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

Royal Baking Powder

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THE NEW EL DORADO.

THE STREETS OF CRIPPLE CREEK ARE PAVED WITH GOLD.

Stories of Dazzling Wealth That Come From the Colorado Mining Camps and Fire the Hopes of Speculators—Excitement In Denver and Colorado Springs.

It looks as though we were going to be involved in a craze for speculation in mining stocks such as recently transformed the stolid and conservative British public into a mob of excitable and credulous investors. Already we are warned to look out for another "Kaffir circus."

The glitter of gold which dazzled the eyes of the English came from the far-away shores of Africa. We are turning our gaze toward Pike's peak, back of which lies the camp of Cripple Creek, about which such fabulous stories are being told. The stock buying fever is spreading rapidly. On the floor of the Denver Mining Exchange wild eyed brokers push and jostle and shout them-

DENVER MINING EXCHANGE.

selves hoarse in their efforts to buy shares for which customers in all parts of the Union are clamoring. Almost any stock which is dumped on the market is eagerly snapped up. There are ten purchasers to every block of a thousand shares. That is why the brokers push and jostle and shout. They are trying to fill a barrel out of a quart measure.

In the mining exchanges at Colorado Springs and in Cripple Creek itself the same scenes are occurring. Chicago has got it bad. Gotham has heard the news with incredulous ears, but while Wall street yet remains apparently undisturbed the calm may be broken at any moment and everything else be forgotten in the mad race for mining stock.

In Denver over 2,000,000 shares have changed hands in a day. The three exchanges of Colorado Springs have turned over 1,180,000 shares in a few hours. Pueblo has a new mining exchange where 88,000 shares were handled recently in a day.

It is the small investors who are creating all the excitement. The man with a million to invest does not telegraph a strange broker to buy stock which he never heard of until a few hours before. It is the man with a few hundred dollars who does this, and his name is legion. He would rather have 100,000 shares at one-half a cent a share than 500 shares at $1 a share. To use a racing term, it is the "long shots" that the public is after, and very "long shots" some of them are getting. The fascination comes when the buyer persuades himself that these shares which he buys for one-half cent each may in a month or two be selling at $1 each.

But down below all these shaky air castles there is a firm foundation. The gold boom is not all built on wind. We don't have to believe all the reports that come from Cripple Creek either. It is a strange strike that has been made out on those Colorado hills, and the strangest part of some of the stories told about the new gold camp is the facts in them.

The streets of Cripple Creek are paved with gold. Sounds like a Munchausenism, doesn't it? Well, that statement is very near to the truth. The explanation is that low grade ore is reckoned of so small account in these golden booming towns that it has been used to grade the streets with. Ore that will assay $12 to the ton is not thought worth sending to the smelters. The railroad running into Cripple Creek is ballasted with ore that is worth $10.75 a cubic yard. There is no use sending such stuff to the smelters nowadays. They are running night and day separating the yellow metal from ore that yields 5, 10, 25 times as much. Ore that produces less than $25 to the ton is stacked up in great heaps to wait for a day when more smelters can be built or a cheaper process shall have been discovered. This gives you some idea of the richness of the mines there.

Here is another strange fact about the camp. When gold was discovered there three years ago, the scientific men went down and looked at the ore. Then they

STREET SCENE IN CRIPPLE CREEK.

laughed at the miners. Gold in granite! Who ever heard of such foolishness? There might be a few stray threads of gold, but none worth working those rugged hills for. The miners were crestfallen. They believed these eminent mineralogists. Lots of them sold out their claims for little or nothing and went away. A few held on and kept on digging into the granite hills.

Finally it became noised about that, in spite of the scientists, these stubborn miners were actually digging ore that was fairly rotten with gold. The men of science took a second look. The miners showed them how they could take a piece of granite and roast it so that the precious metal fairly oozed out in golden drops. Then they believed the miners, but they said that they should have to reconstruct their books on mineralogy.

The richness of some of these holes in the ground is almost beyond belief. On Gold hill, which is the great center of attraction at Cripple Creek, are a dozen shafts. The men who own them are already prospective millionaires. Some of them have actually taken fortunes out of the ground and have only started to work their claims.

Others who have just money enough to meet their living expenses are refusing offers of $100,000 and treble that sum in hard cash for their claims. Each one is certain that his hole in the ground is worth a cool million, and he is going to wait until he gets it, or perhaps he intends to take the gold out himself when the facilities are increased.

