Be on your Guard.

If some grocers urge another baking powder upon you in place of the "Royal," it is because of the greater profit upon it. This of itself is evidence of the superiority of the "Royal." To give greater profit the other must be a lower cost powder, and to cost less it must be made with cheaper and inferior materials, and thus, though selling for the same, give less value to the consumer.

To insure the finest cake, the most wholesome food, be sure that no substitute for Royal Baking Powder is accepted by you.

Nothing can be substituted for the Royal Baking Powder and give as good results.

BE MY SWEETHEART.

[The first love song ever written by Mr. Field.]

Sweetheart, be my sweetheart
When birds are on the wing,
When bee and bud and babbling flood
Bespeak the birth of spring.
Come, sweetheart, be my sweetheart
And wear this posy ring!

Sweetheart, be my sweetheart
In the mellow golden glow
Of earth aflush with the gracious blush
Which the ripening fields foreshow.
Dear sweetheart, be my sweetheart
As into the moon we go!

Sweetheart, be my sweetheart
When falls the bounteous year,
When fruit and wine of tree and vine
Give us their harvest cheer.
Oh, sweetheart, be my sweetheart,
For winter it draweth near!

Sweetheart, be my sweetheart
When the year is white and old,
When the fire of youth is spent, forsooth
And the hand of age is cold.
Yet, sweetheart, be my sweetheart
Till the year of our love be told!
—Eugene Field in Ladies' Home Journal.

A RACE FOR LIFE.

Talking about hairbreadth escapes and looking over the back fence into eternity, said the man from Kentucky, when the applause which had followed the Arkansas drummer's bear story had subsided. Well, it didn't turn my hair white, but time has since. You all know, he continued, that I am a Kentuckian by right of birth, but you are not all aware that I was born and reared within a mile of this very spot in which we now sit. Such is the fact, however. What I am going to tell you happened away back in the sixties. I was just grown up, as straight and tough as a hickory sapling.

We lived at the base of a considerable hill which rose toward the east and stretched its narrow ridge onward for a mile or two. Not 200 yards from our door old Isaac Johnson built a modest cabin and brought his family down from Illinois. Dudley, their only boy, was just about my age, although not endowed with like endurance and strength. A warm friendship soon sprang up between us, however, and we spent many hours together in the woods with our rifles.

It was near the end of May, I remember. I had been idle for some weeks, and idleness, you know, just at that season, breeds restlessness in superabundance.

I had often heard of the great Mammoth cave, a few dozen miles distant, and I became convinced that the geological formation of the hill in the rear of our home indicated that another huge cave must surely exist under the green turfed mound, for in the valleys which lay at its feet I found numerous sinks from which gurgling brooks usually burst, or from which the warm breath the internal caverns floated up like the smoke from some mountain wigwam.

I soon confided my conjecture to Dud Johnson. We talked the matter over and decided that on the following day we would begin a series of systematic explorations. The succeeding day, which was bright and clear, though unusually warm, found us setting out with all the necessary paraphernalia—candles, matches, a rope, etc. We had poked around in every crack and cranny, and near noon, having lost all hope, I was about to call to Dud, who had wandered off up into a little skirt of wood, when a faint shout reached my ears. I hurried off in the direction whence the voice seemed to come, and was soon standing on the brink of what appeared to be the mouth of our much sought after cavern.

Away down in the bowels of the earth I could see the yellow flare of Dud's candle and faintly discern his outline as he bent forward, peering out into the darkness before him. The descent to his position was easy, and filled with joy I was soon beside him. The sweet dampness, the sepulchral stillness and the constantly trickling drops that fell from the beaded ceiling thrilled me with strange delight. We soon scrambled down from the precipitous ledge on which we stood and began to grope forward, our candles flickering fitfully, as if in danger of being blown out at every step.

We had not proceeded twenty paces however, in the black winged darkness when we came upon a solid adamantine wall barring our way and seemingly ending our journey. However, after looking around for some time, we decided that we could pass under the obstruction just over the brook, which flowed serenely from beneath its firm breast. The place was very narrow, and to accomplish this resolve we had to get down on our hands and knees in the water. We didn't mind that somehow, and were soon elated to find ourselves in an opening as large as if not larger than the first chamber that we entered, although not nearly so high. From this room we pressed on through a smaller aperture, which gradually assumed the proportion of a passage, dangerous with jutting rocks and dubious windings.

On we hurried, following the tortuous stream that ran pure and pellucid from the immense cave which we assured ourselves must be just ahead. I can never forget the effect of the low, sweet murmuring of that little brook, loudly audible for the very absence of other sounds. We found it terribly warm work crawling over rough faced rocks and squeezing through narrow openings; consequently we every now and then halted to rest.

