California State Analyst.

Royal Baking Powder is Superior to all in Purity and Strength.

"For purity and care in preparation the Royal Baking Powder equals any in the market, and our test shows that it has greater leavening power than any of which we have any knowledge."

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No careful housekeeper can afford to use any baking powder but Royal.

Where Roses Grow.

For many centuries the growing of roses for the manufacture of perfume has been an important industry in many places.

In the south of France and in Algeria rose culture is conducted upon a large scale. Shiraz, in Persia, and Ghazipur, in India, have long been important centers of the industry, and so has Medinet-el-Fayoum, in Egypt. But, most noted of all, yielding the largest quantity and the finest quality, is Kazanlik, in eastern Bumelia—the valley of roses.

This lovely valley lies on the southern slope of the Balkans, sheltered by their towering sides from the cold north winds, and is the center of a district which yields on an average nearly 4,000 pounds avoirdupois of attar of roses, representing a commercial value of $180,000.—New York Tribune.

A Russian Priest's Wife.

In Russia it is a common mode of expression to say "as happy as a priest's wife." The reason she is so happy is because her husband's position depends upon her. If she dies he is deposed, and his property is taken away from him and distributed, half to his children and half to the government. The dreadful contingency makes the Russian priest careful to get a healthy wife, if he can, and makes him take extraordinarily good care of her after he has secured her.—Womankind.

A Marshal's Retort.

The Marshal de Bassompierre was employed by Henry IV on several embassies. He once told the king that when he went as embassador to Spain he rode into Madrid on the most beautiful mule he had ever seen, which had been sent by the Spanish monarch for his special use.

"Ha, ha, what a comical sight!" laughed out the boisterous king; "an ass upon a mule!"

"Yes, sire," said Bassompierre coolly, "I represented your majesty."—All the Year Round.

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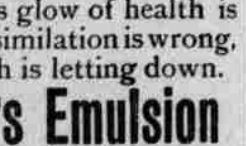
A Ruddy Glow



on cheek and brow is evidence that the body is getting proper nourishment. When this glow of health is absent assimilation is wrong, and health is letting down.

Scott's Emulsion

taken immediately arrests waste, regardless of the cause. Consumption must yield to treatment that stops waste and builds flesh anew. *Almost as palatable as milk.*

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TRADE MARK.

CURES SCROFULA

Mrs. E. J. Rowell, Medford, Mass., says her mother has been cured of Scrofula by the use of four bottles of S.S.S. after having had much other treatment, and being reduced to quite a low condition of health, as it was thought she could not live.

S.S.S. Cured my little boy of hereditary scrofula which appeared all over his face. For a year I had given up all hope of his recovery, when finally I was induced to use S.S.S. A few bottles cured him, and no symptoms of the disease remain.

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ITCHING PILES known by moisture like perspiration, cause intense itching when warm. This form and BLIND, BLEEDING or PROTRUDING PILES YIELD AT ONCE TO DR. BO-SAN-KO'S PILE REMEDY, which acts directly on parts affected, absorbs tumors, allays itching, effecting a permanent cure. Price 50c. Druggists or mail. Dr. Bosanko, Philadelphia, Pa.

The Handkerchief with Evening Wear.

One of the most objectionable dispositions is the placing of the handkerchief within the folds of the dress shirt, thereby throwing the shirt front out of evenness, and rewarding your friends with an unintentional glimpse of your underwear, while the plan of affixing this indispensable adjunct of evening dress into the waistcoat at that junction where the buttons meet, a la corsage, is a preposterous innovation.

It was after all these various arguments had been advanced and the merits of each canvassed that it was declared by the discoverer that neither the coat nor the trousers afforded a requisite opportunity of concealment, but that the dress waistcoat was the apropos and feasible abiding place of the handkerchief upon all formal occasions.

The plan was speedily evolved decreeing that there should be a horizontal slit pocket upon the inside or lining of the dress waistcoat, on both sides, a little forward of the armholes and extending down under them. The two pockets would be to the preference of the best men of swaggerdom, that always carry an extra handkerchief. In this manner the extra bulk would be so disposed as not to interfere with the fit of the coat, but rather fill out the chest in quite an enhancing way. Moreover, the shape and location of the pockets would enable the wearer readily and gracefully to reach them.

This idea has been frequently tried, being always found eminently practicable, and a delightful revelation to those that find so apt an innovation carried out in their "best suit of clothes."—Clothier and Furnisher.

A Curious Wager.