None of the big mines is being worked for anything near what it can be, yet it is estimated that the Cripple Creek camp is producing over $1,000,000 worth of gold every month.

There are bonanza kings, of course. Winfield Scott Stratton is the most prominent of them all. Every newcomer at once hears about him and is told his history. Three years ago Stratton was a wandering carpenter and prospector. He worked with the jackplane and ripsaw when it was necessary to get enough to "grubstake" him in another hunt for gold. He walked into Cripple Creek when the boom first struck it and was one of those who staid when the others left.

Once he sold the Independence mine for $10,000, but the purchaser backed out. Stratton went back into his shaft and finally struck richer ore. Now he has a hole 500 feet deep and has taken out $2,000,000 in gold. There is yet $3,000,000 in sight.

The Portland mine is another Aladdin's cave. It is owned by three men, James F. Burns, James Doyle and John Harnon. Three years ago Burns was a discouraged plumber, Doyle was digging irrigating ditches, and Harnon was working like a slave in a railroad grading camp. Today they are all millionaires. Their mine pays a regular monthly dividend of 2 per cent on a capitalization of $3,000,000. The ore they bring up averages $72, but some of it assays thousands of dollars to the ton.

But let no one think that the mines whose stocks are quoted at ½, 1 and 2 cents a share are all Portlands. Some of them may be miles away from Gold hill. The men who are on the spot and have been there for two or three years have taken care of all the claims which have any prospect of "panning out big."

The men who own the Independence with Stratton have bought up 100 acres. Others have done the same. It may be possible, of course, that every hill in that section of Colorado is full of gold, but there are grave doubts about this. The soul of the cheerful promoter, how-

INTERIOR OF CRIPPLE CREEK EXCHANGE.

ever, knows no doubt. He would tell an eastern man that Pike's peak itself was solid sylvanite that fairly reeked with gold and would prove the same by a gaudy map and figures that could not possibly lie.

The Denver Mining Exchange has sent out a warning to investors, telling them to beware of worthless stocks. It is easy enough to dig a hole in the ground and print a few hundred thousand shares of stock. Just now it is easy to sell that stock too.

But the tales which visitors to Cripple Creek tell are not all of the wonderful gold deposits. There are other amazing things about the place. They say it is a moral camp. It is a fact, too, although almost as hard to believe as that the streets are paved with gold.

Of course the adjective is used in a comparative sense. Murders are rare there. Gambling houses exist in large numbers, but they are largely patronized by strangers. In the old days they used to sing:

It's day all day in the daytime,
And there ain't no night at Creede.

But Cripple Creek is not Creede. Folks sleep o' nights there—and dream of shares and dividends and assayers' reports. Buckskin pants are not the style and revolvers are not worn outside, when worn at all. The camp is simply a new western city, and not at all like a traditional gold camp. There were about 35,000 persons there at last report, but every train lands hundreds of new arrivals there, and each and every one hopes to be caught up by the tidal wave of success and landed high on the golden shores of prosperity.

SEWELL FORD.

The Original John Bull.

Dr. John Bull was the first Gresham professor of music, organist of Hereford cathedral and composer to Queen Elizabeth. John, like a true Englishman, traveled for improvement, and, having heard of a famous musician at St. Omer, he placed himself under him as a novice, but a circumstance very soon convinced the master that he was inferior to the scholar. The musician showed John a song which he had composed in 40 parts, telling him at the same time that he defied all the world to produce a person capable of adding another part to his composition. Bull desired to be left alone and to be indulged for a short time with pen and ink. In less than three hours he added 40 parts more to the song, upon which the Frenchman was so much surprised that he swore in great ecstacy he must be either the devil or John Bull, which has ever since been proverbial in England.

WOULD BE A SENATOR

POLITICAL AMBITION OF CHARLES J. BONAPARTE OF BALTIMORE.

A Grandnephew of the First Consul Is a Candidate For Senator Charles H. Gibson's Place—Romantic History of the Maryland Bonapartes.

The Napoleonic revival would indeed be complete should a Bonaparte be sent to the United States senate. There is a prospect that this very thing may happen, for Charles Joseph Bonaparte of Baltimore, a grandnephew of the first consul, is an aspirant for the honor.

