

PROTECTS USERS OF "ROYAL."

Baking Powder Company Wins Its Case in United States Court. The decision of Judge Showalter in a recent case that came up before him sustains the claims of the Royal company to the exclusive use of the name "Royal" as a trademark for its baking powder. The special importance of this decision consists in the protection which it assures to the millions of consumers of Royal baking powder against inferior and unwholesome compounds. The excellence of this article has caused it to be highly esteemed and largely used almost the world over. Its high standard of quality having been always maintained, consumers have come to rely implicitly upon the "Royal" brand as the most wholesome and efficient of any in the market. The cupidity of other manufacturers is excited by this high reputation and large demand. Very few of the hundreds of baking powders on the market are safe to use. If their makers could sell them under the name of a well-known, reputable brand incalculable damage would be done to the public health by the deception. The determination of the Royal Baking Powder Company to protect the users of Royal baking powder against imitators by a rigid prosecution of them makes such imitations of its brand extremely rare.

"Araby's Daughter" is the closing portion of Moore's poem, "The Fire Worshippers," one of the tales of Lalla Rookh. The melody was written by Kialmark, and is the same which was afterwards adapted to the "Old Oaken Bucket."

Over \$7,000,000 is invested in this country in ducks and geese.

Victor Emanuel's monument in the Pantheon at Rome has already cost \$2,000,000, and will need another \$3,000,000 before it is completed.

TAKING CHANCES.

WOMEN ARE CARELESS.

They Over-Estimate Their Physical Strength. Advice to Young Women.

(SPECIAL TO OUR LADY READERS.)

Women are very apt to over-estimate their strength and overtax it.

When they are feeling particularly well, they sometimes take chances which in the long run cause them much pain and trouble. This is due largely to their not fully realizing how delicate their sensitive organism is.

The girl who has just become a woman can hardly be expected to act wisely, everything is so new to her. She, however, should be told; and every woman should realize that to be well her "monthly periods" should be regular. Wet feet, or a cold from exposure, may suppress or render irregular and fearfully painful the menstrual, and perhaps sow the seed for future ill health.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will ever be the unfailing remedy in such cases as well as all the peculiar ailments of women. Millions of women live to prove this. Mrs. M. L. Verrill tells plainly what it has done for her:

"I will write you a few lines to tell you what my troubles were before taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It was the same old story—my back and lower part of my abdomen and painful menstruation. Of course it was female weakness. The doctors (I have tried five different ones) called it chronic inflammation of the womb.

"I had leucorrhea for over eight years—ulcers on the neck of the womb, terrible headaches and backaches. Your medicine completely cured me." — MRS. M. L. VERRILL, 222 Newell Ave., Pawtucket, R. I.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.
CURES AND PREVENTS
Colds, Coughs, Sore Throat, Influenza, Bronchitis, Pneumonia, Swelling of the Joints, Lumbricous Inflammations.

RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA,
Frostbites, Chilblains, Toothache, Headache, Asthma, DIFFICULT BREATHING.

CURES THE WORST PAINS in from one to twenty minutes. NOT ONE HOUR READERING THIS ADVERTISEMENT NEED ANY ONE SUFFER WITH IN.

A half to a teaspooonful in half a tumbler of water will in a few minutes cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Heartburn, Nervousness, Headache, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Dysentery, Colic, Flatulence, and all internal pains.

"The Blue Bells of Scotland" was the work of Annie McVicar, afterwards Mrs. Grant, the daughter of a Scottish officer in the British army. The melody was long believed to be Scottish, but is now known to be of English origin, being an old English folk song.

Bubbles or Medals.

"Best sarsaparillas." When you think of it how contradictory that term is. For there can be only one best in anything—one best sarsaparilla, as there is one highest mountain, one longest river, one deepest ocean. And that best sarsaparilla is—? There's the rub! You can measure mountain height and ocean depth, but how test sarsaparilla? You could, if you were chemists. But then, do you need to test it? The World's Fair Committee tested it, and thoroughly. They went behind the label on the bottle. What did this sarsaparilla test result in? Every make of sarsaparilla shut out of the Fair, except Ayer's. So it was that Ayer's was the only sarsaparilla admitted to the World's Fair. The committee found it the best. They had no room for anything that was not the best. And as the best, Ayer's Sarsaparilla received the medal and awards due its merits. Remember the word "best" is a bubble any breath can blow; but there are pins to prick such bubbles. Those others are blowing more "best sarsaparilla" bubbles since the World's Fair pricked the old ones. True, but Ayer's Sarsaparilla has the medal. The pin that scratches the medal proves it gold. The pin that pricks the bubble proves it wind. We point to medals, not bubbles, when we say: The best sarsaparilla is Ayer's.

