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Boyal Baking Powder Co., 108 Wall Street, N. Y.

THE HOUR OF PEACE.

HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

Upon the door-stone sat the wife, The twilight falling, And far below the whippoorwills Were softly calling ; The sweet winds dropped upon their

Their honeyed plander, And slow and clear the night built up Its house of wonder.

Within, the child dreamed deep, and saw Four angels keeping Their gentle watch with drooping wings About his sleep. While singing from the steep below, Where shadows slumbered, Her true love climbed, and in his heart His treasures numbered.

And sighing faintly to herself With purest pleasure, Life brimmed at her life to full O'erflowing measure, She marvelled if the happy earth, This summer even, Were not the paved work laid before The courts of heaven,

And yet, a cold wind from the cloud To snatch in blowing The little breath between the lips So lightly flowing ; A pebble unde: foot where sheer The rock descended-Ab, fate ! What slender chances held Her beaven suspended ! . -Harper's Bazar.

SUNDAY SELECTIONS.

- The way to mend the bad world is to create the right world .- Emerson.

- The earth is our workshop. We may not curse it; we are bound to sanctity it .- Massini.

- A holy life has a voice; it speaks when the tongue is silent, and is either a constant attraction or a perpetual reproof .- Hinton

- Where we are ignorant, God is wise; where we stand blindly in the dark, he is in the light; where we wonder, he calmly knows .- Phillips Brooks.

GHOSTS OF THE SEA. SAILORS DREAD TO SEE THE SHIPS

An Old Salt Tells of His First Experience With a Phantom Ship-While a Terrible Hurricane Howls It Rides Easily With All Salls Set.

THAT NEVER SAILED.

"These tales of the ships that never ame back are sad enough, but it's the ship that never went out, the ghosts of the sea, that give the sailor man a creepy feeling when he meets them out where the waves are rolling high and the winds are singing funeral songs." The speaker was Mate Bob Alling, who has followed the sea as boy and

man for nearly 50 years. Surrounded by a group of interested listeners in the public room of the Sailors' Happy home in South street, Mate Bob, as all the sailors call him, was telling stories of

strange sights that he has witnessed at sea. Alling is now mate of a coastwise fishing schooner, but in the old days he sailed in some of the largest trading ships and the strongest whalers that ever sailed out of an American port flying the stars and stripes.

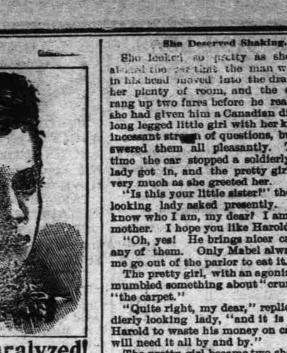
"As I said, boys," the old man went on, "it's the ships that never went out from any port that a sailor never forgets when he sees one of them. We may remember the ships that went out and never came back for a time if we had a shipmate aboard, but we can forget. But there's no forgetting a ghost of the

> "It was back in the early fifties that I saw my first sea ghost, and today I can shut my eyes and see it just as plain as I could see it then. I was a sailor on a fishing schooner, and we were catching cod off the coast of Newfoundland. We had been out ten days and were almost ready to start for home with a full cargo when a nasty off shore breeze came on late one evening. We stood out to sea, for there was a heavy fog along with the wind. It was a stiff and steady blow, so we rode the waves under bare poles during the night, waiting for dayght and the fog to lift before shaping our course for home. "All through the night we sent up rockets at intervals and kept the ship's bell going, because we could not see ten feet ahead at times on account of

the fog. But it was nearly morning be fore we heard or saw an answering signal to warn us that another vessel was "I was on the early morning watch, and about half an hour before daylight

I made out a signal light a short dis tance ahead on our port bow. It was a strange light, a pale blue in color, and it flashed up and down at irregular intervals. The fog was still thick, and it

was impossible to tell how near we wer to the vessel. "I called the mate on deck and point ed to the strange signal light. He looked at it a long time, and, with a shake of his head, said he could not make it out at all. The lights showed that the vessel could not be far away, so we changed our course a little, and then



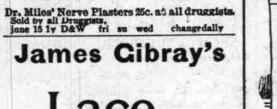
Right Arm Paralyzed Saved from St. Vitus Dance.

