

**ROYAL BAKING POWDER.**  
**ABSOLUTELY PURE.**  
**Makes the food more delicious and wholesome**

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

his knees and bathed her face with it.  
 With a long sigh she at last opened

**A Modern Polonina.**  
 "My son," said the fond but

[illegible][illegible]

With an awful unfitness to the occasion the truthful answer rose in his mind, now bright with content and hope. "Potatoes." But the potatoes were not to be had. There have been roving around in hope of meeting you. I felt a strange drawing to the top of this tower for which I could not account. Now, understanding you, I can account. Now, understanding you, I can look pale. And this?" he asked, touching her black veil. "Is your father well?"

"Yes," she replied, with a sudden

"How come you here? And what are you doing? Why did you leave, my little one? Come, sit here and tell me all!"

"I was on his place on the rough box and indicated the only other thing to sit on in the vicinity—his knee.

"With shy yielding she placed herself there and let her hand rest upon his knee. He put his arm round her slender waist. He looked into her eyes with such strong, loving ardor and trust. All was well now.


"Ivor, my father became a Mormon and he has been here since this strange

rainy day.

"You may make enemies. If you know who they are, don't mention them. Still, if I see money that might otherwise be lost in defending a libel suit. If you know who they are—well, abuse them on a concealed enemy's behalf. It is indeliberate, but considered a good thing wasted."—New Canadian Advertiser.

**Treatment of Burns.**

Burns may be ordinary, but they are none of their smart because of the



He looked into her eyes. All was well now.

But it was a happy release. I could now have left him and the village and killed me soon. One of their elders who wander over to our village to gather recruits came to our village in Wales. He got my poor father full of wild religious dreams of this kind: "On Day Saints, I did not know it until the very day I told you. Then what could I do? I would not bring this disgrace on you, you would not bring it on me," he told him. I could not bear to tell you of this strange move on his part. I was

"I was determined that you should be free of me. Now, now, now," he said, "the time has come here to be apart and to think. I am to leave tonight for Ogden, where I have hope, of a position to teach. Then—then," she added falteringly, "you will miss me." "No," he replied, "it may happen that you. Oh, what joy to turn then and see you—to have you here!"

"O'Brien," he said resolutely after he had drawn her close to him and held a long, passionate kiss, "I shall tip my hat down from here are we

going straight to the nearest clergyman—at least, the nearest Episcopalian one—and get married.

"But," I have said too long to endure a moment more delay than is necessary. Then you write the Olden people that you must decline the post owing to having accepted of a position as secretary to the Government in the way of a husband. After that we will go around the world and so back to England. Now put your arms around me and kiss me."

"But," she protested, blushing sweetly, "you must not be so precipitous."

"I shall have to telegraph my article the same evening. I am positively late," he said, with an impression in Paris the next day suffering in consequence.

But Verdi was more than equal to the occasion. "My dear sir," he answered, "I will do it." And he did. The critic bowed himself.

**Cutting an Ancestor.**

A self made man, who would like to tell his wife how much he knows about his house some marble portraits of his ancestors, ordered

late. I am too worn out to make stand against any wish of yours now, so—"

"What?" said "Ivor," perceiving that "Ivor" was in a hurry to go and get married, and I am too worn out with a year's waiting and ignorance of your there; to stand against anything more. There," said "Ivor," taking the hands and putting them around his neck. "Say you will."

With a little gasp of joyful joy she let her hand slip forward, and as he bent his head to his beloved he murmured, "Ivor, I will."

Heck was somewhat astonished at the sudden change in the young man's attitude. He had expected to find him a fifth rate scupper a bust of his own father.

But the time it was sent home after a few days, his admiration exhausted, the wealthy man sent his plunier.

"I am," said "Ivor," confessing to said the former, "that I don't appreciate the fine arts unless they are to some useful purpose. Now, I am something to suggest to you."

"Ivor," said "Ivor," "I am not instructions to the tradesman."

A week later, on the anniversary of his birthday, the millionaire p

When called out from the Walker Hotel, Henderson was found in a carriage with a young girl dressed in black, who was blushing tremendously, but with the sweetest modesty and dignity.

"O. W. H." cried Wareham brightly. "Go to the nearest minister of the Episcopalian church and drive fast!" he cried to the coachman. "Oliver," he went on, with the same boyish impetuosity, "I'll be with you in five minutes." "This is my friend, Wilfred Henderson," Henderson, Miss. Ivor said. "In a few minutes she will be Mrs. Ivor Henderson."

"Reaching an Understanding."

The young man was visibly and audibly surprised at the questions which the bridegroom insisted on putting. At last he could endure it no longer. His coat tails flared up into his eyes.

Wardens' hour again. I climbed up  
the hill about half past five.  
Mormon temple without any idea that  
it was the stairway to heaven for me.  
This is an idyl of Desert, old fellow.  
But don't be alarmed. The Mormon  
temple is not made of stone. It's made  
of a bushel of potatoes. I said if an  
old farmer sold them I'd go up. He did,  
and this is the result. How slow that  
old man is! Harry Davidson has been  
impatiently thrusting his head out of  
the widow.

**Local Realization.**

"I've seen the whole thing as they  
went by," said the old fellow who had  
been sitting on the porch of the  
Cynthiana hotel. "I would have you understand  
am no ordinary fortune hunter."  
"That's all right," was the sto-  
rholder.  
"I know it. I'd have you understand  
I am no plain, everyday duke  
either."—Was'n'tnston Star.

**A Remarkable Unintentional**

The humorist of the Cynthiana  
Democrat remarks: "One of the  
gsons of Cynthiana has discover-  
vously fulfilled. The owner of the  
hotel on the left side of the street  
has scarcely been able to walk for  
weeks."

flooded him in the wagon bound for the butcher's—"I now realize that overeating tends to shorten life."—Indianapolis Press.











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