

Is Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Yal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

Some Odd Looking English Hats. Stubbs, in his "Anatomy of Abuses," describes a pleasing variety of new fashioned headgear—hats perking up like the spear or shaft of a temple; hats flat and broad on the crown, like the battlements of a house, and round crowns with bands of every color. This variety of shape consorted with an equal variety of material—silk, velvet, taffeta, sarsenet, wool and "a fine hair, which they call beaver, fetched from beyond the seas." Whoso had not hat of velvet or hat of taffeta was held of no account among the gilded youth of the time, and so common a thing was this ostentation in the matter of head covering that "every serving man, countryman or other, even all indifferently, did wear of these hats."—All the Year Round.

UNITED STATES COURT.

An Editor Acquitted of the Charge on Printing a Lottery Advertisement.

Joseph Muller who was charged with having published a lottery advertisement in the Dodge County Pioneer, at Mayville, was acquitted in the United States Court yesterday. The case is an important victory for the Louisiana State Lottery. It was charged that a certain notice appeared in the paper, which is a German weekly, was an advertisement under the new law forbidding the mailing of publications containing lottery advertisements. The card read as follows: CONRAD! CONRAD! CONRAD! CARD TO THE PUBLIC.

While it is true that I have been elected president of the Louisiana State Lottery company, vice M. A. Dauphin, deceased, I am still president of the Gulf Coast Ice and Manufacturing company, and all orders for material, machinery, etc., as well as all other business letters should be addressed to me as before. PAUL CONRAD, box 1,358, New Orleans.

Gen. E. S. Bragg, of Pond du Lac, defended Mueller, arguing that the advertisement did not come within the scope of the statute. The jury was out but a few minutes.—Milwaukee (Wis.) Sentinel.

A Novelty in Menus.

At a recent London dinner a novelty was introduced in the shape of a menu which soon bids fair to become a fad in London circles, and which is original enough to deserve mention. The eldest child of the house, Miss Enid Dickens is photographed by her aunt, well known in London as an amateur photographer. The photograph was presented to each guest as a menu card. The little girl is represented spreading out a tablecloth on which is the word "menu." Following this word there is room for the viands.

The idea is a pretty one, and it will doubtless find many imitators, especially on such occasions as family reunions and notably in the case of a dinner given for a child's birthday.—New York World.

"Brown's Bronchial Troches," are an effective Cough Remedy. Sold only in boxes. Price 25 cts.

A Pointer in Meteorology.

Jack—Uncle Tom, is it really so that the moon makes the tide? Uncle Tom—Yes, my boy, I believe that if it wasn't for moonlight nights there wouldn't be so many tied.—Pittsburg Pulletin.

The Chinese settlers on the Island of Sumatra have a strange and ludicrous form of salutation. When they meet each other, after an absence of a month or longer, they do not shake hands, but each grasps the other's hand, and each grasps his own hand, shaking it vigorously for a few moments.—Yankee Blade.

Advice to Stout Women.

In choosing the material for your coat, just remember that it must be becoming not only in color, but also in material. A very smart plaid material, or a close check may be suitable for your friend who is tall and slender, writes Isabel A. Mallon. But on you, whose short and plump, it will have the effect of making you appear at least an inch shorter, consequently you want to avoid that. On stout women, generally, smooth, plain cloth is smart.

PRICE'S Cream Baking Powder

Millions of Homes—30 Years the Standard.

THE HAUNTED CHAMBER.

"THE DUCHESS" CHAPTER VII.

There is a shout from somebody, and then a silence. The revolver in the scuffle had gone off! Through the house the sharp crack of a bullet rings loudly, rousing many from their slumbers.

Lights can be seen in the passages; terrified faces peep out from half-opened doors. Dora Talbot, coming into the corridor in a pale pink cashmere dressing gown trimmed with swan's-down, in which she looks the very personification of innocence and youth, screams loudly, and demands hysterically to be informed as to the cause of the unusual noise.

The servants have rushed from their quarters in alarm. Ethel Villiers, with a pale scared face, runs to Florence Delmaise's room, and throws her arms round that young lady as she comes out pale but composed, to ask in a clear tone what has happened.

