

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure
The only baking powder
made from Royal Grape
Cream of Tartar
No Alum, No Lime Phosphate

BURMAH HOME OF THE RUBY
Practically All the Valuable Stones
Are the Product of That
Country's Mines.

All the world's great rubies come from the mines of the Mogok valley, India. There are four principal mines in the valley, in each of which modern tools and machinery are used, which facilitate the proper examination of a large amount of byon or ruby-bearing clay each day. In the nearby valleys the Burmans still prosecute their searches in the old way, digging and washing by hand labor, but often with astonishing results. In the large workings the system has been reduced to a science, with corresponding results. The work goes on day and night. The ruby-bearing clay is extracted by the open quarry method of removing all the surface down to the valuable clay, which is then dug up, carried on trolleys to the steam cleansing mill, washed, passed through the sieves, and then examined for rubies and spinels. The byon stretches almost everywhere along the Mogok valley, and wherever this clay exists rubies are to be found. Besides the pure ruby, spinel or balas rubies are found in large quantities in the same neighborhood. Wherever the ruby is found the spinel is sure to crop up close beside it. They are both crystals of alumina, but of different shapes. Except in a few rare cases the expert can easily distinguish between the two stones, although they are very much alike to the naked eye. The Burman is inclined to invest his savings in rubies and diamonds, which may be readily realized upon in times of financial stress. Rubies are more precious than diamonds, and are practically indestructible except by fire. During the season as many as 2,000 Burmans are employed in the mines.

Power of Small Vegetable.
Nature manifests her latent power in strange ways. Radishes which it was thought had all been uprooted are growing through the asphalt in the playground of St. George's schools, Northampton, England, the site of which was formerly a market garden, and it is feared they may injure the buildings themselves.



YOU SMOKE FOR PLEASURE.

A Cigar lasts you about an hour so the price for a good time for an hour is only the price of a Cigar.

Isn't it worth while then to get one that is good—for it means an hour's pleasure or an hour's disappointment

You simply cannot get a poor cigar here because we do not keep them in stock and no matter what your taste we can gratify it.

Pioneer Drug Co.
NEW ORLEANS, MINN.

A CHILD CRUSADER.

By F. A. MITCHEL.
[Copyright, 1900, by American Press Association.]

Far back in what are called the middle ages in Europe one vast army after another marched to Palestine with a view to freeing the holy sepulcher from the infidel Turk. These crusades, as they were called, produced an epidemic of fanaticism which at last seized upon the children. A French peasant boy about twelve years old conceived the idea that he had been assigned a divine mission to lead the children to the rescue of the holy sepulcher. He exhorted them, making them wild with religious frenzy. Fifty thousand children went from Germany and 30,000 from France. Two thousand sailed from Brindisium from whom no voice ever came back. The French children were betrayed and sold to Mohammedan masters.

At that time there lived in Venice a boy named Dino Cosimo, who was being brought up with a little girl, Gemma, his constant playfellow. Dino never played with boys, Gemma never played with girls, because neither would give up for any time the society of the other. Dino used to row Gemma in his little gondola on the canals every day. During these boat rides they would sing, though the songs they knew were very limited, Dino handling the pole, Gemma sitting in the stern with her lute, a stringed instrument much like a mandolin.

When the wave of childish fanaticism that resulted in the children's crusades swept over Europe it carried Dino with it. Gemma was a child of rare foresight for those days and did not see how children could accomplish that in which great armies had failed. She begged Dino not to go, but he claimed that he obeyed a sacred duty and that the child army would be made to prevail by divine interposition.

Dino bid adieu to his playmate and sailed out upon the Adriatic sea with a fleet of child laden ships.

Month after month, year after year, passed and no tidings came from the fleet of children. Gemma from the first had little faith in the success of the expedition and at last made up her mind that Dino would never return to her. After five years had passed and she found the same void in her heart as of yore she determined to go in search of her companion. She was now seventeen years old. That was the period of minstrelsy when men gained a livelihood by singing, usually with harp accompaniment, their own verses or the popular ballads recounting events of the time. Gemma dressed herself as a minstrel boy and, taking her harp, set out to work her way on foot to the Holy Land. Turning her face eastward, she walked, singing by the way for bits of money, till she came to the Danube river. This she followed, occasionally making short distances by boat, and at its mouth in the Black sea found a ship about to leave for Constantinople. She prevailed upon the captain to take her with him, promising to amuse those on board during the trip with her minstrelsy. From Constantinople, then a Christian city, disguised as a Turk, she entered the domains of the sultan, but before doing so she learned something of the Turkish language and a few songs. These she sang by the way, visiting different Turkish cities and saving nearly all the coins that were given her.

