THE ROYAL BAKING POWDER, besides rendering the food more palatable and wholesome, is, because of its higher leavening power, the most economical.

The United States Government, after elaborate tests, reports the Royal Baking Powder to be of greater leavening strength than any other.
—Bulletin 13, U. S. Ag. Dep., p. 599.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 WALL ST., NEW-YORK.

General Butler on his Yacht.

General Butler was happiest on the deck of his yacht, where he clad himself in jaunty flannels, surrounded himself with pretty girls and renewed his youth. If the truth were to be told, he liked to cruise in well frequented waters, where now and then a crowded excursion steamer would be met. On such occasions he was perfectly sure to be cheered heartily; he lifted his cap while the cheering was going on and then beckoned to one of the young ladies. She understood the signal, and stepping aft pulled a cord which discharged the America's biggest gun. Boom! It was a beautiful noise. Once more the crowd on the excursion steamer cheered, the general lifted his cap, the young ladies smiled, and the America sailed exquisitely on her way.

Innocent weaknesses were those of the old general. If he had been a bad man or a really crafty one, he would probably have attained a higher degree of power. He sought his own purposes, but not with that consummate guile, that perfect self seeking, which makes one utterly forego present purposes in order to obtain ultimate ones. Men who are a great deal worse and more mischievous than he ever was have not been abused one-twentieth as much as he.—Boston Transcript.

Cornstarch For Chilblains.

The unusual cold weather of the winter has made chilblains quite a common complaint. A woman who has suffered from the most annoying torture which this particular infliction entails reports to have found relief from a new remedy, or at least from something which is not one of the usual remedies.

"After trying hot salt and water, witch hazel, cold cream and the rest of the list," says this woman, "the idea came to me that to bury my feet in the creamy coolness of cornstarch might assuage the intolerable burning. I tried it, with instant success. Don't use a little from a powder puff. Take a bowl or dish and plunge the foot in quite to the instep and keep it thus buried for some minutes. Then dust off most of the cornstarch, and the stocking and shoe can be resumed with comfort."

This simple, inexpensive suggestion ought to be circulated. Car drivers and others whose occupation forces them to stand almost continuously are likely to be the greatest sufferers in cold weather from frost bitten feet and following chilblains.—Her Point of View in New York Times.

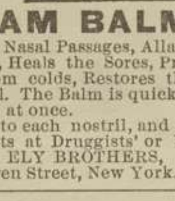
A Quaint Wedding Gift.

A watch which the kaiser gave as a wedding present to his sister, Princess Margaret of Prussia, on her marriage with Prince Frederick Charles of Hesse has a curious history. It originally belonged to Queen Louise of Prussia, the mother of Kaiser William I. The watch was looted by French soldiers after one of the victories which practically placed Berlin as a conquered city in the hands of Napoleon's troops. Being taken to Strasburg, it was a year or two later won as a prize in a barracks lottery by the cook of the officers' mess.

This man gave the watch to his sister, who subsequently obtained a domestic position in the palace of Potsdam, where Queen Louise, noticing the watch in the woman's possession, recognized it as her own and obtained repossession of it in exchange for a generous sum of money. The late Empress Augusta intrusted the watch to the present emperor, with an expression of her wish that it might always remain the property of a Prussian princess.—Manchester Times.

Cost of Patenting.

"I have just been figuring up what it will cost me to have an invention patented throughout the world," said Alfred Emerson, a young Kansas City inventor, "and I have found out it takes a fortune. There are on this mundane sphere 64 governments that run departments devoted to fleecing the poor inventor and pretend to give his idea protection Sixteen of these sharks are to be found in Europe, 8 in Africa, 4 in Asia, 27 are on the two continents of America, and 9 are in Oceanica. Of course the charges differ in every case; some are comparatively small, others are not so small. In the aggregate they average about $227.85 each, or a grand total of $14,550. That's a pretty sum for a man to spend to keep an idea from being stolen, isn't it?"



Since 1861 I have been a great sufferer from catarrh. I tried Ely's Cream Balm, and to all appearances am cured. Terrible headaches from which I had long suffered are gone. — W. J. Hitchcock, Late Major U. S. Vol. & A. A. Gen., Buffalo, N. Y.

ELY'S CREAM BALM

Opens and cleanses the Nasal Passages, Allays Pain and Inflammation, Heals the Sores, Protects the Membrane from colds, Restores the Senses 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 Druggists' or by mail. ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren Street, New York.

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TRAINING THE VOICE.