Mr. Bonaparte is a wealthy lawyer and has been for several years prominent in Republican circles in his state. His political ambition and the possibility that he may figure extensively in the political affairs of this country recall the romantic story of the life of his grandmother, Betsy Patterson.

It was in 1803, when Napoleon was in the full flush of his greatness, that a French frigate dropped anchor in New York harbor. The commander was Captain Jerome Bonaparte, the young brother of the great Napoleon. He had been cruising with his ship in the vicinity of the West Indies. Young Bonaparte was received with great courtesy by the New Yorkers and then went on a tour through some of the principal cities.

In Baltimore he found society at his feet. Receptions and balls were given in his honor, and at one of these he met Elizabeth Patterson, the daughter of a wealthy shipowner. She was then 19

CHARLES J. BONAPARTE.

years old, but was the belle of the city. The young French captain immediately fell in love with the beautiful girl and proposed. He was promptly accepted. Then came the storm.

Miss Patterson's parents objected. But Betsy was stubborn, and finally her family gave in. The wedding was a gorgeous affair, for Baltimore was then the social center of the country. The young couple spent a few delightful months traveling in this country. Their honeymoon trip was a series of social triumphs for the Baltimore belle.

Then came a stern message from the emperor of the French. He commanded his younger brother to return at once to Paris and to "leave behind the young person whom he had attached to himself." Napoleon wanted Jerome to marry some one else for political reasons.

The young captain had to obey, for his income had been cut off. But Betsy would not be left behind. She sailed in one of her father's ships for Lisbon. On her arrival she found every port in Europe closed against her by a French frigate. Her husband was taken a prisoner to Paris, and an embassador from Napoleon gave her this message:

"The emperor asks what he can do for Miss Patterson."

"Tell the emperor," was her reply, "that Mme. Bonaparte demands her rights as a member of the imperial family."

But Napoleon was inexorable. He had the French senate declare the marriage annulled, after which the weak Jerome obediently married Princess Catherine of Wurttemberg and was created king of Westphalia.

For 50 years after this Betsy Patterson fought for recognition as the wife of Jerome Bonaparte. She went to England, where a son was born to her. She named him Jerome. An annual pension of $12,000 was graciously allowed to her by Napoleon. She spent her time in various European courts, where she was well received on account of her extraordinary beauty and fascinating manners. She spent the winter of 1823 in Vienna, where she reigned as a social queen.

Her former husband wrote her many letters and offered her a beautiful residence in his kingdom with the title of princess. She spurned this offer with scorn and replied:

"There is room in Westphalia for but one queen."

Mme. Bonaparte did not return to Baltimore until her beauty had faded and her disposition had become soured by her disappointed ambition. For the rest of her long life she devoted herself to hoarding money. When she died, at the age of 96, she was worth over $1,000,000. Her last years were spent in miserly penuriousness. In Baltimore she was known as Mme. Betsy Bonaparte and was a conspicuous character. She was seen everywhere and was fond of wearing the treasured finery of the years when she posed as a royal personage.

She left her fortune to Jerome Bonaparte, in spite of the fact that he refused to contract an alliance with the daughter of some foreign noble, as she wished, but insisted on marrying a plain American girl. His wife was Miss Williams of Roxbury, Mass. He had two sons, Jerome and Charles Joseph. Jerome served with distinction in the French army and returned to this country a colonel. His widow lives today in fine style in Washington.

Charles Bonaparte, like his grandfather, married a Baltimore girl. He moves in the exclusive upper circles of Baltimore society and practices law only when he feels like it. His ambition to become a senator has but recently been made public.

About It.

"Thy slender waist!" he exclaimed soulfully.

A rich flush suffused her cheek.

"What," she faltered, "are you going to do about it?"

And perhaps he didn't do a thing.—Detroit Tribune.

That Was the Trouble.

She—He says his greatest trouble in Paris was to make himself understood.

He—He should have learned French before he went over.

She—He did!—Chicago Record.

A BUNCH OF WOOD SORREL.

Love is like this little flower—
Fresh and smiling for an hour.
Pluck it not, for it will fade,
Though upon your heart 'tis laid.
Leave it blooming in the shade.

Love is like this little flower—
Fair to see, but inly sour,
Drooping, dying in an hour,
Though upon your heart 'tis laid.
Leave it blooming in the shade.
—New York Tribune.

AN EDITOR'S NIGHTMARE.

He Was Fifteen Years In Suppressing an Insistent Contributor.

