



Thursday, October 10, 1935

The Americans may have covered the English cycle...

Certainly it's no advance for women when she begins jumping from Brooklyn bridge...

Ellis Wheeler Wilcox utters a truth when she says there are twenty leaders to one supporter...

Some one has figured out that in 1930 Chicago was the largest city in the world except London...

The owners of the Defender manifest confidence in the power of their boat to coast creditably and, probably, successfully...

This year the Swiss government has made a new departure in the way of monopolizing manufacture...

A paper devoted to the oil and petrol trade has announced that only 7,500,000 barrels, which is but little more than one-half of the average crops of the four years preceding...

A had conductor of electricity, which is higher than that of either of the three preceding years...

Considerable interest is being aroused in England in the metric system of weights and measures...

There is something in city life that is more important than clean streets...

The importance of clean streets is more important than clean streets...

Some months ago a group of Swiss physicians held a meeting to discuss the best means of checking the practice of routine tests...

We may now breathe more confidence Professor Weyland of the Yale Law School, declares that in his speech before the American Science Association...

In attempting to clear out Lemont and purify the Chicago River at the same time Chicago is undertaking a job which no other city in the world would go to get through...

Natural History and Philosophy of the Horse - Experiment in Electricity - Wheel - Notes of Progress

HE Horsethief, called also moonfish and monkey-fish, is the most common of the fishes that live in the waters...

Electricity Experiment - A very pretty electrical experiment may be conveniently made by any boy or girl...

Japan's Other Army - Japan's other army is not the victorious army which lately marched like a conquering host...

Granular Butter - There seems to be an impression here, says a writer in the Practical Farmer, that what is known as granular butter can only be made by the use of machinery...

Three-wheel Carriage - A novelty is a three-wheel carriage. It is built somewhat on the principle of a child's tricycle...

Small Tablets Do Not Tasteless - Small tablets do not tasteless. They are made of a material which is not only tasteless but also odorless...

Who Canned His Popper at Her Wedding - "Who canned his popper at her wedding?" was the question asked by a man who had just been married...

He Married Her - She seemed to view all things in lights that pleased him best. So well she planned, he never knew. He was a paper like the rest!

George Bolman, the three-year-old daughter of Rev. and Mrs. Bolman, was recently injured in some mysterious manner. Her mother had particularly warned her not to go near the water...

From out the great dumb mystery. No answer we exhort. But in the crematory we may find a quick rest for him.

New Successful Farmers Operate Their Farms on the Care of Live Stock and Poultry

His subject is one in which much capital is invested, and to make the business profitable one has to give it the closest study. We have the cow. She must change the feed in winter. The chickens and the pig may be compared to an engine and the feed to the fuel...

Feeding Layers - We have satisfied ourselves that hens may be fed too much, but we do not know that they may be fed in such a manner that they will not want to eat...

The cow is like a filter. If you over-act by giving most feed to her, she wears it out. Besides producing a poor article of milk, butter and cheese...

It will take the place of the tandem wheel now in use. The majority appear to favor a wheel on that two riders can ride side by side. Several wheels of this character have been manufactured...

Japan's other army is not the victorious army which lately marched like a conquering host. It is the army of the future, the army of the machine...

There seems to be an impression here, says a writer in the Practical Farmer, that what is known as granular butter can only be made by the use of machinery...

A novelty is a three-wheel carriage. It is built somewhat on the principle of a child's tricycle. The advantage of it is that as a heavy carriage it would remove out of the way...

Small tablets do not tasteless. They are made of a material which is not only tasteless but also odorless. They are used for medicinal purposes...

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We had a nice shower Sunday night, just enough to lay the dust nicely and to dampen the corn stalks so that the farmers could do at least half a day's work in the field. But we need more rain.

Many of the villages and cities in Michigan are enforcing the curfew law. Provisional children shall not be allowed to go on the streets after eight o'clock in the evening. Wherever enforced the result is satisfactory.