How Singing Through the Nose Saves the Throat a Deal of Friction.

The old way of curing sore throat has been superseded by a method working from the mind side. All methods for training the voice or body—if of any value—must prevent friction. The body is the servant of the mind, and the best teaching is a development of that law. For example, try to pick up a marble and notice the way your hand unconsciously adapts itself to taking hold of the marble; then reach after a big ball and watch the way your hand shapes itself to the size of the ball, for the right thought then is the marble or the ball.

The tongue is always an unruly member and refuses to be driven, but fortunately can be led. If you bring the tones through the nose, not only do you get a finer tone, but the tongue automatically moves out of the way to allow the tone to pass through the nose, thus leaving a space at the back of the tongue and preventing the friction of the back of the tongue against the throat, which is generally the cause of sore throat. But some one will say, Does not using the voice in that way give you a nasal tone, and make you "talk through your nose?" No; a nasal tone is one that is caught in the nose, as when after pinching the nose you try to talk.

The voice is always the same, whether singing or speaking, only the more the voice is used the greater will be the suffering from an improper use of it. Many injure the voice by trying to fill big places, when all that is necessary is to let the mind realize by a look what the voice has to do and then trust the voice to answer of itself the unconscious appeal made to it by the mind. This plan takes away all strain from the voice. The difference between this and certain "faith cures" is that they say, "By thinking your throat is well it becomes well if you think strongly enough," whereas we say, "The right thought, if held long enough to become a habit and practiced upon, will prevent the friction which causes sore throat, and the cause being removed the throat becomes strong."

Dr. Morell Mackenzie says, "For those who wish to speak well it is a good plan to learn to sing, as the greater includes the less." So if a teacher can show you how to bring out the tones of your singing voice, your speaking voice will be aided. I am a singer and studied this method five years ago, when I had a chronic sore throat. It took faith and industry on my part and six months' work by my teachers to cure me, but my throat, from being my weakest, has become my strongest point, and I have since had no trouble with it. They began by making me bring my voice through my nose in a humming tone, to sound like a bee among the flowers, or a steamboat a long way off, first with the mouth shut, then with the mouth open, always keeping the same quality of tone; then adding articulation, always humming and with the constant thought of the tones floating before you, to which thought, if you keep it long enough, the vocal organs will adapt themselves.

Every tone should be molded by a thought; a tone that is not born of thought is a body without a soul. The voice should never be educated as an end, but as a means to carry thoughts to others.—Agnese Horatia Ford in Boston Transcript.

How Little Kings Are Known.

It is a curious fact, considering the great interest taken in crowned heads, that of all the leading statesmen in Europe the kings are the least accurately known. Even Queen Victoria is scarcely understood by her own people, and we shall probably find, when the memoirs of her reign come to be published, that the best of constitutional sovereigns had many qualities, and marked qualities, besides her devotion to duty, and the truthfulness, quite unusual in its degree, to which minister after minister has borne testimony. That the emperor of Austria is a great diplomatist, that he is devoted to the house of Hapsburg, and that he can patiently tolerate constitutional forms has long been widely known, but of the remainder of his character no one outside a most limited circle has the least idea.

There are men who should know who say he is an ordinary Hapsburg, rather wanting in the usual knowledge of highly cultivated men, but with a certain instinct for governing men, and there are others equally qualified who believe him to be a kind of Ulysses, hiding acute penetration and something not far removed from cunning, under a mask of magnificent manners. That he is dutiful no one doubts, but the object to which he considers that duty should be paid is not so clear, nor will it be unless destiny should unexpectedly divide the interests of his empire and of his house, hitherto throughout his reign inseparable.—London Spectator.

Telling a Cow's Age.

A cow's age is indicated by her horns. At the age of 2 a ring of thick material forms at the base of each horn, and one ring is added every year after this becomes apparent. To find the age, therefore, count the rings and add two. In the case of a bull, however, the first ring does not appear until he is 5 years old, and one annual ring appears after that, so to the number of rings on a bull's horns five must be added. The result attained is, however, only approximately correct, for not only is the time of appearance of the first ring uncertain, but occasionally two rings appear in one year, and then again sometimes a year is omitted, no ring being formed. A dishonest dealer can also change the apparent age of the animal by filing off some of the rings from her horns, so that complete reliance on this sign is sometimes very deceptive.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Thus He Mortified the Butcher.

