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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Prof. Chemistry, University of California.

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

HE IS QUITE UP TO DATE.

Dr. Nicolas Murray Butler, President of the National Educational Association.

The National Educational association, which has been in existence for 40 years and numbers among its members the most eminent, active and progressive educators in this country, recently closed at Asbury Park one of the most successful and interesting conventions in its history by electing Dr. Nicolas Murray Butler president. Dr. Butler was one of the most prominent figures at the convention, and it is recorded that when he delivered the address of welcome to the delegates on behalf of the New Jersey state board of education he was faultlessly dressed in summer garments of the style most affected by modish young men at the seaside. He is a man who belies the traditional opinion that intellect and style do not mate. He belongs to the young generation of college professors, possessing keen discriminating powers of mind, the gift of oratory and a magnetic personality.

Dr. Butler lives in Paterson and is an active member of the New Jersey state board of education. He is dean of the

DR. NICOLAS MURRAY BUTLER.

school of philosophy of Columbia college, New York city, and is also editor of The Educational Review. He has been at Columbia about three years, having succeeded Professor Alexander.

Dr. Butler is a patriotic Jerseyman, and in his speech of welcome paid the following tribute to the educational system of his state:

"We are proud of our system of public schools, crowned by that state normal school that yields to none in efficiency and progressiveness. You are in a state—of what other can it be said?—whose only state tax is levied for the support of the common schools. No uncertificated teacher may be paid out of the public funds; no school is a legal school unless conducted for nine months of the year; no life license to teach is issued to a person not professionally trained.

"The laws establishing our centralized system of administration and supervision are admirable and enable each locality to push forward the work of public education as fast and as far as it will, while compelling the sluggish and the niggardly, if such there be, to do their share, welding the whole into a state system and giving us that very desirable thing—a state educational policy."

Visitors to the Great Fair.

According to present indications there will be large transfers of population between New York and Chicago next summer. The Chicago women who are not identified with the various movements that their sex are undertaking are beginning to anticipate with dismay the hospitalities the great show will entail. These propose to let their houses in Chicago for the summer months, and take lodgings in this city or occupy cottages at the seaside. When these opportunities have been made known such of the New York people as expect to visit the fair have availed themselves of the chance of escaping the crowds at the hotels and the chances of boarding houses, and engaged these vacated houses. A group of people divide the time among them, succeeding one another in such installments as they may arrange, and with their own servants live as comfortably as if at home. Many New Yorkers would gladly avail themselves of such opportunities if they could be made known. If some convenient exchange of properties could be established it would be mutually beneficial.—New York Evening Sun.

Pronunciation of Two Names.

It may seem like trying to gild refined gold or paint the lily to suggest the possibility of an improvement in the pronunciation of proper names adopted by Mr. Daly's company of players, but I have always imagined that the heroine in "As You Like It" was Ros-alind, with the accent on the first syllable, and that Shakespeare made a humorous point in the stretching of the pronunciation in Orlando's love verses. This point is entirely lost by pronouncing the name Rosalind, with long "i," and equal stress on first and last syllables, all through the play. The first intimation that the melancholy Jacque was a ruralized prototype of the Chatham street character also comes from Mr. Daly. George Clark is addressed in his "As You Like It" role as Jakies. Is there any authority for either of these novelties?—Cor New York Advertiser.

Strong Minded and a Beautiful Queen.

The late Queen Olga of Wurtemberg, though a beautiful woman, was of strong and almost masculine character. Her husband, the late King Karl, was nicknamed "King Olgus" in recognition of this fact.—New York Press.

TIGHT LACING IN ENGLAND.

What Some Women Undergo in Order to Have Small Waists.

A representative was sent to interview the most prominent corset makers.

"I am reputed," one of them said, "to have the tightest lacing customers in London, and I think that some of the waists my corsets encircle would be hard to beat. Do you know," she continued, "I think that some of my customers positively like the sensations produced by tight lacing, or they would never take all the pains they do to get thin, such as dieting and sleeping in corsets, as some of them do."

"Sleeping in corsets?" I exclaimed.