Two years after Gemma had left Venice she found herself one day sitting on a bridge that crossed a river dividing a city, singing a Turkish song and accompanying herself on her harp. By this time she was old enough to know that she would not be likely to recognize Dino, nor would he know her. She had learned that the Venetian crusaders had been sold into slavery and believed that Dino if alive was a slave. Indeed, she saw white slaves frequently, and whenever she met one about Dino's age she would sing a song they used to sing on the canals of Venice.

While she sat on the bridge a Turk walked by, followed by a retinue of servants, among them a tall white slave about twenty-one years old, in whom there was something to remind her of the boy Dino. She sang a few notes in an undertone of the song. The slave stopped and looked at her in astonishment. Gemma, though she knew she had found her quest, had presence of mind enough to look an order to him not to notice her. Dino saw in the supposed Turkish boy a development of his child friend and restrained himself. He was in the rear of the train of slaves, and Gemma made a sign to him to go on. Presently she arose and followed, never losing sight of him till she had seen him enter a large house with his master.

The next day a slave dealer applied to Dino's master to buy the slave. The master would not sell. Dino, who had got word from Gemma that she would buy him with her savings, set himself to work to dissatisfy his master with him. Many a bastinado he got for refusing to work, but he persisted, and at last his master consented to sell him at a low price, which took nearly all the money Gemma had saved.

When Dino was turned over to his new master there was a joyful meeting. But when Dino approached to embrace her they were no longer children. Gemma received his caresses with blushes.

How as master and slave they traveled to the coast and took ship for Venice would make a happier story than has preceded, but a less eventful one. They arrived safely, and Dino was the only one of the child crusaders that had sailed away on the Adriatic who was ever heard from.

THE AUDACITY OF BOB SMITHSON.

By MARTHA C. HUTCHINS.
[Copyright, 1903, by American Press Association.]

Edgar Barry, novelist, was sitting in his living rooms when his friend Robert (commonly called Bob) Smithson, manufacturer of drainpipe, entered simultaneously with the postman. Barry took a letter from the latter, tore it open, scowled and threw it in a wastebasket.

"Evidently," said Smithson, "you don't prize your correspondent."

"Oh, these women! They are continually writing me to know what some of my characters mean by such a thing, or how interested they are in the story, or how and when will it end in the magazine or something else, all of which means that they wish to get me to attend a function they're about to give and show me off as their intimate friend."

Smithson picked the note out of the basket and read it.

"Would you object to turning this lady over to me?" he asked. "I might personate you."

"Not in the least."

"She seems to be quite fascinated with your character of Edwin Ostrander."

"Nonsense! She wants to get me to her party. Follow it up, personate me if you like, and you will be lionized."

And so it turned out. A week later the audacious Bob Smithson was present at a musical as Edgar Barry, who had recently risen into prominence through a story that had made a hit. The worst feature about Smithson's performance was that he circulated a report that he had drawn the much admired Edwin Ostrander from himself.

It didn't take long for the fascinating literary manufacturer not of romances, but of drainpipe, to fall in love with Alice Beardsley, who gave her whole heart to the deceiver. Bob proposed to her without realizing what he was doing, and the young lady, carried away by her feelings, accepted him without taking time to think about it. Then Bob awoke the morning after it had happened to a realization of his situation. He wrote out ten confessions and tore them all up. He started six times to go and make a verbal confession and backed out every time, including the one after he had rung the doorbell.

Bob had told Miss Beardsley that he wrote in a room at the Authors' club. He told her this, intending to post Barry, who really did write there, so that if any notes came Barry would know and act accordingly. At 11 o'clock in the morning three days after Smithson's proposal, while Barry was putting some master touches to the character of Edwin Ostrander, the door opened and a servant in the club's livery announced:

"A lady in the reception room to see you, sir."

"A lady! What lady?"

