

A member of Health.

Housekeepers faintly realize the danger of an indiscriminate use of the numerous baking powders nowadays found upon every hand, and which are urged upon consumers with such persistence by peddlers and many grocers on account of the big profits made in their sale. Most of these powders are made from sharp and caustic acids and alkalis which burn and inflame the alimentary organs and cause indigestion, heartburn, diarrhoeal diseases, etc. Sulphuric acid, caustic potash, burnt alum, all are used as gas-producing agents in such baking powders. Most housekeepers are aware of the painful effects produced when these chemicals are applied to the external flesh. How much more acute must be their action upon the delicate internal membranes! Yet unscrupulous manufacturers do not hesitate to use them, because they make a very low-cost powder, nor do they urge the use of their powders so made, by all kinds of alluring advertisements and false representations.

All the low priced or so-called cheap baking powders, and all powders sold with a gift or prize, belong to this class.

Baking powders made from chemically pure cream of tartar and bicarbonate of soda are among the most useful of modern culinary devices. They not only make the preparation of finer and more delicious cookery possible, but they have added to the digestibility and wholesomeness of our food. But baking powders must be composed of such pure and wholesome ingredients or they must be tabooed entirely.

Dr. Edson, Commissioner of Health of New York, in an article in the "Doctor of Hygiene," indicates that the advantages of a good baking powder and the exemption from the dangers of bad ones in which the harsh and caustic chemicals are used, are to be secured by the use of Royal Baking Powder exclusively, and he recommends this to all consumers. "The Royal," he says, "contains nothing but cream of tartar and soda refined to a chemical purity, which when combined under the influence of heat and moisture produce pure carbonic, or leavening, gas. The two materials used, cream of tartar and soda, are perfectly harmless even when eaten, but in this preparation they are combined in exact compensating weights, so that when chemical action begins between them in the dough they practically disappear, the substance of both having been taken to form carbonic-acid gas." Hence it is, he says, that the Royal Baking Powder is the most perfect of all conceivable agents for leavening purposes.

It seems almost incredible that any manufacturer or dealer should urge the sale of baking powders containing injurious chemicals in place of those of a well-known, pure, and wholesome character simply for the sake of a few cents a pound greater profits; but since they do, a few words of warning seem to be necessary.

THE WAY OF THE WORLD.



CHAPTER V.—Continued.

I waited no longer; hastily packing a few clothes in a bundle that I could carry in my hand, writing a note to my lawyer, instructing him to collect the rents, and remit the proceeds as I should afterwards direct, and giving him permission to rent my house, I clasped my boy by the hand, and I remember to this moment with what thrilling fervor he returned that grasp, and out into the darkness and storm we went together—my boy and I. Cared I not where I went, nor how fearfully the storm raged, how vivid the lightning, how swollen the streams, how dangerous the bridges, for the danger ahead, no matter what it might be, even unto death, if death would come to both alike, was sunshine and delectable joy to the immeasurable horror of the danger which lurked behind.

I was by no means poor. I had on my person quite a sum of money. But money then was dangerous. It might have me into the very jaws I was fleeing from. To board the midnight train simply meant that on the morrow the telegraph and the law would stay my journey. To procure a conveyance and ride across the country to a railroad station where none knew me, or my boy, or my story, would only put pursuers on my track. I need not relate that night's experience. I refer to it now with dread and horror. I found kind friends who aided me and my boy to flee.

One afternoon we reached the village of Sandy Lake, then a quiet little settlement where I felt my boy was safe. I changed my name to Patterson. It was my grandmother's name. I need not excuse that act. Before my God I felt that I was justified in doing a thing not criminal, that would prevent being robbed of my boy.

My life here is familiar to you and the good people of this neighborhood. I have sought to do good to my fellow-men and fellow-women, and trust that when I am dead some one will have cause to say that the world is a little better for Mrs. Patterson having lived in it.