"Oh, yes; a good many, and especially young ladies, do; an opera stay or riding one is a favorite make for the purpose. Let me think. Yes! The largest pair of corsets I have made had a waist measurement of 35 inches. The smallest—well, you won't believe me, perhaps, but 12½ inches was the size. No. I don't think she'll be able to get them close. Every inch under 15 with most ladies means a tremendous lot of lacing in. I've known a young lady to break five or six silk laces, as strong ones as are made, in getting a pair of new stays close."

"How small is your pretty assistant's waist?" I asked.

"Generally about 14 to 14½ inches."

"She scarcely seems to mind it at all," I remarked.

"Oh, no. She is used to it. I find it best for all my assistants to have trim figures, but she has tight laced to that extent entirely of her own free will. Lots of my customers lace to 17, 16 and even 15 inches. I suppose you haven't seen a smaller waist than Miss ——'s?"

"No."

"Would you like to?"

"Yes," I replied, "if such a thing is practicable."

Mrs. —— rang a small bell.

"Ask Miss —— to come to me."

In a few minutes the young lady appeared, and Mrs. —— and she went into an alcove. Another assistant was summoned, and then a whispered consultation took place. After another minute we heard Mrs. —— ask, "Can you bear it?" and the answer, "Quite, madam."

Mrs. ——'s voice again: "There, Miss ——! I think the laces are close; tie them tightly."

Two or three minutes later Mrs. —— and Miss —— came out from the alcove, the latter incased in a long waisted black satin corset, which made her waist look scarcely larger than her throat. It seemed incredible that any girl—for she was little more—could breathe and move, let alone move about, without much apparent discomfort, when tight laced to such an extent.

"I suppose," said Mrs. ——, smiling at my look of astonishment, "that you will now believe what I told you before—namely, that a well cut corset and strong arms will make a woman's waist almost any size she may wish. See!" she exclaimed, taking up a measuring tape off a chair, "Miss ——'s waist is only 13½ inches."

"How long could you bear being laced up like that?" I asked.

Miss —— smiled. "Not very long—it is rather painful—half an hour; perhaps an hour."

Mrs. —— said, just as we were leaving: "You know, I think tight lacing becomes a positive mania with some women. There are two of my customers, for instance—theatrical people—who usually wear their waists about 19 inches. Well, when at home they both lace themselves as tightly as their maids can do it."

Another states that at some schools the girls are not only encouraged but forced to lace. Five different women said that they made corsets for girls of sixteen and under with waist measurements of 15 inches, and all agreed that girls are put into corsets much earlier than formerly.

In France, on the contrary, tight lacing is by no means so prevalent as formerly.—Gentlewomen.

Her Terrier Lost Its Diamond Earring.

There was a scene at Camden station Saturday, in which an indignant and almost hysterical woman, a maid in tears, a black and tan and a diamond earring played conspicuous parts.

The indignant woman was Miss Ten Eyck, of Hartford, the tearful maid the custodian of the canine, the dog the property of Miss Ten Eyck and the earring one of the adornments of his terriership. The latter, in addition to the diamond pendant, was bedecked out in a jeweled collar, small bows of blue ribbons in the ears, bows of ribbon around the forehead and jeweled harness. Notwithstanding these costly trappings and a first class ticket his dogship had to travel in the baggage car, and when the train arrived here one of the earrings was missed.

After a scene the earring was found in the car, where it had been pawed off by the dog.—Cor. Philadelphia Record.

A Smitten Conscience.

Dr. Fourthly—I believe my sermon on sincerity this morning sank deep into some hearts and did good.

Parishioner—Yes, as Foley and his wife went home he explained to people on the street car that his wife's hair and teeth were false.—Life.

GOIN FISHIN.

Keep steddy, boy, an haul away—
We've got a dandy school,
When fish is like they air today,
We've got to take 'em cool.
Suppose ye be some hungry, lad,
Jes' now that ain't no sign;
Ye wouldn't mention grub, 'f ye had
A halibut on yer line.

Waal, this is sumpthin like, I vow.
I hope we'll swamp the boat!
Don't look so skeered! I guess the scow
Won't de no worse'n float.
That's well! You really beat the Dutch:
That cod is extry fine!
Now pay her out ag'in, an ketch
A halibut on yer line.

