Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

APRIL IN IRELAND.

She hath a woven garland all of the sighing sedge,
And all her flowers are snowdrops grown on the winter's edge.
The golden looms of Tir na n'Og wove all the winter through
Her gown of mist and raindrops shot with a cloudy blue.

Sunlight she holds in one hand, and rain she scatters after,
And through the rainy twilight we hear her fitful laughter.
She shakes down on her flowers the snow less white than they,
Then quickens with her kisses the folded knots o' May.

She seeks the summer lover that never shall be hers,
Fain for gold leaves of autumn she passes by the furze,
Though buried gold it hideth; she scorns her sedgy crown,
And pressing blindly sunward she treads her snowdrops down.

Her gifts are all a fardel of wayward smiles and tears,
Yet hope she also holdeth, this daughter of the years—
A hope that blossoms faintly set upon sorrow's edge.
She hath a woven garland all of the sighing sedge.

—Nora Hopper.

A NIGHT THIEF.

There was a large party at the Chateau de Kerdall, near Vannes. The Marquis de Kerdall and his young wife had just returned from a tour of the world on their yacht, during which they had paid flying visits to Africa, America and Oceanica, and they had celebrated their home coming by gathering together all their friends and relatives at their beautiful country house.

Among the guests was old Dr. Cornabuc, an illustrious member of the Academy of Metaphysical Sciences, so original, so absentminded, so venerable in his blond peruke and his costume of the fashion of 1850. Then there was Mme. de Lartigues, an old school friend of the marquise, a brilliant and coquettish Parisienne. And there was Miss Hawthorne, an English maiden lady with youthful propensities. And there were many others, all of whom found plenty of amusement to their hearts' content at Kerdall.

Outside of the ordinary pleasures of life there were some unusual attractions. In the first place the host and hostess had seen and experienced so much that was novel and startling that their conversation was always fascinating. Then the rooms of the castle constituted a veritable museum, being stocked with rare and curious objects from two continents. And finally a managerie had been created in one corner of the park and stocked with the various animals which M. de Kerdall had picked up during the voyage and brought back to France for purposes of acclimatization. There were gazelles, antelopes, Tibet goats, Nile ibises, rose flamingoes, opossums, beavers and an Asiatic ape of the mandrill species, as mild as a lamb, but as mischievous as all his kind. An iron lattice cage had been built for him close to the conservatory.

As will be seen, the Chateau de Kerdall was a veritable Eden, but this fact did not prevent little Mme. de Lartigues from dreading the isolated position of the place among the wide expanse of woods and fields.

"I should be afraid to live here all the year round," she said.

"Afraid of what, my dear?" asked the marquise.

"Oh, of robbers. They would fairly revel here."

Robbers! In this mansion filled to the eaves with guests and servants! Everybody mocked at the young woman, and old Dr. Cornabuc told horrible stories about burglars and assassins until Mme. de Lartigues, ashamed of her chimerical fears, was the first to laugh, and when the retiring hour came she mounted to her sleeping apartment on the second floor supplied with a goodly stock of heroism. Within a short time all the occupants of the chateau were in the land of dreams.

How long Mme. de Lartigues slept she knew not. She was awakened by a rattling at her window, which she had left half open on account of the heat.

What was her terror when in the feeble starlight she saw a form climbing noiselessly through the window. She tried to scream, but her throat was parched with fright, and she could not utter a sound.

The man had entered the chamber. Then the poor woman hastily buried her head beneath the bedclothing. Half dead with fear, she could hear her nocturnal visitor going and coming across the carpet with muffled steps. It seemed as though he must have removed his shoes in order to tread softly. Bathed with cold perspiration and her teeth chattering she awaited the mortal blow from the invader. But it did not come.

After about a quarter of an hour she timidly peeped out. She could see and hear nothing. Slightly reassured, she recovered the use of her voice and started a series of shrieks, so sharp, piercing and terrible that in an instant the entire chateau was turned topsy turvy. Everybody rushed into her chamber with lights in their hands, M. and Mme. de Kerdall at the head.

"What is it? What's the matter?" they cried.

She recounted her horrible vision. They would not believe her. She had been dreaming. Who could have climbed into this chamber, so high above the ground, without a ladder?

"Did you see him plainly?" asked the marquis, with a touch of suspicion in his voice.

"As plainly as I see you, and it even seemed"— She hesitated.

