

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

Where the best food is required, the Royal Baking Powder only can be used.

I have found the Royal Baking Powder superior to all others.—C. Corja, late Chef, Delmonico's, N. Y.

RETROSPECTION.

Only some withered blossoms,
Crumbling to dry decay;
Only a glove half torn into,
And idly thrown away.
Only a heart that's breaking—
That is, if hearts could break;
Only a man adrift for life,
All for a woman's sake.

Only a few such tokens,
Fried by a love sick fool,
Naught but the ashes that strew the
ground
When love's hot flame grows cool!
Not the first man by thousands
The duke of a heartless flirt,
Not the first time that poisonous love
Was treated like common dirt.

Only to jest, you know it
Now, though it's rather late—
Rather too late to turn your life
And seek another fate.
You've not a man like thousands,
With heart that will wear and twist,
And feel a glow at the word and glance
Of every flirting girl.

Finished forever and done,
Wounded by a treacherous smile!
Following madly a will-o'-the-wisp,
Heiply if but for a while!
Only a heart that's broken—
That is, if hearts can break;
Only a man adrift for life,
And all for a woman's sake.—Anonymous.

Careless Brokers.

It is amusing to watch how brokers and bankers who put their bonds and stocks in their boxes in the vaults of the New York Stock Exchange overnight close them. Some pull away at the handle of the lock as though they would pull it off in their anxiety to make sure that the box is locked, which action is largely the result of nervousness; others take it very easy, give the handle one or two turns and go off satisfied. One gentleman said to another down in the vaults the other day: "A queer thing happened some five years ago. I noticed that the door of a certain box was on the crack and its key sticking in it. I immediately notified Mr. Cole, who is in charge there, and who at once closed it. 'I then went to the gentleman who had forgotten to lock up. 'Oh, it's all right,' he said; 'I intended to go back.' But I noticed that he was all in a tremble, and that he went over to the vaults in a jiffy. He staid there an hour counting over his securities. There must have been a million dollars' worth in that box, for I noticed signs of one and two hundred thousand dollars apiece. He didn't even take the trouble to thank me when I went over and notified him of his carelessness."—Epoch.

A Squaw's Remarkable Journeying.

In the last century a Chinook Indian woman, known to Father Huk, a great traveler and missionary of that period, while he was with the Indians on what we now call the Pacific coast, was many years afterward met by him in Asia. Through many vicissitudes and strange experiences she had passed from tribe to tribe and place to place, always moving northward, until she reached Behring strait, and there, having gone out in one of the large canoes used by the seafaring Indians of that region, in a great storm they were driven across the strait to wreck and death to all save her, and she wandered on until she met Father Huk in the interior of Asia. She had not sought to return, but following the spirit of adventure bred in her by her strange experiences she went on to see new lands.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

A Green "Deputy."

The gate tender of the Main street crossing left a deputy in charge recently. It is customary to hang a lighted lantern on the gate at dark, lowering the gate for the purpose. At dark the new man looked at the gate towering above him, and, thinking it would take a long ladder to reach the top, went to a neighboring carpenter's shop and borrowed the longest ladder he could find and hung the lighted lantern. The next morning he had at the lantern and an idea on him. He lowered the gate and the lantern. The next day the gate he will not borrow a swick (Mr.) Telegram.

She Spat on Her Hail.

We had long since voted her the prettiest girl in the boat. This would have been an offset for poor luck at fishing, if she had only known it, but we weren't saying a word for fear of spoiling her, and by and by she looked up to the grimly old captain and asked: "Captain, shouldn't I spit on my bait to bring luck?" "Gimme you should," he replied. "Lemme put on a fresh shrimp and then you can spit." "Real hard?" "Yes." "All the spit I can?" "Yes." She held the hook within three inches of her nose, twisted her tongue three or four times and then gave a "hu-choo!" We saw something fly overboard, heard a scream of despair, and next moment the prettiest girl fell in a heap in the bottom of the boat. She had thrown both plates of false teeth out of her head into twenty feet of water.—New York Sun.

A First Class Point.

