

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.

A ROMANCE OF SOUTH CHICAGO.

Or Why Gladys Gertrude Alice Vere Rejected Him.

At dawn the dark midnight sky the moon was riding cool and clear. It shone upon the hazel eyes of Gladys Gertrude Vere. As she gazed and dreamt as the moon that face patrician seemed to be to one who clasped her eye hand—a stalwart form on bended knee.

On South Chicago's metal roofs the damp and dismal raindrops fell. The night wind bore upon its wings a specimen of stock



A STALWART FORM ON BENDED KNEE.

Yards' smell. It was a rather sickly night, and yet the only night on file, and grown up men who couldn't laugh were known to go and take a smile. But ah, ah me! Why thus digress? Our tale is one of love and woe, and little boys if it rains falls on the roofs or floors below.

"My darling," cried the lover then, "you promised once that you'd be mine. Why stand aloof and spurn me thus? Oh, you are mine, and I am thine!"

She viewed him with a scornful eye. A pecker struck a slippery place and fell about a half a mile. The smoke from distant chimneys rose—it hadn't dense enough to fall—and silence deep and dense and dark just lay and brooded overhead. She viewed him with a scornful eye. "She viewed him with two scornful eyes, and then she cried: 'Avant! Avant! Go help thy mother making pie! On you and me as plighted ones this moon must never, never shine. The man who looks on Anson's Colts can't register as hub of mine!'"

Excerpt comes—Chicago Tribune.

A Cute Justice.

It was the law of the village that all shown, itinerant organ grinders must get a license before doing business there. One day a fat policeman, who had been on the force about six months without doing anything, concluded it was time he arrested somebody. Soon afterward along came an Italian with a performing bear.

"How 'ez you get yer license?" asked the policeman.

"No," said the exhibitor of the bear.

"Then yer prizners," said the policeman, and he triumphantly marched off with them to the village station house, he leading the Italian and the Italian leading the bear.

Arraigned before the police justice, the Italian pleaded guilty, and the judge officiously gave him a most severe and scorching lecture on the enormity of his offense, ending by fining him \$10, the full extent of the law.

The culprit had a lot of small change in his pocket, but being mostly nickels and cents it only counted up to \$7.50. For a few moments the justice was in a quandary. He didn't want to send the fellow to jail nor yet lose the \$10. Presently a bright idea struck him—a happy solution of the problem—and he said:

"Here, officer, take this fellow out to the market place and let him perform with his bear until he makes up the balance, and when he gets it drive him out of town."—Buffalo News.

Expensive Fuel.

Little Girl—I went into Mrs. Elite's house, and there isn't a door left in it. Nothing but curtains hung on holes.

Maamma—Too bad?

Little Girl—Yes. I saw a row of her. I'spose coal is so high now they had to chop up th' doors.—Good News.

Nobody

need have Consumption. It is not inherited. The inherited tendencies toward it are overcome by

Scott's Emulsion

the Cream of Cod-liver Oil, which makes children robust and healthy, and stimulates the development of the lungs in old and young alike. Physicians, the world over, endorse it.

Don't be deceived by Substitutes! Prepared by Scott & Bowne, N. Y. All Druggists.

A QUEER ADVENTURE.

"No, thanks, old chap; I really can't stop the night. I should like to awfully, but, you see, if I didn't turn up the wife would be in a funk and never go to bed at all, thinking something had gone wrong. Besides, I've got to let Jones have three columns of copy by 5 o'clock tomorrow, and I haven't started yet."

"Well, just as you like, only I wish you'd have said earlier you didn't mean stopping, so we could have telegraphed to say you wouldn't be back. It's after half past 7 now, and our nearest office is five miles away, so it's too late."

It was no use; Jim Carson wouldn't stop, so I had to order the trap to drive him to the station to catch the 8:40 back to town.

After seeing him off I went to the station master's office to inquire if some things I was expecting had arrived, and while there I noticed an evening paper lying on the table. It just happened that an intimate friend of mine had a lawsuit on about some copyright business, and the first hearing of the case was to have taken place this day.

Thinking the affair, as far as I was concerned, might be reported, I asked the station master if he would mind my having a look at the paper for a minute.