I can't say how long we had been floundering about in the sand and water—for we still held the course of the stream—when a low, roaring reached our ears. A waterfall we at once surmised, certain that a miniature but beautiful Niagara was just before us. Gathering new energy we pushed rapidly forward, and had gone a dozen rods perhaps when the roar, which perceptibly gathered volume, seemed to curiously shift itself into a position immediately overhead, but we did not expect sounds to obey the laws of nature here.

After traversing another dozen rods or so we suddenly noticed that the swelling brook was running muddy and bore a few twigs and dead leaves on its hurrying surface. Strangely enough, we were not in the least alarmed, for we thought it was merely a landslide ahead, and concluded to push on toward the goal of our hopes. But as the water grew rapidly deeper and muddier I suggested that we should halt a moment, and forcing a small stick in the bank just at the water's edge we watched the rising floods creep up, up about and over it, an inch perhaps in four or five minutes.

Dud looked up at me. "It's raining outside," he said, and his face was as white as a sheet.

The horrifying truth burst upon us simultaneously. Our affright was mutual and our flight precipitous. It was a race for life—we must reach the opening before the stream could fill it and cut off our only exit. All along, as we retreated, I noticed on the low ceiling trash and leaves deposited, even the highest points bearing this positive evidence that at times the whole cave was completely overflowed. Pellmell over rocks in water we tore; but hurry as we would, the muddy, angry waters still preceded us, swelling and surging between its narrow banks. Now we came to an unusually low point and found the water about our necks as we stopped to pass along. I was in the lead, and though I set a telling pace Dud in his fright managed to keep up.

Those few hundred yards seemed innumerable miles, with the floods swelling behind us and the ominous roar overhead gathering volume. Now and then one of our candles would go out, and we were forced to stop and relight it from the one that still burned, as our matches were all wet and useless. At last I stood in the chamber next the fatal barrier.

What a moment of suspense, of dread, I suffered while waiting for Dud to come up! I hastily scanned the walls of this the highest ceiling available, and my heart sank as I saw the unmistakable signs of overflow on every side and overhead. Dud soon joined me, mud begrimed and panting. He looked the fiend incarnate dragging himself forth from his home of ooze and filth. But I did not laugh as my terrified gaze rested on his pale and troubled face, you may be sure. I remember feeling a great pity for him, however.

Tremblingly we advanced a few rods and came upon the wall, but, lo, no exit was visible! Now it was concealed by a small pool with a swift maelstrom that swallowed, with evident gusto, those bits of wood and leaf which came near its hungry gullet. Weak and overcome with excitement, we sat down on a little knoll, and with the protruding eyes of doomed men watched the steady up crawling of the stream, so different from the song whispering brook of an hour ago. The awful silence was oppressive, while the heavy darkness gathered on every side as if to extinguish our feeble lights. Both of our heads were hatless, and a small stream of crimson trickled from Dud's forehead—a wound that he had received from a jutting rock or some obstacle overhead.

The situation was terrifying.

I was almost certain that death was inevitable, but singularly enough my whole attention was centered on my miserable companion. I gazed steadily at him, wondering what his thoughts must be, and if all his past life was hurrying before him in review, as I had often heard it said men's lives would do when death seemed inevitable. Silently and steadily, like some great yellow serpent, the brook crawled into the narrow chamber and coiled fold on fold. We had already moved back to higher ground once, and now it was inching up about our feet again. Our heads were against the highest part of the rock roof, so it would be better to keep our places than to move back to a more trying position which would be no safer.

To my dying day I shall never forget the feelings that crept over me at the water stole up along my body cold and slimy. It seemed that I was being gradually swallowed by some foul monster. The submerged portions of my body seemed severed from the trunk, while sure death enveloped me. A sensation of insufferable closeness almost choked me, while the very helplessness of the situation added a thousand terrors.

Dudley sat as one in a profound stupor, one hand grasping the two inches of tallow yet left, his other scraping piteously along the rough wall, as though seeking an exit for its petrified owner. For my part I became strangely quiet after a time, while a sense of indifference possessed me. A sort of resignation to the inevitable, I suppose, for the floods continued to press upward. Our shoulders were now just above the waters, while my hand grew so weary of holding the candle that it seemed as if about to sink below the surface despite my every effort.

Neither of us had spoken for some time, when Dudley suddenly turned to me. "I can't stand it any longer," he said simply. "Tell them goodby at home for me if you ever get out," and he rose as if to launch himself forward. I saw his object at once and reached out to grasp him. "Hold on, Dud," I said; "I don't believe it is going to get any higher." "It doesn't make any difference," he repeated. "We both can't live long in this small space anyhow," and he sank from view. I felt him touch me as he rolled over, and I clutched at his body to lift him to the surface, but it escaped my grasp and a succession of bubbles told me that further effort was useless—he was drowned. His candle had of course gone with him, and I questioned whether it would not be best for me to extinguish my own, since it was fast exhausting the oxygen that was an absolute necessity to my life. But I could not decide to snuff out that feeble light. It was almost like life itself.