The former editor of The Scotsman, when he retired to enjoy his well earned leisure, gave Alexander Russell this advice, "The conduct of a daily paper," he said, "is always a very serious thing, full of dangers and difficulties, but in addition to its usual anxieties you, my friend, will every night have to keep the most vigilant watch lest that man Hill Burton should contrive to insert his theory about Scotch cheeses into your columns."

It is not necessary to particularize what it was; it will suffice to say that this theory—based upon the exposure of Scotch cheeses in front of the shops, and the treatment to which they were consequently exposed—was not complimentary or likely to recommend them to the purchaser.

"Day and night," said Russell, "for 15 years, I never forgot my predecessor's warning. A hundred times that theory endeavored to gain admittance into my columns, and by most unlooked for channels; sometimes it lurked concealed in an article about the Crimean war, sometimes in one of the divorce cases, sometimes in one on the division of the Free church in Scotland, or even in the disruption itself; but it was always detected and struck out.

"It was a duel to the death, for I knew that Hill Burton would never relax his efforts to get his views upon Scotch cheese into print while there was breath in his body. On the morning of the last day of the fifteenth year he ran into my office waving a paper in his hand and crying out, 'It's in, it's in!'

"'What,' cried I, 'not in The Scotsman surely?'

"'No,' said he, 'in Chambers' "Information For the People.'"

"My relief of mind is not to be described."—Pearson's Weekly.

Wholly Unprepared.

Mrs. Colonel Yerger is a continual source of embarrassment to her husband. Colonel Yerger recently gave a dinner party to a few select friends. Of course he was called on for an after dinner speech. Colonel Yerger got up, and, assuming an imposing position, began:

"Ladies and gentlemen, unprepared as I am—being wholly unprepared to make a speech—being unprepared"—

He was unable to proceed. There was a painful silence, which was broken by Mrs. Yerger saying:

"Why, colonel, you knew it perfectly this morning." Tableau.—Texas Siftings.

"Stuck on His Shape."

—Life.

Chance to Do Good.

The pedestrian looked scornfully at the beggar who had accosted him.

"You say you want money for your starving wife and family," he repeated. "I don't believe you have any."

"Well, wot of it?" asked the beggar brazenly.

"I believe you're lying," persisted the pedestrian, with conviction.

"Wot if I am?" said the beggar doggedly.

The pedestrian showed his astonishment at such a display of utter depravity, but he held firmly to his purpose.

"I believe you only want money to buy liquor," he said.

"Wot if I do?" returned the beggar.

"In that case," said the pedestrian slowly and impressively, "you show yourself to be a liar, a vagabond and a drunkard—a man who is hardly worth saving." Then, after a moment of thought, he added, "Do you know that the liquor evil is, to a certain extent, its own corrective?"

"Nix," replied the beggar.

"Well, it is. Scientists tell us that it is killing off the weak and inferior classes, and in that way you may be said to be doing some good. Do you"—Before he could finish the beggar's hand was thrust toward him, palm upward.

"Please, mister, won't you help the good work along?" asked the man in rags.

He got a quarter, and the lecture was never finished.—Chicago Post.

Inequality In the World.

There is and there always has been inequality in the world in spite of the striving of generous hearts and enlightened minds for equality. Although equality has never ceased to show itself and effect itself within the different orders, and in modern times to characterize at least superficially that large composite order which we call good society, civilization is still embruited and endangered by inequality. One need not allege instances. They are abdundant in every one's experience and observation, and those who dread or affect to dread the dead level of equality are quite right in saying that even in a political democracy there is as much inequality as anywhere. But this does not prove that they are right in admiring it that it is not offensive and stupid. Inequality still persists, but so does theft, so does murder, so does unchastity, so do almost all the sins and shames that ever were. Inequality is, in fact, the sum of them. In the body of this death they fester and corrupt forever. As long as we have inequality we shall have these sins and shames, which spring from it and which live on from inferior to superior. Few vices live from equal to equal, but the virtues flourish.—"Equality as the Basis of Good Society," by W. D. Howells in Century.

CONSUMPTION CURED

AN ABSOLUTE REMEDY FOR ALL PULMONARY COMPLAINTS.