"She says tell 'im 'I'm his fiancy.'"

"My fiancée!"

The Author's club is a quiet place. Probably that is because authors have no money to spend in clubs. No one was about. The lady, taking advantage of this, had followed the servant to Mr. Barry's workrooms and now appeared, trembling, at the open door. On seeing the author she started.

"I beg your pardon," she said. "I was looking for Mr. Barry."

"I am Mr. Barry."

"Not you, Mr. Barry."

"I am Edgar Barry."

"I am looking for Mr. Barry, the novelist."

"I write—at least, try to write—novels."

Meanwhile the lady had stepped across the portal much bewildered. A servant approached and announced, "Mr. Smithson!" and in another moment Mr. Bob Smithson entered.

"Oh, Edgar!" cried the lady. "What does it all mean?"

Bob Smithson stood the picture of despair. He shivered and shook. He took out his handkerchief, drew it hastily across his brow, thrust it back into his pocket, tried to stammer something and at last looked appealingly, pitifully, at Barry.

"What is it, Bob?" asked the latter.

"Tell her."

"The lady who?"

"Yes; for heaven's sake straighten it out!"

"Miss"—Barry hesitated. Smithson put in: "Beardsley. If ever there was an angel on earth, and if ever there was a devil and a fool!"

"Hold on, Bob! This is going to come out all right! Don't make it any worse. Miss Beardsley, you are engaged to my esteemed friend Mr. Smithson, I believe."

"I thought I was engaged to Mr. Barry, the novelist." Then, turning to her fiancé, "What is your name, sir?"

"Smithson, sweetheart. Bob—I mean Robert—Smithson."

"Your profession?"

"I—I sell drainpipe."

"Drainpipe! I was not aware that the original of Edwin Ostrander dealt in a conductor of sewage."

"Forgive me!"

He stretched out his hands to her, but she turned, and after a rustle in the hall and a slam of the front door there was nothing left but the habitual silence of the Authors' club.

The same evening Mr. Barry called on Miss Beardsley, spoke in the highest terms of Mr. Smithson, told her that he had drawn Edwin Ostrander from him and secured a reconciliation. The engagement has continued.

VIGOROUS FIGHT ON SOCIALISM

Clergyman to Organize National Campaign Against It.

CALLS ITS DOCTRINES ANARCHY

Rev. J. Wesley Hill of New York Claims American Institutions Could Not Tolerate Principles of Socialism, Which He Terms Atheistic—Will Not Lead a "Pussy Footed" Attack.

For several weeks the Rev. J. Wesley Hill has been flaying the Socialists before his congregations at the Metropolitan temple, in New York city, which is given over to the work of the Methodist Social union, and now his flock have come to the conclusion that the flaying ought to be extended from a civic to a national basis. As a consequence they have passed a resolution authorizing their spiritual leader to call a national anti-socialistic convention.

The Rev. Mr. Hill says he is glad they did this and that henceforth the work will engage his whole attention. He hopes to bring together in his proposed convention representatives of universities, seminaries, Sunday schools, trades unions, organized religion and sociologists.

To Be Fought Aggressively. Sitting in his study the other day, the Rev. Mr. Hill discussed the considerations that move him to devote his next few years to leading a vigorous assault upon socialism.

"We are going after socialism and are going after it aggressively. There are some very foolish ministers of the gospel in this country. They have the hardihood to speak of 'Christian socialism,' and some of them even have adopted it as such. I want them to know—and they must learn it—that socialism attacks the very fundamental principles of Christian religion. As well talk of Christian free love or Christian atheism as of Christian socialism. Rather class socialism where it of right belongs—with anarchism, with Mormonism and with atheism."

It was suggested to the prime mover in the proposed crusade that some folks were having rather a considerable problem of fixing upon an exact definition of socialism.

What Socialism Really Is.

"I'll tell you exactly what it is," he answered. "It is an irreconcilable enemy of the existing civic and social order. Its program is confiscation—that is, the municipalization or nationalization of all capital. It wants to break abruptly with history. It denies the fundamental truths of evolution. It sees in revolution its chief end, in fact, its only practicable weapon. I don't want to lead a pussy footed attack on such an institution, for its very spirit is misanthropic and pessimistic. It goes to the poor and unfortunate, and strives to make them still more discontented than they are."