Four years passed and I was beginning to make myself believe that my hiding place would never be discovered by the father of my boy. It was not to be.

One evening, just at dusk, my darling Louis came running into the house, all out of breath, and when he could speak, he told me of meeting a stranger who had asked several questions about his mother, and had made him run home and say that Silas Groundwig, an acquaintance of years ago, would call to see her at once. Eric the boy had finished his message, the man came. I remembered too well that name. It was my husband, the father of my boy. My heart ceased to throb. At least I thought it did. When the hot blood ought to have coursed through my veins at lightning speed, it failed to do its work, and I stood before the man transfixed with horror, but fortunately I did not lose my consciousness.

"Well, Madame, this is rather a cold reception to extend to your husband after the long chase you have given him."

His voice brought me to myself. In a moment I gathered strength, not the puny strength of a woman, but the strength of a giant. The blow he gave me years before on that bed of pain seemed to be inflicted again, and again it stung me to the heart. I looked about me and saw we were alone. I was so thankful my boy had returned to his father. Cool and calmly as I wrote these words, I gazed at that man. I saw he was a wreck, and that kind of a wreck which is all danger. I looked him straight in the eye. There was no hope there. His lips were closed though livid with an ashen hue. I saw the color come and go in his face, as if his brain was busy with the past. With the utmost deliberation, and with a boldness that chilled me through, I replied:

"No, I prefer to stand."

"As you please," I answered.

"Susan Groundwig,"

At the mention of that name I started as though he had struck me, and my boy another blow. I was subdued in a second. I became meek and weak as a little child. All my great courage had gone from me. I was helpless and powerless. I felt I was again in that man's mercy. A dread of a terrible something about to happen overpowered me, and I waited with breathless anxiety the next step in the drama. Was it to end with a tragedy?

"Susan Groundwig," and I again started at the sound of that name, "You do not answer. Do you not know your name? You may forget it, but you cannot forget you are my wife."

"Silas Groundwig," as last, I found strength and courage to say, "you have no right, sir, to call me by that name. When a husband strikes his wife and her unborn babe a blow with intent to kill both, he has no right to ever again come into that woman's presence and pollute the air she breathes with a word from his lips. To save my child from your merciless clutches, I fled from my home. To all I held dear on earth my boy and I bade eternal farewell. Mother's grave, father's memory, the home of my childhood, all, everything, I fled from, to escape your rest to carry of my child. At best you have found me.

And now, Silas Groundwig, what is your wish?"

For more than a minute, which seemed an hour, he stood before me and answered not a word.

He was pale and white and still as a dead man right from the grave. Finally the painful stillness was broken by Groundwig's exclaiming:

"Susan Groundwig, the business which brought me here can be easily arranged, and long before the clock strikes 10 I can be on my way out of your presence—as my presence seems so hateful to you—never again to return. It is for you to say—not for me; or before the clock shall strike again, I can signal my comrades, who are hard by, to seize your boy, and take him forever from your sight."

I was stunned for a moment and it took me several seconds to collect sense and strength to say:

"Silas Groundwig, what is it you ask?"

"Madam, I want nothing but you can comply with. I am poor; I am an outcast in the world. I have been driven to desperate deeds to make the world give me a living. I am at the mercy of worse outlaws than myself. They have come hither at my bidding to obtain money. I know you have it in your house and I want \$5,000. I must have it and don't care to argue the matter. It is useless to say that to comply with my request you make yourself and your boy beggars, and in the opinion of your fellow-men, a thief, defamer, and a scoundrel. Neither do you care to see your child, whose mutterings you can hear this moment. There is no time to lose. I must signal them to come in for money or your boy. They have been promised one or the other.