T. A. Slocum offers to Send Two Bottles Free of His Remedy to Cure Consumption and All Lung Troubles—An Elixir of Life.

Nothing could be fairer, more philanthropic or carry more joy in its wake than the offer of T. A. Slocum, M. C., of 183 Pearl street, New York. Perfectly confident that he has an absolute remedy for the cure of consumption and all pulmonary complaints, he offers through this paper to send two bottles free to any reader who is suffering from lung trouble or consumption, also loss of flesh and all conditions of wasting. He invites those desirous of obtaining this remedy to send their express and postoffice address, and to receive in return the two bottles free, which will arrest the approach of death. Already this remedy, by its timely use, has permanently cured thousands of cases which were given up, and death was looked upon as an early visitor.

Knowing his remedy as he does, and being so proof-positive of its beneficent results, Dr. Slocum considers it his religious duty, a duty which he owes to humanity, to donate his infallible remedy where it will assault the enemy in its cidatel, and, by its inherent potency, stay the current of dissolution, bringing joy to homes over which the shadow of the grave has been gradually growing more strongly defined, causing fond hearts to grieve. The cheapness of the remedy—offered freely—apart from its inherent strength, is enough to commend it, and more so is the perfect confidence of the great chemist making the offer, who holds out life to those already becoming emaciated, and says: "Be cured."

The invitation is certainly worthy of the consideration of the afflicted, who for years, have been taking nauseous nostrums without effect; who have ostracised themselves from home and friends to live in more salubrious climes, where the atmosphere is more congenial to weakened lungs, and who have fought against death with all the weapons and strength in their hands. There will be no mistake in sending for these free bottles—the mistake will be in passing the invitation by.

A Beguilement.

"This stuff," said the head of the family, "is liable to be perniciously misleading."

"Why, papa," replied his daughter, "it's poetry."

"Yes, I know it is. It's some of this 'cheer up and never mind the weather' verse, isn't it?"

"Yes. And it's lovely."

"Of course it's lovely. It has an insidious charm which makes it the more dangerous. It's good advice, but be careful not to get an overdose of it. I once read it during a snowstorm. I was so captivated that I said to myself, 'Now, here's advice worth following.' So I went ahead and cheered up and never minded the weather, and did it so thoroughly that inside of 24 hours I was fined for not cleaning the snow off my sidewalk."—Washington Star.

Horse and Horse.

Old Prinks (the Squam Corners storekeeper)—Looky here, Jay! I'll have to knock off half a dollar of the payment for that last bar'l of apples you sold me on account of the rotten ones in the middle of it. What makes you put big, fine apples at the top of the bar'l and no account ones in the middle?

Jay Green—Same reason, I guess, that you comb that long lock of hair over the bald place on top o' your head. —Life.

One day when D'Alembert and Condorcet were dining with Voltaire, they proposed to converse on atheism, but Voltaire stopped them at once. "Wait," said he, "till my servants have withdrawn. I do not wish to have my throat cut tonight."—G. B. Cheever.

FORECASTERS.

Some people are so influenced by the electric currents of the atmosphere that they can foretell the coming of a thunderstorm with perfect accuracy, and others there are with nerves so sensitive that they are sure of having neuralgia from a low and fretful state of the nervous system. Now, why can't the latter be warned in time and know that an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure. To use St. Jacob's Oil promptly will ward off an attack, or if attacked, will promptly cure. Such people can do for themselves what others do from weather prophecies. Heed the signals and save the wreck and disaster.

"My darling!" murmured Leander, embracing her. "Don't exclaimed Hero. "You're all wet. Why didn't you come in a boat?"

FIRE! FIRE! THAT DREADFUR CRY

Is fraught with import doubly dire to the unhappy man who beholds his dwelling or his warehouse feeding the devouring element uninsured. Happily most people who can, insure—everything but health. Nine-tenths of us neglect the preservation of this when it is in palpable jeoparpy. Incipient indigestion, liver complaint, la grippe, inaction of the kidneys and bladder and malaria are all counteracted by Hostetter's Stomach Bitters.

Oh, "busy bee," exalted so.
We'd work like you, we vow,
If we could loaf six months or so
As you are loafing now.

Piso's Cure cured me of a Throat and Lung trouble of three years' standing.—E. CADY, Huntington, Ind., Nov. 12, 1894.

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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.

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Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance.

Syrup of Figs is for sale by all druggists in 50c and $1 bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered.

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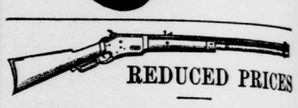

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