The socialistic movement is permeated with discontent and class hatred. The leaders present a disheartening picture of life to the toiler, striving to poison his mind against the employer by picturing him as a vampire feeding upon the lifeblood of his helpless victims. As it is there are Socialist Sunday schools being organized where the spirit of revolution is instilled into the minds of children. In this movement there is a subtle attack on our schools. And then take the propaganda fundamentally. It wants to place a sort of paternalism above the heads of all men, making them subservient to it. As if man wasn't here before his institutions, he creating them and not they creating him, they overlook this fundamental fact of God's law of creation, and they attack the primary element of progress—the preservation of individual initiative.

"And the Christian ministers may well be aroused at this time, for socialism is preaching everywhere that the churches are paid servants of capitalism. In fact, the destruction of the churches is one of the prime objects of socialism."

The hope of the proposed conference is that it shall be able to unfurl a danger signal against fostering this propaganda, saturated as it is in the philosophy of confiscation. We shall organize branches in every state and shall center our work at first in an extensive press and publicity bureau."

No Use Sitting in Corner Awaiting Death, Her View.

An eighty-year-old woman is one of the most enthusiastic of the 2,400 pupils at the Ohio State university. She is Mrs. A. D. Winship, a widow who has recently returned from a summer school in Michigan, where she kept up her studies.

Mrs. Winship when registering at the university declared she was going to take an optional course, among her studies being psychology.

"I am going to college," said Mrs. Winship, "simply because I want to learn all that I possibly can before I die. I can't see why so much fuss is made because I want to improve my mind, even though I am eighty years old. No one that old should simply stop everything and sit in the corner awaiting death. It's all foolishness."

Americans Drinking Sake.

About 250,000 gallons of sake, the national drink of Japan, is consumed in the United States every year.

LONDON NON-TIP HOTEL PROVES GREAT SUCCESS.

Principle Upheld by Plenty of Guests and Employees.

The experiment of a non-tip hotel in the Strand, in London, has proved a success. Since the establishment was opened a year ago there has not been a vacant bedroom, a record which could not be equaled by any other London hotel. Every day the management has had to refuse visitors. Altogether nearly a quarter of a million guests have stayed at the hotel in the 344 days it has been open.

The success of the hotel, the directors believe, is mainly due to the non-tip rule. Guests are forbidden to offer any servant of the hotel a gratuity, and servants found accepting them are instantly dismissed. People know exactly what it is going to cost them before they set foot in the hotel, and when they pay their bill there is no need for them to put their hands into their pockets to tip anybody.

Although the rule against tipping is rigidly enforced by the management, there have been visitors who have insisted upon offering gratuities. In order to protect the servants from temptation the management has had to request these visitors either to abide by the regulations or to seek accommodation elsewhere.

The management has had no difficulty in securing plenty of waiters and chambermaids despite the fact that they receive no tips.

KANSAS SILK FARM SOLD.

Frenchman's Failure Brings Good Price After Long Litigation.

The old silk farm in Franklin county, Kan., known as the De Boissiere Odd Fellows' home, which was the cause of much litigation, has been sold for \$130,000.

Some forty years ago M. de Boissiere of France went to Franklin county, Kan., with philanthropic and business intentions. He erected a silk factory eighteen miles from Ottawa, which in time came to be known as Silkville. De Boissiere raised silkworms on a 3,100 acre farm and manufactured silk and satin ribbons.

The silk industry in Kansas was a failure, and, becoming discouraged, De Boissiere returned to France, abandoning Silkville and the silk business. He willed the property to an associate, Mr. Sears, and on Mr. Sears' death to his children. Finally, however, he decided to give the Silkville farm to the grand lodge of Odd Fellows to be converted into a school and asylum for the orphan children of members.

At a session of the grand lodge in 1894 the gift was repudiated, after which James Troutman of Topeka went to France and bought the property from the De Boissiere heirs. When the purchase was made the trustees of the grand lodge refused to surrender the property. Thirteen lawsuits covering a period of sixteen years followed, and the supreme court of Kansas finally awarded the property to Troutman.

NEEDS MAYOR; ADVERTISES.

Magdeburg, Germany, Views It as Pure Business Proposition.

