

Royal Baking Powder
Highest of all in leavening strength
— Latest U. S. Government Food Report. —
Absolutely Pure

Killing the Fox.
We had hunted up and down the rides for the greater part of a day, and finally, with the scent at its hottest, we seemed to have lost the fox in the neighborhood of a little cottage, with a pigsty tacked on to it. The hounds were giving tongue around the pigsty, while its occupants protested with no less noise. The hubbub was tremendous, and the tumult increased tenfold when the second whip climbed the sty palings and began to search the tenement for the missing fox. There was no sign of him. Still the hounds kept giving tongue around the dwelling as if the fox were there. The whip, after drawing the pigsty blank, knocked at the cottage door and, receiving no answer, entered. The sole inmate was a bedridden old woman, who protested with vehemence equal to the pigs' against this invasion of her privacy, adding that no fox could possibly have come in, for the door had not been opened since her grandson had gone out to work in the morning.

The man in pink was about to retire with apologies when a bold hound burst in through the door, with a terrible burst of melody. He stopped to ask no questions of the poor old lady, but went under the bed like a tiger. More hounds dashed in; there was a scuffle and a worry under the bed, shrieks from the poor old woman that lay on it, furious death notes of the hounds—and in a second or two all was over. It took a deal of silver and consolation to make the lady realize that the hounds had not killed her as well as the fox. She still protested solemnly that the fox could not have entered the cottage because the door had been shut all the time, but it was obvious enough, from the snotiness of the old fellow's coat, that his way in had been, not through the door, but down the chimney.—Macmillan's Magazine.

Not to Be Done.
It was in a Brixton tram car. He took out a piece of paper on which there were many figures and said:
"I've been trying to invent a puzzle to put on the market, but I can only get so far with it."
"What is it?" asked the other.
"This represents a tram car. There are 12 men on one side and 8 women on the other."
"I see. You want to get 10 on a side."
"No, I don't. Another woman gets in the car, making 9 women to 12 men."
"Exactly."
"She must have a seat. She looks at the 12 men, and—"
"And one of them gets up and offers her a seat, of course."
"Yes, of course. Now what I want is to place her among the 8 women."
"My dear sir," said the other, as he turned away, "you had better tackle the problem of perpetual motion. It can't be done. If there were but 7 women it couldn't be done. Either make your 9 women get off and take cabs, or let one of the men go on the top and catch cold."—London Fun.

All the Vowel in One Word.
There are but six words in the English language which contain all the vowels in regular order—viz, abstemious, arsenious, anisios, facitious, materious and tragedious. There is but one word which contains them in regular reverse order and that word is duoliterious.

Besides the above, there are 149 English words which contain all the vowels in irregular order. Twelve of these begin with the letter a; 7 with b, 23 with c, 16 with d, 14 with e, 4 with f, 7 with g, 1 with h, 6 with i, 2 with j, 2 with k, 2 with n, 2 with o, 13 with p, 1 with q, 5 with r, 9 with s, 2 with t, 15 with u and 6 with v.—St. Louis Republic.

BETTER THAN REFINED GOLD
Is bodily comfort. This unspeakable boon is denied many of our unfortunate people by the ailments of the stomach. It is a prompt remedy. The dyspeptic, the rheumatic, the nervous, persons troubled with biliousness or chills, or fever, should lose no time in availing themselves of this comprehensive and genial medicine. It promotes appetite and nightly slumber.

"Mr. Sawyer, when is a woman in the prime of life?" "Well, Mrs. Badger, when she's 35."
"And a man?" "Oh, anywhere from 21 to 80."

Fits Cured
From U.S. Journal of Medicine
Prof. W. E. Peck, who makes a specialty of Epilepsy, has without doubt treated and cured more cases than any living physician; his success is astonishing. We have heard of cases of 20 years' standing cured by him. He publishes a valuable work on this disease, which he sends with a large bottle of his absolute cure, free to any sufferers who may send their P. O. and Express address. We advise any one wishing a cure to address Prof. W. E. PECK, P. O. Box 148, The Dalles, Or.