"Certainly, sir," he said. "You may as well take it back with you, as I have finished with it. There's a piece in it about some fellow as is said to have escaped from Bradley asylum last night, and about killing one of the warden chaps. I expect it's just one of them yarns as get into evening papers now and again. Well, good night, sir. I'll send up your things as soon as they arrive."

I was a long time going the three miles which lay between the station and my lately acquired domicile. Lighted a cigarette and leaving Tommy to shuffle on as best he liked, I started in to think.

Six months ago what was I? Well, what is generally called a literary back, getting about thirty-five shillings a week—sometimes more, generally less—just because a crusty old uncle whom I was dependent had seen fit to chuck me out neck and crop for the simple reason that I didn't go in for what he wanted me to—i. e., the bar.

I was of a literary turn of mind, and thought I should never be a shining light in the profession. I could at any time of my life have acquired a few of the exercises to work up steam for the coming blow. Now or never! Suddenly dropping one of the clubs on the bed as I brought it around, with the other I made for the door and directed it with all my strength at where I supposed the head of the madman to be.

Crash! I fell forward against the curtain after the blow, and commenced striking out savagely with my fist to follow it up. Down came the curtain with a run, and the brass rod with it, striking me on the head and completely stunning me.

It must have been a peculiar sight as Benson saw it, when he came tumbling down the stairs to see what all the row was about. There was I on the floor enveloped in the curtain, bleeding from a wound above the temple, knuckles cut and bruised and a panel of the door at the back smashed in by a blow that would have pulverized half a dozen lunatics had they been there.

"The mad—man—he's escaped!" I managed to gasp, sitting up among the wreck.

"The 'oo, sir?" anxiously asked Benson, helping me up and leading me toward the basin in order to bathe my injured head.

"Mad—man—behind the curtain. Got in at the window—escaped from Bradley asylum last night during the ball. Wearing patent leather boots—saw them under the curtain," I jerked out spasmodically.

"Saw 'is what?" cried Benson, dropping the sponge he was holding and regarding me with amazement.

"His patent leather boots, man, peeping down from beneath the curtain."

Benson seemed to jump in the air at "Got luminy, mister; there weren't a madman! There was your noo uns as came this morning. I puts 'em behind the curtain there so as to keep out the dust an' muck. Oh, Lor', sir, you hev made a mistake."

By Jove, and hadn't I just, and disgraced myself for a month or so in the bargain.

There was no doubt about it, for from the folds of the curtain were shaken my new pair of pumps, which had arrived that morning by parcel post just as Carson turned up.

Stanley, the cause of all the confusion, was still contained that afternoon in a covey good many miles from my place and is still an inmate at Bradley asylum.

If Jim Carson had managed to get more out of me than that I got my scar on the temple from falling off a horse this affair would have been in print months ago. Benson knows the value of a sovereign and his master's service, so I'm the first to let it all reach the public.—True Flag.

Bicycling for Girls. Dr. Richardson in Young Woman speaks highly of cycling for girls, and adds: "I have no hesitation in saying that the young woman who is about to learn the art of cycling will do best by choosing the bicycle from the first. Women sit more gracefully on the bicycle than on the tricycle; they work at less labor, and, all things considered, they work at less risk."

He remarks that women are hampered by their dress in this exercise, but he does not make so strong a point of this as he might fairly do. The ordinary female skirt is quite unsuited for bicycling, though it may pass on the tricycle.

If a costume like that in which Herr Stempel has induced many ladies of social position, pupils of his gymnasium, to give public displays were introduced by the women members of some good cycling club for wear in that exercise, it would be perceived to be so superior in point of modesty as well as of grace and safety, and to attract so little notice after being once seen, that it would be quickly adopted generally.

Tutinary Trees. Ancient people had their tutinary trees just as they had their tutelary gods—the former being the altars and shrines of the latter. Among the Scandinavians the ash was held to be the most sacred tree. Serpents, according to their belief, dared not approach it. Hence the women left their children with entire confidence under its shade while they went on with their harvesting.—Gentleman's Magazine.

Mrs. Ye Joins the Church.