A minister of a little town in the north of Scotland, having been affronted by the provost, who was a butcher, resolved to have revenge. Accordingly when Sunday came, in the prayer before the sermon, he made use of the following expression:

"And since, O Lord, thou hast commanded us to pray for our enemies, herein we beseech thee for the provost of this town; give him the strength of Samson and the courage of David that he may knock down sin like an ox and cut the throat of iniquity like a suckling calf, and let his horn be exalted above his brethren."—Scottish American.

Affectionate.

It is customary for members of the house of commons, when rising to address the house, to commence, "Mr Speaker, sir." One young member, who was rather nervous, began as follows "Mr. Speaker, dear sir."—London Tit Bits.

A NOBLEMAN OF SPAIN.

By ALFRED BALCH.

In the meantime Francesco took possession of a small house standing next to the cuartel, and although he did not neglect his military work in the city—he positively refused to return to Santa Lucia, nor does any effort seem to have been made to oblige him—he continued to get the necessary time to supervise the work of digging a tunnel between this house, under the walls of the prison and into the cell in which Nechtla was shut up. This was the more easy as no houses in Carthagena have cellars under them. It must have been a tremendous job, however, to drive that hole through the great blocks which formed the foundation walls of the prison and to pierce the thick floor of cemented stone. Still, what will not love accomplish? This work was as nothing compared to the task Francesco had undertaken so lightly. It would have been easier to have torn down the very walls themselves than to have obtained the captain general's consent to such a marriage.

CHAPTER IV.

They found the nest, but the bird had flown.

The excitement which swept through Carthagena when it was announced that the prison had been broken into and the Indian girl stolen was very great. Not only had a great hole been dug from the adjoining house—for a moment's glance showed the bits of stone and piles of dirt filling up the whole ground floor of the place—by methods which no one understood, but the work itself appeared to be simply impossible. Even with the evidence before their eyes that it had been accomplished, those who examined the tunnel could not believe men had dug it. Great stones in the wall had been loosened, drawn out and placed in holes dug to receive them. A timbered slide had been put in on which the stone block from the floor had been lowered out of the way. The cleverness of the engineering feats accomplished excited the wondering admiration of Don Francesco Cardoza, engineer of the walls, who declared that the man who planned and executed them was easily his master. A big tube made of large bamboos had been carried along the top of the tunnel, and through this air had been forced in from two of the rude blowing machines the Indian smiths used. Chambers had been hollowed out at intervals, strongly timbered and roofed with bamboo flattened out, while between them these bamboo boards had been placed to prevent the light sandy soil from falling on the workers. It was small wonder that some one whispered "witchcraft," and the word was repeated from one to the other with paling cheeks.

Added to all this, the girl had vanished. There was no clew to her whereabouts any more than any information could be obtained of who had rented the house. The place had been empty for a long time, the owner said; it was only a tumble down sort of hut any way, and so far as he knew no one had lived in it. Foiled in this direction, the alcalde made inquiries about people leaving Carthagena. No one had left that night, the guards said. Then the search for Nechtla in the city began, but this was equally fruitless. At the end of a week Don Roberto was forced to acknowledge that he could do no more; the devil the Guajeros worshiped probably dug the hole and carried the girl away. It was an affair for the Inquisition, he thought, not for the civil powers.

In the meantime Francesco listened to what was said with an indifferent air—too indifferent, the captain general thought. He pointed out to his father that if he had been permitted to marry the girl nothing of this kind would have happened, but having said this he had nothing more to say. His attitude toward his father was one of half veiled defiance, and there was no more of that cordial comradeship which had existed between them, and which was so inexpressibly dear to the older man. For Don Alphonso had loved that young bride he bore away from the ancient castle of the counts of Luna so many years before, and he looked back with a feeling he never spoke of to the short year and a half they had lived together. Constancy was one of the strongest attributes of the Medina blood, and Don Alphonso remembered as if it had been yesterday she whom in his heart he still called his "Queridita!" She had died, leaving him Francesco, and from that time the boy had been not only the son and heir, but all the husband had left of the wife he loved! There was wealth of sentiment in that courtly soldier, statesman and gentleman of old Spain never suspected even by Frey Raphael, to whom the count had made confession for many years. In his heart Don Alphonso sympathized with his son; he was sometimes even tempted to tell Francesco he could marry the girl. But an Indian, a slave! No, it was impossible! Isabella herself, his wife, would never have consented. What, place an Indian slave in her place in the old hall at home! Never! Better Francesco died and he himself follow than that such sacrilege be accomplished! Don Alphonso shut himself up a great deal at this time; he feared that men might see the struggle going on within him.