FOR PEOPLE THAT ARE SICK OF "Just Don't Feel Well," IMPROVED LIVER PILLS
are the One Thing to Use.
Only One for a Dose. Sold by druggists at 25c, a box Sample Free. Address Dr. S. M. M. Co., Phila. Pa.

PISONS CURE FOR CHILLS WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

Shakespeare's Heroines.
The fact that boys acted his heroines may have impelled Shakespeare to present his Rosalind, Imogen, Julia and Viola in doublet and hose, because in male attire the boys must have looked and acted their best. It is more easy to conceive a male representative of Lady Macbeth than of Juliet, but we, with our advantages, can never be wholly reconciled to the idea of a woman played by a man. The greatest revolution in the history of the modern drama was the introduction of women upon the stage. This change was caused not merely by art considerations, but arose in part from the laxity of morals and of manners at the restoration; but nevertheless what a mighty and beneficent change it was! What gifts and grace, what loveliness, purity, tenderness, genius, charm, have been shown to the delighted world since women have been played by women within the confines of the magic wooden O! How did, how could, the players of Shakespeare's time procure boys of such intelligence, beauty, delicacy of mind, that they could worthily personate pure, lovely, noble women?

Could we now tolerate any youth in such parts as Imogen, Desdemona, Juliet? Still it must be remembered that the boys who first acted such characters were probably trained, inspired, instructed by the master himself, and he may well have done wonders. It was a hard condition, and twin born with Shakespeare's dramatic greatness, that he should see his women played by lads. Could he ever have been wholly satisfied with the result?—Gentleman's Magazine.

He Was Too Realistic.
Last winter a number of literary people indulged from time to time in amateur theatricals. During February they produced a comedy. One of the actors played the part of a burglar, and had to climb up the outside of the house in which the entertainment was given and enter through the window which was at the rear of the improvised stage.

He hurried round from the dressing rooms and valiantly commenced to struggle up the wall, when a policeman grasped him by the neck, thinking him a veritable burglar.

He started to explain, but the minion of the law would have none of it. The audience was wondering in the meantime why the play did not proceed, and the young actors and actresses on the stage were eagerly waiting for the burglar to enter and give them their cue, when they heard shrieks, yells, oaths and threats from the garden. Rushing out they found the master burglar thrashing wildly about the grass, while a brawny policeman sat on his shoulders hammering his neck into the mud.—Strand Magazine.

Carlyle and Scott.
"To read of Scott," says Temple Bar, "makes most others, even of the noblest and best, appear small by comparison." The writer illustrates his meaning by pointing to the contrast between Carlyle and Scott in the matter of sleep. Nothing, he says, short of a "treacle sleep," in which he could lie "sound as a stone" for hours, could satisfy Carlyle.

His naps were serious things, and if any inroad from without or within were made upon them, anathemas and "wases me's" would be sure to follow, while constant nights of waking and aching would be met by Scott with scarce a grumble or by a playful one.

A dog, whose yelping had disturbed his slumbers, moved Carlyle to the jocosely savage wish that he had the animal by its hind legs within reach of a stone wall.

"Billions and headache this morning," notes Scott, under the influence of a like infliction occurring in the very midst of his sea of troubles. "A dog howled all night and left me little sleep. Poor cur!" with an outgoing of sympathy toward the unconscious troubler of his repose. "I dare say he had his distresses, as I have mine."

Do Birds Understand Music?
This question has recently been discussed among naturalists, and Dr. G. M. Gould, of North Carolina, asserts not only that katydids keep time, but that they produce a kind of music which may be described as orchestral. Both Dr. Gould and another observer have listened to two orchestras of katydids answering one another all night long. Sometimes individual performers were noticed to drop out of time, but upon the whole the stridulation of these insect bands is harmonious and in a regular key. Observers do not agree on the point whether or not there is a difference of pitch between the notes of two orchestras.