"Our daughter, Blanche, now fif-teen years of age, had been terribly afflicted with nervousness, and had lost the entire use of her right arm. We feared St. Vitus dance, and tried the best physicians, with no benefit. She has taken three bottles of Dr. Miles' Nervine and has gained 31 pounds. Her nervousness and symp-toms of St. Vitus dance are entirely gone, she attends school regularly, and has recovered complete use of her arm, her appetite is splendid." MRS. R. R. BULLOCK, Brighton, N. Y.

Dr. Miles' Nervine



Dr. Miles' Nervine is sold on a positive guarantee that the first bottle will benefit. All druggists soll it at \$1,6 bottles for \$5, or it will be sent, prepaid, on receipt of price by the Dr. Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind.



Lace

Curtain

Frames.

Having secured the agency for these Goods, we are prepared to fur-

nish them at a very low price.



She looked so pretty as she scoped band the partials the man with a cold in his head moved into the draft to give her plenty of room, and the conductor rang up two fares before he realized that she had given him a Canadian dime. The long legged little girl with her kept up an incessant stream of questions, but she an-swered them all pleasantly. The nart time the car stopped a soldierly looking lady got in, and the pretty girl blushed very much as she greeted her. "Is this your little sister!" the soldierly looking lady asked presently. "Do you know who I am, my dear? I am Harold's mother. I hope you like Harold." "Oh, yes! He brings nleer candy than any of them. Only Mabel always makes me go out of the parlor to eat it." in his head moved into the draft to give

me go out of the parlor to eat it." The pretty girl, with an agonized blush, mumbled something about "crumbs" and "the carpet."

"Quite right, my dear," replied the sol-dierly looking lady, "and it is foolish of Harold to waste his money on candy. He

will need it all by and by. The pretty girl became two shades pink-er and looked out of the window.

"Well, my dear," returning to the small girl, "I hope you will like me as well as Harold, but why do you look at me so closely? Is anything wrong with my bonnet?"

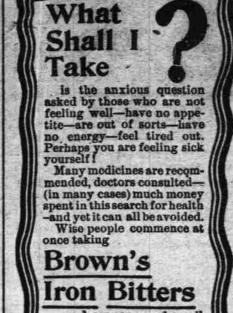
"No'm," with an angelic smile. "I like you very much, and I don't think your nose is long at all." "Grace!" cried the pretty girl. "My nose long! Mercy, child, who ever

said it was?". "Why, sister did. She said that when she and Harold were married you had bettor keep that long nose of yours out of her affairs, or she would-why, Mabel, what on earth are you stopping the car for? This isn't our street."

And as the passengers in the car looked back they were pleased to see that Mabel was shaking her with all her might.— Chicago Tribune.

A Collapse.

L



and are soon made well and strong. Nearly every prescription given by physi-cians for such troubles con-tains IRON—which some people say they cannot take. Try Brown's Iron Bitters-it is warranted not to give headache, stain the teeth or

cause constipation as all other Iron Medicines do. Genuine has the crossed Red lines on the wrapper. BROWN CHEM.CO. BALTO. MD.



Just Arrived





THE STAR'S FASHION HINTS. A LESSON IN BOXING.

The Young Man Who Saw a Sign, After

ward Saw Stars. A Detroit young man who has been taking in Chicago tells this story and tells it well: -"I saw a sign of 'boxing and gymna-sium up steirs,' and I vont up simply to see what sort of a place it was. There were only a few people up there, and one of them was a young man with a black eye and a dejected countenance. As he seemed to be unhappy, I felt it my duty to speak to him and see what I could do to make his path more pleasant.

to speak to him and see what I could do to make his path more pleasant. "'I'll tell you what's de matter wid me,' he explained after a bit. 'I was a-boxin here two or t'ree days ago wid de St. Joe Kid, as he calls hisself, and he struck me foul and blacked me eye. I'm a-hyin fur him here, dis mornin, and if he comes, say, I'll put him to sleep in de middle of de first round. I'll show you how he hit me '