A wager was made in 1806 in the Castle yard, York, England, between Thomas Hodgson and Samuel Whitehead, as to which should succeed in assuming the most singular character. Umpires were selected, whose duty it was to decide upon the comparative absurdity of the costumes in which the two men were to appear. On the appointed day Hodgson came before the umpires decorated with bank notes of various values, his coat and vest being entirely covered with them. Besides these he had a row of five guinea pieces down his back, a netted purse of gold around his head and a placard on his back bearing the legend, "John Bull."

Whitehead came on the scene dressed like a woman on one side, one half of his face painted and a silk stocking and slipper on one foot and leg. The other half of his face was blackened so as to resemble a negro; on the corresponding side of his body he wore a gaudy, long tailed linen coat, his leg on that side being incased in half a pair of leather breeches and a boot with a spur. He wore a wig of sky blue braided down his back and tied with yellow, red and orange colored ribbons.

One would naturally fancy that he presented the most singular and ludicrous appearance, but the umpires must have thought differently, as they awarded the stakes, some twenty pounds, to Hodgson.—St. Louis Republic.

She Saw the Pile Too Late.

An Oakmont mother picked up the jacket of her twelve-year-old boy and marveled at its weight.

She did not marvel so much after she had taken the following articles from the pocket:

A broken and rusty iron toy pistol, a book strap, a yard of top string with a tin button at one end of it, a piece of dog chain, a bunch of bristles, a pocket mirror, a rubber cork, two hickory nuts, toy watch and chain, match safe, three marbles, part of the works of a watch, combined pencil and penholder, cartridge shell, a screw, two wire nails, piece of tailor's chalk, several pebbles, three tobacco tags, small corkscrew, two pieces of lead pencil, slate pencil, piece of wire, piece of blue chalk, a penwiper, a hair curler, toy sleigh bell, shoe button, canceled postage stamp, several scraps of paper and some odds and ends that defied classification.

"What are you doing with all that stuff?" queried the mother, as she surveyed the outfit for a junkshop.

"That's nuthin," replied the urchin. "You ought to have seen it before I traded off the other things."—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegram.

America's National Dish.

Marion Harland once upon a time in the course of a foreign journey chanced to be dilating upon the cosmopolitan taste of the American who would eat haggis in Scotland, roast beef in England, bologna in its city, macaroni in Italy and frogs' legs in France. "And what," said a famous traveler who overheard the monologue, "is the national dish of the United States?" Mrs. Terhune always laughs, but ruefully, when she repeats this anecdote. "I thought," she says, "of telling him turkey. But they cook that better in France than in America. I thought of mince pie, but that is English as well as Yankee. At length I replied, with an assumption of ease and pride that I was far from feeling, 'Baked beans and buckwheat cakes.' I was well aware that my interlocutor had experienced both those dishes, and I was not surprised that his sole comment should be, 'Fancy!' in an involuntary tone of shocked surprise."—Philadelphia Press.

The English crown is made up of diamonds, rubies, sapphires, pearls and emeralds set in silver and gold bands. It weighs 39 ounces and 5 pennyweights troy. In it there are 3,452 diamonds, 273 pearls, 9 rubies, 17 sapphires and 11 emeralds.

Experience has shown that an electric street car can be comfortably heated by the expenditure of one horse power of electrical energy. The electrical heaters do not reduce the seating capacity of the car, which is kept clear of coal dust and cinders.

ZULEIKA'S BEEHIVES.

"Papa, I really think you ought to interfere," said Zuleika, her cheeks aflame, her eyes full of wrathful fire.

"Papa, I do wish you would put Zuleika in her place, once for all!" spoke Rosamond the regal.

The professor laid down his pen with a polysyllabled word yet unfinished, and sighed a Borean sigh.

"More trouble," said he. "What is the matter now?"

"Aunt Pauline has sent me a cherry colored cashmere dress," sputtered Zuleika—"the prettiest color!—and three yards of surah to trim it with. And—and Rosa has coolly appropriated it."

"I needed a new gown," observed Rosamond. "And Zu can do very well with her dyed sage green. Besides, I'm the oldest!"

"Is that any reason you should be a thief?" retorted the irate Zuleika.

"Girls, girls!" protested the professor, turning his slim white fingers in the hair of his head.

"Make her give it back to me, papa!" said Zuleika. "It's mine! Aunt Pauline never sent it to her. She has no business to take it."

"Tell her to remember that she is only a child, papa," calmly remarked Rosamond, "and that she ought to defer to her elders."

