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News Summarized.

Peace in war, war in peace, let the heathen rage. Though not surprised at what was to be expected, we wish it were possible to be more than amused because of late news from Washington. We mean the conference alleged to have stirred diplomats by a supposed, though premature, pointing towards peace proposals. That is, the Japanese Minister Mr. Takahira followed by Count Cassini Russian ambassador who was also subsequently followed by Sir Mortimer Durand, English diplomat somehow made to read like a "Mr. Spring-Rice," significantly bound for Russia, talked over the Russian situation with Secretary Hay, but without diplomatic result. Our diplomatic corps was represented though not illuminedly as contemplating a step towards intervention.

This good news is the best for months, because it shows a disposition in those leading the world's thought in favor of the great humane side or party.

It is thus that Russia and Japan are already for peace, soon to be restored. This, also because of the former's less hold on Manchuria after loss of Port Arthur, the key of the situation, Russia's inability without a navy to retake the same, her internal conditions, while both sides have apparently little but declamation to gain. Russia's hold on Manchuria against China's autonomy, to be yet settled by the powers should probably give away to Kuropatkin's retreat North. With a devastated region valiant Cossacks could starve and ambush Oyam then another Bonaparte.

Meanwhile Grippenberg was relieved because defeated, though ostensibly responsible for his men killed Kuropatkin was excused because Grippenberg did not do at Sandepas as Caesar did at the Rubicon.

The assassination of Soisalon Soinen, procurator general of Finland, is indirectly, though otherwise, perhaps, wrongly laid on the active—resistance party recruited from the passivists, also upon the Polish Nat. League and Russian emancipationists. This assassination, like that of Prince Bobrikoff was the crime of some unbalanced idealist, opposed to Finland's Rus-sification. This incident added to the other published sensations will hardly terrorize St. Petersburg. Military and strike conflicts at Kalisz and at the Feiner factory of Dodz are reported.

The Noble's address to the Czar aiming at a limited monarchy and some popular representation is worthy of more extended notice in its bearing upon the peace movement.

News Summarized, Etc.

Let us have peace. We know when these words were fraught with meaning, more meaning indeed than if spoken concerning the Israelites entering the Promised land and looking towards coming peace jubilees, or even all the world's peace after Waterloo. Yea even more so than when proclaimed in 1785 or 1814 or probably in 1899-1900.

The president assured Dr. Bartholdi and the Inter-Parliamentary Union of the second Hague conference after hostilities shall cease, and not before. That stolid indemnity or solid war costs are less than pleasing to Czar Nikolae for reasons obvious. One likely reason is pietistic inability to pay while delayed ability is not reassuring. The good Czar does not like to present his tranquil slowness with these innocent claims of the Japanese, not if he values his devoted crown. Nor is the sum total calculated to engender peace tendencies to the average Russian. Besides there is scarce time to fig-

ure out growing costs on the war's prolongation. The war party may "nil debit" Japan's incisive items by staving off day of payment. For it some more than second Kuro-patkin like an improbable Nicko-laievitch would soon give the Japs one sound all around thrashing then the balance would be on the other side in the ledger. In keeping future peace insignificant then would appear concessions concerning Saghalian Island as a military base and Vladivostok. But these together with Port Arthur, the great Polar Bear would generously share with the Yellow peril offered always, etc. Desirous of giving an at home for his triumphant levies he has no ulterior intentions on the Socialists, though for even them he would have an old-fashioned house warming. Mr. Witte Americanized "Sergins" would be lavish for peace sake. Zemstvos might pay as to bushwhack. Time will tell what buoyant shares on the Berlin bourse has to do with peace, so too, army supplies counter manded, trans-Siberian telegrams monopolized by Russian government. On the whole the peace sentiment seriously considered is encouraging. As to the outlook much depends on the Russian people, of a peace-longing spirit.

A Whining Corpse.

A corpse came up on the Seaboard last night to be shipped on over the Southern. The transfer people had a new negro driver in charge. There was loaded on his wagon a crate of hounds, besides the corpse, but the negro failed to make any mental note of the hounds, so engrossed was he with his gruesome freight.

