ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Imparts that peculiar lightness, sweetness, and flavor noticed in the finest cake, biscuit, rolls, crusts, etc., which expert pastry cooks declare is unobtainable by the use of any other leavening agent.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 WALL ST., N. Y.

Identity.

The great chandeliers shed a blaze of glory over fair women and brave men.

Soft music and the perfume of rare flowers pleased the senses.

It was a function.

Two women had entered the room unnoticed.

The tall creature with a thin nose bent low her head and whispered to the fat vision with a double chin:

"Show me the man you love so distractedly."

A pair of baby blue eyes scanned the guests eagerly.

"There he is. The tall man by the mantel."

Two haughty lips parted with a gasp of astonishment.

"Why, I had always heard that your fiance is short."

Two cheeks of damask flushed faintly.

"He is."

The music rose in riotous cadence, and presently the dance began.—Detroit News-Tribune.

Not Too Silly.

"Come here, my pretty dears."

"No, thank you. We may be silly, but we don't intend to lose our heads entirely."—Life.

It Rattled Him.

"I was over in Indiana last week," remarked the drummer, "and on a train going toward Indianapolis I saw a young man in a brand new suit of clothes and a blue necktie. He was as green as a gourd, and the young woman with him wasn't much riper. About 3 o'clock in the afternoon he came into the smoker of the Pullman and sat down nervously. I was in there talking to a man from Vincennes. After a few minutes he gave a slight cough and pulled down his collar as if it choked him.

"'Has either of you gents ever been married?' he queried.

"'I haven't,' said I.

"'I have,' said the Vincennes man, 'and my third wife is now living.'

"'Gosh,' exclaimed the young fellow; 'you don't say so!'

"'Yes, I do say.'

"'And you lived through it?' questioned the youth.

"'Certainly. Why not?' said the Vincennes man somewhat indignantly.

"''Cause I got married this morning at 9 o'clock, and ever since I've been sorter chokin in the throat and feelin queer, and I begun to be afeared I wasn't goin to live through it. It's my fust attempt, and I ain't used to it yit. Seein you, though, has braced me up kinder, and I begin to have hopes. I'll go back now to Mary, and if you see me lookin wobbly and likely to careen 'tween here and Indianapolis won't you nudge me up again? I'm bad skeered, mister, but goodby.' And he went back into the car, and the Vincennes man kept his eye on him the rest of the way."—Detroit Free Press.

Too Much Happiness.

"Madam," said the prospective boarder timidly, "do you have any little boys in the house?"

"No, sir," said the lady who had advertised for a lodger.

"No piano?"

"No, sir."

"You don't serve stews very often?"

"No."

"Well, madam," and the young man's voice sunk to a whisper as his face flushed, "do you serve—stewed prunes at each meal?"

"No."

"Then, madam," said the youth as he turned away, with a sigh, "then I cannot be your guest. I feel that I am not worthy of it."—Chicago Record.

An Inspiration.

Examining Medical Professor—Now, sir, tell me how you would treat a case of typhoid fever.

Student—Well, sir, I should first—I should first—I——

E. M. P. (impatiently)—Yes, yes; go on.

Student (seized with a brilliant idea)—I should first call you in for consultation.

Passes with honors.—Tit-Bits.

Her Choice Made.

Bessie (aged 4)—Mamma, does folks marry in heaven?

Mamma—The good book says they do not, Bessie.

"Do they marry in—in the other place?"

"I presume not, my dear."

"Then I'm going to stay right here!"—Chicago Tribune.

A Possible Change.

"And are you sure that you will always love me the same as now, dear?" murmured Birdie McNabb.

"Yes, or just as well some other weigh," responded George W. Simpson as he shifted her 165 pounds onto his other knee and drew a long breath.—Washington Star.

A Shortcake.

It was in the south school the other day that the scholars were asked to write a sentence which should contain the pronoun "I," and a small colored pupil perpetrated this: "My mother made a shortcake. It was so short I didn't get any of it."—Hartford Post.

Both Bad.

Jackson (in a restaurant)—This chicken of mine was kept too long after being killed.

Currie—And the one I'm eating was kept too long before it was killed.—New York Herald.

A Precedent Established.