But the clever diplomat who had been sent to the court of France to watch the interests of his sovereign before the throne of Louis XIV, and who had been successful in his delicate mission, had never bent the powers of his mind as he bent them now. He consulted his son on matters which he knew would compliment the younger man to give his opinion of; he even modified the regulations governing the slaves at Francesco's suggestion and against the advice of all his council. Too clever to overwhelm the younger man with presents, he however presented him on his birthday with his own sword—a weapon he had carried ever since he had inherited it from Francesco's grandfather, another Francesco Medina, who had won it when only twenty, in battle against the Moor. So delicate were the attentions, so consummate the tact shown, that Francesco in spite of himself was softened and partly won.

The suggestion that the matter was one for the Inquisition to take hold of, as made by Don Roberto Patricio, the alcalde, was not likely to fall to the ground in Carthagena then. It was repeated to the Frey Carlos Gonzales by a dozen persons before nightfall, and that grim old man moved at once. To defy the civil authorities in Carthagena was one thing; to defy the Inquisition was something very different. Francesco had not trusted many persons, but he had been forced to call in the help of some. Chiefly, as afterward turned out, they were Indian slaves, and none of these spoke even when they died. But one man, the foster brother of the young nobleman and his body servant since they had been boys together, knew. Strong as was his love for Don Francesco his terror of the penalties which might be inflicted by the church hereafter was stronger yet, and he told the story.

He was promptly locked up to prevent him warning his master, and the Frey Carlos called on the captain general before acting on the information he had received. This was about four o'clock in the afternoon [illegible] the seventh. Don Alphonso was with his council out on the walls watching the progress of the great Trinity bastion, and Francesco himself received the inquisitor general. Finding that the visitor desired to see his father he offered to send a servant to call him back to the house, but as the Frey assured him there was no such particular hurry the young man invited the priest to stay to dinner. The invitation was accepted and the two sat chatting together until the captain general returned. With them were the alcalde, the engineer and the other gentlemen, who greeted the Frey warmly. It was clearly impossible for the inquisitor to talk to Don Alphonso until after dinner, and he was in no very great hurry.

Don Francesco went to his room and called for Juan, his servant, to help him dress. No Juan could be found, so, grumbling mightily, he accepted the services of one of the other servants. He dressed as though for a wedding, in crimson silk and gold lace, with his favorite collar of pearls around his neck, his sword by his side, his long hair curled in love locks and a dark red passion flower worn over the right ear. As he walked into the room there was a murmur of admiration from more than one man there in pure delight at his beauty. The dinner went on as dinners are wont, with much talk and laughter. Francesco had never been so gay, an almost feverish excitement showed itself in his wit. As he sat at the table he could see the stern face of the inquisitor sitting at his father's right hand. Suddenly he stopped short, and, rising hastily from his chair, his hand pressed against his side, left the room. For a moment he walked up and down outside the door, but even as the servant his father had sent to inquire after him was advancing he walked back, excused himself under the plea of sudden pain and took his place once more. When they all rose he went to his father and told him he was going to call on the archbishop and might stay at La Popa that night. Then bowing to them all he left the room, and hurrying up stairs got a heavy cloak from his room and made his way to the top story of the house. He changed his sword, however, for that which his grandfather had won.

It was nearly ten o'clock before the Frey Carlos got an opportunity of speaking to Don Alphonso alone. In the deepest tones he told him of Juan's confession. The escape had been planned by Francesco, and he had done the work with the aid of five Indian slaves, El Tigre among them, and his servant Juan. He had carried the girl off and placed her in safety. When Don Alphonso, divided between admiration at his son's daring and ingenuity and his rage at the discomfiture of his plans, asked where that place was, the Frey answered with a grim approach to a laugh, "A room in your own house, my son!"

It was true. The one place in all Carthagena the alcalde could not search, the house over which the banner of Spain floated, had been the refuge for Nechtla, the Guajero girl. Francesco had taken her up to the space under the roof, and day by day Juan or the slaves had bought food for her, which Francesco had carried to her at night. Don Alphonso intensely angry, called for lights, and with the inquisitor general visited the place. They found the nest, but the bird had flown. Love is very shrewd, and for a second while at table Francesco had connected the presence of the Frey Carlos, he who so seldom went anywhere, with the absence of Juan. With two hours' warning the lovers were yet safe, for both had disappeared.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

What the Presidents Died Of.

