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that is where Calumet Baking Powder proves its superiority; its wonderful raising power; its never-failing ability to produce the most delicious baking—and its economy. In the baking—that is the only way you can successfully test it and compare it with the high price kinds. You cannot discredit these statements until you have tried



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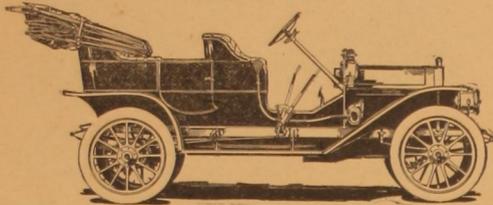
the only high grade baking powder selling at a moderate cost. \$1,000.00 is offered to anyone finding the least trace of impurity, in the baking, caused by Calumet.

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LIGHTNING A MYSTERY

This Phenomenon of Nature Is a Puzzle to Science.

THE THEORY OF THUNDER.

In a General Way It is Understood; but, as a Matter of Fact, the Bolt From the Storm in Its Erratic Tendencies Defies the Investigator.

In a general way we understand the theory of thunderstorms. As a matter of fact, there is no phenomenon of nature, but excepting even earthquakes, of which we know so little.

Man-made lightning—that is, electricity of the highest power, which we can artificially produce—will act according to certain known laws. It will, for instance, travel along a conductor of metal.

But a flash of lightning will frequently leap from a well defined metal path and launch itself through the air or some adjacent object which is an infinitely poorer conductor.

This may be due to the almost inconceivable force of a flash of lightning, says a writer in Pearson's Weekly. It is estimated that a flash of lightning a mile long represents a pressure of discharge equal to 3,000,000,000 volts.

As such a flash lasts only about the thousandth part of a second the energy dissipated by the discharge is equal to 300,000 horsepower. Put in other words, if we could find some means of saving and using lightning we should be the richer by a good round sum for every flash.

Lightning is, as we know, usually accompanied by a peal of thunder, which is louder the nearer the nearer is to the point of the discharge, but this is not an invariable rule. There are cases on record of most destructive lightning flashes which were unaccompanied by sound.

Such a phenomenon occurred at Bradford some years ago. What is described as "a silent thunderbolt" fell in a graveyard, destroying one monument and smashing to atoms nearly seventy glass cases containing wreaths and flowers.

In the same summer Swanscombe, in Kent, was terrified by a freak of lightning. All of a sudden "a great mass of blue fire" swept along the street, and next moment it was seen that the fine old parish church, built nearly 700 years ago, had been struck.

The building, with all its fine old carved oak, was soon a roaring furnace, and only a part of the chancel was saved.

Scientists are still hopelessly at sea as to the cause of that peculiar phenomenon known as globe lightning. At Coventry some years ago during a violent thunderstorm it passed along a street like a soap bubble built of blue fire and drifted into a shed, where it exploded, blowing the roof off the place.

At Rheims, in France, a similar fire ball came into a cobbler's shop through the open window. The solitary occupant of the place sat perfectly still, paralyzed with terror, while his fearful visitant hovered for several seconds overhead. Then it moved toward the fireplace and presently passed up the chimney.

Next moment there was an explosion like a shell bursting, and the upper part of the chimney came crashing down.

Not long ago Count G. Hamilton made a record of a similar freak of electricity. He was sitting at dinner at a house on Lake Wener, in Sweden, when just after a vivid flash of lightning a brilliant white ball appeared over the table and after hanging poised there for some seconds went off with a loud bang.

Fortunately it did no harm to any one, although it was quite close to several people. Those who saw it suggested it was like a ball of cold lightning.

In November, 1902, Sydney, Australia, was visited by a terrific dust storm, in the midst of which a perfect rain of electric fire balls began to fall. These set fire to a number of houses, and a most appalling panic set in. A cry was raised that the end of the world was at hand, and people rushed out of their houses into the ink black, dust deep streets.

The most amazing and terrifying displays of the power of lightning are seen on mountains. In 1890 a party was on the top of a mountain in the Caucasus when a huge violet ball, surrounded by vivid rays, struck a rock near by and, exploding like a bomb, burst into atoms. One of the party was badly hurt.