"What makes you think she will marry you?"

"She has married other men."—Truth.

Through Santa Clara Wheat

By FRANCIS BRET HARTE.

It was simply a roof upheld by rude uprights and cross beams and open to the breeze that swept through it. At one end was a small blacksmith's forge, some machinery and what appeared to be part of a small steam engine. Midway of the shed was a closet or cupboard fastened with a large padlock. Occupying its whole length on the other side was a work bench, and at the further end stood the workman she had heard.

He was apparently only a year or two older than herself, and clad in blue jean overalls, blackened and smeared with oil and coal dust. Even his youthful face, which he turned toward her, had a black smudge running across it and almost obliterating a small auburn mustache. The look of surprise that he gave her, however, quickly passed. He remained patiently and in a half preoccupied way holding his hammer in his hand as she advanced. This was evidently the young fellow who could "do anything that could be done with wood and iron."

She was very sorry to disturb him, but could he tell her how long it would be before the wagon could be brought up and mended? He could not say that until he himself saw what was to be done. If it was only a matter of a wheel he could fix it up in a few moments; if, as he had been told, it was a case of twisted or bent axle it would take longer, but it would be here very soon. And then—would he let her wait here, as she was very anxious to know at once—and it was much cooler than in that other shed? Certainly; he would go over and bring her a bench. But here she begged he wouldn't trouble himself; she could sit anywhere comfortably.

The lower end of the work bench was covered with clean and odorous shavings. She lightly brushed them aside, and with a youthful movement swung herself to a seat upon it, supporting herself on one hand as she leaned toward him. She could thus see that his eyes were of a light yellowish brown, like clarified honey, with a singular look of clear concentration in them, which, however, was the same whether turned upon his work, the surrounding grain or upon her. This, and his sublime unconsciousness of the smudge across his face and his blackened hands, made her wonder if the man who could do everything with wood and iron was above doing anything with water. She had half a mind to tell him of it, particularly as she noticed also that his throat below the line of sunburn disclosed by his open collar was quite white and his grimy hands well made. She was wondering whether he would be affronted if she said in her politest way, "I beg your pardon, but do you know you have quite accidentally got something on your face?" and offer her handkerchief, which of course he would decline, when her eye fell on the steam engine.

"How odd! Do you use that on the farm?"

No—he smiled here, the smudge accenting it and setting off his white teeth in a Christy minstrel fashion that exasperated her—no. Although it could be used and had been. But it was his first effort, made two years ago, when he was younger and more inexperienced. It was a rather rough thing, she could see, but he had to make it at odd times with what iron he could pick up or pay for, and at different forges where he worked.

She begged his pardon—where?——

Where he worked.

Ah, then he was the machinist or engineer here?

No, he worked here just like the others, only he was allowed to put up a forge while the grain was green, and have his bench, in consideration of the odd jobs he could do in the way of mending tools, etc. There was a heap of mending and welding to do—she had no idea how quickly agricultural machines got out of order! He had done much of his work on the steam engine on moonlit nights. Yes; she had no idea how perfectly clear and light it was here in the valley on such nights, although of course the shadows were very dark, and when he dropped a screw or a nut it was difficult to find. He had worked there because it saved time and because it didn't cost anything, and he had nobody to look on or interfere with him. No; it was not lonely: the coyotes and wild cats sometimes came very near, but were always more surprised and frightened than he was, and once a horseman who had strayed off the distant road yonder mistook him for an animal and shot at him twice.

He told all this with such freedom from embarrassment and with such apparent unconsciousness of the blue eyes that were following him and the light graceful figure—which was so near his own that in some of his gestures his grimy hands almost touched its delicate garments—that, accustomed as she was to a certain masculine aberration in her presence, she was greatly amused by his naive acceptance of her as an equal. Suddenly looking frankly in her face he said:

"I'll show you a secret if you care to see it."

Nothing would please her more.

He glanced hurriedly around, took a key from his pocket and unlocked the padlock that secured the closet she had noticed. Then reaching within with infinite care he brought out a small mechanical model.

"There's an invention of my own. A reaper and thrasher combined. I'm going to have it patented and have a big one made from this model. This will work, as you see."