Zuleika so far forgot her dignity as to make a face at Rosamond at this stage of the discussion.

"Oh, I just wish Capt. Calverly could know what a whited sepulcher you are," said she. "Just wait till I get a chance—won't I tell him about the Balm of Roses and the Coreopsis Cream for the Complexion, and"——

"Papa, will you silence her?" appealed Rosamond, with the expression of a grieved angel.

"Girls, girls," groaned the professor, "do reflect. Here is this manuscript to be sent off to The Scientific Bi-Weekly at 4 o'clock this afternoon, and how do you suppose it's to be done? Rosamond, don't tease your sister. Zuly, be a good girl, and mind what Rosamond says."

The professor went back to his stacks of pens and pools of ink. Rosamond darted one triumphant glance at her younger sister, and sailed like a royal galleon out of the door.

Zuleika ran headlong into the garden and never let loose the torrent of her sobs and tears until she was safe down among the pinks and phloxes, where the bees went in and out of two little hives and kept up a murmurous hum.

"I wish I was one of you, you dear little brown belted things!" passionately cried she, resting her chin in her hands as she sat staring at them, her vision blurred by tears. "Then there wouldn't be any question of gowns and boots and horrid, cross elder sisters. I wonder is it wicked to hate Rosamond as I do? I shouldn't hate her if she was kind and considerate to me and acted as if she loved me just the least little bit in the world. It isn't the cherry colored cashmere so much—though I would like a new gown that hadn't been dyed over, and that Rosamond hadn't worn all the beauty out of before I got hold of it—but it's the hateful, hideous, outrageous injustice of the thing. I've almost a mind to run away, or to go for hired help, or drown myself or something. "Jacob!"—springing suddenly to her feet—"what are you doing here?"

"Please, Miss Zuleika," said the stolid farmhand, "Eben Phelps, he's come arter the bees."

"And what business has Eben Phelps with my bees, I'd like to know?"

"Miss Jefferd sold 'em to him, miss. She don't want no bees here. She's goin' to have the ground leveled for a tennis court—whatever that may be."

Zuleika Jefferd stepped tragically to the side of her beehives.

"This is too much!" said she. "They are my bees—not Miss Jefferd's, and if any one dares to lay hands on a hive I'll have them prosecuted for trespass! Do you hear that, Jacob?"

Jacob retreated. There was no mistaking the determination in Zuleika's eyes.

Eben Phelps was forced to drive away without even a parley.

"Not's I expected to carry away two hives o' bees in broad daylight," he explained to Jacob. "Ye might a knowed better'n that, Jake; but I sort o' wanted to look at 'em afore I closed the bargain."

"Guess ye hadn't better," said Jacob. "Our young missy she means just what she says, and the bees is hern, anyway. Squire Bassett he gin 'em to her hisself."

Rosamond Jefferd only shrugged her handsome shoulders when she heard all this.

"I mean to have my tennis court," said she, "and I mean to get rid of those odious bees, all in good time. Of course Zu will rage, but she's always raging about something."

Time passed on. The cherry colored cashmere was made up, and Miss Jefferd decided to wear it for the initial time on the ocasion of the visit of Mr. Franklin Jefferd, a distant cousin in whose eyes she desired to appear her very best.

"If he's really the rich member of the family," argued Rosamond, "it's worth while to take a little pains with one's dress. We all know that a first impression is everything."

"I suppose you'd like to marry him and spend all his money for him," said Zuleika, who was reluctantly helping in the kitchen.

For Rosamond had decreed a stupendous "company dinner," and there was no one who made such exquisite mayonnaise as Zuleika.

Rosamond laughed scornfully.

"Little girls should be seen and not heard," said she. "Indeed, as I have decided to invite Mrs. Matthews and Dr. and Mrs. Raynhan, there won't be room for you at the table."

Zuleika's eyes flashed.

"You won't dare to leave me out!" said she.

"You'll see whether I will or not," responded composed Rosamond.

"Rosamond," said Zuleika, her breath coming thick and fast, "it would be a judgment on you if I were to get married first after all!"

"Much chance there is of your getting married!" jeered Rosamond as she smoothed the icing on her loaf of sponge cake.

The hour of the unknown cousin's arrival came. Rosamond looked most provokingly pretty in the cherry colored cashmere and a cluster of deep red roses at her belt.

Zuleika, in the neutral tinted sage green, felt like a katydid or a grasshopper, or any other painfully insignificant insect.