TALES ABOUT TENANTS.

Funny Experiences of Landlords with Those Who Pay Rent.

The amusing story which has lately gone the rounds about the lady novelist who, having entered upon the tenancy of a rickety dwelling, asked the landlord of the same that she might be allowed to name it, and then had "Jerry-Built Hut" carved upon the front, has had many parallels of late years.

Not very long ago a sarcastic tenant advertised in several newspapers to the following effect: "Wanted, by gentleman who agreed to leave dwelling occupied by him as he found it on entering same, 100,000 lively black beetles," and then followed the advertiser's private address. Not very long ago, too, a case was reported in the papers, in which it appeared that the owner of a flat had given notice to quit to a lady whose tenancy of the flat had only just commenced, and who had, at great expense, had the rooms newly papered and decorated. When this lady received the notice to quit she and her maid promptly set to work with the black-lead and blacking brushes respectively, and the whitewash be-spangled walls soon assumed a most funeral hue.

Some little time since a well-known barrister—a lawyer certainly ought to have read the tenancy agreement—on entering upon a house in a fashionable west end row, unwittingly bound himself to paint the whole of the exterior of the dwelling. On finding what an expense he had made himself liable for, he remonstrated with the landlord, who simply smiled and declared that the bond must be fulfilled. Then did the wily barrister cause the whole front of his house to be painted in stripes of vivid green, yellow and pink, greatly to the chagrin of the fashionable neighbors, who were the tenants of the same landlord. In vain did the landlord storm; the barrister tenant threatened, unless the bond be canceled, to have the back of the house painted like a rainbow, with huge black spots covering it at intervals. Agreement canceled.—London Tid-Bits.

Walking Over Hot Lava.

During the eruption of Mount Vesuvius in July last the stream of molten lava flowing down the flank of the volcano, on the side toward Naples, buried a large section of the carriage road by which tourists ascend the mountain. About two months later a correspondent of the Youth's Companion visited Naples and climbed Vesuvius. At the point where the lava had cut across the road the mountain guides had constructed a foot path over the crust which had already formed on the surface of the stream of molten rock.

The experience of crossing was a most interesting one. The cooled lava, broken into masses of all sizes, and presenting grotesquely contorted forms, cracked and slipped under the feet, and its sharp points and edges cut the shoes as a heap of broken knife-blades might have done.

Occasionally a blast of heat, rising from under his feet, reminded the traveler of what was beneath him, while here and there large, ragged holes vomited steam and sulphurous vapors into his face.

In several places, one of which was but a few feet from the lava, the molten lava was still gushing from rents in the crust. It flowed downward with a creeping motion, its surface being curiously roughened by seams running crosswise in such a manner as to give the red-hot mass something the appearance of a gigantic burning worm, several rods in length and twenty or thirty feet broad, issuing out of the black side of the mountain, and slowly twisting its way along with successive contractions and expansions of its glowing segments.

The surface was already hardening while it flowed, and a stone thrown upon it, although making a dent, rebounded and skipped along without sinking into the fiery paste. One could stand within a yard of the edge and thrust the point of a cane or umbrella into the moving lava. The heat that struck the hands and face was not greater than that encountered at the open door of a furnace or close to a grate of burning coal.

SINGULAR FORM OF MONOMANIA.
There is a class of people, rational enough in other respects, who are certainly monomaniacs in doing themselves. They are constantly trying experiments upon their stomachs, their bodies, their kidneys with trashy nostrums. When these organs are really out of order, if they would only use Hostetter's Stomach Bitters they would, if not hopelessly insane, perceive its superiority.

SOLID BONES IN SPEEDY BIRDS.
Many birds which fly to perfection, swallow, for instance, have all their large bones solid.

A harsh cough distresses the patient, and racking both Lungs and Throat. Dr. D. Jayne's Expectorant is the remedy wanted to cure your Cough, and relieve both Pulmonary and Bronchial organs.

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CONSUELO TO BE SNUBBED.

Duchess of Marlborough Has No Standing in the Aristocracy.

Walking Over Hot Lava.