As nobody knows, and as Florence in her heart is more frightened than she cares to confess, being aware through Adrian that some of the men are still up in the smoking room, and fearing that a quarrel had risen among them, she proposes that they should go to the smoking-room in a body and make inquiries.

Old Lady FitzAlmont, with Lady Gertrude sobbing on her arm, seconds this proposal, and, being a veteran of much distinction, takes the lead. Those following close behind, are glad of this, and hopeful because of it, her appearance being calculated to rout any enemy. The awful character of her dressing-gown and the severity of the night-cap that crowns her martial head would strike terror to the hearts of any midnight marauders. They all move off in a body, and guided unconsciously by Florence, approach the smoking-room.

Voices loud in conversation can be heard as they draw near: the door is slightly ajar. Florence drawing back as they come up to it, the old lady waves her aside, and advances boldly to the front. Flushing wide open the door, she bursts upon the astonished company within.

"Where is he?" she asks, with a dignity that only heightens the attraction of the cap and gown. "Have you secured him?" "Sir Adrian, where is the constable? Have you sent for him?"

Sir Adrian, whose gaze is fixed upon the fair vision in the trailing white gown standing timidly in the doorway, forgets to answer his interrogator, and the others, taken by surprise, maintain a solemn silence.

"Why this mystery?" demands Lady FitzAlmont sternly. "Where is the miscreant? Where is the man that fired that murderous shot?" "Here, madame," replies the surgeon dryly, indicating Arthur Dynecourt by a motion of the hand.

"He—who? Mr. Dynecourt?" ejaculates her ladyship in a disappointed tone. "It was all a mistake, then? I must say, Mr. Dynecourt," continues the old lady in an indignant tone, "that I think you might find a more suitable time in which to play off your jokes, or to practice target shooting, than in the middle of the night, when every respectable household ought to be wrapped in slumber."

"I assure you," begins Arthur Dynecourt, who is strangely pale and discomposed, "it was all an accident—"

"Accident! Nonsense, sir; I don't believe there was any accident whatsoever!"

As these words pass the lips of the frail old Lady FitzAlmont has just put their own thoughts into words? "Let me explain to your ladyship," says Sir Adrian courteously. We were just talking about that unfortunate affair of the Stewarts, and Maitland was showing us how it might have occurred. I had the revolver in my hand so—pointing the weapon toward himself.

Put down that abominable weapon at once, sir!" commands Lady FitzAlmont, in a menacing tone, largely mingled with abject fear. As she speaks she retreats precipitately behind Florence, thus pushing that young lady to the fore.

"When my cousin unhappily stumbled against me, and the revolver went off," goes on Sir Adrian. "I'm deeply grieved, Lady FitzAlmont, that this should have occurred to disturb the household; but, really, it was a pure accident."

"A pure accident," repeats Arthur, from between his colorless lips.

He looks far more distressed by this occurrence than Sir Adrian, who had narrowly escaped being wounded. This only showed his tenderness and proper feeling, as almost all the women present mutually agreed. Almost all, but not quite. Dora Talbot, for example, grows deadly pale as she listens to the explanation and watches Arthur's ghastly face. What is it like? The face of a murderer?

"Oh, no, no," she gasps inwardly; "surely not that!" "It was the purest accident, I assure you," protests Arthur again, as though anxious to impress this conviction upon his own mind.

"It might have been a very serious one," says the surgeon gravely, regarding him with a keen glance. "It might have meant death to Sir Adrian!"

Florence changes color and glances at her host with parted lips. Dora Talbot, pressing her way through the group in the doorway, goes straight up to him as if impulsively, and takes his hand in both hers.

"Dear Sir Adrian, how can we be thankful enough for your escape?" she says sweetly, tears standing in her bright blue eyes. She presses his hand warmly, and even raises it to her lips in a transport of emotion. Standing there in the pretty pink dressing-gown that shows off her complexion to perfection, Dora Talbot looks lovely.