A Detroit drummer lately put up in a hotel at a small town one night to find the fare the very poorest, the beds the worst he ever saw, and the louse run in such a way as to amaze him. After a breakfast which he scarcely tasted, he entered the office and said to the landlord: "What kind of a caravansary do you call this?" "A first class hotel, sir." "You must be crazy! Show me one single first class point about it." "The price, sir. You have had supper, lodging and breakfast. Three dollars, if you please, and if you want a ride down in the bus that will be a quarter more."—Detroit Free Press.

The Point of View.

First Traveler (looking out through the car window)—These continuous rains are bad for the business of this country.
Second Traveler—Not at all, sir. They stimulate trade in many ways. The farmers—

"Both the farmers? What business are you in?"
"I'm an umbrella maker, sir, if you insist on knowing."
"And I'm a stockholder in a professional baseball club, confound you!"—Chicago Tribune.

A Sundry Parallels.



—Munsey's Weekly.

Imported.

Customer—Give me a good imported cigar, will you?
Donnerwetter—Ya, was a very fine article.
Customer—Can I depend on this being good?
Donnerwetter—Ya, dot was a imported cigar of my own manufacture.—America.

Needed the Hardest.

A young dentist who opened an office on Jefferson avenue finds a good many discouragements. His first patient was a thin young man who wore no waistcoat, and tried up his person with a pink and yellow belt.

There was a profitable hour or two in the chair, during which the young dentist told his funniest stories as he filed and chiseled and buzzed. At length, instead of filling up the biggest cavities with gold and charging ten dollars apiece, the conscientious beginner said: "Shall I put in a soft filling, sir?" "I heard," replied the exhausted occupant of the chair briefly.
"Beg pardon," said the dentist doubtfully. "I asked you about a soft filling."
"Thunder and lightning," shouted the patient, sitting up in the chair and pulling his mouth into shape: "I tell you I live in a boarding house, and if you're got any ground glass, amalgam or rolled steel caps use 'em. Soft filling, you crazy coot; do I look like a suicide!"—Detroit Free Press.

TWO PECULIAR CASES.

A Girl Who Is Said to Sleep with Her Eyes Open.

ANOTHER IS FROM "SPIRITLAND."

She Floats into the Parlor with a "Besign Expression"—One Case is a Physical Fact. The Other a Spiritualistic Belief—What Physicians Say.

Hamlet thought there were more things in heaven and earth than were dreamed of in Horatio's philosophy, and if half they tell on Long Island be true Hamlet was fourteen degrees inside of the truth. Celia Risley, of Port Jefferson, L. I., is a real girl of sixteen, and down to last October was a very healthy and rather pretty one, except that she was a little too fat and ruddy to please a delicate taste. She was walking on the beach one very windy day with her mother, when she suddenly cried: "Something has blown in my eye. It's all black. I can't see."

Her mother caught her to save her from falling. A man who was passing carried the girl into the nearest house. For an hour she suffered from what seemed to be a very severe epileptic fit. Her limbs jerked spasmodically, her face worked and twitched, and she foamed at the mouth. Celia remained in bed for three or four days after the fit. She seemed to suffer only from exhaustion. In a week she was



CELIA RISLEY.

about as usual, but she was extremely nervous. In a little while her eyes seemed to enlarge, as if caused by the use of bella donna. Celia has particularly fine eyes. They were naturally large and a soft brown.

About six weeks after it was discovered that she habitually slept with her eyes wide open and staring with an uncanny and "fishy" expression. In July the operation was so that she could not close the lids over them, and heroic treatment was resorted to. The girl improved in health a little, but is still thin and nervous. The eyes do not protrude much ordinarily, but when she is asleep their staring expression is decidedly unpleasant. She sleeps sound, suffers no pain and is improving in health.

The family doctor says "it is a simple case of exophthalmic goiter." No wonder it looks scary. He adds that that is found most often in Switzerland, and that "the symptoms are the result of some vasomotor disturbance. The vasomotor controls the involuntary muscles, like the heart and respiratory organs. This disturbance causes congestion in the glands of the throat and the swelling in the neck is due to it. It also causes congestion and dilatation of blood vessels behind the globe of the eye and makes the eyeball protrude." All she needs therefore is a restoration of good health and firm nerves; but for the present she sleeps with her eyes wide open.