"And now," said Rosamond, glancing at her imperial presence in the parlor mirror, which Zuleika was diligently polishing with plate powder and a chamois cloth. "I'm going out to gather some carnations."

Zuleika made no comment, but within herself she thought.

"Yes, do. That's right! I planted the carnations, and I watered them, and I took care of them—and you coolly appropriated them. It's always so in this family, and papa never interferes to protect my rights!"

She was thus soliloquizing when she saw another reflection than her own in the mirror. She gave a jump and a scream simultaneously.

"Don't be frightened," said the apparition. "You are Rosamond, aren't you? I am your cousin Franklin."

He was very cordial and handsome, with pleasant, dark eyes, a rich olive complexion, and a sweet, deep voice.

Zuleika was quite certain that she was going to like him.

"No," said she, "I'm not Rosamond. I am Zuleika, the younger sister. But I'm very glad to see you, all the same, and I'm sorry papa hasn't come back from the postoffice yet. And" (hurriedly flinging the chamois cloth into the pot pourri jar) "I'll go out with you into the garden and show you where Rosamond is."

For she was secretly determined, in spite of her wrongs, to give Rosamond every fair chance.

Franklin Jefferd looked down at the light, agile figure as he walked beside it.

How pretty she was! What a delicate pink color burned on her clear cheek, and how intensely blue her eyes were! And then those silky rings of light brown hair that were blowing about her forehead—what a bewitching framework they made to her face!

"If Rosamond is prettier she must be very pretty," he thought.

At that moment the sound of shrieks and vituperations burst on the scented summer air, and Rosamond, forcing her way through the tall lilac bushes, rushed into the open garden, both hands clasped over her face.

Was it Rosamond—this figure with disheveled hair, eyes swollen to nearly twice their size, face disfigured with innumerable stings, and complexion purple with rage and pain?

"It's your horrid, hateful bees that have done it, Zuleika!" she screamed. "Anyhow, I threw both the hives into the brush and smashed them, and—I'd like to fling you after them! Yes I would!"

"It warn't the creeturs' fault, Miss Jefferd," explained the voice of Jacob, the hired man, who brought up the rear, beating off a cloud of infuriated insects with the brim of his straw hat. "Bees is allers quick to take offense—an' you jest slapped out at 'em when they came harmlessly hummin' round about your ear. And it didn't better matters none when you kicked the hives over into the brook. I shouldn't wonder, now, ef it was twenty-four hours afore ye could see outen your eyes ag'in."

"Papa," cried Rosamond, "if you don't put a stop to Zuleika's obstinacy and willfulness"——

"It isn't papa, Rosamond," said Zuleika, in a low voice, as she gently detached her sister's hand from the stranger's arm. "It is Mr. Franklin Jefferd. We came out to look for you."

"I'm sorry you're so badly stung, Cousin Rosamond," said Mr. Jefferd. "A little bicarbonate of soda, dissolved in water"——

But Rosamond, muttering a few incoherent words of excuse, vanished under the honeysuckles that draped the porch, leaving Jacob to do battle alone with the winged enemies, and Zuleika and Franklin to console each other.

And this was the "first impression" which she succeeded in making upon her unknown cousin!

"Was it my fault that Frank liked me better than you?" Zuleika asked her sister six weeks afterward. "You needn't scold me because I am engaged to be married before you. He chose for himself, didn't he?"

"It was the fault of your bees," said angry Rosamond. "I believe you kept them there on purpose."

"Won't you speak one kindly, loving word to me, Rosamond, now that I am so happy?" whispered Zuleika. "Say that you rejoice in my good fortune!"

But Rosamond remained stubbornly silent.

"I don't think," said Betsy Blair, the housekeeper, "that poor Miss Zuleika ever knew what it was to be really loved or looked after until she was engaged to Mr. Frank. The professor meant well, but he'd no eyes for anything but his books. And Miss Rosa—oh, she was a regular tyrant! And yet at the weddin everybody was sayin', 'What a very amiable person Miss Jefferd is, and what a relief it must be to her to git that troublesome younger sister of hers married off. Oh the injustice of the world!"

Her gossip, old Mrs. Hale, shook her cap borders.

"It's what we must expect this side o the promised land!" said she sententiously.—Philadelphia Saturday Night.

His Misbehaved Limb.