Rutherford B. Hayes was the only occupant of the White House to die of heart disease. Washington expired of pneumonia, John Adams of natural decline. Thomas Jefferson of chronic diarrhœa, James Madison and James Monroe of natural decline, John Quincy Adams of paralysis, Andrew Jackson of consumption, Martin Van Buren of asthmatic catarrh, William H. Harrison of pleurisy, John Tyler of a bilious attack, James K. Polk of chronic diarrhea, Zachary Taylor of bilious fever, Millard Fillmore of natural decline, Franklin Pierce of inflammation of the stomach, James Buchanan of rheumatic gout, Abraham Lincoln assassinated. Andrew Johnson paralysis, Ulysses S. Grant cancer, James A. Garfield assassinated, Chester A. Arthur Bright's disease. Mr. Hayes was one of the three Methodists to become president, Johnson and Grant being the other two.—Columbus Journal.

Louisiana's Rice Crop.

A Louisiana man says that the rice crop of that state this year will be fully one-half of the entire crop of the United States. "The raising of rice," he says, "has worked wonders for the interest of our state. It has practically opened up a new industry in the agricultural line, and hundreds of farmers who thought their lands valueless when the cotton gave out now find themselves in a position that will soon place them in one year where cotton could not put them in five. It is really the most lucrative of all the new industries in the south."—New York Tribune.

Expensive Decorations.

This is the season of the year when florists are paid high prices for making a display of their collection of plants and flowers in private houses, ballrooms and dining halls. To have a tropical scene created for you in the corner of a room, or to have a table garnished with choice beauties, with the breath and bloom of a summer's day in each petal, while the earth is stiffened with frost, costs something. Smilax is used in great quantities. Of the orchids, the cypripedium is the most common and makes a pretty decoration with maidenhair fern. Easter lilies are extensively used. Roman hyacinths are going out, and the Dutch hyacinths are coming in. Narcissus are used with the lily in decoration. The yellow daffodils are pretty in table pieces.

Roses are of course the great favorite, and florists say that the demand for them this year has almost been unprecedented. American Beauties lead the floricultural world. There is nothing like them, and during the height of the season they brought as high as $1.50 for a single rose. Much of course depends upon the quality of the plant. The Mermet is a pretty pink rose. It lasts well and generally reaches its limit at $3 a dozen. The Pearl rose is a pretty rose for use on a table. It is a yellow rose and may reach $2 a dozen.—New York Telegram.

Horn of Mrs. O'Leary's Cow.

A strange relic has reached the American Exchange hotel at San Francisco and has attracted a great deal of attention. It is the horn of Mrs. O'Leary's cow, the celebrated bovine of Chicago that in 1871 kicked over the historic oil lamp. H. C. Atkinson, who owns the relic, gave $8 for it right after the fire. The hide sold for $120. Mrs. O'Leary's cow didn't have a very big horn, according to this. What became of the other horn nobody knows. This one was beautifully fashioned by Mr. Atkinson's brother into the form of a fish. A niche had been cut into the edges of the open end and eyes of glass inserted on the sides, while ivory fins decorate it in the proper places.

It is lined on the inside with red plush, and thus with its mouth on a bias and its curved tail it looks for all the world like a trout or a salmon as it jumps out of the water. A hook is in its gill and a ribbon on the hook so that all complete, while a fish, it is a handsome jewel case. This is the use to which the horn of Mrs. O'Leary's cow has come at last. With the strange relic is the following. 'Made from the horn of Mrs. O'Leary's cow that kicked over the lamp and caused the great fire of Chicago."—San Francisco Examiner.

The Downfall of the Teaspoon.

The teaspoon has been banished from the table of the ultra elegant. Its use has long been forbidden to assist in eating any sort of kernel and soft vegetables, but it survived for a time as an aid to consuming what our grandmothers called "sauce" and for certain desserts of a custard nature or ices and ice cream. Now its employment is considered, as the fashionable woman told her child, 'worse than wicked—vulgar"—in any such service. So, like Fatima in the 'Arabian Nights" eating her grains of rice, we pick at all those yielding, gelatinous and elusive substances with a little fork. The teaspoon is restricted to the teacup, and that alone.—Her Point

THE LAND OF PROMISE

Is the mighty West, the land that "tickled with a hoe laughs a harvest;" the El Dorado of the miner; the goal of the agricultural emigrant. While it teems with all the elements of wealth and prosperity, some of the fairest and most fruitful portions of it bear a harvest of malaria reaped in its fullness by those unprotected by a medicinal safeguard. No one seeking or dwelling in a malarial locality is safe from the scourge without Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. Emigrants, bear this in mind. Commercial travelers sojourning in malarious regions should carry a bottle of the Bitters in the traditional gripsack. Against the effects of exposure, mental or bodily overwork, damp and unwholesome food or water, it is an infallible defense. Constipation, rheumatism, biliousness, dyspepsia, nervousness and loss of strength are all remedied by this genial restorative.