He then explained to her with great precision how as it moved over the field the double operation was performed by the same motive power. That it would be a saving of a certain amount of labor and time which she could not remember. She did not understand a word of his explanations; she saw only a clean and pretty but complicated toy that, under the manipulation of his grimy fingers, rattled a number of frail like staves and worked a number of wheels and drums, yet there was no indication of her ignorance in her sparkling eyes and smiling, breathless attitude. Perhaps she was interested in his own absorption: the revelation of his preoccupation with this model struck her as if he had made her a confidant of some boyish passion for one of her own sex, and she regarded him with the same sympathizing superiority.

"You will make a fortune out of it," she said pleasantly.

Well, he might make enough to be able to go on with some other inventions he had in his mind. They cost money and time, no matter how careful one was.

This was another interesting revelation to the young girl. He not only did not seem to care for the profit his devotion brought him, but even his one beloved ideal might be displaced by another. So like a man after all.

Her reflections were broken upon by the sound of voices. The young man carefully replaced the model in its closet with a parting glance, as if he was closing a shrine, and said: "There comes the wagon." The young girl turned to meet the men who were dragging it from the road, with the half complacent air of having been victorious over their late rude abandonment, but they did not seem to notice it or to be surprised at her companion, who quickly stepped forward and examined the broken vehicle with workmanlike deliberation.

"I hope you will be able to do something with it," she said sweetly, appealing directly to him. "I should thank you so much." He did not reply. Presently he looked up to the man who had brought her to the shanty, and said: "The axle's strained, but it's safe for five or six miles more of this road. I'll put the wheel on easily." He paused and, without glancing at her, continued:

"You might send her on by the cart."

"Pray don't trouble yourselves," interrupted the young girl with a pink uprising in her cheeks, "I shall be quite satisfied with the buggy as it stands." Send "her" on in the cart! Indeed! Really they were a rude set—all of them.

Without taking the slightest notice of her remark the man replied gravely to the young mechanic, "Yes, but we'll be wanting the cart before it can get back from taking her."

"Her" again! "I assure you the buggy will serve perfectly well—if this—gentleman—will only be kind enough to put on the wheel again," she returned hotly.

The young mechanic at once set to work. The young girl walked apart silently until the wheel was restored to its axle. But, to her surprise, a different horse was led forward to be harnessed.

"We thought your horse wasn't safe in case of another accident," said the first man, with the same smileless consideration. "This one wouldn't cut up if he was harnessed to an earthquake or a worse driver than you've got."

It occurred to her instantly that the more obvious remedy of sending another driver had been already discussed and rejected by them. Yet when her own driver appeared a moment afterward she ascended to her seat with some dignity and a slight increase of color.

"I am very much obliged to you all," she said, without glancing at the young inventor.

"Don't mention it, miss."

"Good afternoon."

"Good afternoon." They all took off their hats with the same formal gravity as the horse moved forward, but turned back to their work again before she was out of the field.

CHAPTER II.

He was instantly followed by his wife.

The rancho of Maj. Randolph lay on a rich falda of the coast range and overlooked the great wheat plains that the young girl had just left. A house of wood and adobe, buried to its first story in rose trees and passion vines, was large and commodious. Yet it contained only the major, his wife, her son and daughter and the few occasional visitors from San Francisco whom he entertained and she tolerated.

For the major's household was not entirely harmonious. While a young infantry subaltern at a gulf station he had been attracted by the piquant foreign accent and dramatic gestures of a French creole widow, and—believing them in the first flush of his youthful passion more than an offset to the encumbrance of her two children, who with the memory of various marital infidelities, were all her late husband had left her—had proposed, been accepted and promptly married to her. Before he had obtained his captaincy she had partly lost her accent, and those dramatic gestures which had accented the passion of their brief courtship began to intensify domestic altercation and the bursts of idle jealousy to which she was subject. Whether she was revenging herself on her second husband for the faults of the first is not known, but it was certain that she brought an unhallowed knowledge of the weaknesses, cheap cynicism and vanity of a foreign predecessor, to sit in judgment upon the simple minded and chivalrous American soldier who had succeeded him, and who was in fact the most loyal of husbands. The natural result of her skepticism was an espionage and criticism of the wives of the major's brother officers that compelled a frequent change of quarters. When to this was finally added a racial divergence and antipathy, the public disparagement of the customs and education of her female colleagues, and the sudden insistence of a foreign and French dominance in her household beyond any ordinary creole justification, Randolph, presumably to avoid later international complications, resigned while he was yet a major. Luckily his latest banishment to an extreme western outpost had placed him in California during the flood of a speculation epoch. He purchased a valuable Spanish grant to three leagues of land for little over three months' pay. Following that yearning which compels retired ship captains and rovers of all degree to buy a farm in their old days, the major, professionally and socially inured to border strife, sought surcease and arcadian repose in ranching.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