"A cork leg is no end of a bore," said the man who limped. "Just think of it! I was at a dinner party the other night and it was my happy lot to have a most charming damsel fall to my share at the feast. We conversed most pleasantly through the oysters and the soup, but when the fish came on she became silent and seemed unaccountably embarrassed. To draw her from this mood I redoubled my efforts to please, but in response she only flushed and looked angry. Finally, interrupting me in the midst of a little mot which I had composed carefully while dressing for the dinner, she said, sotto voce:

"'I'll thank you to stop squeezing my foot!'

"Imagine my embarrassment! I had been treading upon her toes with my cork foot—of course without knowing it. It is an annoying thing to have to explain to a young lady at a social festivity. Nevertheless I was forced to do so. She accepted my apology and then proceeded to injure my feelings by giggling."—Washington Star.

Jumped for the Ferry.

It was bright moonlight and 3 a. m., and one of the toilers on a morning newspaper was on his way home to Brooklyn. He had to cross by a ferry which ran its boats only half hourly at that time of night, and he was naturally anxious to catch the boat. As he rushed down the bridge to the boat he suddenly perceived that it was just starting and was about five feet from the slip. Determined to catch it at all hazards, he shut his teeth firmly, and running down the bridge gave a tremendous leap and landed beyond the chains amid the cheers and laughter of the crowd.

Turning to ascertain the cause of their mirth, he saw that the boat was securely fastened in the slip, and that what he had taken for the space between slip and boat was only the shadow cast by the ferryhouse in the bright moonlight.—New York Tribune.

TROOPING TO THE SASKATCHEWAN

Why are American farmers trooping into the Saskatchewan district of the Canadian Northwest Territories? The answer is simple. Settlers from the Eastern States are unable to find suitable unoccupied land in the Western States; the young men who were born and raised in the West look about for land and cannot find it near home, and of those who have land some have necessity for more. They want first-class farming land that does not require irrigation; they want rich grass land for their cattle, and they want it cheap. They find that they can attain such land in all quantities, some of it free and as much as they want at $3 an acre, and that as a settler need pay only a tenth of the purchase money down, with nine years to pay the rest, his land increases in value far above the purchase price long before his payments are due. And the men of Washington, Oregon and Western States see by the map that they have not far to go; that lines run up from the boundary at several points to Calgary and Edmonton, and that the lands to be acquired are along the line of railway and within easy reach of a station. It is no wonder therefore that there is a quiet but extensive movement among American farmers to get to this Northern Alberta country, and that the lands from fifty miles north of Calgary to Edmonton on the Saskatchewan and beyond it are very eagerly sought. In several parts, where two years ago only a small railway station marked the district, mixed colonies of Canadians and Americans have now established themselves.

The Tomb of Noah.

The tomb of Noah is supposed to lie in the small town of Nakhitchevan, on the plain of Ararat. The burial place is at the side of the broken walls of an abandoned fortress in the midst of a vast plain which is literally covered with the remains of bygone glories.

FAR AND WIDE.

Not on this broad continent alone, but in malarial breeding tropical regions, in Guatemala, Mexico, South America, the Isthmus of Panama and elsewhere, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters affords to inhabitants and sojourners protection against malaria. The miner, the freshly arrived immigrant, the tiller of the virgin soil newly robbed of its forests by the axe of the pioneer, find in the superb anti-febrile specific a preserver against the poisonous miasma which in vast districts rich in natural resources is yet fertile in disease. It annihilates disorders of the stomach, liver and bowels, fortifies those who use it against rheumatic ailments bred and fostered by outdoor exercise, infuses genial warmth into a frame chilled by a rigorous temperature, and robs of their power to harm morning and evening mists and vapors laden with hurtfulness; strengthens the weak, and conquers incipient kidney trouble.

Mrs. Kutshaw (who has been discussing individual tastes)—What is your forte, Mrs. Jimpsey? Mrs. Jimsey—Me fourt' is dead. Jimpsey's me fift'.

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FRANK J. CHENEY.

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troubles the woman who is delicate, run-down, or overworked. She's hollow-cheeked, dull-eyed, thin, and pale, and it worries her.

Now, the way to look well is to *be* well. And the way to be well, if you're any such woman, is to faithfully use Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. That is the *only medicine* that's *guaranteed* to build up woman's strength and to cure woman's ailments. In every "female complaint," irregularity, or weakness, and in every exhausted condition of the female system—if it ever fails to benefit or cure, you have your money back.

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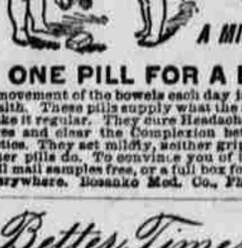

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