Where now was my God that He didn't strike that wretch dead as he stood there, with such words on his lips? I am to rob myself, rob my boy, rob my friends and go forth to beg and a thief, and for what? Heaven! to save my child! Can I longer hesitate? Money, honor, reputation, everything I have in this world must go if I would have my boy stay. My head grew dizzy. The room was whirling round. I involuntarily led the way to the bed room. He followed me. I took from its hiding place a key. I unlocked my writing desk. I touched a secret spring in a drawer, and pointed to the exposed money. Not a word was said. He seizes the roll of bank bills, gave me a demonic look and passed into the darkness without.

Then I swooned away. When I came to myself I realized what I had done. My God! the thought was killing me. I had violated the trust and now was a thief. Had I not pointed out the money to that man, that monster? I called to the doctor to help me in my terrible distress.

Next day I was watching from the window for my little boy to return from school. And when I saw him he had a letter in his hand coming up the lane waving it. Another moment and he bounded into the room, and throwing a sealed envelope into my lap, fairly shouts to me to open it and read it quick, because the postmaster has just received a dispatch asking him to deliver the letter to me at once and have me telegraph an answer. There comes the postmaster up the lane now. "Open it mother; read it quick."

I looked at the boy in amazement. A dispatch. A letter. An answer must be telegraphed quick. What does it mean? More trouble? Is not my cup full? Is there room in this fast throbbing heart for more sorrow? Can there be any more weary tears in these eyes? Mechanically I tore open the envelope. The letter is from my New England home. I care not for the date. "Dear madam," are idle words. A piece of paper drops to the floor. My boy picks it up and holds it before me while I read:

"Enclosed you will find a draft on the Bank of Commerce City of New York, for the sum of three thousand dollars, payable to the order of your son, Eric. There is plenty of room for tears. The mist grows thicker. The postmaster begs pardon for intruding on my privacy at such a time, but says it is urgent that the telegraph my answer at once. I hand him the letter and ask him to finish reading it. He reads it to your order, and says the National Woolen Mill Company there is a reasonable going on for shares. In searching for you by enclosed paper, I remit to you the assignment by your father of the forty shares owned by him to your former husband and to your order. The company at once repaid the dividends, amounting to three thousand dollars, and that amount I remit to you by enclosed draft. To enable the friends of your late father to obtain a majority of the shares in order to control the property, I have had management, so they can buy the stock for much less than its real value. I put the shares in your name, which were yours rather than his, for five thousand dollars. As the election of directors is to be held on the 21st instant, a speedy answer, and by telegraph, is necessary. I advise you to sell.

"Yours truly,"

"HAROLD EMMONDSON."

It required but a moment for me to conclude that I had been deceived. Mr. Edmondson had proven himself honest and faithful to my interests. I would trust him now. My answer went quick, "I accept." In a few days another draft came, and my faith in that divinity which doth all things well was restored, and from the most miserable of beings I became the happiest.

Thus you see, my kind friend, that the answer I gave you when you asked my hand in marriage was the only one I could give you, though you thought me cruel and heartless. I know the courts are open to me for a severance of the marriage bond. But can never consent to do an act that will serve to withdraw from me, in the least degree, the good opinion and warm regard of my neighbors. Your friend,

MATILDA PATTERSON.

CHAPTER VI.

THE DAY OF SADNESS.

What more charming and fascinating time and place for lovers than an evening on such a craft—or so beautiful a lake? The month of August has fairly entered on its second week. The slowly lengthening twilight brings with it myriads of objects to see and hear. The long shadows of bluffs and trees, which have darkened the water in big spots, seem to have spread until they cover all the lake, and it is now all shadows, or so shadows, just as fancy pictures. The flocks are full of birds, and the forests are full of birds. The katydid's whistling; its monotonous notes, closing with a low trill, attempting the difficult feat of singing in