German cities are claimed to be the best governed in the world. How far apart are the ideas of Germans and Americans on the subject of city government may be seen from reading an advertisement which lately appeared in a number of German papers:

The place of mayor of Magdeburg is vacant. The salary is 21,000 marks (\$3,500) a year, including the rental of a dwelling in the city hall. Besides his salary the incumbent will receive 4,000 marks (\$1,000) for his official expenses. Candidates should apply before Sept. 1.

Can any one imagine an American city advertising for a mayor? The German idea is that a municipality is a business, to be conducted on business lines. The office of mayor is one requiring knowledge and skill of a technical, professional character. A man who has proved himself a good mayor in one German town is frequently invited to another.

The larger towns look to the smaller towns to train municipal officers for them. It frequently happens that two cities bid in competition for a particularly expert man. So when their chief burgomaster, Dr. Lentz, was appointed Prussian minister of finance the good people of Magdeburg gave public notice of their need of a capable man.

OCTOGENARIAN AT COLLEGE.

No Use Sitting in Corner Awaiting Death, Her View.

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Americans Drinking Sake.

About 250,000 gallons of sake, the national drink of Japan, is consumed in the United States every year.

Broadway Grocery Specials.

PEACHES Per Crate 65c.
BLUE PLUMS Per Bkt. 30c.
PEARS Per Pk. 50c.

Tokay Grapes
Malagus Grapes
Bartlett Pears
Fancy Red Plums
Bananas
Oranges

CRANBERRIES PER QT. 10c.

Spanish Onion
Red Globe Onion
Cabbage
Squash
Pumpkin
Fancy Washington Apples
Green Peppers
Celery

CHEESE

Brick Cheese
Fancy Cream Cheese
Swiss Cheese
McLaren's Imperial

PICKLES

Sweet and Dill
Olives of all Kinds.

Try a One pound package of our Broadway Special Coffee at 25cts. It will please You.

MEATS

Premium Boiled Ham
Premium Raw Ham
Premium Bacon
Beach Nut Bacon in Glass
Summer Sausage
Braun Schwieger
Smoked Frankforts
Smoked Vienna Sausages

SPECIAL

Quick Delivery.

BROADWAY GROCERY

CHAS. A. ALBRECHT

When you see this name on a fur garment, it means that it is honestly made by skilled workmen, of honest materials that are just what they are represented to be. It means that the furs have distinctive style and that the fit is correct. In fact, this name means

Highest Grade FURS

I always carry a complete line of fur garments for ladies and gentlemen, also neckwear and muffs in a large variety. When you buy furs of me, I give you the benefit of my forty-six years' experience in this line.

Send for my Catalog—It is Free for the Asking.

CHAS. A. ALBRECHT

27 W. 5th St., St. Paul, Minn.
Opposite Hotel Saint Paul.

* Its worth while asking "Hickory" Brand Rubbers and Overshoes. They are long wearing—always giving satisfaction. Ask your dealer. St. Paul Rubber Co. Distributors. 45tf

MARKET REPORT.

Corrected Sept. 28, 1910.

New Wheat No. 1.....	1 04
" " No. 2.....	1 02
" " No. 3.....	99
Flour, Compress 100 lb.....	3 20-3 50
" Patent ".....	3 00-3 30
" Family ".....	2 90-3 20
" Bakers ".....	2 55-2 80
" Graham ".....	2 65-2 85
" Rye ".....	2 30-2 55
Shorts ".....	1 10
Brans ".....	1 10
Buckwheat per 100 lbs.....	1 40
Oats.....	31
Barley.....	45
Rye.....	62
Flax.....	2 47
Corn.....	41
Potatoes, per Bushel new.....	1 00
Butter, per lb.....	20- 35
Eggs, per dozen.....	20
Cows and Heifers 100 lb.....	2 75-3 50
Steers.....	3 00-4 00
Calves.....	4 25-5 25
Sheep.....	3 00-4 00
Lams.....	4 00-5 00
Hogs.....	7 80-8 50

Mrs. Jacob Wilmert, Lincoln, Ill., found her way back to perfect health. She writes: "I suffered with kidney trouble and backache and my appetite was very poor at times. A few weeks ago I got Foley Kidney Pills and gave them a fair trial. They gave me great relief, so continued till now I am again in perfect health." O. M. Olsen.