Franking's boat at Mrs. Hanson's. The boat was a great success. About 30 persons in all participated and many worked hard. There were only 12 acres of land but 288 bushels of corn were raised.

John Braun has a good windmill to pump water for washing cattle, to water his stock and for house use. Last year he carried his celery over to Lewis & Merriam and it was a great success.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

At Boston, Mass., Joe Manly has announced his candidacy for congress.

At Helena, Mont., a convention of sheepmen will be held Nov. 11 to secure a representation before the next congress to obtain a protective tariff on wool.

At Richmond, Va., the Ancient and Honorable Artillery of Boston, 300 strong, were received by all the local military companies and fully 20,000 citizens. The parade was an ovation.

South Carolina whisky constables searched the tool-house in Bethany cemetery, Charleston, for anti-dispensary law liquor, forcing the sexton to climb out of a newly made grave to assist in the search.

It is stated in Seattle that General Counsel Cromwell's resignation had been demanded by Receivers Bigelow and McHenry, of the Northern Pacific, and that he will step down and out within thirty days.

Yang Yu, the minister from China to the United States, accompanied by four members of the legation left Washington for New York city, en route for Spain, to which he is also the accredited representative.

General Ballington Booth announced at Pittsburgh that the next annual convention of the Salvation army would be held in Chicago instead of New York, where the meetings have heretofore been held. Chicago he considers more central.

At a mass meeting of Armenians in Boston strong resolutions were adopted expressing sympathy for their compatriots now suffering in Turkish dungeons and advocating revolutionary measures as the only way that the Armenian nation can be saved from extermination.

At Wabash, Ind., diphtheria is almost epidemic.

At Milwaukee, Wis., Stephen Fuss, while bathing in a barber shop, died of heart disease.

At Des Moines, Iowa, W. H. Parker & Co. and W. H. Parker, Jr. made an assignment, with \$14,000 liabilities and \$7,000 assets, and the A. C. Mount Broom company assigned, with \$12,919 liabilities.

The plans of Architect Bowman, Springfield, for the new Eastern Illinois normal school buildings have been accepted. The structures will be of native brown stone and will cost \$150,000.

The state board of examiners will meet at Peoria, Ill., Oct. 21, and at East St. Louis Nov. 18 to examine candidates for the positions of mine managers, fire bosses and hoisting engineers.

Daniel Lizer, living near Lincolnville, Ill., found in an old trunk the first moccasins worn by John Brown of Ossawatimie during his imprisonment at Harper's Ferry. Mr. Lizer's brother was in charge of the armory at the time and so got the handcuffs.

At Parsons, Kas., the cases against the officers of the City Bank for receiving deposits in 1883 when they knew the bank was insolvent were dismissed.

At Rockford, Ill., the Graham Cotton Mills company confessed judgment for \$4,000 in favor of the Second National bank.

J. F. Shyer, pianist and musician, Rockford, Ill., confessed judgment for \$1,185 and \$375 in favor of A. L. Hizer and W. Hallbeck, respectively.

At Washington a petition asking congress to give Cuba support has received over a thousand names, including some of the leading men of the city.

No ultimatum has been sent from Washington to England regarding the boundary dispute in Venezuela. The matter will be satisfactorily settled by diplomacy.

Prof. Bofersen, the distinguished Scandinavian author, died at New York from rheumatism of the heart.

Dun's Review of Trade shows a general return of prosperity in business.

A suit for \$15,000 damages has been commenced in the Circuit court at St. Joseph, Mich., against the "Big Four" railway company by Dennis Lynch.

It Will Pay

To make some provision for your physical health at this season, because a cold or cough, an attack of pneumonia or typhoid fever may now make you an invalid all winter. First of all be sure that your blood is pure, for health depends upon pure blood.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the One True Blood Purifier.

Hood's Pills

World's Fair Highest Award.

IMPERIAL GRANUM

Try it when the digestion is weak and no food seems to nourish. Try it when seems impossible to keep food on the stomach!

A FILTER INSIDE YOU

HOW YOUR BLOOD IS KEPT PURE. Health Comes From Pure Blood. Pure Blood Depends on Your Filter Inside You.