a whisper, and perched on distant fenceposts, the mated quail, emitting the weather prophet's skill, are announcing the prospect of "more wet." The prairie chicken drums and drums, and scolds the noise a song, while the cooling doves, winging pairs, make most plaintive whistlings, as though mourning and loving were to them the same. The owl, awakening from his all-day sleep, stretches out his neck from beneath his wings, and beats a warning to his prey. The golden-rod, the wild sun-flower, the broad expanse of prairie blossoms fresh from their sun baths, nod in the gentlest of gentle breezes, and open their invisible mouths to catch the dew of night. The beautiful daisy and the pretty morning glory have gone to sleep until the rising sun shall bid them awake. The whippoorwill sits on the branch of an old oak tree near the water's edge, and tells all the world within hearing that he is a whippoorwill and must be listened to. The blue bird and the wren hop from limb to limb, twitter and chatter, and go sleep chatting. The cow with quickened pace moves with single file along the narrow path by the side of the bluff, chewing their cud, looking so demurely out of their great brown eyes, bowing familiarly to every bush and shrub, hastening to reach home before night-fall.

On the brow of yonder bluff, where the rays of the sun are lingering and departing, it is said an Indian maiden threw herself into the water, below rather than wed against her will.

The sky, too, is full of the glory of God, and lovers are both deaf and blind if they find no time for the admiration of such grandeur. Yonder, almost in the zenith, is jupiter shining so brightly and looking so proud because he is king of the heavens even for a brief hour, and now the great, round red moon breaks the horizon and climbs mysteriously up the clear sky, the big bright stars, and the dim little ones, all hide their heads, and even jupiter himself fades away, and the shadows come again and cover the borders of the lake with phantoms of various shapes, affording the imagination an easy opportunity to fancy any image the brain can design or desire. Light breezes rattle mountainally through the trees, and joining high up above the waters of the lake, the winds that swept from the distant prairie, seem like dismal murmurings and harsh mutterings coming from human voices above the clouds; or it may be those strange, word noises are voices of spirits from the tombs of the mound-builders holding converse with the spirits from the graves of the long-buried Indians. Those mysterious noises come from the darkness, and go only with the light of the morning.

The moon is now well on its journey across the sky. The fields and river and lake and farm houses are as plainly visible as at noon-day. The symmetrical stacks of grain stand out boldly as if saying "we are the staff of life for man and beast." The hay has been harvested and the long racks mean that well-fed cattle shall be rewarded the husbandman for his labor.

The fields and meadows have been shorn of their wealth of food, except the broad acres of Indian corn whose luxuriant growth makes the farmer smile as he dreams of fat herds and a fat purse. That snapping, crackling, rustling noise which is the only sound that breaks upon the stillness of the night, is the growing corn. It is pushing, driving, and crowding itself out of the golden tassels into the ear, returning to the plowman sixty and even ninety fold of increase, the reward promised him for his labor and his faith.

The lights in the farm houses have long since been extinguished. The stillness of the night becomes oppressive. Strange that the bosom of the lake should be undisturbed by even a ripple, while high up in the sky the elements should be at war. The herdman's dog gives out an occasional bark to let his master know that he is an honest dog. Now and then a dismal howl, though in perfect concert, comes from some prowling mongrel.

Save these infrequent disturbers of nature's stillness, and the ever present commingling of those supernatural voices in the upper air, all over the broad surface of the lake, and all over the fields and through the forest, as far as an eye can see or ear can hear, there reigns the quiet of the church-yard at the mid-night hour.

Some people would think it no time or place for youth and maiden of flesh and blood to talk of love. But lovers are on the lake—Louis and Mary are there—and they have been talking over and over again the story of their love. Of all this chapter recounts not a thing have they seen or heard. Mary appears unusually melancholy, perhaps because this was their first meeting on the lake since her father's death.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Another Kind of G. Washington. "Traveling men are just as truthful as any other class," began the drummer, and every other man in the party coughed significantly.

"Well, they are," contented the drummer, "and notwithstanding you and everybody else seem to think they are liars."

The hotel clerk looked sympathetic.

"Oh, hotel clerks ain't any better than the rest," said the drummer.