I'll l'arn ye, if I kin, the way
To gaff the largest ones;
So git a lot o' line to pay,
No odds how far it runs.
An when ye feel a mighty haul—
By jingo! There goes mine!
The satan grabbed my bait an all—
A halibut on my line!

There, now, I'll shet right up, an you
Must do the bes' ye kin;
I'll bait another hook or two
An cast 'em in ag'in.
I giss it's bes' to throw yer bait
An set an hump yer spine—
You've got to watch yer chance, an wait
Fer halibut on yer line.

—Yankee Blade.

THE THREE GIFTS.

A poor woman gave birth to a daughter. Her husband had died a few days before the babe was born, so that she was alone in the world and quite desolate. All her love, therefore, centered upon this child, and clad as she was in widow's weeds she clasped it fondly in her arms.

On the third day after its birth three fairies, who greatly commiserated her, came to visit her, and seeing how beautiful the infant was and how much the mother loved it they promised it three good gifts.

The first fairy, touching it with her golden wand, said, "The day that she is 12 years old a rose shall fall from her mouth every time she laughs."

The second fairy then touched it with her golden wand. "The day that she is 12 years old," she said, "every time she weeps pearls shall fall from her eyes."

And lastly the third fairy, with golden wand, also touched her, saying, "Before your 18th year has passed a prince shall marry you, and you shall become a princess."

The mother listened to all these promises, and her heart rejoiced exceedingly. She was very, very poor, but she brought up her daughter as well as she could until she was 12 years of age. The evening of the day on which she had completed her 12th year, the girl laughed right out with joy at something which her mother had said, and immediately the first rose fell from her lips, and when the mother saw it she remembered all that the fairies had promised, and her motherly heart rejoiced, for she said, "If one promise be fulfilled, the others will surely follow in their turn."

The girl was graceful, beautiful and blithe, and the roses fell from her mouth like rain. The mother, without having the trouble to gather roses, put them all into a basket and took them to the town and sold them. With the money thus obtained she and her daughter lived—frugally certainly, but nevertheless more comfortably than heretofore. So time went on.

It was winter, and the queen was going to give a great ball at the palace. She had a beautiful gown, and it was rose color, so she wanted to have real roses on her head and at her breast to wear with it. She therefore ordered the royal gardener to bring her some, but he said that so much snow had fallen that all the roses were spoiled, and that he could not find even one. The queen was very angry at this and told him straightway that she did not believe him, but that he preferred to leave them to perish in the royal garden, adding that she should go and seek for herself another gardener and dismiss him forthwith.

The poor gardener sighed upon hearing this and went to look at every garden far and near to see if he could possibly find any roses, but he found none. In the course of his wanderings he happened to pass by the cottage in which dwelt the poor woman and her daughter.

The gardener was so bewildered by his anxiety that he did not look to see where he was going, and not observing a stone that was lying before the cottage he stumbled over it and fell down. There was something comical in the way in which he fell, for he did not hurt himself, but his fez rolled off his head into the mud and got dirtied.

The girl, who was looking out of the window, could not help laughing when she saw the gardener fall, and down dropped a rose from her mouth and fell into the road right in front of the gardener. When she saw what had occurred she felt a little bit ashamed and drew back to hide herself, but the gardener, as soon as he saw it, never stayed to pick up his fez, but ran quickly to seize the rose. He could not believe his own eyes. How did it come there? Perhaps it was done by magic. Anyhow it was a real and beautiful rose and smelled better than those of April. But one rose was of no use to the queen. He must have 10, and where could he find the others?

Since, however, it had fallen just in front of that house, the people who lived there might know something about it. "Anyhow I'll knock," he said to himself.

So without any more ado he knocked at the door, which the mother immediately opened. "Well, my good man, what do you want?" she asked.

And then he told her all about the queen and the ball, and how he had suddenly found a rose outside her house when he was almost in a state of despair. After the mother heard all this, she said: "Take this one then and go to the queen and tell her that there is only one rose tree which is able to produce such roses, and that on the day of the ball I will cut some and take her as many as she desires."

