Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

CONQUEST OF THE NORTHWEST.

It Was Acquired From the British by Force of Arms.

In 1776, when independence was declared, the United States included only the 13 original states on the seaboard. With the exception of a few hunters, there were no white men west of the Alleghany mountains, and there was not even an American hunter in the great country out of which we have since made the states of Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, Michigan and Wisconsin. All this region north of the Ohio river then formed a part of the province of Quebec. It was a wilderness of forests and prairies, teeming with game and inhabited by many warlike tribes of Indians.

Here and there through it were dotted quaint little towns of French creoles, the most important being Detroit, Vincennes, on the Wabash, and Kaskaskia and Kahokia, on the Illinois. These French villages were ruled by British officers commanding small bodies of regular soldiers or Tory rangers and creole partisans. The towns were completely in the power of the British government. None of the American states had actual possession of a foot of property in the Northwestern territory.

The northwest was acquired at the time of the Revolution only by armed conquest, and if it had not been so acquired it would have remained a part of the British Dominion of Canada.

The man to whom this conquest was due was a famous backwoods leader, a mighty hunter, a noted Indian fighter—George Rogers Clark. He was a very strong man, with light hair and blue eyes, of a good Virginian family, who, early in his youth, embarked on the adventurous career of a backwoods surveyor, exactly as Washington and so many other young Virginians of spirit did at that period. He traveled out to Kentucky soon after it was opened up by Boone and lived there for a year, either at the stations or camping by himself in the woods, surveying, hunting and making war against the Indians like any other settler. But all the time his mind was bent on vaster schemes than were dreamed of by the men around him. He had his spies out in the Northwestern territory and became convinced that with a small force of resolute backwoodsmen he could conquer it for the United States. When he went back to Virginia, Governor Patrick Henry entered heartily into Clark's schemes and gave him authority to fit out a force for his purpose.—Theodore Roosevelt in St. Nicholas.

WOMEN IN FRANCE.

They Are Not Only the Stronger but the Better Half In That Country.

Women are the stronger as well as the better half of France. They do everything but build houses. The best inspector in the French custom house is a woman. She is in the Havre office, and she has a nose that can detect dutiable goods without opening a lock. She is naturally amiable and slow to anger, but woe to the foreigner or countryman who provokes her ire.

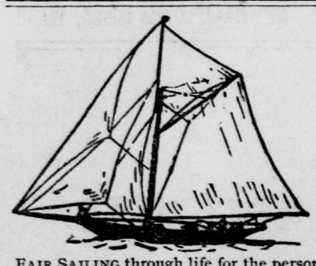
There is no sadder spectacle in the republic of France than the women shoe polishers, who doze under the sheds of the markets and quay, one eye shut and t'other fixed on the bootbox over the way, patiently waiting for trade. They ask 5 cents and accept 2 cents for their unwomanly work.

At Thiers, the blackest town in France, the women sit outside of the grimy little machine shops mating scissor blades and polishing knife and scissor handles. The stream that turns the 10,000 little mill wheels is blacker than the Chicago river, and as the furnaces never burn without belching the toilers and their devoted lifelong apprentices are sometimes Malay and sometimes Mongolian, but seldom Caucasian in color.

Not long ago a college woman went down to Thiers to teach school for the winter. The promise of 80 pupils was a temptation, but on reaching the colony of soot begrimed and smoke stained smithies she found that the position paid $5 a month, and the teacher was expected to furnish the fuel for the winter.—Philadelphia Times.

Sweet Peas.

Whether sweet peas can be successfully planted in autumn depends largely on the latitude, says Garden and Forest. In the southern states fall planting is a necessity, for this is the only way to give the plants a cool soil in which to make a strong, early root growth. Coming farther north, fall planting is safe up to perhaps the latitude of Washington, where the chances are about equal between planting in late autumn and in February. In southern California peas must be brought into bloom as early as February, although the nights are so cool there that they may be planted during any month in the year. The rule observed by the large seed growers is to plant just ahead of the rainy season. Indeed they have acres of volunteer sweet peas—that is, from seed which were scattered on the ground during the harvest—and 45 miles south of San Francisco these volunteer plants are in bloom by the 1st of May and often early in April.