Your Kidneys Keep Your Blood Pure If They Are Well. A Few Facts About Them, and How to Make Them Well When They Are Sick.

Your blood is what nourishes your body. New blood is made every minute. It goes to the lungs, gets fresh air, and then passes through the body.

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There is nothing more poisonous than bad blood. A proof of this is rheumatism. It is simply a blood-poisoning caused by the bad matter left in the blood by sick kidneys.

Both kinds of kidney sickness are dangerous. Both can be cured by Dr. Hobb's Spargus Kidney Pills.

These are the most wonderful facts of our body is this natural filter inside us. Our kidneys are very important organs. We don't take enough care of them.

Rheumatism and Bright's Disease are very common. Anaemia, Neuralgia, Pain in the Back, Dizziness, Bladder Troubles, Gravel, Diabetes, Sleeplessness, Nervousness.

These are only a few symptoms, or so-called "diseases." Back of them all are the sick kidneys.

Once the filters can be made to work, all these symptoms will disappear.

Dr. Hobb's Spargus Kidney Pills are made principally from the roots of the saguaro cactus, which has a special curative action on the kidneys.

With a course of Dr. Hobb's Spargus Kidney Pills you will get new life. They will cure you when other medicines, which do not reach the real seat of disease, cannot help you.

Dr. Hobb's Spargus Kidney Pills are for sale by all druggists for 50c. Your box, or will be sent prepaid to any address, on receipt of price.

An interesting booklet, explaining about the kidneys and their power for good and evil, sent free on request. Address Hobb's Medicine Co., Chicago, or San Francisco.

CASUALTIES.

The roof of the malt house of the Globe Brewery, at Baltimore, Md., was damaged \$15,000 by fire, insured.

Spontaneous combustion of malt is supposed to have caused the fire. The building occupied by Hirsch & Phillipson, clothiers at Dowagiac, Mich., was gutted by fire. The damage by fire and water will run into the thousands, partly insured. A gasoline stove is supposed to have exploded.

Dr. Nealy's drug store, A. B. Church-ill's general merchandise store and Oscar Hyde's butcher shop were destroyed by fire at Lansing, Kan. By hard work the fire was kept from spreading to other buildings. The loss amounts to \$12,000.

At the laying of the corner stone of St. Mary's Roman Catholic Church at Lorain, Ohio, Sunday afternoon, the platform gave way and three hundred people were precipitated to the ground. One woman was killed outright and many people were fatally injured.

Engineer Frank Thom was killed in a boiler explosion in A. J. Hovell & Sons soda manufactory on Windsor creek, near New York city. Huge pieces of steel were hurled more than 300 feet.

At Erie, Wis., a freight train collision on the Milwaukee road caused a property loss of about \$25,000. One engineer was hurt.

A son of Rev. R. Warner, a Congressional minister of Neenah, Wis., fell from a house and sustained fatal injuries.

Mrs. Kruger, the wife of Jacques Kruger, the actor, of New York, is dead. Mrs. Kruger and her daughter were burned last Friday by the explosion of an alcohol lamp. The daughter died on the day after the accident.

Anton Dallor was struck by a train at Avon, Ohio, and instantly killed. He was 47 years old.

At Birmingham, Ala., Sam Childress tried to shoot his sweetheart in a fit of jealousy. He was killed by Deputy Sheriff Cole in attempting to escape.

Andrew Blamer, a farmer who lived near Johnston, O., committed suicide by cutting his throat from ear to ear. Blamer's brother George committed suicide a year ago.

Mrs. Christina Krauter, a widow aged 56, who has lived in Bay City, Mich., thirty years, crawled under her house, threw herself into the furnace and was drowned. It was supposed that she was temporarily deranged.

Near Vincennes, Ind., Ezra Teet shot and killed Clark Isham during a quarrel about wages. Both were loggers and had been drinking.

At Ottawa, Ill., Jim Berry, burglar, from Streator, and Arthur Omilar, La Salle, broke jail and escaped. For Berry there is \$100 reward.