The members of the Korean legation in Washington are showing themselves more progressive than any of the orientals of the diplomatic corps. When the Koreans arrived four years ago they wore gorgeous silk gowns, long pigtail and peculiar ventilated hats which looked like flytraps. They were followed about the city by a mob of small boys, but they soon laid aside their oriental garb. Over a year ago the men at the legation did away with their pigtails and donned trousers. Their Mrs. Ye, wife of the minister, began wearing the most fashionable gowns of American make, and her home became a social center among the diplomats.

Mrs. Ye has now become a member of the Presbyterian church. For some time she and her husband have attended the Church of the Covenant, occupying seats directly back of President Harrison.

It is only within recent days, however, that Mrs. Ye had her name entered as a member of the church. She took the step while visiting in a small Virginia town near here. It is understood that the Korean minister and other members of the legation will follow the example of Mrs. Ye.—Chicago News-Record.

The Bother Occasioned by a Czar. Many troubles and vexations were caused by a visit which was paid the other day by the czar to the military camp at Izora. The latter place is a village on the Neva, about ten miles from St. Petersburg, and accessible by water or rail. On the occasion of the visit soldiers were placed on the railway. Not far from the city are a number of mills, the workmen at which live on the opposite side of the line, going home daily for their meals. These workmen got to their work on Saturday morning, but were not allowed to cross the line again the whole day, being obliged to go without their food or buy it in a public house. No traffic was allowed.

Even people who had their own farm lands on the sides of the railway were forbidden to walk across. The trains from Moscow were stopped and were sent off all within a quarter of an hour of each other in the evening. The river traffic was also entirely suspended. It can be readily imagined what discomfort such suspension of traffic occasioned, and it is only a Russian official who can see the good of it.—London News.

Candles Burning in a Cemetery. Every one of the several hundred graves in the Cemetery of the Most Holy Redeemer, on East Biddle street, has been decked with flowers and lighted with candles during the past two days. The big congregations of St. Michael's and St. James' Catholic churches, who use the cemetery, have decorated the graves in honor of All Souls' Day. For two days men, women and children have been coming and going, some on foot and some in carriages, while many carried lunch with them and spent a whole day with the dead. At nightfall the candles sent up a pale flutter of light from each mound. The visit to the burying place is a survival of the former custom of celebrating mass and offering prayers for the repose of the souls in purgatory.—Baltimore Sun.

Repairing an Old House. The ancient blockhouse in Edgecomb, at the entrance of Wiscasset harbor, Maine, which was built in 1808, has fallen into such dilapidation that extensive repairs have been found necessary. To replace the timbers which supported the walls and floors of the second story beams fifteen inches square have been required.

Some of the most interesting of the vicinities have undertaken the task of restoring and preserving the old landmark.—New York Tribune.

NEARING THE GRAVE. In old age infirmities and weakness hasten to clothe the man by whom the great happily scientific research and the great alloted them lives in furnishing us a reliable source of information on the subject of declining years and of new life waiting whither. Bitter, a widely known existence reveals in science and in the matter of the elderly. The feeble and the non-decayed. Rheumatic ailments, and trouble with the kidneys and lungs are among the more common ailments of the aged. These are effectively treated by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. It is a truly preventive of appetite, sleep and the acquisition of vigor.

Abdul Aziz, the young Sultan of Morocco, doesn't keep a mighty sharp lookout, his name will soon be Abdul Awaz.

There is more starch in this section of the country than in any other section, and until the last few years was supposed to be inferior to the rest of the world. It is about pronounced in a lot of cases, and is a reliable remedy, and by its use the blood and the system are purified and the system is strengthened. Half a dozen bottles of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People will cure you of all ailments of the system. It is a truly preventive of appetite, sleep and the acquisition of vigor.

THE SCHOOL BOY — is often a sufferer from headache. The seat of sick headache is not in the brain, for if it were, it would regulate the stomach and bowels you'll cure it. Too much brains and brains on a rush of blood to the head with headache, dizziness or "nose bleed."

MISS BERTHA WOLFE, of Dayton, (Cattaraugus Co., N. Y.), writes: "I suffered from loss of appetite, constipation, neuralgia, and great weakness, and had terrible attacks of sick headache very frequently, also nose bleed. My health was so poor that I was not able to go to school for two years. I took Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and in a short time I was strong and well. My friends are taking your medicines, seeing what they have done for me."