"You are very good—very kind," returns Sir Adrian, really touched by her concern, but still with eyes only for the white vision in the doorway; "but you make too much of nothing. I am only sorry I have been the unhappy cause of rousing you from your rosy dreams; you will not thank me tomorrow when there will be only lilies in your cheeks."

The word lily brings back to him his last interview with Florence. He glances hurriedly at her right hand; yes, the same lily is clasped in her fingers. Has she sat ever since with his gift before her, in her silent chamber? Along—in grief perhaps. But why has she kept his flower? What can it all mean?

"We shall mind nothing, now you are safe," Dora assures him tremulously. "I think I might be shown some consideration," puts in Arthur, trying by violent effort to assert himself, and to speak lightly. "Had anything happened surely I should have been the one to be pitied. It would have been my fault, and Mrs. Talbot, I think you might show some pity for me." He holds out his hand, and mechanically Dora lays her own in it.

But it is only for an instant, and she shudders violently as his touch meets hers. Her eyes are on the ground, and she can not bring herself to look at him. Drawing her fingers hurriedly from his, she goes to the door and disappears from view.

In the meantime, Sir Adrian, having made his way to Florence, points to the lily.

"You have held it ever since?" he asks, in a low tone. "I hardly hoped for so much. But you have not congratulated me, you alone have said nothing."

"Why need I speak? I have seen you with my own eyes. You are safe. Believe me, Sir Adrian, I congratulate you most sincerely upon your escape." Her words are cold, her eyes downcast. She is deeply annoyed with herself for having carried the lily into his presence here. The very fact of his having noticed it and spoken to her about it has shown her how much importance he has attached to her doing so. What will he think of her. He will doubtless picture her to himself sitting weeping and brooding over a flower given to her by a man who loves her not, and to whom she has given her love unsolicited.

Her marked coldness so oppresses him that he steps back, and does not venture to address her again. It occurs to him that she is reserved because of Arthur's presence.

Presently, Lady Fitz Almont, marshaling her forces anew, carries them all away to their rooms, soundly railing the sobbing Lady Gertrude for her want of self-control.

The men too, shortly afterward disperse, and one by one drift away to their rooms. Captain Ringwood and Maitland the surgeon being the last to go.

"Who is the next heir to the castle?" asks the latter musingly, drumming his fingers idly on a table near him. "Dynecourt the fellow who nearly did for Sir Adrian this evening?" replies Ringwood quietly.

"Ah!" "It would have meant a very good thing for Arthur if the shot had taken effect," says Ringwood, eying his companion curiously.

"It would have meant murder, sir!" rejoins the surgeon shortly.

(Continued next Week)

Poisons.

The most familiar poison is probably morphia, or some similar narcotic. Prussic acid is the most rapidly fatal of all poisons in its action. Chemical tests can now be applied to detect with great certainty poison in food or water, and in the body after death. If scientific examination and judicial inquest be possible, almost any poison can be detected after death, either by the lesions produced in the organs affected, or by the extraction from the corpse of the victim of the poison itself, and by a study of the properties. As for poisoning being a lost art possessed in a higher degree of perfection by the Borgians and others, that belief is a fancy. The people of any of her age could have taught us nothing new in that regard. The poisons of the Borgias would not now be considered beyond detection, or, in fact at all difficult.

May—"What on earth made you refuse Lord Sideboard's offer?" Ethel—"Well, it's bad enough to be called lady by policemen and ticket choppers without legalizing the epithet."—New York Sun.

Grains of Gold.

Hearts may agree though heads differ. No one can disgrace us but ourselves. Kindness will creep when it cannot go.

No man can pray right who lives wrong. Our heaviest burdens are those we borrow.

True prayer never stops looking for an answer. He that has endured evil knows best what good is.

Raise no more spirits than you can conjure down. All fame is dangerous; good brings envy; bad, shame.

We get acquainted with ourselves by knowing other people. Disappointments are to the soul what a thunderstorm is to the air.

One who teaches great truths should live up to the doctrine he professes. Crime succeeds by sudden despatch; honest success gain vigor by delay.

How's This!

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props, Toledo, O.

We the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligation made by their firm.

West & Truax, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. Walsing, Kimman & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free.

Unnecessary Smuggling.