FAIR SAILING through life for the person who keeps in health. With a torpid liver and the impure blood that follows it, you are an easy prey to all sorts of ailments. That "used-up" feeling is the first warning that your liver isn't doing its work.

That is the time to take Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. As an appetizing, restorative tonic, to repel disease and build up the needed flesh and strength, there's nothing to equal it. It rouses every organ into healthful action, purifies and enriches the blood, braces up the whole system, and restores health and vigor.

"AN ATTRACTION PARTICLE."

Interesting Disclosures Made at the Convention of the British Association.

The annual disclosure of the latest discoveries in various branches of science being made at the convention of the British association, Oxford, is an interesting budget. Lord Salisbury's address at the opening of the conference attracts widespread attention. He proclaimed himself a scientific agnostic, but the most remarkable feature of his paper was his outlining of the marvels of unsolved problems to which modern science is now devoting itself. He paid a sympathetic tribute to Darwin's great work, but refused to acknowledge the jellyfish as his ancestor on any evidence yet offered. He attacked Weissmann's theory of natural selection in evolution and affirmed that the present day has brought a return to the belief that creative design was supreme.

It has been in these meetings of the several divisions of the convention that the latest discoveries and theories have been presented. A year ago the biologists, who had believed for years that they were on the point of solving the mystery of life, acknowledged themselves baffled. Now Professor Schaefer, president of the section of physiology, announces the discovery in each tiny animal cell containing life of what he terms "an attraction particle." It should be remembered that when the biologists discovered the cell principle of life they thought it impossible to subdivide these infinitely small atoms, but the microscope has shown the existence of this small particle in each cell, which is itself a structure sui generis, having a definite existence and a definite function of its own. It is almost as minute an object as it is possible to conceive. In a cell which is magnified 1,000 diameters the central particle appears merely of the size of a pin point. Yet this almost infinitely small object exerts an extraordinary influence over the whole cell, which may be many thousand times its size. It initiates and directs those processes which result in the multiplication of cells, and indirectly therefore it is concerned in directing the general growth of the individual and ultimately the propagation of species. It is shown, then, that the principle of life is contained in a particle 1,000 times smaller than the smallest object which the best microscopes of a few years ago were able to perceive, and the latest name for the unsolved mystery of life is "an attraction particle."—New York Sun's London Letter.

WONDERFUL GOLD DISCOVERIES.

Western Australia Stories Which Read Like Fairy Tales.

The stories of wonderful gold discoveries in western Australia were confirmed by an official dispatch Thursday. The details of the principal find near Coolgardie had already reached London. A party of six were returning from an unsuccessful prospecting tour on May 8. When in camp one night, they separated to test and examine the neighborhood. A man named Mills came to one of the many large "blows" which are characteristic of the country. He was astonished on rubbing his hand across a protruding piece of stone to see gold standing out prominently. He knocked a large piece off a bowlder, and at his feet lay a magnificent specimen literally studded with coarse gold, while before him, dazzling his eyes, was a magnificent reef of almost pure gold, a fortune in itself. Mills, taking several pieces from the reef, placed them in his bosom, and carefully covering the reef with earth found his mates. On the next morning 25 acres were pegged off, and the adjoining blocks at each end were also taken up. One man went to town and bought a dolly, the largest he could procure. In one day they dollied 1,000 ounces, and in a short time had nearly $100,000 worth of ore. On June 23 they packed it in a cart and landed the treasure at the Union bank. The manager weighed the gold, and it turned the scales at 4,280 ounces.

A few days after the discovery became public. One lump has been taken from the reef containing more gold than ore. It weighed 240 pounds and is worth $20,000. Of course there is immense excitement in the region, and many other discoveries are reported, but there is unlikely to be anything left for late comers.—London Letter.