I cannot describe to you my feelings as I sat a hundred feet underground, with only a breathing space of five or six feet about my head, the water at my chin and the cold form of my dead companion at my feet. It seemed as if this mental torture lasted for hours, when, lo, a great joy seized me—the flood had ceased to rise. But its abatement must be far swifter or I would perish miserably from mere exhaustion. In half an hour the water sank so low that I managed to get under the rock, and with loudly beating heart saw once more the bright, sweet light of day. It was about 4 o'clock in the afternoon, and I found that a tremendous rain had fallen, which accounted for the torrent in the cave.

I hurried off to the village as fast as my stiff limbs could carry me and told my story. A score of men went back with me and recovered the body of my comrade.

In that fearful race for life he had saved mine at the cost of his own.—A. B. D. in Short Stories.

Labouchere on Large Fortunes.

Mr. Henry Labouchere, discussing the recent death of Jay Gould and the large fortune he left in London Truth, says: "Were I an American I should meet this tendency by a progressive death duty on all bequests. What I mean is that the duty would not progress on the sum total left by the individual, but on the sum inherited by the individual. Suppose that a man left $1,000,000, and that my progressive duty doubled itself on every $500,000 inherited by any of his heirs. My plan would work out in this way: If the duty on the first $500,000 were 5 per cent., should he leave one person $1,000,000 the sum of $75,000 would have to be paid, $175,000 by any one getting $1,500,000, and so on, until the effect of leaving an excessive amount to one individual would be that the state would become the sole heir. This would prevent the perpetuation of accumulations and oblige a millionaire so to spread his money on his death that a large number of individuals would profit by it."

Telegraphing at Sea.

The telephotoes, an instrument invented by Mr. C. V. Boughton, of this city, by which vessels at sea can converse at long distances, has been placed on public exhibition, and is pronounced a success by experts. The instrument consists of a series of wires and electrical connections, operated by a keyboard, by which 106 incandescent lights are controlled and made to produce the signals of the Morse telegraph alphabet. The wires number over 5,000 and occupy a space of only 11 by 12 inches. The dots of the telegraph characters are represented by two illuminated lamps, the spaces by twelve unilluminated lamps, and dashes by twelve illuminated lamps.

The inventor claims that 32-candle power lamps can be seen at a distance of ten to fifteen miles. Mr. Boughton has secured patents in this country and Europe. A complete instrument will be built and placed at the disposal of the United States government, to be exhibited on the model of the warship Chicago at the World's fair.—Buffalo Letter.

Collecting Taxes from Indians.

County Treasurer Summerland is having some difficulty in collecting taxes on the property owned in this county by the remnant of the Miami tribe of Indians, the latter declining to liquidate under the impression that they are not obliged to contribute to the support of the government. All have let the taxes on their farms go delinquent, and when the tax collector went out to obtain the money they chased him off the premises. He, however, made a levy on live stock, which would have been sold Friday had the Indians not secured a restraining order from the circuit court.—Wabash Cor. Indianapolis Journal.

Serra Took First Prize.

The Spanish painter Serra, long domiciled at Rome, whose work is often seen in New York, took the first prize of a gold medal at a recent competition of Spanish artists at Madrid. He has the grand cross of the Order of Isabella, and has been further decorated by King Humbert. He is one of the artistic descendants of Fortuny.—New York Home Journal.

There Are Ekologists in Boston.

A new science was christened at the Vendome last night. Mrs. Ellen H. Richards, of the Institute of Technology, called it "ekology," and its sponsors were the members of the Boston Boot and Shoe club and ladies, to the number of nearly 250. "ekology" is only another name for what has been known as the science of domestic economy.—Boston Record.

Political Knowledge.

"A nation of politicians? Nonsense. There is not enough real knowledge of politics and politicians in the entire country to keep a man from being ashamed of this 'land of the free' whenever he thinks of it," said John G. Wythe, of New York, to a crowd in the Laclede corridors. "You don't believe it? Let me ask you a question or two. Now here is a crowd far above the average in general knowledge of politics, and yet an Englishman would be ashamed to possess as little knowledge of the politics of his country as we do here. Who were the candidates for president of this great and splendid country of ours at the election just gone by? All of you answer 'Cleveland' and 'Harrison,' but only five or six say 'Weaver,' and one man alone says 'Bidwell.' That's all? No other candidate? Didn't you know there were other candidates, one of whom got three times as many votes in New York as Weaver? Didn't know it? His name is Wing. Never heard of Wing—Simon Wing, the socialist?