Tall Buildings.
A year or two ago a lecturer describing the royal palace at Madrid, which is 470 feet square and 100 feet high, jokingly remarked that a modern New York architect would probably have made it 100 feet square and 470 feet high. This was not such a very great exaggeration, for the new building just completed at the corner of Pine street and Broadway is nearly four times as high as it is broad. From the sidewalk to the coping it rises 314 feet, but it is only about 85 feet square on the ground. Its steel skeleton is clothed with thick brick walls. From the roof one looks down to see the cross on Trinity steeple.

THE CORN.
A song of the corn, the sturdy corn, which brightens this land of ours!
Its tender green, in the early spring, is fairer than blossoming flowers;
Its amber silk, with its glossy sheen, is fit for a fairy's tress.
And dearest its dimpled, golden ears than the rose or lily's bloom.
For they bear the promise of happy hours to the man who toils for bread,
When he need not fear that his little ones must go to their sleep unfed.

There are lovely flowers in this land of ours, wherever the foot may fall.
The tongue and the ear alike would tire should I try to tell them all.
From the arbutus on Atlantic shores to the golden poppy's gleams,
As bright as the metal which lies at its roots by Californian streams,
But never a flower such gifts has gained from the sun and dew of morn.
Or stands more fair in the summer air than the blessed, golden corn!
—Ninette M. Lowater.

PEARLS FOUND IN SCOTIA.
One From Aberdeenshire Said to Form One of the Queen's Jewels.
One is so much accustomed to associate pearls with the eastern and gold with the southwestern countries of the world that the discovery of pearls in Scotland and gold in Wales seems somewhat opposed to the order of things. That gold exists in Wales is of course quite a recent discovery, and the small and unprofitable quantities found have now resulted in the abandonment of the mining operations commenced by Richard Morgan.

But the pearls of Scotland have quite a different history. For centuries pearls have been found in the river Ythan, in Aberdeenshire, and only last year an Aberdeen man made some notable hauls, which he disposed of to jewelers of the northern towns. It was recently stated in a London paper that a pearl taken from the river Ythan is believed to form one of the queen's crown jewels. It is to be hoped that the belief is well founded, for in that case it may be reasonably claimed that the precious stone in question is the only one contributed by the British islands, a thought calculated to gratify our national pride, for Scotland might be worse represented than by a pearl in the national regalia.

A story is told of an Aberdeenshire farmer who found a very large and perfect pearl in the shell of a mussel taken from the Ythan. Happening to visit London some time afterward, he displayed his treasure to a west end jeweler, who, struck with the size and beauty of the gem, asked the price. The farmer demanded what possibly he regarded as a big price—viz, £100. Now, this was in the days when Scotland had her own coinage, and a pound (Scots) was equivalent to 1s. 6d., so that the £100 he asked would only have represented £68. 8d. English money.

His surprise and delight may be imagined, therefore, when he received for his pearl £100. It is doubtful, however, whether the English jeweler would have shared these feelings had he known the exact meaning of the "hunner pun," demanded by the owner of the pearl. However, he had no occasion to complain, for he is said to have sold the gem subsequently at a large profit.—Scottish American.

A Pauper Who Owned Johannesburg.
Few people are aware of the fact that the site of Johannesburg and a large tract of the surrounding land were once bought for £350. But such was the case, and the purchaser now lies a confirmed invalid in the workhouse infirmary at Guildford. The old man seems to have had a most remarkable career, having been in the service of the old East India company, fought in the Crimea, being seriously wounded at the siege of Sevastopol, and afterward passed through the Indian mutiny. He then went to South Africa, where he fought against the Zulus and the Boers. Before the Transvaal was made over to the Boers he purchased for £350 some 15,000 acres of land near the source of the Crocodile, better known as the Limpopo, where he made up his mind ultimately to settle. But war broke out, and he took up arms against the Boers and formed one of the party which held Pretoria. In 1880, when the republic was declared, he refused to accept service under President Kruger, the result being that his land, now estimated to be worth many millions sterling, was forfeited.—Westminster Gazette.