English Tramps and Their Babies.

On arriving at York we went at once to Warmgate, the kiphouse district, and picked out the filthiest one we could find. The inmates were principally in pairs. Each moocher had his July (wife), and each little kid had his little Moll (sister). These children are the very offspring of the road, and they remind me very much of monkeys. Yet one has to feel sorry for them, since they did not ask for life and yet are compelled to see its meanest and dirtiest side. Their mothers love them, when they are not drunk, and when they are their fathers have to play mothers, if they are not drunk themselves. Never in my life have I seen a more serio comic situation than in that York kiphouse, where two tramps were rocking their babies to sleep. Moochers—bohemians of the bohemians—fondling their babies! I should far sooner have looked for a New York hobo in clergyman's robes. But tramping with children and babies is a fad in English vagabondage.—Josiah Flynt in June Century.

Uncongenial.

A washerwoman applied for help to a gentleman, who gave her a note to the manager of a certain club. It read as follows: "Dear Mr. X.—This woman wants washing." Very shortly the answer came back: "Dear Sir—I dare say she does, but I don't fancy the job."—London Tit-Bits.

Good Advice.

Mrs. Dimpleton—I would like hotel life, but I am so lonesome all day while my husband is at the office.

Mrs. Cheltenham—Why don't you keep house? Then you can spend your spare time in thinking what you will have for breakfast.—New York Sun.

A MERRY HEART.

Clear day or cloudy day,
Summer heat or cold,
A happy heart keeps holiday,
A merry heart is bold.
Though the wind of fortune blow
Out of wintry skies,
Face it smiling as you go—
A merry heart is wise.

By and by the sun will shine,
Day must follow night;
Darkest hour is the sign
Of returning light.
God is in his heaven still,
Though the world denies,
And cheery courage waits on will—
A merry heart is wise.

Over rugged things we climb
To our best estate;
We shall stumble many a time,
But we conquer fate.
And we choose the better part
So that evil flies,
When we keep the dauntless heart,
The merry heart that's wise.

—Mary Bradley.

THE THREAD OF FATE

He was a little man—one of sarcastic speech might have called him a toy man. He strolled into a down town broker's office two minutes after the door was opened.

"Any money for me?" he asked languidly of the head clerk.

"No, but we shall want a little if we are to carry yesterday's purchases for you any longer, sir."

The clerk handed out a slip. The little man took it, glanced at it and then, putting the paper down, drew out his checkbook.

"The stock is bound to rise before the day is over?" he asked as he pushed the check through the clerk's wicket.

"Can't say, sir."

"But what do you think?"

"I don't think, sir. It's one of the rules of the house that none but the partners may give advice or information to the customers."

"Either partner about?"

"Not just at present, sir."

"Please have me notified as soon as it touches the figure I mentioned. I will sell out promptly when it reaches the right figure. I need the money by this afternoon."

"Mr. Wheaton has your instructions, sir, and he will follow them faithfully."

The little man sauntered out, entered a nearby cafe that is famous among Wall street men, ordered a champagne cocktail and a light breakfast and leisurely disposed of it. Then he lighted a cigar and smoked it reflectively for awhile.

"Bless me, it's 10:30 already!" he murmured, coming to himself and pulling out his watch. "I must get back to the broker. Dare say he's sold my little investment for me. In that case I'll have the money all right before noon."

The same clerk was still at the little window.

"Well?" asked the little man.

"More margins," said the clerk. "That stock is going down."

"Why, yes, indeed!" murmured the plunger. "This is really a heavier margin than I paid an hour or two ago."

But he took out his checkbook. There was not the sign of a cloud on his face as he wrote the figures—$3,000.

"Here you are," he said, passing in the check. "I wish you'd ask Mr. Wheaton if he can't hurry up the deal—I believe he called it that—for this affair is getting decidedly expensive. A few more such drafts upon me will exhaust me."

The clerk paid little attention to this remark. He was accustomed to such phrases. They were a part of his daily life.

