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Phone 190. Park St., East
Sign of the Star

In Using Baking Powder

Nothing but the purest should be used. It is a well known fact that this article of food has been grossly adulterated and to such an extent that "The Government" has now deemed it advisable to prosecute all vendors of

Baking Powder Containing Alum

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The Face Behind the Mask.

A ROMANCE.

Side by side with the count, with a dauntless step and eye, Sir Norman entered, too, and at the sight of him a burst of surprise and fury rang from lip to lip. There was a yell of "Betrayed! Betrayed!" and the dwarf, with a face so distorted by fiendish fury that it was scarcely human, made a frenzied rush at him, when the clear commanding voice of the count rang like a bugle blast through the assembly.

"Sheathe your swords, the whole of you, and yield yourselves prisoners. In the king's name, I command you to surrender."

"There is no king here but I," screamed the dwarf, gnashing his teeth and fairly foaming with rage. "Die, traitor and spy! You have escaped me once, but your hour is come now."

"Allow me to differ with you," said Sir Norman politely, as he evaded the blindly frantic lunge of the dwarf's sword, and inserted as such or "two of the point of his own in that enraged little prince's anatomy. "So far from my hour having come—if you will take the trouble to reflect upon it—you will find it the reverse, and that my little friend's brief and brilliant career is rapidly drawing to a close."

At these bland remarks, and at the sharp thrust that accompanied them, the dwarf's previous war-dance of anxiety was nothing to the hurra of exasperation he went through when Sir Norman ceased. The blood was rushing from his side, and from the point of his adversary's sword as he withdrew it, and maddened at the sight of his own blood, he screeched and foamed, and kicked about his about little legs, and gnashed his teeth and made grabs at his wig, and lashed the air with his sword, and made such desperate pokes with it at Sir Norman and everybody else who came in his way that the rest of the public good, the young knight ran him through the sword arm, and, in spite of all his distracted didos, captured him over to the soldiers, to cheer and keep company with the duke.

This brisk little affair being over, Sir Norman had time to look about him. It had all passed in so short a space and the dwarf had been so desperately frantic, that the rest had passed unobservedly, and were still looking on. Missing the count, he glanced around the room, and discovered him standing on Miranda's throne, looking over the company with the cold air of a connoisseur, and, as she very well might be, by all this screaming and fighting, and partly raised herself upon her elbow, and was looking wildly about her. As her eye fell on Sir Norman, she sat fairly erect, with a cry of stupefaction and joy.

"You have come, you have come, as I knew you would," she excitedly cried, "and the hour of retribution is at hand."

At the words of one who, a few moments before, had supposed to be dead, an awe-struck silence fell, and the count, taking advantage of it, waved his hand and cried:

"Yield yourselves prisoners, I command you. The royal guards are without, and the first of you who offers the slightest resistance will die like a dog. Ho, guards, enter and seize your prisoners."

Quick as thought the room was full of soldiers; but the rest of the order was easier said than obeyed. The robbers, knowing their doom was death, fought with the fury of desperation, and a short, wild and terrible conflict ensued. Foremost in the melee was Sir Norman and the count; while Hubert, who had taken possession of the dwarf's sword, fought like a young lion. The shrieks of the women were heartrending, as they all fled precipitately into the blue dining-room; and, crouching in corners, or flying distractedly about, or trying to make the air around with the most lamentable cries. Some five or six, braver than the rest, alone remained; and more than one of these actually mixed in the affray, with a heroism worthy of a better cause.

Miranda, still sitting erect, and supported in the arms of a kneeling and trembling sylvan in white, watched the conflict with terribly exultant eyes, that blazed brighter and brighter with the lurid fires of vengeance at every robber that fell.

"Oh, that I were strong enough to wield a sword," was her fierce aspiration every instant; "if I could only mix in that battle for five minutes, I could die with a happy thought!"

Had she been able to wield a sword for five minutes, according to her wish, she would probably have wielded it from beginning to end of the battle; for it did not last much longer than that. The robbers, but fought with fury and ferocity; but they had been taken by surprise, and were overpowered by numbers, and obliged to yield.

The Crimson Court was indeed crimson now, for the velvet carpeting was dyed a more terrible red, and was slippery with a rain of blood! A score of dead and dying lay groaning on the ground; and the rest, beaten and bloody, gave up their swords and surrendered.