The gardener immediately went to the queen with the one rose and told her what the woman had said, whereat the queen was greatly overjoyed. She put the rose into her bosom, and it filled the whole palace with scent.

When the day of the ball arrived, the queen ordered the gardener to fetch both the woman and the roses, and about noon the mother arrived at the palace, bringing with her a covered basket, and after she had saluted her majesty she uncovered it and presented the roses to her.

No sooner had the queen seen them than she was so delighted that she embraced and kissed the poor woman warmly. There were 10 dozen in the basket, and what roses! Each was more beautiful than the other.

"Madam," said the queen, "I have a favor to ask of you. Sell me the rose tree which bears these roses. I will give you whatever you may demand for it."

But the mother answered: "Much honored queen, I cannot do this with my rose tree. I cannot sell it. Only one thing I can do, if you are willing. You have a prince, and I will bestow it on the prince, to have it for his own and to keep it honored and loved as if it were a living princess."

"Your wish shall be granted, madam, so that we may only have the rose tree in the palace, and you may come with it and live near us also."

"I have no wish for that, your majesty. My rose tree is the only thing I care for. I wish that to be happy, for it is all I have to love in the world. Swear to me by the life of your son that it shall be as you say."

"I swear to you by the life of my only son that the tree which brings forth these roses shall be honored in this palace as if it were a real living princess."

"May God grant you a long life, my queen. Come by yourself tomorrow, and take away the rose tree from my house."

The ball took place in the evening, and all wondered at the queen's roses. Where had she found them? It was quite a marvel! Such flowers in the middle of winter!

The next morning the queen lost no time before going to secure the rose tree. When the prince heard of the agreement which his mother had made with the woman he jumped for joy and got a golden vase ready in the palace in which the rose tree was to be planted. The queen and the prince went together in a gold chariot, and stopping before the humble cottage where the mother and dwelt they alighted. The mother had mentioned nothing to her daughter, except that the queen kindly intended to come in person to thank her for the gift of roses.

As soon as the mother and daughter went out to receive the royal visitors, the daughter, as she bent down to kiss the queen's hand, smiled merely from a grateful feeling, and a rose fell from her mouth. The queen at first did not understand how this came to pass, but the prince ran immediately to pick it up to give to his mother, and the girl beholding him smiled again in her great joy when the second rose fell.

At one and the same moment the queen and the prince understood it all. The queen became very angry, because she remembered directly that she was bound by her oath to receive the girl as a daughter-in-law. She turned, however, to look at her again, when she saw that the girl was really so very beautiful and so very good that without a moment's longer reserve she threw her arms around her, saying aloud as she kissed her: "You are a poor girl no longer, but a princess henceforth. You shall come and live in our palace, you and your mother also."

"Now that it has all turned out exactly as you wished it," she added, addressing the mother, "tell me, lady co-mother-in-law, how your daughter acquired so great a charm as to shower roses from her mouth whenever she laughs."

The mother immediately told her all about the fairies and their three promised gifts to her daughter when she was an infant, and how the first and the last promise had both come true.

"The second has not taken place then," said the queen, with some curiosity; "how was it that did not happen, for, poor as you were, had pearls fallen from her eyes you could have sold them?"

"That did not happen," answered the mother, "because I never made her weep. I sought only to see her happy and smiling, preferring to live poor in my daughter's gladness than to become rich by her grief."

When the queen heard these words she embraced and kissed her, saying, "You have indeed been a good mother, and it is an honor to a queen to make you her co-mother-in-law."

The girl, who had listened to all that her mother had said, was now so overcome by her emotion that her eyes filled with tears and two large pearls rolled down. The prince stooped to pick them up.

"These are not tears of sorrow," he said. "They are tears of joy. I will take them and have them made into earrings, and you shall wear them on the day on which you become my princess."—Translated for Cassell Publishing Company From the Greek by Mrs. Edmonds.

A Great Bald Eagle Killed.