In exchange for her millions of gold American gold Consuelo Vanderbilt seems to have received but empty hours, according to advices from Paris. It is announced that the new Duchess of Marlborough, with all her wealth, will have a mighty hard time of it breaking into the charmed and very exclusive circle of European aristocracy—because she is "without ancestors." The Duke himself, by virtue of certain continental princely titles, bestowed upon his ancestor, Jack Churchill, the first duke, has the entree to every court in Europe, but his wife—well, "nit!" She being a lady "without ancestors" will have the doors shut in her face. Probably this will not disturb her young grace very much, seeing that her ancestry is certainly just as good and a great deal cleaner than that of the Duke, but the future Duchess of Marlborough will have no standing whatever with the real aristocrats of Europe, and her presentation at any court, save the English and Italian, is simply impossible. The Emperor of Austria, a descendant of the Roman Emperor Leopold, who conferred upon Jack Churchill the dignity of prince,

"Old Gibley knew what he was doing when he drew that fool contract. If I hadn't been on the hog I wouldn't have gone to work. Let's climb that old mountain and see how the sun works up here in Colorado." So the sinking sun that night found our two punchers on the loftiest peak, prepared to make observations. Slim got on the western slope and was to report the setting to Ru, who occupied the opposite side of the summit. Just as the upper edge of the fiery orb cut the horizon Slim warmed his fellow, with "There she goes," and received the depressing response of, "Yes, and here she comes, by thunder," pointing to the first crack of dawn in the East.—Denver Field and Farm.

Divorced but Take Lunch Together.

Isabella, ex-Queen of Spain, and her husband, ex-King Francisco, demonstrated the other day that such a little thing as a divorce should not keep aside couples from being polite, and even friendly, to each other. This royal pair have been divorced for many a year, and the testimony they gave about each other at the time of the divorce was the kind referred to by the press as "unfit for publication." Nevertheless, Isabella celebrated the anniversary of her marriage the other day, and,



MONEY MAY NOT MAKE THE "MARE GO" EVERYWHERE.

despite past unpleasantness, made quite a family party of it. Francisco d'Assisi, ex-King, and likewise ex-husband, appeared in person, offered congratulations, and partook of lunch. Isabella and Francisco are double first cousins. Therefore his ex-majesty, the sibling against party in their late troubles, could not say, with a certain worthy familiar under similar circumstances, that he thanked God his wife was no blood relation.—New York World.

Fish that Climb Trees.

There is a fish named the climbing perch found in India, the Malay Archipelago and other parts of the East Indies, which is able to live out of water, and even with the aid of the spines of gills and fins, to ascend a tree.

This curious amphibian possesses sponge-like projections at the sides of its head, which serve the purpose of lungs, so that it can remain out of water for a long time. Indeed, some observers of its habits assert that it leaves the water every night.

Fish that Climb Trees.

Two Cow Punchers Whose Contract Kept Them a Long Time on Duty.

Slim Whackell and Ru Hacketon were two cow punchers employed by old man Gibley, and a clause in their contract specified the hours of labor to be from sunup to sundown. Way up in the lofty mountain park ranged the beef steer of old man Gibley, culling the rank grasses and piling on pounds of fat for the benefit of Armour. Slim and Ru were close-herding the steers, and sat in the saddle from dawn till dusk, masticating plug tobacco and bewailing their lot in life. "I'm no calamity howler," said Slim, "but it does seem me that the days up here are uncommon long. They bear a heap longer than down in Texas, and peculiar, too, the nights are a heap shorter. What's the matter with this year no 'count country, anyhow? Seems like a seller don't mor'n slide outen the saddle 'fore he's crawl' in' onther bronk agin. Long ez I did live I never see such days as these."

He was more taciturn, but coincided in his partner's opinion that the days were lengthy, and suggested that perhaps the agreement calling for work from sun to sun had affected their imagination. "Tain't so," said Slim.

Effect of Tree Destruction.

The influence of forests in protecting the water supply is well illustrated in the case of Greece. In ancient days she possessed 7,500,000 acres of forest.