"You should have done this at first!" said the count, coolly wiping his bloodstained weapon and replacing it in its sheath; "and by so doing, saved some time and more bloodshed. Where are all the fair ladies, I wonder? I saw here when we entered."

"They fled like the flock of frightened deer," said Hubert, taking it upon

himself to answer, "through yonder archway when the fight commenced. I will go in search of them if you like."

"I am rather at a loss what to do with them," said the count, half-laughing. "It would be a pity to bring such a cavalcade of pretty women into the city to die of the plague. Can you suggest nothing, Sir Norman?"

"Nothing, but to leave them here to take care of themselves, or let them go free."

"They would be a great addition to the court at Whitehall," suggested Hubert, in the prettiest tone, "and a thousand times handsomer than half the damsels therein. There, for instance, is one a dozen time more beautiful than Mistress Stuart herself."

Leaving, in his nonchalant way, on the hill of his sword, he pointed to Miranda, whose fiercely joyful eyes were fixed with a glance that made the three of them shudder, on the Moody floor and heap of slain.

"Who is that?" asked the count, curiously. "Why is she perched up there, and why does she bear such an extraordinary resemblance to the line? Do you know anything about her, Kingsley?"

"I know she is the wife of that unlovely little man, whose hawk in yonder passage you can hear, if you listen, and that she was the queen of this Midnight Court, and is wounded if not dying, now."

"I never saw such fierce eyes before in a female head! One would think she fairly exulted in this wholesale slaughter of her subjects."

"So she does; and she hates both her husband and her subjects with an intensity you cannot conceive."

"How very like royalty!" observed Hubert, in parentheses. "If she were a real queen she could not act more naturally."

Sir Norman smiled and the count glanced at the audacious page suspiciously; but Hubert's face was too cunning to witness in its innocent unconsciousness. Miranda looking up at the same time, caught the young knight's eye, and made a motion for him to approach. She held out both her hands to him as he came near, with the same look of dreadful delight.

"Sir Norman Kingsley, I am dying, and my last words are in thanksgiving to you for having thus avenged me."

"Let us hope you have many days to live yet, fair lady," said Sir Norman with the same feeling of repulsion he had experienced in the dungeon. "I am sorry you have been obliged to witness this terrible scene."

"Sorry!" she cried fiercely. "Why, since the first hour I remember at all I remember nothing that has given me such joy as what has passed now, my only regret is that I did not see them all die before my eyes. Sorry! I tell you I would not have missed it for ten thousand worlds."

"Madame, you must not talk like this," said Sir Norman, almost sternly. "Heaven forbid there should exist a woman who could rejoice in bloodshed and death. You do not, I know. You wrong yourself and your own nature in saying so. Be calm, now; do not excite yourself. You shall come with us and be properly cared for; and I feel certain you have a long and happy life before you."

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"Who are those men?" she said, not heeding him, "and who—ah, great heaven, who is that?"

In looking round she met Hubert face to face. She knew that that face was her own; and, with a horror stamped on every feature that no words can depict, she fell back with a terrible scream and was dead!

Sir Norman was so shocked by the suddenness of the last catastrophe that for some time he could not realize she had actually expired, until he bent over her and placed his ear to her lips. No breath was there; no pulse stirred in that fierce heart.

"Oh, this is fearful," exclaimed Sir Norman, pale and horrified. "The sight of Hubert, and his wonderful resemblance to her, has completed what her wound and this excitement began. Her last is breathed on earth."

"Peace be with her!" said the count, removing his hat, which up to the present he had worn. "And now, Sir Norman, if we are to keep our engagement at sunrise we had better be on the move, for unless I am greatly mistaken, the sky is already gray with day-dawn."

"What are your commands?" asked Sir Norman, turning away, with a sigh, from the beautiful form already stiffening in death.

"That you come with me to seek out those frightened fair ones, who are a great deal too lovely to share the fate of their male companions. I shall give them their liberty to go where they please, on condition that they do not enter the city. We have enough vile of their class there already."

