

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

AL BAKING POWDER
LY PURE
 re delicious and wholesome
 BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

one of the two men followed a
doubt it was noted down whom
dressed, when I took my mea-
many cigars I smoked and all o-
the details. After the first day
spy business the same stolid
waiter slipped into my room w-
face and whispering exclaimed-
"Those spies are following you
where. For God's sake be
Ah, me, but who could have pu-

"See here, Hans," I said as I
hand on his shoulder, "you are
ly on the inside of this affair
wish you would tell me what
devil it all means. Has you
planned to rob a bank, steal a
boat or upset the Russian gover
I don't like to go it blind this way.

He looked at me open mouth
half a minute, and then a bro
stole over his face. He thought

prying off on him to test his piety and loyalty.

"You will carry it through all right," he finally said with many heaves of his head, and he went away very well pleased.

At the end of another 24 hours he had strolled into another hotel four blocks away to examine the matter, as a globe trotter invariably does, as soon as he can, explain

for no reason he can explain, the traveler entered who might have my twin brother as far as outward appearances went. He was of my age and weight, had the same color of hair and mustache, and I believe my own mothers would have sworn which was which. He stared at me and I stared back, and I went back to my own hotel, knowing the real man from London had died. An hour later the Pole came to me.

one I
me on
when a
a Po-
the re-
my el-
Grel-
er an-
sers in

great funk. He had confused
of us, as well he might, and given
little affair away to a stranger
started out to say something
stopped him with:
"I have seen your chief and
how the mistake came about. I
you said to me will go farther.
you are up to I don't know and
want to know, but don't mix me
it. Good day."

He scratched his head on

and disappeared to be seen no more nor did the twin brother call or send me any word. My waiter also knocked out when he discovered that a mistake had been made. A few words quieted him. The spies must have had a bad time trying to settle on the right man; they finally decided in my favor. Englishman was free from surveillance, while I was dogged close

At the end of a week and when I was still dogging me, and I was no longer enjoying it, there was a fire on board of a ship in the harbor. It was about nine o'clock at night, and a great number of people gathered on the wharfs to watch the conflagration. I made one of the number, and in my anxiety to secure a good view I mounted the bows of a small, old-looking brig lying at a wharf. I was hardly over the rail before two

followed and seized me and bus-
down into the cabin. They w
Russians who had been spying
Of course I made every form
but I was run into a statero
locked up, and within an hour
was out of the harbor. It seem
she had simply been waiting m
al on board. We had been und
a couple of hours when my do
opened, and I was ordered to s
I found the captain of the brig

I found the captain of the brig, spies and a Russian government awaiting me.

I have told to the English and I looked to be twins, but I had time to look for little details. I sat down opposite the Russian. He began comparing my description with a written description and at the end of five minutes we sat up and thundered at the two spies.

"Dolts! Idiots! Blunderers!"

There was a row to beat the band the next ten minutes. The speaker testified that I answered the desire given them and had carried the character in all ways, and they shouted at them:

"Has he a mole on his chin or his left eyelid droop a little? or a scar on his right hand thumb or blunders and incompetence?"

"If not too much trouble," I asked the official as he got through stammering, "will you kindly explain why a plain citizen has been made prisoner in this fashion? Of what am I guilty of anything, by what authority do you take the law in your hands?"

I was told that it was a mistake and got no other satisfaction. The

...I think
...me?" I
...ht and
...res and
...but he
...befor-
...try-
...ry con-

Later on I found that the man and his party left Stockholm the same evening, but where they went and what sort of a conspiracy they had on hand I never ascertained.

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Her Love Song.

The "Sonnets of the Portent" which were written by Elizabeth Barrett Browning, were never interrupted by publication but when she showed

to Mr. Browning, whom she had married after they were written. He realized the fact that in them was the most perfect love song that had ever heard, and he concluded the poems should not be hidden. Browning was unwilling to let them in her own name, and as a fond of calling her his "little goose" it was decided to have them appear under this name. They

When potatoes were first introduced into Germany, they were for a long time like tomatoes, cultivated more out of curiosity. No one ate them, even when refusing them.

About 88 per cent of the West German cyclones occur in August, September and October.

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