When planting trees for the adornment of the home grounds let us counsel you to give preference to the native forest growths. Do not waste money for fancy foreign growths that are not half so handsome nor well suited to the purpose. Nearly all of our native trees can be used to advantage for this purpose.

Study American History.

Mrs. May W. Sewall, of Indiana, has addressed a circular letter to the teachers of the state in regard to "Exposition Days" in the schools, which is worthy the attention of teachers in other states as well as Indiana. Mrs. Sewall says:

The committee on education of the board of World's fair managers of Indiana have recommended the school authorities to set aside certain days in the school year to be called Exposition days, with two distinct objects in view:

First—It is hoped hereby to increase the means of the commission to make a good exhibit of Indiana's educational status at the Columbian exposition.

Second—It is hoped to stimulate the interest of young people in this exposition and to increase their intelligence upon the general subject of their country's history.

The object here indicated as second seems to my mind of primary importance, and the first object will probably be successfully executed in direct proportion to the degree to which the second is successfully accomplished.

I have been asked to prepare a programme for Exposition day in the schools of our state. Though I have promised to do this work, I feel embarrassed by the following circumstances:

First—The range of ages of the pupils in the different schools makes it impossible that one programme should be suited to the capabilities of all.

Second—The time that can be given to the making ready for this day, under the most favorable circumstances, is so limited that appropriate preparation of the pupils in any school is almost impossible.

It therefore seems to me that instead of attempting to prescribe one programme for the exercises of all schools, regardless of the age of pupils, of the experience of teachers, and of such accessories as good reference libraries, files of newspapers, official reports of previous exhibitions, etc., I should best serve my fellow teachers by suggesting a study of this subject which contains the material for many programmes, and is in itself rather suggestive than prescriptive.

The time intervening between now and the opening of the Columbian exposition, which is set for May 1, 1893, is probably as good a time as this generation will enjoy for the study of American history.

Dr. Holmes on Dragging Skirts.

The Little Gentleman began: "Our landlady's daughter is a young lady of some pretensions to gentility. She wears her trains very long, as the great ladies do in Europe. To be sure, their dresses are so made only to sweep the tapestried floors of chateaux and palaces, as those odious aristocrats of the other side do not go dragging through the mud in silks and satins, but, forsooth, must ride in coaches when they are in full dress. It is true that, considering various habits of the American people, also the little accidents which the best kept sidewalks are liable to, a lady who has swept a mile of them is not exactly in such a condition that one would care to be her neighbor. Why, there isn't a beast or a bird that would drag its tail through the dirt in the way these creatures do their dresses.

"Because a queen or a duchess wears long robes on great occasions, a maid of all work or a factory girl thinks she must make herself a nuisance by trailing through the street, picking up and carrying about with her—pah! That's what I call getting vulgarity into your bones and marrow. If any man can walk behind one of these women and see what she rakes up as she goes and not feel squeamish, he has got a tough stomach. I would not let one of 'em into my room without serving 'em as David served Saul at the cave in the wilderness—cut off his skirts, sir! cut off his skirts!"

I suggested that I had seen some pretty stylish ladies who offended in the way he condemned.

"Stylish women, I don't doubt," said the Little Gentleman. "Don't tell me that a true lady ever sacrifices the duty of keeping all about her sweet and clean to the wish of making a vulgar show. There are some things that no fashion has any right to touch, and cleanliness is one of those things."—"Professor at the Breakfast Table."

The Crocheting Passion.