ELY'S CREAM BALM WORTH \$500 TO ANY Man, Woman or Child SUFFERING FROM CATARRH. Apply into the nostrils. Druggists.

HOIT'S OAK GROVE SCHOOL.

Millbrae, San Mateo Co., Cal., is a first-class home school for boys, with beautiful surroundings. The best of care, superior instruction. Prepares boys for any university or for business. Fall term commences Aug. 8. Catalogue and all particulars can be had by addressing Ira G. Hoyt, P. O. Master (Ex State Supt. Public Instruction).

REMOVE STIFFNESS. None are so quick to see the advantage of a remedy as those who may be called on at any time to avail themselves of it. In witness of this J. E. Sullivan, Secretary of the Amateur Athletic Union, President of the Pastime Athletic Club and Athletic Editor of The Sporting Times, writes:

"For years I have been actively connected with athletic sports. I always found it to my advantage to use ALCOCK'S PLASTER PLASTERS while in training, as they quickly remove soreness and stiffness; and when attacked with any kind of pain, the result of slight colds, I always used ALCOCK'S with beneficial results. I have noticed that most athletes of the present day use nothing else but ALCOCK'S PLASTERS."

AMERICAN LITTLE GIRL (to her mamma)—What is a cold like, please? Mamma—One that has been given to you a father to post.

For throat troubles and coughs use "Brown's Bronchial Troches." They possess real merit.

These are a friend down-tair—waiting for you; says he want you o'ly for a minute." Mr. Catcheson—Here, Jimes; take this \$10 and keep it until I come back.

Use Enameline Stove Polish: no dust, no smell TRY GERMEA for breakfast.

SYRUP OF FIGS

ONE ENJOYS Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50c and \$1 bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. NEW YORK, N. Y.

CURE THAT COUGH WITH SHILOH'S CURE

It is sold on a guarantee by all druggists. It cures Croup, Consumption and is the best Cough and Croup Cure.

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List in purchasing reputable brands of Belting and Hose. If you want the best and full value for money, ask your dealer for W. L. DOUGLAS and RED STAR Belting and Malleable Cast Iron Hose and Water Hose. You can rely on these brands. Every 16-gauge guaranteed.

W. L. DOUGLAS \$3 SHOE

IS THE BEST. SEND FOR CATALOGUE TO W. L. DOUGLAS, BROCKTON, MASS.

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Is sure death to Ground Squirrels, Pocket Gophers, Rabbits and all animals that burrow in the ground. Simple, safe and certain. Price, \$1 per 100 bombs; boxed for shipment. Shields cartridges, with all contents for \$1 sent for application. For sale by SHIELDS EXTERMINATOR CO., Moscow, Idaho.

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PRESERVES FRUIT WITHOUT HEAT. AN ANTIFERMENTINE preserves CIDER, MILK, BUTTER, CATSUP, PICKLES, etc., and does it SUCCESSFULLY by preventing fermentation. The use of this wonderful preservative assures success in canning and preserving fruits and vegetables of all kinds. No HEAT on top of fruit. 8 ves time and labor, and is in every way a decided success.

FREE SILVER GOLDEN WEST BAKING POWDER

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CURED A STORY, OR—I can state with pleasure that by the use of MOORE'S REVEALED CURE I have cured my wife of her long-standing rheumatism and my youngest boy cured entirely of INFLUENZA (MATHEW RHEUMATISM) and the best doctor I could get did him no good. Yours in gratitude, Mrs. N. V. STRELE. Sold by few druggists.

Mrs. W. J. Roach

"I have been troubled with that tired feeling, also loss of appetite. I couldn't sleep at night, my face broke out in pimples, and I had head-aches."

Hood's Cures

are all gone. I gave Hood's Sarsaparil to my baby, not yet eight months old, and she has a body, and it cured him. Mrs. W. J. Roach, Kilsbourn, Illinois. Get only HOOD'S Sarsaparil and Hood's Pills are especially prepared to take a child with Hood's Sarsaparil. 25c per box.

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