Mr. Charles Allen, a medical student of Leamington, Ont., is just now the target of a good many jests. A few days ago he smuggled a human skeleton across the Detroit river to Canada. He padded his purchase, dressed it in woman's clothes with a stylish hat had a deep blue veil, and, propping it up in this buggy beside him, drove on the ferryboat and crossed to Windsor. The disguise was so clever that the customs officers did not give him a second glance, and the young man hugged himself for his cleverness and forthwith told his friends, who informed him that Canada does not impose a tax on articulated skeletons!

The Only One Ever Printed. Can You Find the Word?

There is a three-inch display advertisement in this paper, which has no two words alike, except one word. The same is true of each new one appearing each week, from the Dr. Hartner Medicine Co. This house places a "Crest" on everything they make and publish. Look for it, and send the name of the word and they will return you BOOK BEAUTIFUL LITHOGRAPHS or SAMPLES FREE.

There is a whirlpool in the Santa Fe river, three miles northwest of High Springs, Fla., into which 1,000 feet of line has been lowered without finding bottom.

TANSY PILLS!

Dr. CATON'S RELIABLE COMPOUND FOR LADIES are Safe, Prompt, Effective. The original and only genuine Woman's Salvation. Sent direct, \$1. sealed. Advice free. CATON MED. SPEC. CO., Boston, Mass. Sold by all local druggists.

EVERY BODY

That contemplate building or remodeling their buildings should call on or write Irvin Friddle for specifications, estimates and information regarding Plumbing Steam and Hot water heating. The best of references furnished. Specifications and estimates made free. Correspondence solicited. Address: IRVIN FRIDDLE, Box 185, York, Neb.

REURET

130 Adams St., Chicago. This Excellent French Specialized Cures for Life all Chronic, Nervous and Acquired Diseases of Men, Organic Weakness, Stunted Development and Vertigo.

"Life's Secret Errors," with question list, etc. \$12500 A Month and Expenses. To Agents to Sell CIGARS to DEALERS. John G. Rising & Co., St. Paul, Minn. Samples Free!

REURET PILLS

REURET PILLS. 130 Adams St., Chicago. This Excellent French Specialized Cures for Life all Chronic, Nervous and Acquired Diseases of Men, Organic Weakness, Stunted Development and Vertigo.

REURET PILLS. 130 Adams St., Chicago. This Excellent French Specialized Cures for Life all Chronic, Nervous and Acquired Diseases of Men, Organic Weakness, Stunted Development and Vertigo.

REURET PILLS. 130 Adams St., Chicago. This Excellent French Specialized Cures for Life all Chronic, Nervous and Acquired Diseases of Men, Organic Weakness, Stunted Development and Vertigo.

REURET PILLS. 130 Adams St., Chicago. This Excellent French Specialized Cures for Life all Chronic, Nervous and Acquired Diseases of Men, Organic Weakness, Stunted Development and Vertigo.

REURET PILLS. 130 Adams St., Chicago. This Excellent French Specialized Cures for Life all Chronic, Nervous and Acquired Diseases of Men, Organic Weakness, Stunted Development and Vertigo.

REURET PILLS. 130 Adams St., Chicago. This Excellent French Specialized Cures for Life all Chronic, Nervous and Acquired Diseases of Men, Organic Weakness, Stunted Development and Vertigo.

REURET PILLS. 130 Adams St., Chicago. This Excellent French Specialized Cures for Life all Chronic, Nervous and Acquired Diseases of Men, Organic Weakness, Stunted Development and Vertigo.

"German Syrup"

I must say a word as to the efficacy of German Syrup. I have used it in my family for Bronchitis, the result of Colds, with most excellent success. I have taken it myself for Throat Troubles, and have derived good results therefrom. I therefore recommend it to my neighbors as an excellent remedy in such cases. James T. Durette, Earlysville, Va. Beware of dealers who offer you "something just as good." Always insist on having Boschce's German Syrup.

Tutt's Tiny Pills

A single dose produces beneficial results, giving cheerfulness of mind and buoyancy of body to which you were before a stranger. They enjoy a popularity unparalleled. Price, 25c.