Where there is one woman who takes up crocheting merely to busy her fingers when she would otherwise be doing absolutely nothing there are a dozen others, especially in country towns, who do fancy work with a vengeance, as if their lives here and happiness hereafter depended on the number of pretty knickknacks they could make in a week or month. I know one woman who has already begun her gifts for next Christmas. It is with her a frenzy, a passion and she is deforming her back and weakening her eyes in the work. To such extremes is the mania carried that iron holders are embroidered and laundry bags made most elaborate. These articles are often too elegant for the purposes for which they were intended.—Brooklyn Eagle.

"SWEET SIXTEEN"—AN EXQUISITE CALENDAR.

Hood's calendar, which is always looked for with interest and pleasure, has made its appearance for the year 1894, and is in many respects more beautiful than ever. The head is that of a lovely girl just "sweet sixteen," lithographed in delicate and natural colors. Besides being a thing of beauty, the calendar is especially valuable for the general information presented.

The figures are plainly printed in pleasing and harmonious colors, and the effect as a whole is most satisfactory. The calendars can be obtained of almost any druggist, or by sending six (6) cents in stamps for one and ten (10) cents for two to C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass. An edition of over eight millions of these calendars was printed in order to supply the immense demand. This seems a simple statement, but its meaning is almost beyond human conception. The card used for the upper portion of this number of calendars would cover nearly fifty two (52) acres of ground, and the paper consumed in making the pads, if cut in one continuous strip of the same width as the pads would cover eighteen thousand (18,000) miles in length.

The calendars are issued by the proprietors of Hood's Sarsaparilla, the well-known medicine which has gained such renown by its wonderful cures in cases where the blood was poisoned or impure. The history of this preparation is entirely unique, the business having grown from a small retail trade until at the present time the great laboratory in which it is made has a capacity for fifty thousand (50,000) bottles a day, and is the largest building in the world devoted to the manufacture of a medicine. The sales of Hood's Sarsaparilla in all sections of the country are enormous. The proprietors have never claimed that it would cure every ailment, but they show by thousands of testimonials that Hood's Sarsaparilla purifies and vitalizes the blood, builds up the system and cures those diseases caused by impure blood and debility, such as scrofula, salt rheum, catarrh, rheumatism, etc. As a preventive of the grip Hood's Sarsaparilla has proved to be unequaled, and it restores the wasted vital force after a siege of the dreaded malady and fortifies the system against future attacks.

The fact that great care is exercised in the preparation of this medicine and that nothing has ever been claimed for it except as warranted by previous cures has much to do with the confidence felt by the public in its curative powers. The motto of the proprietors is, "It is not what we say, but what Hood's Sarsaparilla does, that tells the story, and it is what Hood's Sarsaparilla has done, as shown by the published statements of persons whom it has cured, that has placed it at the head in the field of medicine in the present day."

WHEN WAR IS DECLARED

Against a man's happiness by his stomach, the enemy may be pacified and brought speedily and easily to terms. That potent regulator of digestion, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, disciplines the rebellious organ thoroughly. Indigestion arises from weakness of the stomach, and the food in it, for want of the power to digest, decomposes and acidifies, giving rise to heartburn, flatulence and pain, besides a multitude of symptoms both changeful and perplexing. But peace soon reigns when the great stomachic is resorted to and used with persistence. Dyspepsia gives rise to morbid discomposure of mind, and even sleeplessness and hypochondria in chronic cases. To the complete dismissal of these the Bitters is fully adequate. Liver complaint, constipation, debility, rheumatism and malaria are completely subdued by this genial medicine.

Many people hope that in the coming pr'se... in Florida the victor will be Governor Mitchell.

NO DEBT.

It is not merely pain that people dread in sickness. Many a man will bear the pain unflinchingly who utterly breaks down in view of the heavy expense involved, often increased by his being incapacitated for work and thus deprived of his income.

To such persons ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS are an unspeakable boon. They are within the reach of every one. They are genuine, too. Notwithstanding the innumerable counterfeits and imitations it is always easy for anybody to make sure of getting the real thing at a low price.

Any one suffering from weakness of the chest, throat, stomach, kidneys, liver or from lame back will find them a cheap and sure remedy.

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To remove paint—Sit down on it before it is dry.

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Hood's Pills are a mild cathartic.

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