Stilton Cheese.

The secret of making Stilton cheese was for some time confined to the family of the original inventors, who were under an engagement to sell all they could make to the famous Cooper Thornhill of Stilton. Being thus to be obtained of him alone, it received the appellation of Stilton cheese, but it would have been more appropriately named Wichote cheese, being first made in that village, on the eastern side of Leicestershire, about thirty miles from Stilton.—London Standard.

Helping Him.

Mr. Backward—Well—er—yes, since you ask me, I was thinking of consulting a fortune teller, Miss Coy.—To find out when you will marry, eh? Mr. Backward—Why—er—yes. I—Miss Coy—Why not ask me and save the fortune teller's fee toward the price of the ring?

The thicker the grass the easier to mow—Alaric.

THE PUMA AND ITS PREY.

Ease With Which a Patagonian Lion Killed a Colt.

The puma is so fond of horseflesh that in Patagonia it is difficult to breed horses, as the colts are killed by this American lion. A native told the author of "The Naturalist in La Plata" that on one occasion while driving his horses home through a thicket a puma sprang out of the bushes to the back of a colt following behind the troop.

The puma alighted directly on the colt's back, with one fore foot grasping its shoulder, while with the other it seized the head and, giving it a violent wrench, dislocated the neck. The colt fell to the earth as if shot.

Next to horseflesh, the puma prefers mutton. He does not like veal, although he will kill a calf upon occasion. A cunning puma when on cloudy nights raided a sheep ranch used as a place of concealment the pen where a dozen calves were kept while it was waiting to attack the sheep, but it did not injure a calf.

Pigs when in large herds defy the puma by massing themselves together and presenting a serrated line of tusks. The ass also resists successfully the puma's attack. When assaulted it thrusts its head between its fore legs and kicks violently until the puma is driven or thrown off.

One day an Indian while riding saw a young cow watching his approach. Her manner showed that it was in a state of dangerous excitement, and the Indian conjectured that some beast of prey had killed its calf. He began searching for the calf's body. While thus engaged the cow repeatedly charged him. Presently he discovered the calf lying dead among the long grass and by its side a dead puma with a large wound just behind the shoulder.

The calf had been killed by the puma, for its throat showed the wounds of large teeth. The cow had driven one of its long, sharp horns into the puma's side while it was sucking the calf's blood.

SLOW NEW YORK.

It Actually Made the Hustling Western Barber Sleepy.

"Why, say," said a visiting barber from the wide untrammelled west, "you folks here in New York are narrow, limited, shackled, contracted, far behind the age. You think you are the human limit when really your gait is very slow."

"I went into one of your shops here yesterday. Nice shop, good equipment, everything fine and elegant, but when I saw how slow you were here on the work it made me nervous. A good plant, but not worked to capacity."

"They had a man in a chair with a barber cutting his hair and a man-cutter fixing his hands and a bootblack blacking his shoes all at the same time, and I suppose you think here that that's going some to have three people work on a customer all at once, but, goodness me, you ought to look into my shop and see how we do things in my part of the country!"

"I've got a shop that's every bit as modern and up to date to the last limit as anything you've got in New York, but out there we utilize our plant. What do you suppose we do when a man comes in that's in a hurry to catch a train? Think we all lie down and take a nap?"

"Why, we put one barber to cutting his hair and another to shaving him, and two manicurers tackle his hands, one on each side. We take off his shoes, and two boys work on them, each blacking a single shoe, while two chiropodists get at him, each taking a foot, and at the same time we have one boy brushing the customer's hat and another brushing his overcoat, while another dusts the clothes he's got on with a vacuum duster."

"You put three people on a man at once and think you're doing something. We put on eleven and think nothing about it at all, and our town ain't a quarter as big as New York—not a quarter."

"Why, honest, this New York atmosphere makes me sleepy!"—New York Sun.

An Old Machine.

The Tubingen Morgenblatt of Oct. 31, 1829, contains a description of such a machine as then in use in the London coffee house. It was in the shape of a tobacco jar, which stood on the table and had a slot into which a penny had to be inserted to obtain a pipeful of tobacco. The weight of the coin depressed a lever and released a lock. The writer adds that a halfpenny would not do the trick, and the would be cheat could not recover his money.—London Notes and Queries.