Sir Norman silently followed him into the azure and silver saloon, where the crowd of duchesses and countesses were "weeping and wringing their hands," and as white as so many pretty ghosts. In a somewhat brief and forcible manner, considering his characteristic gallantry, the count made his proposal, which, with feelings of pleasure and relief, was at once accepted; and the two gentlemen bowed themselves out and left the startled ladies.

On returning to the Crimson Court, he commanded a number of his soldiers to remain and bury the dead, and assist the wounded; and then, followed by the remainder of the prisoners under their charge, passed out, and were soon from the heated atmosphere in the cool morning draught. The moon was still serenely shining, but the stars that kept the earliest hours were setting, and the eastern sky was growing light with the hazy gray of coming morn.

"I told you day-dawn was at hand," said the count as he sprang into his saddle, "and lo, in the sky it is gray already."

"It is time for it," said Sir Norman, as he, too, got into his seat; "this has been the longest night I

To be Continued.
Dickens' London.

As we jog along or walk by turns we come to Buckingham street and, looking up at Alfred Jingle's lodgings, say a grateful word of—Mr. Pickwick, says Kate Douglas Wiggin in *The Atlantic*. We tell each other that much of what we know of London and England when we come to it seems to have been learned from Dickens.

Any man the right to sit among the elect if you will, talk of his tendency to farce and caricature, call his humor how comely and his pathos pathetic, though you shall say none of these things in his presence unchallenged, but the fate remains that every child, in America at least, knows more of England—its abuses, homes, debilities, prisons and law courts, its villages and villages, its headless and cheap jacks and hostlers' ch' coachmen and boots, its streets and lanes, its lodgings and inns and landladies and roast beef and plum pudding, its ways, manners and customs—knows more of these things and a thousand others from Dickens' novels than from all the histories, geographies, biographies and essays in the language.

Where is there another novelist who has so peopled a great city with his imaginary characters, that there is hardly room for the living population as one walks along the streets?

London's "Big Ben."

How many people know why London's famous clock is called "Big Ben"? The name, in fact, is that of the hour bell, which weighs 13 tons, 11 cwt. and was so called after Sir Benjamin Hall, who was first commissioner of works in 1860, the year in which the clock was first set going in the tower. It had, however, been in motion in the manufactory for some years before that date. Each of the four dials is 22 feet 6 inches in diameter, and the clock is 350 feet above the ground. The quarters are struck on four bells weighing from one ton to four tons each.

The large bell cracked before leaving the foundry, and a similar fate befell the second bell of the same size, the hour bell struck for seven years on the largest of the quarter bells. "Big Ben" the second after undergoing repairs was again brought into use and has performed satisfactorily ever since. The clock part proper takes only about 20 minutes to wind, but the striking parts require five hours each. It should be remembered that the first stroke of "Big Ben" denotes the hour, the smaller bells indicating the quarters by the first stroke in each case—London Sphere.

Nearly a Hundred Years Old.
Lady Georgiana Grey of England, who died recently, was born in 1801. In her youth she was pronounced a famous beauty. At Hampton Court, where she was the oldest resident, every one loved her.

Every potter praises his pot, especially if cracked.
Every man is the son of his own works.
Coward against coward, the assailant conquers.

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There are thousands of you troubled as a result of early indiscretions or congested blood. If you are not the man you should be; if you feel tired in the morning, or troubled with exhaustion, nervousness, drowsiness, loss of energy, weak, aching back and kidneys, frequent painful urination, or sediment in urine, impotency, weakness, or other signs of nervous debility and premature decay, we will guarantee you a complete and permanent cure by our Latest Method Treatment, which is recognized a most positive cure for these conditions, and you pay when cured.

Read what our patients say and be convinced.
The original sworn affidavits and testimonials can be seen at our offices, \$500 for any we cannot show; at request of patients we publish only initials.

To Whom It May Concern:
This is to certify that I had been a sufferer from Nervous Debility, night losses and seminal weakness for a long time, had been torturing both in Canada and Detroit without receiving any benefit, and placed myself under Dr. Goldberg's care Dec. 23, 1899; I noticed an improvement in my condition in less than one week; was discharged entirely cured April 29, 1900 and have had no return of said trouble. Signed: A. E. L. C.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 13th day of January 1900.
Wm. A. Smith, Notary Public, Wayne Co., Mich.

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