The other case is one of those at which the incredulous smile. Charles R. Miller is a prosperous business man living on Atlantic avenue, Brooklyn, and a very earnest spiritualist. His daughter Carrie died at the age of one year, but she has gone right on growing in the spirit world and has recently brought her picture as a young spirit lady to her parents. Her father thus describes the spirit's advent to his parlor:

"At first something white, intangible and quivering appears as if coming through the carpet; then it assumes the form of a lady's cambric handkerchief, expanding as if with difficulty until it assumes the shape of an infant's body and reaches the height of two feet, after which it grows rapidly and gracefully until it has developed to the normal size it possessed in its earth life, with features wearing a most benign expression."

Carrie's portrait is not at all beyond the talents of an earth artist, and an amateur at that. It represents a fair average young woman with a remarkably high forehead and long curls. Mr. Miller and



CARRIE MILLER.

His spiritualist friends tell with sweet and solemn joy of the easy familiarity of the spirits and how they come into their parlor without the aid of cabinets and in the full glare of powerful gas lights and he

testifies to these important (if true) facts: "It is the educated and the intellectual who are beginning to investigate spiritualism. Queen Victoria is a spiritualist and communes with her husband—I shall not say her dead husband—regularly. Here in America fully one-third of our distinguished men attend seances and are firm believers in the new religion."

That very many people believe in spiritualism and never mention it unless questioned is a fact, as any one can demonstrate who will go at the inquiry with proper delicacy. Indeed it is probable that avowed spiritualists are not half of the real believers. Few, however, have got so familiar with the departed as Mr. Miller and his friends.

Unique Pipe Laying.

The Superior Water, Light and Power company have been engaged for several months in the work of extending the twenty-four inch in-take pipe from West Superior to Lake Superior for water. The entire distance from the pump station to the crib, which rests in forty feet of water in Lake Superior, is 585 feet, and 2,350 feet outside of Minnesota Point. The entire 2,930 feet of lake pipe was jointed above the surface of the water and hung suspended in spaced slings. The object was to cut the slings and allow the entire section of more than half a mile to drop into the water.

It was not intended to attempt the feat for several days, but the approach of a northeaster hastened matters. The job was done hurriedly, but with distinguished success. When everything was in readiness the signal was given, and several of the lashings were cut simultaneously. The great black tube, 10,000 tons weight, instantly broke away evenly and dropped squarely into position at the bottom of the lake.—Cor. St. Paul Pioneer Press.

"Perceptible Chill in the Air."

The record for cold weather for the winter was broken Wednesday morning, when the atmosphere was intensely frigid. The air was so full of frost that the appearance of a fog was given. The lowest point reached by the mercury in this city, and reported, was 40 degs. below zero. It required the thickest kind of clothing and vigorous exercise upon the part of pedestrians in the early morning hours to keep comfortable. At Shirley it was 42 degs. below zero, 44 degs. at Eddington, 33 degs. at Sebec, and the same relative report comes from many other places in this vicinity. The weather was the chief topic of conversation. During the day it grew considerably warmer, but there was a very perceptible chill in the air, and late in the afternoon it was again quite cold. The night was very frigid.—Bangor Whig.

A Big Book.

An enormous volume, thrice as large as the bulkiest family Bible that ever graced a marble topped table in a country parlor, has reached the Capitol. In gold letters on its broad back are the words, "History of Members, Second Session, Fifty-first Congress." In this book will be recorded not the private history of members, but all their public acts. Every time a member votes, every time he introduces a bill or petition, and every time he is recorded as not voting or paired will be recorded in the huge book, and future biographers will find already prepared for their use a vast amount of data. If the size of the volume is any indication of its importance it ought to be preserved in a treasury vault.—Washington Post.

Lowell's Great Lawyer.