The Judge Agreed.

It is recorded that Lord Mansfield, the famous English judge of the second half of the eighteenth century, listened impatiently to an argument of Sir Fletcher Norton upon a case involving certain manorial rights.

"My lord," said Norton, who was inferentially dictatorial, "I can instance the point in person. I have myself two little manors."

"We are well aware of that," responded Lord Mansfield, seizing his opportunity.

Caution Extraordinary.

"You have a night key?" "Of course," answered Mr. Meekton, "only I'm so careless that Henrietta keeps it locked up in the safe you deposit it so that I won't lose it!"—Washington Star.

After Their Quarrel.

Mabel—Of course you speak to Lena when you pass her? Helen—Indeed, I do not. Why, I don't even notice what she has on!—Puck.

FAMOUS PEOPLE

BY FANNIE M. LOTHROP



MAY IRWIN

Photo by Hall, New York.

America's Favorite Comedienne.

One of the leading comedienne of the American stage to-day, is May Irwin, a daughter of Canada. In these days of Ibsen plays with their dull dreary pessimism; of problem plays portraying the morbid pathology of the emotions; of society plays with their whipped cream of forced epigram on the pulpy base of a thin plot; and of melodrama that puts a dime novel into the dress-suit of respectability, it is a relief to turn to something that gives us a hearty wholesome laugh and leaves no bad flavor in the mouth, no later regret. Laughter is one of the safety valves of civilization, it is a needed vent in an age of strenuous living; and a genuine apostle of laughter is May Irwin.

Her power is her personality, her naturalness, her spontaneity; her bubbling contagious good spirits establishing a telepathic sympathy with her audience which creates a continuous ripple of fun and laughter that defies analysis.

The daughter of Robert E. Campbell, Miss Irwin acknowledges that she was born in 1862—"tho' she doesn't look it"—of course—in Whittby, Ont., where she spent her early girlhood. At the age of eight she was a soprano in the church choir of her native village and sang at every opportunity and with the slightest provocation, as naturally as a bird sings,—without a Marchesi training. At thirteen the death of her father threw upon her and her sister Flora the duty of money-making, and they made their debut as singers in Buffalo, N. Y. They were billed as the "Irwin Sisters," unknown to them, and accepted the name. They sang "Sweet Genevieve" for their first song; Flora fainted after it was over but May valiantly faced the audience for an encore with the coolness of a veteran.

Engagements in other cities followed quickly on the western circuit, and their third season found them at Tony Pastor's in New York at eighty dollars a week. Seven years of this engagement where improvising was often necessary and the roles ranged from a babe in arms to a grandmother, gave Miss Irwin a confidence that has never forsaken her, despite her statement that she cannot take her initial cue at any performance without a little quail of uncertainty and fear of the audience. Augustin Daly who had a keen eye for new talent, gave her an excellent post-graduate course of four years in his theatre, which was a splendid training school, and prepared her for her later successes. At the age of sixteen she married Frederick W. Keller who died eight years later leaving her with two sons—her loving comrades and the pride of her life.

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"THE BEST AT ANY PRICE"

The Best because it answers best every true test for Baking Powder

1. Raises lightest and surest
2. Makes the baking sweetest and most palatable
3. Leaves no harmful substance in the food

What more can a Baking Powder do? Remember, we say the best,—no exceptions. And it costs you less,—no "Trust" Prices.

KC BAKING POWDER The Very Very Best

25 Ounces for 25 Cents
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RENEW YOUR SUBSCRIPTION.

"Mrs. Stebbins is a very mean woman."

"What has she done?"

"She gave her little boy a slice of bread and butter and told him to go out and sit where he could smell the blackberry jam Mrs. Perkins was making."

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by his firm.

WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75c per bottle. Sold by all druggists. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Among the Girls.



"I paid only \$17 for the hat, mamma."

"Dear me! What an awfully extravagant child you are! I've seen the same thing for \$10.98!"—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

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