"He got up, pulled off his coat and vest and pulled on a pair of gloves, and about this time I remarked:

"'I'm perfectly willing to take you word for it. You needn't go to any trou ble to demonstrate." "'Oh, it's no trouble at all. Come into de ring, and I'll show you how he did it."

of askin about me eye if you don't want to know how de kid blacked it?' "He had gone to considerable trouble

"'Now, prance around,' he said as he began to dance and skip and feint at me.

began to dance and skip and feint at me. ""What's the use?" I protested. 'I can stand still while you explain matters.' "'Prance, I say!' he yelled. "It seemed policy to humor him in his absurd theories, and so I began prancing. "Dat's de idea,' he called as he dodged about. 'Now, den, hold yer right a little lower. Dat's it. Up a little wid yer left. Dat's de way.' "But, I assure you, my dear fellow,

"'But, I assure you, my dear fellow that I didn't come here to'---"'Lead for me wid yer left!'

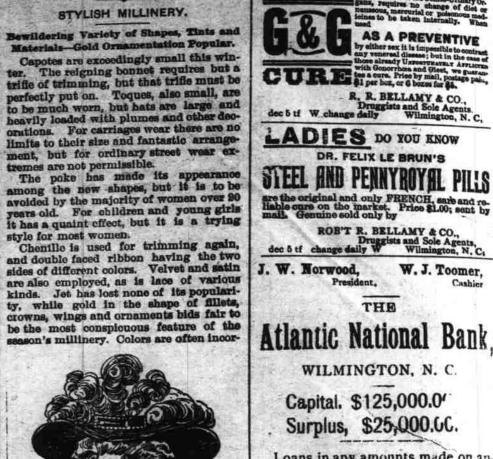
usual opportunity for everybody to be " "What for?" suited. " 'Lead fur me, I say. Do you want to stand there like a chump and let me do all de work?'

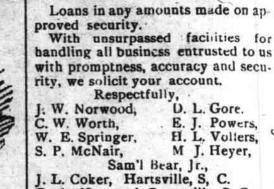
"I didn't want to hurt the young man but as he was willing to take the risk I led for him. I expected to knock him head over heels, but he was still circling around me after I got through leading. This as tonishing fact led me to remark:

"'I think I will go now. I've got to be down at the Palmer House in just 15 minutes. I can plainly see now how the kid'-" 'Swing yer right fur me jaw!' he yell-ed as his dancing and prancing grew more

"But I don't want to break your jaw "'Swing wid yer right!" "'He had requested me to kill him, and I swung. I was wondering what the cor-oner's verdict would be when the root fell in and everything turned dark. It was eight minutes afterward, as a small boy with a very honest face informed me when I awoke and found the roof all right

The boy and I were the only ones in the place, and he said my jaw wouldn't both-er me over two weeks. He was a good boy. He rubbed me with liniment, brought me a glass of brandy and afterward helped





LE BRUN'S being injected directly to the read

G. A. Norwood, Greenville, S. C. july 57 porated with it, giving an extremely rich effect. Ostrich plumes are much favored, and flowers also are worn. In fact, fash-ion includes almost all known trimmings DIRECTORS.

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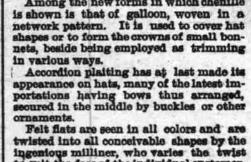
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VELVET HAT.

in her list this winter and gives an un-

An illustration is given of a very large velvet hat. It is trimmed entirely with plumes, which are held together in front by an immense paste buckle.

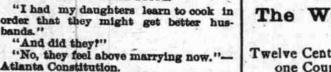
Made Them Prond "I had my daughters learn to cook in order that they might get better hus-bands."

"And did they?"

Among the new forms in which chenille

twisted into all conceivable shapes by the ingenious milliner, who varies the twist to suit the face of the individual customer.

JUDIC CHOLLET.



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