"Only last week I stopped at a hotel in Muskegon and just for fun I registered 'George Washington.' The clerk didn't seem to notice anything particular in the name, and I began to talk.

"Ever hear of him?" I said.

"Nope," he answered flippantly.

"Never heard of George Washington?"

"The clerk examined the signature and took a gaze at my sample cases.

"No, never heard of him."

"What, never heard of George Washington, the man that never told a lie?"

"Oh, him," and a flash of intelligence came to his face. "Yes, I've heard of him, but drummers ain't that kind. Front, take this cent to 44," and that's all the satisfaction I got out of it."—Free Press.

THERE is one thing you can always depend upon; no one will ever have good luck any great length of time.

NO MAN EVER made a fuss about his wife's dry goods bills that she did not say she was positively ragged.

The paper in the Bank of England notes costs exactly one cent each. No note is ever issued from the bank a second time. On its return it is reported, kept a certain period, and then destroyed.

An Indiana farmer saw an advertisement which promised, on receipt of \$1.25, to give information how to raise bees easily and profitably. He sent the cash, and was told to "take hold of the tops, and pull."

To insure your life is an obligation you owe to yourself and to your family, if you have a steady income and have not accumulated sufficient to leave those dependent upon you comfortable should you be suddenly taken off. In such a case select a good company where you get insurance at a reasonable price—that is at the cost of insurance with reasonable profit added. There is no reason why you should be called upon to invest money with the company in order to buy insurance. You probably feel you can make your investments to suit yourself and that in any event investment in one thing and insurance another. The feeling is growing that they might as well be kept separate.

A great cure for cough—Mrs. A. K. Morris, 456 Canton St., Philadelphia, Pa., writes: "I took several bottles of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup for a bad cough and was entirely cured."

An object calculated to impress the farmer on his midsummer visit to the metropolis more, perhaps, than the Brooklyn Bridge or any other of the sights famed in the rural districts, is the corset's bonnet, of which a solitary specimen was seen in Broadway on a recent hot day. It was made of a wire frame covered with canvas, supported above and calculated to shade the top of the head and eyes. A sponge inside of the hat was moist with vinegar, so as to keep the horse's head refreshingly cool. The horse's hat was first introduced in France last year, where it has become so popular that it is now on sale in all French towns.

W. H. GRIFFIN, Jackson, Michigan, writes: "Suffered with Catarrh for fifteen years, Hall's Catarrh Cure cured me." Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Nancy Wa-oo-oo-nah, a Miami Indian squaw, died in the Wabash County, Ind. poor house. The woman was forty-two years of age. A few years ago she had the finest section of land in Wabash county, but married a poor white man, who squandered her property. When she was taken sick a few weeks ago there was no one to care for her and she was sent to the poor farm. Before going she exacted a promise that she should be buried on her old farm and her remains were removed to the place.

Nervous and bilious disorders, sick headache, indigestion, loss of appetite and constipation removed by Becham's Pills.

A ship on the broad, boisterous and open ocean needeth no pilot. But it dare not venture alone on the placid bosom of a little river, lest it be wrecked by some hidden rock. Thus it is with life. 'Tis not in our open, exposed deeds that we so much need the still voice of the silent monitor as in the small, secret, every-day acts of our life.

There are some very mean thieves in Bayfield, Wis. They steal grave-stones from the cemetery.

YOUNG GIRLS entering womanhood ought to have just the special help that Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription can give.

They need to be started right. The "Prescription" aids and corrects the delicate weaknesses and derangements that might become chronic, establishes regularity and health, lessens pain.

They want a nourishing, supporting, strengthening tonic, such as an experienced physician has especially prepared for the female system, in the "Prescription."

In every "female complaint" and weakness, and in all nervous conditions, if it doesn't benefit or cure, the money will be returned.