Gen. Butler's voice is not so powerful as it used to be. In fact, it is difficult to hear him a dozen feet away, though he occasionally fires up and some of his old time force presents itself. He still relies considerably on the sympathy of the jury, especially when he is defending a comely woman. His method of arguing his case is the same in substance as it always has been. Plenty of wit and humor run through his speech, and these, with all the pathos his case will permit, combine to make his always eloquent pleas more effective. His favorite attitude while addressing the jury is to brace his broad shoulders against the clerk's desk. His hands are deeply thrust into his pockets; he seldom gestures.—Boston Advertiser.

He's a Costly Convict.

The worst convict in the Missouri penitentiary is a man named Johnson. He once made an attempt to escape by setting the prison on fire, and \$500,000 worth of property was destroyed. He recently attempted lassoing a keeper with a nose made of bed ticking, but was not strong enough to overpower him, and was himself forced back in his cell, which he had ingeniously unlocked.

Still an Open Question.

A London policeman grappled with and upset a bicyclist who he thought was going at an unlawful rate. The policeman arrested the wheelman for fast driving, and the latter had the policeman up for assault. The magistrate had the summons withdrawn in each case, and now wheelmen and policemen don't know what their rights and duties are.

She Has a Big Nose.

When the rural wit says of any one that he or she "has a nose like the shingles on a barn, four inches in the weather," he means to be exaggeratively funny. Well, a woman in Lyons, Neb., has a nose 4½ inches long—and it is no joke.

Religion and Politics Kept Apart.

On the door of a country church in north Georgia is seen this rather peculiar notice: "Keep politics out of the church, unless the preacher is running for conser."

Not for Keeps.

James—I'm going to give up the use of tobacco in any form.
Brown—Nonsense! You know you haven't enough backbone to do so.

James—Haven't I, though? Well, you just ask my wife if I haven't done so a score of times.—Omaha World-Herald.

Perhaps He Went to Take a Swim.
Mr. Gazzam—Where's John?
Mrs. Gazzam—He's gone down town to take a bath.
"To take a bath?"
"Yes, at least I inferred so. He said he was going down to the pool room."—Times.

Poor Baby.

"Were you at the party last night, Brownley?"
"No, my wife went. I stayed at home and took care of the baby."
"Well, what kind of a time did you have?"
"Rocky."—Commercial Traveler.

A Receipt for Unpres.

If you want a receipt for that popular mystery, known to us all as an umpire of games, take all famed men in the baseball history, hatch together their various names

The voice of Jack Crooks, with its fog horn monotony.
The legs of Frank Tuck, now the feminine rage; The brains of Brody, preceding he's got any; The eyes of young Weston, not dimmed with old age.

The base running action of Murphy Patricia. The outting of Carroll in during to do; The strength shown by Foster in strokes that are vicious.

The nerve of one Reilly in tying his shoe The "one tall" of Sandy, down the caspagnus. The grit of Dave Furee when he cries "Take your take!"

The "one strick" of Donscher, as from a sarcophagus; The foot foisted Hancock with reindeer like pace.

Canavan, Morrisey, Turner and Kreig, Verwick, Macular and Line of our league; Take of these elements all that's empirical; Cast out the parts that you think are satirical; Roll the whole down, then take off the scum, And an umpire you'll find in the resultum.—Minneapolis Tribune.

Use Enameline Stove Polish: no dust, no smell.

Try Gemma for breakfast.

THREE TROUBLES.

3 Three things which all workingmen know give the most trouble in their hard-strain work are: Sprains, Bruises and Soreness.

THREE AFFLICTIONS.

3 Three supreme afflictions, which all the world knows afflict mankind the most with Aches and Pains are: Rheumatism, Neuralgia and Lumbago.

THREE THINGS.

3 to do are simply these Buy it, try it and be promptly and permanently cured by the use of



Doctors disagree, they have to. There are differences of opinion among the best; there will be so long as knowledge is incomplete.

But there is one subject on which all physicians are completely in accord, and that is the value of cod-liver oil in consumption and scrofula, and many other conditions in which the loss of fat is involved. And cod-liver oil has its greatest usefulness in Scott's Emulsion.

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