The little man went out again. On the sidewalk he paused, looking irresolutely about him.

"Wonder what I can do to kill time?" he thought. "People who spend all their time around Wall street must find it terribly hard to kill time day in and day out. It's kind of monotonous to pass all the time in that cafe, but I don't see any way out of it. I'm very sure that I couldn't become a habitue of Wall street. I should die of ennui. However, I haven't time to go up town. I must be on hand to receive the money that this investment is going to bring me."

So he wandered back to the cafe. It was too hot to eat, and besides he wasn't hungry. He ordered a small bottle and tried to drink it, but met with only indifferent success.

Yet he managed to put in an hour at the cafe. Then he rose and went back to the office.

As he entered his eye brightened and he hastened his step, for he saw Mr. Wheaton in his private office.

"Well, what news?" he asked. "Have you sold out for me?"

"The clerk has something for you," Wheaton replied.

"Not another assessment, I hope?"

"I'm sorry to say it is." The little man walked rather hurriedly out to the clerk's desk, drawing out his checkbook as he went.

He merely glanced at the slip and then wrote out the check, but there was a cloud on his face.

"I hope the tide'll turn soon," he said. "I've only got $3,100 left, and then"——

"And then?" the clerk repeated.

"Well, perhaps you don't know what it means to me."

The clerk didn't even take the trouble to ask. Hard hearted? Well, brokers' clerks don't attempt to shoulder the troubles of the world.

"When things get to this pitch," murmured the little man to himself, "I suppose it's the proper thing to watch the stock ticker. I'll be blessed, though, if I know how to do it."

He confided his difficulty to the clerk, who obligingly explained to the neophyte what the seemingly cabalistic characters on the tape were really intended to show.

"I think I understand now," said the little man. "If you don't mind, I'll stay right here beside it."

"The tape is for the convenience of our customers," replied the clerk and went back to his absorbing task over the books.

For the next hour the little man stood by the ticker reading the occasional quotations of his stock.

"It's going down gradually," he murmured. "There'll be another assessment soon. Why can't the wretched stock go up?"

Even while he was propounding this conundrum to himself the clerk approached with another of those fateful slips.

"Nine hundred? Certainly," responded the little man, and the checkbook came out once more.

There was a look of decided annoyance on his face as he returned to the instrument that was slowly, relentlessly grinding out the serial story of fortunes won and lost.

Dr. Darcy, a friend of Wheaton's, was in the office with the broker.

"I've been studying that little fellow out there," said the medical man. "He is a good illustration of the crying evils of your line of business."

The broker smiled carelessly, then yawned as if either the heat of the day or the turn of the conversation rendered him sleepy.

"The little fellow hasn't dropped all of his pile yet," he remarked. "He's pretty near the bottom, though—of his pile, I mean—and he's on a losing stock too."

"Then, why not warn him in time?" queried the doctor.

"What would be the use?" counter queried the broker. "It wouldn't do any good, and it's no business of mine, anyway."

"Wheaton, surely you are not utterly heartless!" cried the doctor. He was an enthusiastic man when he got started on some pet idea. "I repeat, why not warn this young man in time? I tell you, Wheaton, that he has neither much mental nor bodily stamina, and if you permit him to be ruined he is likely to go insane—perhaps commit some violent crime—for which you, Wheaton, who permitted him to go to his ruin, would be responsible in the eye of heaven, even if not in the minds of men. Remedy your terrible work, I say, or you may have to answer to your own conscience for a crime that I would not have on mine."

Wheaton smiled again and repeated his query, "What would be the use of it?"

"Then I will go to him myself," exclaimed the man of medicine. "I will warn him before it is too late."

"And get yourself kicked, perhaps, for meddling in another man's affairs."

"I shall speak to him, anyway, and at once."

"Darcy, you will do nothing of the sort. You are always welcome in my office, but you must not feel called upon to interfere."

Dr. Darcy arose and began to pace up and down the little private office, keeping his sympathetic gaze riveted all the time upon the hapless speculator.