Appreciation.
An anecdote, illustrating the urbanity of Dr. Max Nordau's character, as well as his keen sense of humor, is told in connection with a story of I. Zangwill. Dr. Nordau had never met Zangwill, but was a great admirer of "The Children of the Ghetto" and its author's literary career. One day a friend, knowing this, came to him and said:
"Mr. Zangwill has been writing about you in The Pall Mall."
"Indeed," said Dr. Nordau, with an air of great interest.
"He gives a perfect appreciation of you," the friend continued.
"Do tell me what he said," said the author, relaxing into an attitude of pleasurable anticipation.
"He says you're an idiot."
The funny part of the story is that during a recent visit to England Dr. Nordau met Mr. Zangwill and told him the incident.

Next to Ice.
Mr. Hankerson—John, did you see two dozen bottles of champagne, as I told you?
The Butler—No, sorr. The icebox wasn't big enough for more than 20.
Hankerson—What have you done with the rest?
The Butler—I set the cook and maid a-fannin' 'em, sorr.—Illustrated Bits.

It is my opinion that a man's soul may be buried and perish under a dung heap or in a furrow of the field just as well as under a pile of money.—Hawthorne.

The manufacturers of Brooklyn are annually valued at \$225,000,000.

FROM GOAT TO BOAT.
Even the festive goat in his vernal season has his field sport on the common with a tin can or the butt of a log. From the sport of the goat in the spring to the varied sports of the early and late summer, what a world of amusement and what a scene of muscular activity. In all these, ever so helpful, from the bat in the ball field to the oar of the boat and the clatter of the turf, there comes in a large amount of penalty in the shape of serious sprains and troublesome bruises, but no man is a good athlete, nor does he develop well from such exercises without his full share of both. It is a good thing, therefore, if always kept ready, is always ready to cure promptly these sudden and painful mishaps. St. Jacobs Oil, without question, passes among all sportsmen as the thing to have, par excellence, in all kinds of sports. It has gained its best reputation from its best cures of this nature, and the man who would enjoy freely the summer sports would be almost foolish not to keep a bottle about him.

Gloom
Of ill health, despondency and despair, gives way to the sunshine of hope, happiness and health, upon taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, because it gives renewed life and vitality to the blood, and through nerve strength and energy body. Read this letter:
"Hood's Sarsaparilla helped me wonderfully, changed sickness to health, gloom to sunshine. No pen can describe what I suffered. I was deeply sick, had sick headaches every few days and those terrible tired, despondent feelings, with heart troubles so that I could not go up and down stairs without clapping my hand over my heart and resting. In fact, it would almost take my breath away. I suffered so I did not care to live, yet I had much to live for. There is no pleasure in life if deprived of health, for life becomes a burden. Hood's Sarsaparilla does far more than advertised. After taking one bottle, it is sufficient to recommend itself." Mrs. J. E. Smith, Beloit, Iowa.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Is the One True Blood Purifier. All druggists, \$1. Prepared only by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Hood's Pills cure all liver ills, biliousness, nervous headache, 25 cents.

SURE CURE FOR PILES
Lacking and Suffering, Hood's Pile Remedy, 50c. Sold by Dr. H. O. SAN-KO'S PILE REMEDY, Singapore, 100, Cross Street, Singapore. Free trial bottle free to 750 cases. Sent to Dr. H. O. San-Ko, Philadelphia, Pa.