Mrs. MADON JACKSON, of Barre, Vt., writes: "I was lying sick for some time with female complaints, and all the medicine my friends gave me did me no good. Death was approaching; all my friends had given me up to die. I heard of your wonderful medicine, and I bought two bottles of it, and before I had taken the last, I got entirely well. I am still enjoying good health, and expect to praise your medicine every where I go."

One of the carriages of a funeral procession at Plainfield, N. J., ran over a nest of hornets. The insects retaliated by attacking and so severely stinging the mourners and the horses that the funeral had to be postponed.

There is to be great rejoicing at the "dedication" of a crematory in Leominster, Mass. The dedication will be commemorated with a clam-bake, the clam to be baked in the crematory oven.

"August Flower"

"I am ready to testify under oath that if it had not been for August Flower I should have died before this. Eight years ago I was taken sick, and suffered as no one but a dyspeptic can. I employed three of our best doctors and received no benefit. They told me that I had heart, kidney, and liver trouble. Everything I ate distressed me so that I had to throw it up. August Flower cured me. There is no medicine equal to it." LORENZO F. SLEEPER, Appleton, Maine.



KNOWLEDGE

Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs.

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

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

The Greatest Medical Discovery of the Age.

KENNEDY'S MEDICAL DISCOVERY.

DONALD KENNEDY, OF ROXBURY, MASS., Has discovered in one of our common pasture weeds a remedy that cures every kind of Humor, from the worst Scrofula down to a common Pimple.

He has tried it in over eleven hundred cases, and never failed except in two cases (both thunder humors). He has now in his possession over two hundred certificates of its value, all within twenty miles of Boston.

A benefit is always experienced from the first bottle, and a perfect cure is warranted when the right quantity is taken.

When the lungs are affected it causes shooting pains, like needles passing through them, the same with the Liver or Bowels. This is caused by the ducts being stopped, and always disappears in a week after taking it.

If the stomach is foul or bilious it will cause squeamish feelings at first.

No change of diet ever necessary. Eat the best you can get, and enough of it. Dose, one tablespoonful in water at bedtime. Read the Label. Send for Book.

"MOTHERS' FRIEND" MAKES CHILD BIRTH EASY.

Colvin, La., Dec. 2, 1898.—My wife used MOTHERS' FRIEND before her third confinement, and says she would not be without it for hundreds of dollars.

DOCK HILLS.

Sent by express on receipt of price, \$2.00 per box & Book "To Mothers" mailed free.

BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO., 215 N. 3rd St., ST. LOUIS, MO.

\$10 A Day Free!

Enclose in a letter containing your full name and address, the outside wrapper of a bottle of Smith's Bile Beans (either size). If your letter is the first one opened in the first morning mail of any day except Sunday \$5 will be sent you at once. If the 2d, 3d, 4th, 5th or 6th, \$1. Ask for the SMALL size. Full list mailed to all who send postage for it (extra).

Address J. F. Smith & Co., No. 555 Greenwich St., New York.

"Not a gripe in a barrel of them!"

WANTED MEN TO TRAVEL. We pay \$100 per month plus expenses. Best Cough Syrup, Cures Croup, Whooping Cough, etc. Write for full particulars.

DEAFNESS AND HEAD RINGS CURED by the best method. Write for full particulars.

WHEEL WRITING OR ADVERTISING in the paper.

Scrofulous Sores

Formed on my neck when a young girl. My health broke down and I suffered with kidney trouble. Year after year I failed to get relief. The sores continued to discharge freely, causing much pain. Last summer a friend recommended Hood's Sore Cure. After two months the sores began to heal, my health improved, and appetite came to me and my feet took on a good color. Now the sores are all gone, my health is better than it has been for a long time and my kidney trouble has vanished. I shall always have a good word for Hood's Sore Cure.

Hood's Sore Cure

Hood's Sore Cure is the best after-dinner pill for indigestion, cure headache, 25c per box.



The Best Waterproof Coat in the World!

TOWER'S FISH BRAND SUCKER