"What?"

"It seemed as though I could recognize Dr. Corabuc in his blond wig and redingote."

Everybody laughed. What! Dr. Cornabuc! A man of his age and character scaling windows at midnight! It was certain now that Mme. de Lartigues had been dreaming. They tried to dissipate her fear, and she was just about to persuade herself that she had been the victim of an hallucination when she happened to cast her eyes upon the bureau, where she had left her jewels.

They were gone! It had truly been a robber!

The laughing suddenly ceased, and they looked at one another in consternation.

All at once another cry was heard, a piercing shriek coming through the stillness of the night. It appeared to emanate from Miss Hawthorne's chamber. There was a rush for her apartment, and the English lady was found standing in the middle of the room, with frightened eyes.

"There, there!" she cried, pointing to the window. "A man! He escaped, but I recognized him."

"Who was it?"

"Dr. Cornabuc!"

The doctor again! This time nobody laughed. Cornabuc was looked for among the persons who had been attracted by the excitement, but he was not there. He was the only occupant of the chateau who was missing.

"Come, let us go to the doctor's room," said the marquis, knitting his brows. "He will doubtless solve the mystery for us."

All followed Kerdall, the men half dressed, the women in their white night robes, all carrying candles—a weird procession. Upon the entrance of the crowd, the doctor hurriedly wrapped himself in the bedclothes, his wrinkled countenance alone being visible over the top, and this convulsed by anger into a comical grimace. The candle light was reflected from his bald pate, which shone like old ivory.

"Is this some ill timed joke?" he stormed. "What is going on? Is the chateau on fire? I heard a terrible outcry and was about to inquire into it."

"You must come and join us, doctor," said Kerdall.

"And how shall I do it?" cried the doctor furiously. "Some rascal has run off with my clothing, and in exchange has left me this," and he savagely hurled a white object into the middle of the room.

"My corsets!" murmured Miss Hawthorne, modestly lowering her eyes.

"And this!" continued the doctor, wildly brandishing another article.

"My hat!" cried Mme. de Lartigues.

"This railery passes all bounds," howled the doctor, whose shining head, with one final grimace, ducked beneath the bedclothing, like the clown going through a trapdoor in the marionette theater.

They knew not what to think. The mystery was growing more complicated. It certainly looked as though a robber had entered the chateau—perhaps a whole band of burglars and assassins. Mme. de Lartigues imagined a troop of brigands armed to the teeth.

"Let us hope they have no guns," said the marquis, to raise the hopes of his guests.

There was no echo to the pleasantry. Suddenly a strange sound was heard coming from the ground floor. It was certainly the piano in the reception salon, but it was surely being played by goblin fingers, and so furiously that it seemed as though the keys must be broken.

"This is too much!" cried the marquis, rushing toward the staircase, with all the crowd, except Dr. Cornabuc, close behind him.

They hastily penetrated the salon. It was empty. The mysterious visitor was gone, but he could not be far away. The crash of china and glass announced his presence in the dining room. Everybody rushed thither, and the marquis, who was in the lead, dimly saw a form escaping through the window into the garden.

"This time we've got him!" he cried.

The men seized guns and knives from a hunting rack in the vestibule and started across the garden and park in pursuit of the fugitive, while the women barricaded themselves in the salon and anxiously awaited the result of the chase. It was about an hour later, in the uncertain light which precedes the rising of the sun, that a servant discovered the mysterious stranger ensconced among the branches of a large oak. At his call the marquis and his guests hastened to the spot.

"Come down!" commanded M. de Kerdall, but the bandit only settled himself deeper among the foliage and made no response.

"Come down, or I will shoot!"

And, as there was still no reply, he lifted his gun and already had his finger upon the trigger when the domestic hurriedly pulled his arm and said:

"Do not fire, monsieur. It is Dr. Cornabuc!"

And, sure enough, the blond wig and long redingote could now be seen among the leaves. But at this moment the first ray of sunlight gleamed in from the east, and the oak was illuminated. The marquis suddenly broke into a fit of explosive laughter and, as his guests gazed up into the tree they could not keep from following his example.

"The ape!"

Everything was explained. The animal had escaped from his cage the previous evening and had managed to effect an entrance into the chateau. Animated by his instinct of imitation, he had first attired himself in the doctor's effects and then wandered over the house at his own free will. He was put back into his prison after some little trouble, and at breakfast the party enjoyed a hearty laugh at the adventures of the night.