Forty thousand dollars of mission funds have been embezzled from the Episcopal church by Henry Oakley, treasurer, and Rev. Mr. Newbold, general secretary of the society.

Governor Altgeld offered \$200 reward for the arrest and conviction of the murderers of John J. Malone, murdered near Cairo, Ill., April 17, 1896.

At Charleston, W. Va., A. J. Scott was hanged for the murder of his wife.

At Cole City, Ga., Neal Smith, negro, was taken from the jail and shot.

MAN WITH A SHADOW.

He had driven the Apache into the wide fastnesses of Devil's Mountain, but there they successfully eluded us, and Colonel Bradwick was about discouraged, when, one night shortly after dark, a sentinel brought in a stranger.

He was at least six feet and three inches in height, and he could not have weighed more than one hundred and forty pounds, but still he did not seem to be a man who was suffering from a disease, as his step was steady, though catlike, and his voice natural if restrained at times.

This stranger had a wild, haunted stare in his eyes, which combined with a manner of glancing nervously over his shoulders at intervals, made it seem that he was in constant dread of something. When he was presented to the colonel he dropped the butt of his long rifle on the ground and made an awkward salute.

"Well, my man," said Colonel Bradwick, curiously, "what are you doing in this Apache-infected section of the country?"

"Wa-al, kunnel," was the drawled reply, "thar be some things as is wuss'n 'Paches, though you may not believe it. My name's Saul Tropp."

"What is your business, Saul Tropp?" "It's mostly keepin' under liver when the sun shines 'in' sayin' low-mood-eight nights."

"Well, you seem to be in a bad section of the country for such a business. The sun shines every day, and there it not much cover for a man. There is more moon here than in any other part of the world. What do you want in this camp?"

"Reckoned I'd like ter be sociable, if you hev no objections. Out byr a man don't find much of anything to be sociable with, an' when white folks come along he feels as tickled as a dog with two tails."

"Are you acquainted with these mountains?" "Ae? I wa-al, I should say I are! I know 'em durned nigh from from one end to 'other."

"Then you may prove of service to us. We are hot after Red Hand's bunch, but they know the section so well they have twice given us the slip when they were cornered."

Jeff Shaw, however, informed me that he knew Tropp by reputation, and the man was straight enough, though there was not a doubt but he was crazy.

"He 'lows he's allus followed by a shadow," explained Shaw, who was a shadder. "Notice how he keeps lookin' over his shoulder uvry now an' agin? Wa-al, he's lookin' for the shadow."

"I observed a wild look in his eyes." "That kem that sence four year ago, when he killed a man over in Prescott. They do say that man he killed wuz Saul Tropp's perfect double-looked-so-much alike one couldn't 'a bin told from 'other. Some folks even went so far as to say it wuz Saul Tropp as wuz killed, and this man what has bin doggin' his shadder ever sence is 'other critter."

Tropp started out well. He had no horse, but we found him tireless and feet of foot. Still, he was ever glancing over his shoulder with those wild, haunted eyes, and dodging when he found his own shadow hanging close upon him. He loved the darkness of ravines and gorges, and I fancied I understood why he had buried himself in the mountains.

I observed he had a peculiar way of toting in with his left foot, and the impression made by that foot was one not easily forgotten.

Along in the middle of the afternoon Saul had one of his "spells." Of a sudden he gave a wild yell, whirled about and struck out right and left.

It was really as desperate a battle as I had ever witnessed, and I watched, Tropp felt gasping and foaming at the mouth to the ground, where he lay in a semi-unconscious condition.

However, in less than thirty minutes he seemed all right once more, and we went on.

"I reckon I'd best go now, kunnel, fer I'm shore you're good an' sick o' me an' my spells by this yar time. I hain't even so much as found one 'Pache sign fer ye, so I reckon I'll skip."

But Colonel Bradwick was interested in the fellow, and he would not hear it. "When I don't want you any more I'll tell you so," was all he said.