With all his nerves tingling, he drove on until he got between Eleventh and Twelfth streets. Here the dogs began whining, but the negro had forgotten that he had any dogs along, and attributed the pitiful besearchments to the dead man. "Whoa!" he cried, instinctively, leapt from the wagon, and tore it up to the Seaboard depot.

The transfer people got messages from several sources, reporting the presence of the driver at the depot and the presence of the corpse and hounds between Eleventh and Twelfth streets, where the horses had halted. They thought that the dead man had slid from his conveyance or that the wagon had bogged or the team balked. So they sent to the depot to inquire of the negro, but, "Lawd," said he, "how c'n you expect me to keep on drivin' a whinin' daid man?"

The driver was not impervious to reason, however, and when he was convinced that the hounds, and not the dead man, had done the whining, he climbed to his perch again, and made it in safety his terminus at the Southern.—Charlotte Observer.

It Is Every Day.

We are beginning to wonder these days what climate we live in—whether in New England or at the foot of the hills in the Sunny South. It seems to be the easiest thing imaginable now for a blizzard to strike us. We have had snow for two weeks, more or less, and the worst is yet to come.

Dr. Bomar Heard From.

Columbia, S. C., Feb. 12.—A special to The State from Spartanburg says that Rev. E. E. Bomar, assistant secretary of the Baptist foreign mission board, who was reported missing in a dispatch yesterday from Richmond, is quite sick in Pensacola, Fla. His relatives have received telegrams from him to that effect, and his brother, John Bomar, left today to be at his bedside.

AT A WALL STREET CORNER.

At the corner of Wall street and Broadway the other day I was stopped by an acquaintance, who but-tonholed me and was endeavoring to demonstrate how I could make my everlasting fortune by buying copper or something. A rapidly moving stream of men, with eager, con-strained faces, jostled us about until we found a precarious footing in the gutter. Messenger boys were bolt-ing here and there among the legs of the pedestrians, a motorman was banging his gong like all possessed to scare a truckman off the track; newsboys were yelling: "Extree!" "Extree!" and presently a big auto bowled along the street snorting like a dragon, while the chauffeur's warning trumpet gave forth numer-ous horrible snorts. In the mean-while a huckster on the opposite corner, with a pile of paper covered books, was yelling: "Here, gents! 'The Simple Life,' by Wagner! Read 'The Simple Life,' by Wag-ner."—Brooklyn Life.

Doctor Knew It Could Not Be.

Dr. W. W. Keen, the Philadelphia surgeon, has a number of scrapbooks filled with anecdotes about physi-cians. These anecdotes are odd from the fact that they all throw upon physicians a most unflattering light. To illustrate their character Dr. Keen quoted one of them recent-ly.

"A physician was driving through the street," he said. "A friend stop-ped him.

"Doctor," said the friend anx-iously, 'have you heard that horrible story about Williamson?"

"No," said the doctor. "What story is that?"

"A story to the effect that he was buried alive."

"Buried alive?" said the doctor. "Impossible. He was one of my pa-tients."—Collier's Weekly.

An Australian Telegraph.

It is not generally known, accord-ing to the Indianapolis News, that there is a telegraph across the south-ern desert land of the Australian continent 2,000 miles in length. It runs partially through an uninhabit-ed country and long tracts of water-less desert. While it was being con-structed more than 2,000 tons of materials had to be carried far into the interior, and many of the iron and wood poles were conveyed 400 miles. A recent report says that the wear and tear of this telegraph construction has been inconsidera-ble, but there is great difficulty found in supplying the stations across the desert with operators.

Silkworm Weavers.

Some ambitious silkworms of the neighborhood of Venice have woven by themselves a ribbon three yards long and three inches wide. When they reached the chrysalis stage, ac-cording to the Indianapolis News, instead of weaving round cocoons on the twigs prepared for them they preferred to travel up and down the smooth upper side of a strip of wood nine feet long and three inches wide. Back and forth they went, spinning their silken web until at last they made a beautiful ribbon, transparent in its center and golden yellow at the heavier edges. The scarf is amaz-ingly strong for a fabric so delicately woven.

Ewisicasa.