But Dr. Cornabuc did not appear at the table. He left the chateau at an early hour, furious and without taking leave. Since this episode he has never set foot at Kerdall, and he has never lost a feeling of deep antipathy to Mme. de Lartigues and Miss Hawthorne.

"How could they have mixed me up with a monkey?" he wants to know.—San Francisco Argonaut.

Japanese shops are never large, scarcely more than little alcoves open from the street. There is nothing corresponding to our general store in Japan.

M'MAHON HALL OPEN.

IMPORTANT DEDICATION AT WASHINGTON CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY.

The Institution May Now Be Said to Be Thoroughly Established—Points About the New Building—History of the School. Bishop Keane, Rector.

McMahon hall, the chief building of the great Catholic university at Washington, may now be said to be fairly open to students. Its dedication virtually began on Sept. 24, when the professors and students of Divinity hall went into a spiritual retreat, preceding the beginning of the largest eucharistic congress ever held in the United States.

Among those present were Cardinal Gibbons, Mgr. Satolli, Dr. Rooker, secretary of the papal legation; Archbishop Corrigan of New York, Archbishop Ryan of Philadelphia, Archbishop Williams of Boston, Archbishop Ireland of St. Paul and scores of lesser ecclesiastical lights. The grounds of the university lie directly to the north of the Capital City and comprise 70 acres of high, rolling land. The buildings, according to the plan now accepted, will face a central campus which in form somewhat resembles a heart, whose apex is at the entrance of the grounds and whose base is occupied by McMahon hall. This building is 250 feet in length and varies in depth from 70 to 150 feet, being greatest in the central portion. In architectural style the structure is Romanesque. The ground floor is occupied by large apartments for official purposes and "seminaria," or laboratories, and lecture rooms. Above the first floor the

BISHOP KEANE, RECTOR OF THE UNIVERSITY.

central portion of the building contains spacious halls for reunions, public lectures, the conferring of degrees and other functions concerning the university at large. Later on an amphitheater will be erected to the rear of the present building for the holding of these gatherings. The remainder of the present building is occupied by the school of jurisprudence and social science, the philological section, the school of philosophy and the psychological institute.

The faculty has been selected with discrimination, the head being the Rev. Dr. Pace, who will hold the chair of psychology and be the dean. Dr. Pace is only 33 years old, but his scholarly achievements have been many and distinguished. Professor William C. Robinson, for years connected with the law department of Yale, will be dean of the school of social sciences and occupy the chair of law. Dr. Griffin, formerly of Johns Hopkins, and Dr. Cameron, formerly of Cornell university, will be professors of chemistry. Charles Warren Stoddard will lecture on English literature, and the other members of the faculty are all men either of assured reputation or great promise. McMahon hall was presented to the university by the Rev. James H. McMahon, reputed to be the richest priest in America, at an expenditure of about $4,000,000.

It was in 1856 that the project for a Catholic university at Washington was first mooted, but it was many years after that before the university was founded. When the third plenary council was held in Baltimore in 1884, Miss Mary Gwendoline Caldwell contributed the sum of $300,000 for the purpose of founding the university. Of this sum $200,000 was used for the purchase of the site and the erection of the first building of the institution, now known as Divinity hall, which was formally dedicated on Nov. 13, 1889. Since then the endowment has increased until it is now upward of $1,000,000, and an endowment for McMahon hall of $600,000 has been raised by subscription. A chapel, eventually to be used exclusively by the faculty and students of the divinity school, has been erected by Miss Caldwell at a cost of $50,000, and a larger one, for the use of all attending the university, will be erected at some future time.

The rector of the university is the Right Rev. J. J. Keane, titular bishop of Ajasso, who was born at Ballyshannon, County Donegal, Ireland, in 1839. He came to this country with his parents when but 7 years of age, and received his education in Baltimore at St. Charles' college and St. Mary's seminary. He was ordained a priest in 1866 and appointed assistant pastor of St. Patrick's church, Washington. When the see of Richmond became vacant he was appointed bishop, and for 11 years was head of the diocese. There were but 22 Catholic churches in his jurisdiction at the beginning of his term. When he quitted the see, there were 39 churches, 29 chapels, 2 convents, 5 academies, with 430 students, 32 parochial schools, with 2,000 pupils, and 15,000 communicants. He was one of the leading members of the third plenary council, and was so much impressed by the scheme of the Catholic university that he offered to resign his post as bishop of Richmond to become rector of the university. This offer was accepted, and his service as rector began in August, 1888. Since then he has been the foremost figure in the conduct of the institution.