The largest bald eagle ever killed in this vicinity was shot in the town of Concord, a few miles west of Oconomowoc, Wis., recently by Richard Yates. It measured 7 feet 3 inches from tip to tip, and weighed eleven pounds. The talons, measured along the convex surfaces, are nearly two inches in length and very strong. It was perched upon a lofty elm, when Mr. Yates discharged both barrels of his shotgun at it simultaneously, after which the bird flew a few hundred feet and suddenly fell to the ground dead.

A golden eagle, measuring nine feet from tip to tip, was captured by Johnnie Spahnhumer, a sixteen-year-old boy, a few miles south of West Bend, Wis., on the same day.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Rough Treatment.

"Well, Rastus, how did Christmas treat you?"

"Chris'mas done treat me well enough, sah, but de Christians dey's been harassin of me."

"How was that?"

"I gibs yar my wo'd, sah, a great fat plump chicking done flewed into de winder o' my home de day befo' Chris'mus, sah, and I was arrested on Chris'mus day, sah, for habin dat chicking in my possession, sah. Said I stole her f'um Majah Yancy, sah, 'nd jes' because I couldn't prove what dey calls a yallerby when Mose Thompson said he seed me at de coop de night befo' dey fined me fo' dollars, sah."—Harper's Bazar.

A Gift to Gladstone.

There has been forwarded to Mr. Gladstone from Barmouth an album mounted in gold plate in commemoration of his visit to Snowdon and Barmouth. Engraved upon the large gold plate is a shield bearing the arms of Merioneth and the Welsh leek, and around the edge of the plate are the words, "Made of Welsh gold from Clogan mines, Barmouth, North Wales."—New York Press.

Voice of a Philosopher.

The man, be he editor or reader, who imagines that the public feels the faintest degree of interest in his envies, jealousies, complaints, grumblings or quarrelings is an idiot.—Pascagoula (Miss.) Magnet.

THE LAND OF PROMISE

Is the mighty West, the land that "tickled with a hoe laughs a harvest;" the El Dorado of the miner; the goal of the agricultural emigrant. While it teems with all the elements of wealth and prosperity, some of the fairest and most fruitful portions of it bear a harvest of malaria reaped in its fullness by those unprotected by a medicinal safeguard. No one seeking or dwelling in a malarial locality is safe from the scourge without Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. Emigrants, bear this in mind. Commercial travelers sojourning in malarious regions should carry a bottle of the Bitters in the traditional gripsack. Against the effects of exposure, mental or bodily overwork, damp and unwholesome food or water, it is an infallible defense. Constipation, rheumatism, biliousness, dyspepsia, nervousness and loss of strength are all remedied by this genial restorative.

If the names don't get any worse than Wei-Hai-Wei, the proof readers will be happy.

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Many preparations contain strong chemical and mineral substances which produce an injurious effect, not only upon the skin, but upon the whole system, although at first they seem very beneficial, on account of their powerful action and temporary effect upon the surface.

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Portland's mighty flood is over,
But its memory lingers still,
And its strange, fantastic features
Many a future tale will fill.
How the waters rising, rising,
Oldest pioneers surprising,
Crept a mile before they fell,
And submerged that part of Portland
Where its business interests dwell.

Purchasers of the Northrop & Sturgis Company's pure, strong, delicious Flavoring Extracts secure an elegantly illustrated Souvenir of the historic flood FREE.

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Hall's Catarrh cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75 cents per bottle. Sold by all druggists.

Young men must relieve themselves of the impression that they cannot be on time without a stimulant and a $200 watch.

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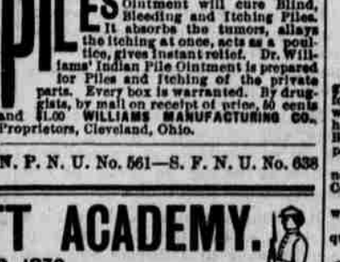

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Men's Overcoats, $10.00, $12.50, $15.00, $18.00.
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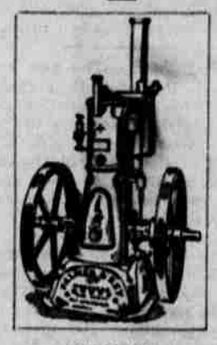

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