Near midnight we were aroused by a terrible racket, and I looked from my tent to find Saul Tropp fighting with his shadow in the moonlight. I watched him a moment, battling like a fiend with this imaginary something, and then he reeled into the deep shadow of the mountains that rose to our right. I knew then the "spell" was over.

HER FIRST OCEAN BATH.

Country Maid, Married Sister and Wicked Brother-in-Law.

At first she would and then she wouldn't; but really, after all, it would be a shame after coming 600 miles to the sea not to go into the surf. This and the married sister from Brooklyn, and the mild ridicule of her wicked brother-in-law, settled it. But she shivered as she noted the effects of the hired bathing suits upon the human form divine. Some of them were just too dreadful, says New York World.

You could mark her shrinking little figure coming down the sands, piloted by the married sister, to the spot where waited the wicked brother-in-law. Her freckled face was red, but not from the sun. She kept her eyes on the near foreground, certain that the 5,000 persons on the beach and pier were looking directly at her bare ankles.

"Oh, dear! let us go in quick; I want to cover up!" she said pleadingly. "Take her other hand, George," said the married sister. "Now, don't be a fool, Mary. You're not the only one here, remember," added the old-timer, who observed.

"Come on!" cried the wicked brother-in-law with a grin. And they ran down, pit-a-pat, spit-a-platter, just in time to meet a stiff roller curling in.

"Jump now!" yelled the married sister, but the wicked brother-in-law dragged her down with him, smothering a piercing shriek of terror.

When the gentle, freckled face came up again it was white instead of red, and she choked with salt water, and the smart in her eyes made the tears flow. She looked reproachfully at the wicked brother-in-law and shook him off, but before she recovered speech another wave knocked her over and buried her, screech and all.

"Keep hold of George!" cried the married sister. "Go way, you brute!" gasped the little one. "Don't you see I'm drowning? Oh! Oh! Yeow!"

Down she went again before a wave not more than knee high. The wicked brother-in-law laughed, and the mocking crowd on the sands.

"Come in here by the rope, Mary!" yelled the married sister. "Bring her in, George. What are you standing around there for?"

"Never!" cried the freckled girl, getting her voice once more. "You never told me it was ice water! And that it is nasty-ugh! I've swallowed a basketful of it-yes, and you think it's funny-don't you touch me! I'm going out! Now you dare!"

But the wicked George grabbed her round the slender waist and bore her, kicking, struggling, shrieking, her eyes flashing fire, out to the rope to his wife. And there she remained in wild frolic, terrors soon all forgotten, until both the wicked brother-in-law and his wife had to join in coaxing her to come out.

For all of this warning, the colonel engaged the man, and then he directed me to have a good watch set over the fellow, as he might prove crooked.

Three or four innocent looking nails that project about an inch above the sidewalk on Canal street, Chicago, furnished amusement the other day for hotel runners, cabmen, bartenders and a whole lot of other people. Under the sidewalk is an electric light wire which charges the nails. When any pedestrian struck his foot against the nails he would receive a shock and go down in a heap. Cabmen and hotel runners around the Union depot saw a man hurrying to catch a train. When he got in front of where the nails projected he shrieked and was sent sprawling into the gutter. His satchel went one way and his hat another. As he gathered himself up he said he had been struck by lightning, but as there had been no flash he was soon convinced that he was mistaken. While this man was brushing the mud off his clothes another man came along and stubbed his toe against one of the nails. He, too, was sent sprawling. The source of the trouble was then found out, and for four hours the spot was watched by an amusement loving crowd. Late in the afternoon Officer Derrig heard of the nails, and he reported the case to the fire department. The fun was soon stopped.

Ability is a poor man's wealth. A rifle team—a pair of pickpockets. A pawnbroker's life may not be a wealthy one, but it has its redeeming features.

The man who registers at the hotel at night can be said to be on the "retired list."

Marriage is not one-tenth as much a failure as the average summer resort engagement.

Dancing may improve your carriage somewhat, but it is no valuable accomplishment for the horse.