America has retaliated upon Sir Edward Clarke and his proposal to call the great republic "Usona." "You're another," says the United States of North America to the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland and all the British do-minions beyond the seas. "Ewisicasa! Yah!" For we are England, Wales, Ireland, Scotland, India, Canada, Australia and South Africa, though we may not all approve of the order of the initials. But if we address our letters to "Usona" the reply will come to "Ewisicasa."—London Chronicle.

Sells Love Potions.

A woman who has been arrested in Berlin for fortune telling is said to be skilled in the preparation of love potions. According to her recipes, a granulated substance must be brewed with parchments contain-ing charms, and the concoction must be worn seven days on the breast. Equally effective are three hairs of the loved one and three drops of the lover's own blood on a slice of quince. This must be eaten when the moon is full and with one's eyes steadily fixed on that luminary.

Raising Geese For the Feathers.

On a certain goose farm in the middle west there is an incubator with a capacity for 10,000 eggs. These eggs are not, however, placed in the incubator at one time, but are so arranged that one section will hatch each day, being refilled as soon as the goslings are taken out. The geese are raised on this farm for their feathers alone, which are used in the upholstering business.—Country Life In America.

A Doctor's Medicine

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Foreign News, Etc., Summarized.

Instead of piping times of peace when Peneeros played and Sappho sung, we are reminded when casting our mortal ken Russian-ward of the dark days during our crucial Civil war. At times the factories were still, while Demons-thenes shouted from high every hill-top North and South the doleful cry "to arms!" and Janu's doors on rusty hinges swung. Skies lurid with cities aflame, striker's frantic manifestos, flags red as blood or black as death, long and already pall on the imagination lively or dull. And yet news of events actually transpiring by cable only twenty-four hours distant excite emotions above so much mere curiosity.

When news of Spain's war with us burst over the land some little giant in Capetown pointed to omens in Sol's fierce rays and now the man with the f. z sees a myriad shadow-dance attuned to Aquillion blasts from old Borea's icy breast, also myth. One likes to turn from scenes gruesome as Cartez in Mex-ico, or the Spaniards at Amsterdam to the Noble's address to the Czar. One likes to hear the word repre-sentative and elective quoted by way of precedent, this too, though Russia looks like a living picture of one-man power, or else factious-ly directing a great war.

With all the olden prestige of Rome as a republic the Caesars waxed mighty long before Rome's fall. From the tribal relation Rus-sia, under absolute monarchy, am-eliorated by more generous sov-ereigns, grew in greatness. Napoleon Bonaparte with an army aggregat-ing a half million veterans who vanquished combined armies of Russians, Prussians and Austrians on numerous hard-fought battles lost his legions; he thus demon-strated Russia's distance or magni-tude and consequent isolation.

From hearing so much about matters to date we turn to a great country whose rulers and people are presently stirred as by a reflex progress from America and Eng-land. Also in view of nationa-litary disasters and internal cal-amities people, nigh everywhere, ask, what next? Here the great events really exceed the news put in every possible light. For Earth's most autocratic ruler now for once and at long, last, to have to meet the peoples' just demands, more than half way seems good to be true.

Unsupported by an armed guard at every heartstone Vladimir Nickolas did not discount such contingency at the war's beginning but boasted like him who putteth on his armor and swipes his yellow peril into the sea. This threat, too, was generally believed as quite likely at the time.

The Imperialists cling with one hand to stern old methods while different factions clutch after the, to them, new because untried con-ditions. A limited monarchy or constitutional government may have to be instituted by the nobles though the Universities turn out many earnest men. But a House of Lords or Senate without a pop-ular branch or house of commons would perpetuate aristocracy. Noth-ing short of representation will eventually avail in Russia. The aim and bent of one great faction radically imbued with the war spirit, is rampant for uniting jar-ring interests against all foes be-cause foreign. This particular phase is not unlike the Boxer rising of China, though they call Manchuria and Korea their distant provinces. Czar and Dukes thus brought face to face with the hours demands contemplate war and more war while no one of all the Rus-sians seem to care for peace.

Peace is impossible, they say be-fore hecatombs of human victims are offered Mars to propitiate Pan.

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