Clerk—That's what we call our No. 4 guest chair, madam. How do you like it? Customer—I am afraid it isn't uncomfortable enough.

STOOD THE TEST.

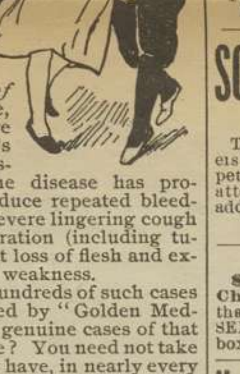
ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS are unapproachable in curative properties, rapidity and safety of action, and are the only reliable plasters ever produced. They have successfully stood the test of over thirty years' use by the public; their virtues have never been equaled by imitators who have sought to trade upon the reputation of ALLCOCK'S by making plasters with holes in them and claiming them to be "just as good as ALLCOCK'S," and they stand to-day indorsed by not only the highest medical authorities, but by millions of grateful patients who have proved their efficacy as a household remedy.

Beware of imitations. Ask for ALLCOCK'S, and do not be persuaded to accept a substitute.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS will purify the blood.

"Did you ever try the faith cure, Tompkins?" "Yes; it cured me, too." "What of?" "Faith in the faith cure."

TAKE STEPS



in time, if you are a sufferer from that scourge of humanity known as consumption, and you can be cured. There is the evidence of hundreds of living witnesses to the fact that, in all its early stages, consumption is a curable disease. Not every case, but *a large percentage of cases*, and we believe, *fully 98 per cent.* are cured by Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, even after the disease has progressed so far as to induce repeated bleedings from the lungs, severe lingering cough with copious expectoration (including tubercular matter), great loss of flesh and extreme emaciation and weakness.

Do you doubt that hundreds of such cases reported to us as cured by "Golden Medical Discovery" were genuine cases of that dread and fatal disease? You need not take our word for it. They have, in nearly every instance, been so pronounced by the best and most experienced home physicians, who have no interest whatever in misrepresenting them, and who were often strongly prejudiced and advised against a trial of "Golden Medical Discovery," but who have been forced to confess that it surpasses, in curative power over this fatal malady, all other medicines with which they are acquainted. Nasty cod-liver oil and its filthy "emulsions" and mixtures, had been tried in nearly all these cases and had either utterly failed to benefit, or had only seemed to benefit a little for a short time. Extract of malt, whiskey, and various preparations of the hypophosphites had also been faithfully tried in vain.

The photographs of a large number of those cured of consumption, bronchitis, lingering coughs, asthma, chronic nasal catarrh and kindred maladies, have been skillfully reproduced in a book of 160 pages which will be mailed to you, on receipt of address and six cents in stamps. You can then write to those who have been cured and profit by their experience.

Address for Book, WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

THE HIGHEST OF HONORS

To Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder at the Great Fairs.

For leavening power, keeping qualities, purity and general excellence the World's Fair jury decided that Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder had no equal. On each of its claims it was awarded a first prize or a diploma. All the baking powders entered for prizes were subjected to a most exhaustive examination, and the jury was the best equipped to make the decision of any ever got together. Their verdict was supported by the testimony of Dr. H. W. Wiley, chief chemist of the United States Department of Agriculture at Washington. Dr. Wiley is an expert on food products and the highest authority on such matters in America. This verdict settles a long-debated question as to which among the many baking powders is the best.—Chicago Tribune.

NOTE.—Since the foregoing was published the World's Fair triumph has been confirmed by Highest Award and Gold Medal at the California Midwinter Fair.

"Who are the visitors over at Blinker's—relatives?" "No, they can't be, for the whole family seemed glad to see them."

HOW'S THIS!

We offer One Hundred Dollars' reward for any case of catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last fifteen years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm. WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75 cents per bottle. Sold by all druggists.

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Use Enameline Stove Polish; no dust, no smell.

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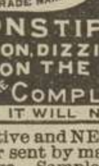

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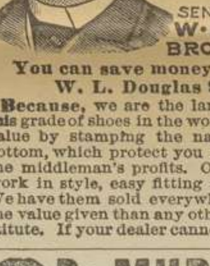

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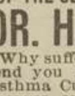

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