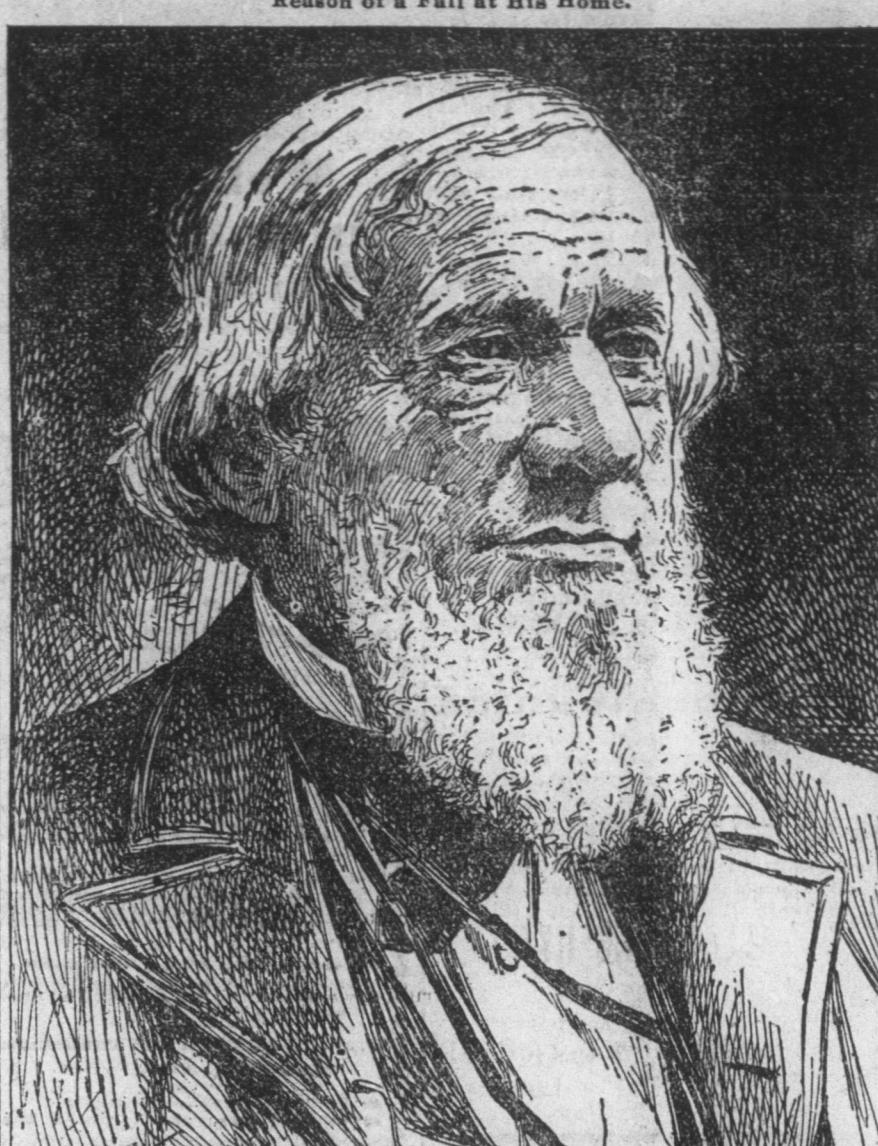
Today she has hardly 2,000,000 acres,

and the scarcity of water and other injurious climatic effects are traceable to the destruction of the trees.

What is the disadvantage of being an orphan?

ALLEN G. THURMAN, OHIO'S "OLD ROMAN."

Nestor of Democratic Party Who Has Recently Been Near Death's Door by Reason of a Fall at His Home.



The Man for the Occasion.

Not long since Sandoz was going from Kansas City to Omaha, and the strong man had occasion to go into the day coach. In passing through the car he was accosted by a tall gentleman, with long whiskers a la Taffy.

"Excuse me, sir," he said, "but are you not Mr. Sandoz?"

"Yes," said the strong man.

"You can life three tons in harness?"

"Yes, sir, that is my record," the heroics returned.

"You can hold 200 weight at arm's length?"

"Yes."

"And put up 300 pounds with one arm?"

"Yes."

"And 600 with two?"

"Yes."

"Well, then, would you kindly raise this car window for me?"—St. Louis Republic.

WITHOUT FOOD OR SLEEP.

THE TORTUROUS TRIAL OF MISS CALLIE HUMMEL.

Doctors Said She Had Chronic Trouble of the Stomach and Could Not Be Cured—She Has Now Recovered Her Good Health and Spirits and the Neighbors Say It's a Miracle.

From the New Era, Greensburg, Ind.

The editor of the New Era had heard that Miss Callie Hummel, of Sunman, Ripley Co., Indiana, had been cured of a severe case of chronic stomach trouble and dyspepsia. As the story sounded almost improbable, we determined to learn the truth of the matter and to interview the doctor who had cured her.

We called on Miss Hummel and found her to be a beautiful and charming young lady, still in her teens and quite intelligent. The glow of perfect health appeared on her ruddy cheeks, and she was not the least disinclined to relate her marvelous experience.

"I had stomach trouble and dyspepsia nearly all my life," she said, in her pleasant way, "and the older I got the worse it grew on me and the more severe it became. I could eat scarcely anything and sleep was a rarity with me my trouble was so painful. After doctoring with my physician here for several years, he recommended any number of nostrums and a great many different kinds of medical aid. I went to Cincinnati, where I was treated by the ablest physicians without the least success. Discouraged and distressed, I returned home and began trying the many different medicines which I saw advertised, but not one did me the least noticeable good. My trouble steadily grew worse, and in most undesirable ways. I became sadly despondent and grew pale and thin as a skeleton for want of sleep and food, but neither could I enjoy. My mother saw an article about Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and recommended them to me, and I began taking them with great relish. 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