"And yet you call this a nation of politicians! Can any man in the crowd name Bidwell's running mate? Or even Weaver's? No. And the most thoughtful campaign in the entire history of the country has just closed. No, sir, we are a nation of superficial pretenders. We glance hurriedly through the papers to a sufficient extent to talk glibly about one or two of the principal candidates in the great race and think we know it all. We would not even know the shibboleth of each of the great contending factions if it was not hammered into our heads every day for months at a time. It makes me tired."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Previousness of a Former Postmaster.

The funniest after election story is told by Representative Hopkins, of Illinois. In his district is the little crossroads postoffice of Ivanhoe, over which in Cleveland's administration a German Democrat presided. When President Harrison came into power Mr. Hopkins had the Democrat succeeded by a Teutonic Republican, who died about a year and a half ago. His wife was thereupon appointed postmistress. On the day after election the German Democrat appeared at the postoffice.

"Cleveland has won," he said with accents of the fatherland and of triumph delightfully mixed. "The postoffice is mine."

The widow, knowing that Cleveland had been elected, and unsuspectingly believing that her official career was ended, did not object when her predecessor brought a big wagon and carted the entire contents of the postoffice over to his store. He has been acting as postmaster ever since.

Yesterday Mr. Hopkins reported the facts to the postoffice department, and an inspector has been sent to convince the enterprising Democrat of the error of his way.—Washington Post.

Their Titles.

Shakespeare has been a mine of wealth to authors in choosing titles to their books. Tersely descriptive are "The Quality of Mercy," "A Woman's Reason," "A Modern Instance," "The Undiscovered Country," which W. D. Howells found in the great dramatist. Mrs. Oliphant remembered her Shakespeare when she named one of her novels "The Primrose Path." Mr. Hardy must have been reading "As You Like It" when he called his book "Under the Greenwood Tree." Other writers have taken "Airy, Fairy Lillian," "A Daughter of the Gods" and "The Heir of the Ages" as titles from Tennyson.—Journal of Education.

An Infelicitous Speech.

"Why, you're looking better already, Sir Ronald!"

"Yes, thanks to your delightful hospitality, I've had everything my doctor ordered me—'fresh air, good food, agreeable society and cheerful conversation that involves no strain on the intellect.'"—Harper's Magazine.

A Queer Looking Coffin.

Hezekiah Shepherd, an aged and eccentric citizen of Davis county, Ia., was recently buried at Drakeville, in the same county, in a coffin built in exact imitation of the easy chair in which he had sat for years.—St. Louis Republic.

A Last Resort.

Little Boy—I want you to write me an excuse for being late to school yesterday.

Jeweler—Eh? You are not my son.

Little Boy—N-o, but mamma says I had plenty of time to get to school, so I guess the clock you sold her doesn't go right.—Good News.

In early times what is now Ireland was called Scotia, and its inhabitants were known as Scoti, or Scots. A branch of this Scotic stock invading north Britain ultimately gave its name to all of what is now Scotland.

SURE CURE FOR PILES.

Sure cure for blind, bleeding and itching Piles. One box has cured the worst cases of ten years' standing. No one need suffer ten minutes after using Kirk's German Pile Ointment. It absorbs tumors, allays the itching, acts as a poultice, gives relief. Dr. Kirk's German Pile Ointment is prepared only for Piles and itching of the private parts, and nothing else. Every box is warranted.

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ought to be fat. They are sickly when thin and thin when their food does not nourish them.

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It is noticeable that up to date neither China nor Japan has made any effort to buy armorplate from American contractors.

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.

"Is Dr. Pellet going to make a success here, do you think?" "No; he hasn't the least idea of the latest styles in diseases."

DANGEROUS PREPARATIONS.

ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTER is composed of purely vegetable ingredients and is absolutely harmless. It assists nature in her own efforts to heal and invigorate, and imparts strength to the whole system.

Many preparations contain strong chemical and mineral substances which produce an injurious effect, not only upon the skin, but upon the whole system, although at first they seem very beneficial, on account of their powerful action and temporary effect upon the surface.

When purchasing a plaster do not only ask for ALLCOCK'S, but make sure that you get it.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS are purely vegetable.

The latest slang phrase is: "You're a balloon ascension," which means "You're gone up."

$100 REWARD, $100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of Testimonials.

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MRS. MILLS.

Mrs. MIRA MILLS, of *Sardis, Big Stone Co., Minn.*, writes: "One year ago I was given up by my family physician and friends; all said I must die. My lungs were badly affected, and body reduced to a skeleton. My people commenced to give me your 'Medical Discovery' and I soon began to mend. It was not long before I became well enough to take charge of my household duties again. I owe my recovery to Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery."

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