The Germ Theory.
What the world owes to Louis Pasteur the world's great vocabulary is incompetent to express. Through his researches, and those of the students who have come after him, the light has been turned upon what has hitherto been total darkness. Doubt, experiments and uncertainty have given way to precision and accuracy in diagnosis. As the farmer knows that the chinch bug is the cause of his withered crops, so the physician knows that the bacillus of certain diseases brings about certain symptoms. The microscope is the physician's reliance. A few drops of blood, a bit of tissue, a little perspiration brought under the eye of this magic assistant will tell him at once the cause and progress of the disease. And it is not alone the physician who benefits by this knowledge. The farmer, the vineyardist, the dairyman, the stock raiser, the cultivator of the silkworm and the enthusiast on bees are alike indebted to the discoverer of the germ origin of disease for inevitable aids in their business. A necessity of the near future is an improvement in microscopes and their cheapening, so that knowledge of germs may become more widespread. Every township should have its bacteriologist and its microscopic equipment. There is no study more interesting, and none that is so important to humanity.—New York Ledger.

She Saw a Scowl Then.
Minnie—I never noticed before that this mirror had a wrinkle in it.
Mamie—I thought you were able to see wrinkles in any mirror you looked into.—Indianapolis Journal.

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We have notified every wholesale dealer in the United States that we will supply them with soap to give you FREE. Order a good supply of GENUINE DURHAM at once, and insist on getting your soap. One bar of Soap FREE with each pound you buy. Soap is offered for a limited time, so order to-day. Yours very truly,

BLACKWELL'S DURHAM TOBACCO COMPANY.
If you have any difficulty in procuring your soap, cut out this notice and send it with your order to your wholesale dealer.

Congressman Bailey's Dress.
Congressman Bailey of Texas thus replies to recent criticisms of his dress: "I have always held that society had no right, by its dictum, to regulate the style of a man's clothes. Ever since I could afford it, I have dressed just as I do today. I have worn the same black broadcloth suit, cut in the same style; the same style of broad shirt front and a white tie; the same kind of collar and broad black felt hat. I wear those clothes regardless of the day of the week or the hour or of society's dictation because I believe they become me, and they please my wife. There is a rule of society which prescribes that a dress suit shall not be worn until after 6 o'clock in the evening. If I chose to wear a dress suit, I would feel free to put it on in the morning or evening, or at noon, just as the fancy dictated. It seems to me that the society rule which attempts to regulate a man's dress is autocratic. The rule prescribing dress originated in the old customs of the court nobility. We are simply imitating these old aristocrats when we bar a person out of society because he does not dress in the fashion. If men showed more independence in the matter of dress, they would soon be able to break over the society restraints, and after that anybody could wear whatever he chose to, so long as he conformed to the law of the land and wore something. So far as I am concerned, I shall continue to wear whatever suits me and at the same time meets the approval of my wife."

Bank Growth.
The fond Washington mother has found a new simile for her developing youngster. She no longer likens him to a weed or a mushroom, but declares, with pardonable pride, that he is "growing like a gas bill."—Washington Star.

BEWARE OF OINTMENTS FOR CATARRH THAT CONTAIN MERCURY.
As mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces, such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is tenfold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally, and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free. Sold by druggists, price 75c per bottle. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

PITS.—All Pits stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No Pits after the first day's use. Marvellous cures. Treatise and Free trial bottle free to 750 cases. Sent to Dr. Kline at Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Pain's Cure for Consumption is the only cough medicine used in my house.—D. C. Albright, Millington, Pa., Dec. 11, '93.

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Line of Cutlery, Sporting Goods, Barber Supplies and Barbers' Goods? Why, don't you know?
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They will supply you with anything you want at lowest market prices. Send for General Catalogue or Catalogue of Sporting Goods or Barber Supplies. 520 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.

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Without an Equal in Purifying and Enriching the Blood.
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What Scientific Research Has Accomplished.
Proved by Success Where All Else Has Failed.

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"Save My Child!" is the cry of many an agonized mother whose little one writhes in croup or whooping cough. In such cases, Dr. Acker's English Remedy proves a blessing and a godsend. Mrs. M. A. Burke, of 309 E. 105th St., New York, writes: "Dr. Acker's English Remedy cured my baby of bronchitis, and also gave instant relief in a severe case of croup. I gratefully recommend it." Three sizes, 25c; 50c; \$1. All Druggists. ACKER MEDICINE CO., 16 & 18 Chambers St., N. Y.

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