedy to Cure Consumption and All Lung Troubles.—An Elixir of Life.

Nothing could be fairer, more philanthropic or carry more joy in its wake than the offer of T. A. Slocum, M. D. of 183 Pearl street, New York. Perfectly confident that he has an absolute remedy for the cure of consumption and all pulmonary complaints, he offers through this paper to send two bottles free to any reader who is suffering from lung trouble or consumption, also loss of flesh and all conditions of wasting. He invites those desirous of obtaining this remedy to send their express and postoffice address, and to receive in return the two bottles free, which will arrest the approach of death. Already this remedy, by its timely use, has permanently cured thousands of cases which were given up, and death was looked upon as an early visitor.

Knowing his remedy as he does, and being so proof-positive of its beneficent results, Dr. Slocum considers it his religious duty, a duty which he owes to humanity, to donate his infallible remedy where it will assault the enemy in its citadel, and by its inherent potency stay the current of dissolution, bringing joy to homes over which the shadow of the grave has been gradually growing more strongly defined, causing fond hearts to grieve. The cheapness of the remedy—offered freely—apart from its inherent strength, is enough to commend it, and more so is the perfect confidence of the great chemist making the offer, who holds out life to those already becoming emaciated, and says: "Be cured."

The invitation is certainly worthy of the consideration of the afflicted, who, for years, have been taking nauseous nostrums without effect; who have ostracized themselves from home and friends to live in more salubrious climes, where the atmosphere is more congenial to weakened lungs, and who have fought against death with all the weapons and strength in their hands. There will be no mistake in sending for these free bottles—the mistake will be in passing the invitation by.

FIGS.—All Figs stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No Fig after the first trial bottle free to fit cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 531 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

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Buy a bag of this Celebrated Smoking Tobacco, and read the coupon, which gives a list of other premiums and how to get them.

2 CENT STAMPS ACCEPTED.

THE UNFORSEEN.

If we could only foresee, what misery might be prevented. One of the many chroniclers of events in the life of Napoleon says he lost Waterloo from a pain in his back, being unfitted thereby for personal direction of the battle. It is always the unexpected that mars the best anticipations, and thus so many business men, laboring men or women, primed for success, are taken down suddenly. Nothing comes more suddenly than an attack of lumbago to stiffen or twist the muscles of the spine and lay one up. In ten minutes, however, St. Jacobs Oil will cure the soreness and stiffness and make the back supple and strong. If Napoleon could have had this great remedy at the right time, he would have changed, perhaps, the map of the whole of Europe.

Mother—Tommie, I am going to spank you. Do you know what for? Tommie (indignantly)—Yes. You want to ease your own feelings by hurting mine.

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We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O. We the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 10 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by his firm.

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