Finally he exclaimed:

"There's the poor little chap signing another check."

"I dare say," replied the imperturbable broker. "His stock has been falling down stairs all day long, and I am confident that tomorrow it will go down another flight of stairs."

Dr. Darcy gazed contemptuously at the cold hearted broker who would knowingly permit such an idiotic squandering of a fortune.

At last the closing came. The little man took a look at the last quotation.

Then he bounded into the private office, shouting:

"Wheaton, it almost closed me out. But it has stopped going down for today, and I've got $300 left."

"And sense enough into the bargain to let it alone and keep hold of your balance, I hope," roared Dr. Darcy. "That stock is one of the biggest swindles in the market."

Wheaton smiled. He had been filling out a document, which he now signed and handed to the little man.

"Thanks," said the latter, pocketing the paper, with a look of supreme satisfaction. "It's a nice little profit—enough to keep me in Europe for a year or more."

With these words he was gone. Dr. Darcy turned upon the broker and demanded:

"Wheaton, what the deuce does that little snip mean? Here he has been squandering money on margins all day long, and now he says that the profits will keep him in Europe for a year."

"It means," replied the broker, "that this little fellow belongs to one of the wealthiest families in New York. He and another very rich young fellow made a bet last night as to whether 1,000 shares of that stock would eat up more than $15,000 in margins today. Each put up half of the money to be used and besides that a wager of $50,000 a side. Our young friend who has just left won by a balance of $300. So, you see, it was a very lucky investment for him."

The doctor looked as if he didn't feel well. At last he blurted out:

"Wheaton, you made a fool of me in the most approved fashion. Of course you'll dine with me tonight, and we'll wipe out this score in the best wine I can buy."—New York Journal.

New York Police Methods.

It came out at the police board meeting in New York last month that whenever any big strike or riot has been going on out of town Superintendent Byrnes has obtained permission from the Western Union Telegraph company to tap its underground wire at Broadway and Houston street and receive prompt news direct from distant points. Little of importance during the recent Chicago strike came into the Western Union office that he did not know about almost as soon as it reached the newspaper offices. The superintendent admitted that this arrangement had been of immense service to him, and that had the strike extended to within reasonable limits of New York city his arrangements were all perfected. The Western Union people have consented to make this arrangement permanent.

Huntington's Superstition.

It is said that Collis P. Huntington's desire to sell the $2,000,000 palace which he has just completed in New York is his belief in the old superstition that old men who grow rich build fine houses for their funerals. He expected to move in three years ago, but it was only last year that the house began to get near completion. In the meantime his health had become less and less vigorous. His age and his years of hard work and worry began to tell upon him. The superstition came back with renewed force, and he began to think a great deal about it. At last he became absolutely convinced that should he move in the first function to which his friends would come would be his funeral. Then he decided that he would not even keep the house in the family.—Brooklyn Citizen.

In 1870 the population of native extraction—that is, Americans or the children of Americans—was 26,000,000 and of foreign extraction 21,000,000.

The syllable "ia," as a termination to the name of a country, is of Celtic origin.

THE "DEVIL'S MOOSE."

A Gigantic Flesh Eating Plant That Is Found In Nicaragua.

Carnivorous plants are certainly among the curiosities of the vegetable world. The poetical and religious Linnæus, who had occasion to study the fly catching peony, found, in his astonishment, no other name to bestow upon it than this—Miraculum naturæ (prodigy of nature). Since the illustrious Swedish botanist, the mechanism of carnivorous plants has been well studied, and particularly by Darwin, who has devoted to these plants a remarkable work. They are usually of small dimensions, and do not attain the size of one described in the "Bolletino del Naturalisti."