The wife of a Massachusetts minister wears a blue dress on Monday to match her husband's mood.

There wouldn't have been any milk in a cocoanut if some dairymen had had the construction of it.

A Pittsburg girl whose lover is a whitewasher named Kelsey, always calls him "Kelsey-Rhine."

Bright's disease seems to have a preference for great statesmen, and others of the same kind.

A good man is one who is talking very bitterly about the difficulty of getting into a church have never tried it.

AMERICA IN RUSSIA.

OUR CUSTOMS PENETRATING THE GREAT EMPIRE.

An Americanized Russian Has Entire Charge of Government Railway Enterprises—Why the Two Countries' Interests Are Becoming Identical.

THE portrait given herewith is that of Prince Michael Ivanovitch Khilkoff, recently appointed by the Czar Minister of Ways and Communications, which means that on him will devolve the task of completing the gigantic railroad enterprises inaugurated during the reign of Alexander III, including that greatest of them all, the Trans-Siberian line. As his face somewhat indicates, Prince Khilkoff is in many respects an Americanized Russian, and owes his present position to the practical experience he obtained while working many years ago in the humblest capacity on the railroads of this country, writes V. Gribayevoff in Leslie's Weekly. Prince Khilkoff comes of an old Russian noble family. Born late in the 'thirties, he entered the corps of Imperial Pages in his teens, and in 1853 received his appointment in the Guard. After serving several years he started on a trip around the world, accompanied by his former tutor, Mr. Zimmerman. It was on this occasion that he first visited the United States, and so profoundly was he impressed by American institutions that when, upon his return to Russia, he found the family fortunes seriously impaired as a result of the emancipation of the serfs, he decided to cross the Atlantic a second time in search of the opportunities denied him at home. These early struggles in a strange land, the language of which was unfamiliar to him, he has pathetically described in an autobiography published some years ago. He first secured work as a fireman on the Erie road, and presently rose to be assistant engineer. While in this capacity he learned of the demand for locomotive hands in South America, and succeeded in obtaining passage to Peru on a South American coaster. He met with many disappointments at the outset of this new venture, but in course of time, by dint of perseverance and fidelity, was promoted from fireman to assistant engineer, from that to chief engineer, and finally to superintendent of the rolling stock. He now bethought himself of the old country, with its huge area and paucity of railroads, and determined to return and devote his services to its welfare. Still, with the idea of perfecting his knowledge in the profession he had adopted, he stopped on his way back for a whole year at Liver-

pool, working as an ordinary mechanic in a locomotive machine-shop.

The story of Khilkoff's brave fight against adversity preceded him to Russia, and his return was marked by an immediate appointment as superintendent of the Kursk-Kieff Railroad. He filled this post honorably for several years, and was afterwards transferred to the more important Moscow-Riazan line. When the Russo-Turkish war broke out he was placed in charge of the Empress's special "Red Cross" train. Khilkoff's greatest service to his country consisted in his superintendence of the construction of a short line of railroad extending from Michaelovsk on the Caspian Sea to Kizil-Arvat, which enabled General Skobeleff to transport the Russian forces to Geok-Tepe, the great Akhal-Turkman stronghold. It was thus that the foundation was laid to the Trans-Caspian railroad, now an accomplished fact.

Bulgaria was Khilkoff's next field of activity. His ability as an executive caused him to be invited by Prince Leopold's government, in 1882, to accept the portfolio of Minister of Ways and Communications and of Commerce and Agriculture. He performed his onerous duties in a manner to win the regard of all political parties, and when, in common with other Russian officials, he surrendered his post after the coup d'etat of Philipoff, the regrets of the entire Bulgarian people followed him into retirement. The Prince has since distinguished himself in many ways, notably as Amuenkoff's right hand man in the extension of the Trans-Caspian Railway to Samarcand, and he has also held the position of inspector-general of the entire Russian railway system. All accounts agree that he is a man of broad views and untiring energy and the prospects are that he will do his utmost to hasten the completion of the Trans-Siberian Railroad. From this to the establishment of a line of steamers between Vladivostock and San Francisco there is but one step, in the opinion of many modern Russians, who thereby hope to see a tightening of the bonds of sympathy that unite their country to the United States. Khilkoff is said indeed to be an enthusiast in favor of a Russo-American alliance, but feels that such a result can only be attained through the development of the commercial relations of the two countries and the creation of common interests.