M. Fabiano Carlo tells there of a gigantic carnivorous plant that has been discovered on the shores of Lake Nicaragua by a naturalist named Dunstan. He discovered this curious plant in the following manner: Traveling with his dog, he heard the animal give vent to cries of pain. He advanced and found his dog held by three black, sticky bands, under which the skin was chafed till it bled. These bands were the branches of a new carnivorous plant, which Dunstan calls the "land octopus." The branches are flexible, polished, black, without leaves, secreting a viscous fluid and furnished with a great number of suckers by which they attach themselves to their victims. It might almost be believed to be an octopus transformed into a plant.

To extricate his dog Dunstan tried to cut the branches, and succeeded, though not without difficulty, and after having his hands severely injured by the tentacles of the "land octopus." As may be realized, observations under these conditions were not convenient to make, and the naturalist was able to get few facts concerning this odd plant. He proved the presence of numerous suckers, and found that the fetid odor of the black sticky fluid that covers the branches serves to attract prey to the plant. He also was able to note similarity of character with other carnivorous plants. For instance, the "land octopus" abandons its prey after having sucked out the nutritive elements. The natives of Central America call this singular plant by the appropriate name of "the devil's noose."—Paris Cosmos.

The Human Voice.

One's surprise at the fact that no two persons' voices are perfectly alike ceases when one is informed by an authority on the subject that, though there are only nine perfect tones in the human voice, there are the astounding number of 17,592,186,044,415 different sounds. Of these, 14 direct muscles produce 16,383, and 30 indirect muscles produce 173,741,823, while all in co-operation produce the total given above.

Dr. Wilde's Queer Will.

By the terms of the will of one Dr. Wilde of St. Ives parish, Huntingdonshire, England, his trustees were directed to expend £50 in the purchase of a piece of land in St. Ives, the annual rent of which was to be set aside for the purchase of six Bibles at a cost of 7 shillings each. To decide who shall have them he requested his trustees to "prepare a saucer with three dice upon the altar table of the parish church and let the Bibles be raffled for."

Plain.

Mary Jane—Why does the man in the middle o' the diamond stand and hold the ball so long and make faces at the man with the bat?

Abner—Can't you see? Wants to make him so mad he can't hit it.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Doesn't Cost Much.

Sweet Girl—Papa says you can't afford to marry

Ardent Youth—Nonsense! I can get a preacher to perform the ceremony for $2

Sweet Girl—Can you? How foolish papa is!—Gladbrook (Ia.) Republican.

SMALL BEGINNINGS

Make great endings sometimes. Ailments that we are apt to consider trivial often grow, through neglect, into atrocious maladies, dangerous in themselves and productive of others. It is the disregard of the earlier indications of ill health which leads to the establishment of all sorts of maladies on a chronic basis. Moreover, there are certain disorders incident to the season, such as malaria and rheumatism, against which it is always desirable to fortify the system after exposure to the conditions which produce them. Cold, damp and miasma are surely counteracted by Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. After you have incurred risk from these influences, a wineglassful or two of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters directly afterward should be swallowed. For malaria, dyspepsia, liver complaint, kidney and bladder trouble, nervousness and debility it is the most deservedly popular of remedies and preventives. A wineglassful before meals promotes appetite.

Wisdom in this you'll surely find,
Where'er your steps may range:
No matter how you change your mind,
Be sure to mind your change.

DEAFNESS CANNOT BE CURED

By local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure Deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

☞Sold by Druggists, 75c.

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Hood's Pills cure habitual constipation. Price, 25 cents.

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Itching Piles known by moisture like perspiration, cause intense itching when warm. This form and Blind, Bleeding or Protruding Piles yield at once to DR. BO-SAN-KO'S PILE REMEDY, which acts directly on parts affected, absorbs tumors, allays itching, effecting a permanent cure. Price 50c. Druggists or mail. Dr. Bosanko, Philada., Pa.

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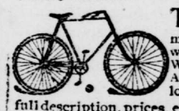

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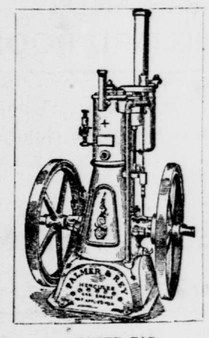

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