Brosches of Etiquette in China. It is a gross breach of etiquette for a Chinaman to wear eyeglasses or spectacles in company, and it is equally impolite to enter a room with the hat off. A gentleman from the celestial kingdom always remains covered to show his respect.

For I heard Saul fall heavily to the ground, uttering a dismal groan, and then all was still.

In the morning we found him just where he had fallen and his own knife was buried to the hilt in his heart. It is supposed he had stabbed himself in the mad contortions of his struggle, but Jeff Shaw pointed out tracks on the ground—a trail that led to the spot and away again. It was that of a man who toed in with his left foot, exactly as Tropp had done, and it passed within ten feet of the spot where a sentinel had been posted. That sentinel swore no living thing had passed him in the night. Some said Saul Tropp had sneaked out of the camp and returned in the night; some shook their heads and said nothing.

Deep in the darkness of a lonely ravine, amid those desolate mountains, we buried him where no shadow could ever haunt him more, for neither sunshine nor moonlight ever reached the spot to cast a shadow there.

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

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

This was a Good One. "Did I tell you the latest bright thing my little boy got off?" asked McBride, as he joined a group of friends at the club.

"Yes, you did," replied all in concert, with discouraging unanimity. "That's where I've caught you," retorted McBride, "for it only happened last evening, and I haven't seen a soul of you fellows since. Besides, this was really a good one."

"Then you haven't told it to us," replied Kliduff, speaking for the crowd "Go on."

"Yes, tell us quickly," added Skidmore, "and let us have the agony over." Thus encouraged, McBride began:

"You know, boys, little people have sharp ears, and they are not at all backward about telling any little scraps of information they pick up. This peculiarity has led a good many parents to resort to spelling-words when their young children are present. Of course that sort of thing is of no avail after the youngsters learn to spell. Well, Mrs. McBride and I are in the spelling stage now, and little Freddy is often very much mystified by our remarks to each other. Last night we had our new minister to dinner, and Freddy watched the good man helping himself very liberally to biscuits. He thought it a good opportunity to put into use the family verbal cipher, feeling perfectly certain that the minister would find it a little telling."

"So he called out, 'Mamma!' "What is it Freddy?" asked my wife. "Mamma, isn't the m-i-n-i-s-t-e-r a p-i-g?" spelled out Freddy, triumphantly.

The fellows had to admit that this story about McBride's boy was really a good one.—William Henry Siviter, in the "Editor's Drawer," in Harper's Magazine for August.

ONE MAN'S SUFFERING.

The Trials and Tribulations of a Battle Creek Citizen—How He Comes to Tell This Story.

Among the moulders at the works of the Michigan foundry company can be found Mr. Amos Maynard; he has lived in Battle Creek for over ten years, is honored and respected by all who know him; such is the man who makes this statement—he says, "I have had kidney trouble for years, and it has made my life miserable. The heavy lifting, necessary in my business, made me worse. I have been compelled to lie in bed in a helpless condition for as long as nine days at a time; the greatest pain was from my back, which sometimes felt as though it were being run through me in the region of my kidneys; many citizens of Battle Creek knew how bad I was. I could not move without the greatest caution, for as soon as I attempted to stoop over, bend to one side, or even turn in bed, the pain was simply unbearable, and I now feel as active as ever. A few months ago I would have ridiculed the idea of being cured so quickly, and being able to work as I can now. All the long-standing pains are gone, and the former traces of kidney disorders found in my urine have disappeared. I have recommended Doan's Kidney Pills to many friends who were troubled as I was, and in every case I have learned they proved as beneficial as with me. Doan's Kidney Pills would be cheap to