Life Is Short.

Citticus—I wonder how it is that so few women stutter when they talk.

Witticus—They haven't time.—Tammany Times.

It is estimated that 1,200 tons of ostrich feathers have been exported from Cape Colony during the past 30 years, valued at $50,000,000.

The largest tombstone in the world, a rough block of granite, marks the last resting place of Henry Scarlett of Upson county, Ga.

WATER LEVEL IN THE LAKES.

Speculation as to the Result of Opening the Chicago Drainage Canal.

The probable effect of the opening of the Chicago drainage canal upon the water level of the great lakes has been the subject of discussion ever since that tremendous project took shape. A cry of alarm was raised several years ago when it was announced that the diversion of water from Lake Michigan in anything like the quantity required to fill the canal then being constructed across Illinois to the Mississippi valley would seriously interfere with the navigation of the St. Clair and Detroit rivers and render it impossible for heavy draft vessels to enter most of the harbors on the lower lakes. The Chicago engineers have done their best ever since to dispel that belief. They have maintained that the taking from the lakes of all the water that will ever be required for the canal will not lower the lake level more than three inches, and the Chicago newspapers have all indorsed the opinions expressed by the Chicago engineers, as a matter of course.

Professor G. Frederick Wright of Oberlin college, who has perhaps made a more careful study of the geology and geography of the lake region than any other man in the United States, does not agree with the Chicago engineers, however. Professor Wright shows that the quantity of water required to be turned into the drainage canal when it is first opened will be equal to about 5 per cent of the quantity that now flows over Niagara. When the population of Chicago reaches 2,000,000, the law under which the canal was constructed provides that the quantity of water passing through it shall be doubled. That means that at least 10 per cent as much water as now passes over Niagara will be diverted from the lakes to the Mississippi. Major Ruffner of the corps of engineers of the United States army estimates that when the drainage canal is first opened the result will be to lower the level of Lakes Michigan, Huron and Erie and the connecting rivers at least nine inches, and that when the canal is operated to its full capacity the fall in the water level will be 18 inches. This, Professor Wright says, may have but little effect in the rainy season, but during the late summer and autumn he is certain that it will seriously interfere with navigation. He declares that the vessel owners and all who are interested in the commerce of the lakes should realize the danger and do all they can to avert it. As a preventive measure he suggests that a dam be constructed across the lower end of Lake Superior at the "Soo," which will raise the level of that lake two feet and store enough water during the rainy season to supply the lower lakes during the late summer and fall.

Professor Wright says that the level of the lakes is such that if the continent were to dip 50 feet to the west all the water which now goes over Niagara would flow over Illinois and into the Mississippi, and if the dip were 100 feet to the north the water of the lakes would go through Lake Nipissing inot the Ottawa river, and the Niagara would become dry.

Certainly his suggestions are worthy the attention of lake men and vessel owners, and an investigation should be started to determine what the actual effect of the opening of the Chicago canal will be. Chicago ought not to be deprived of this means of disposing of its sewage, but if there is any way of preventing such a serious interference with the navigation of the lower lakes as is threatened action should be taken at once to avert it.—Cleveland Leader.

The Japanese Soldiers' Diary.

It appears that notebooks are quite common in the Japanese army among both soldiers and coolies. They keep regular diaries and take copious notes of everything they see. "It is surprising," writes a war correspondent to the China Mail, "what a lot they know about the great west. Several of them talk intelligently of Spartans and Persians, Napoleon and his march to Moscow, and even compare the abolition of feudalism in England and Japan. They fully understand all that is implied in the contrast between old fashioned hand to hand warfare and modern long range maneuvers, and they speak scornfully of the Chinese tactics at Ping-Yang in trying cavalry charges against massed bodies of riflemen without first using their machine guns, as the French at Waterloo did their fieldpieces to throw the ranks into disorder. All this from the Japanese must be surprising to Europeans, because we do not know them. Their progress is greater and more real than foreigners imagine."—London News.

Sunshine and Disease.

It is rather surprising to be told that sunshine is not always a promoter of health, and that London fog may be a blessing in disguise. In experiments by De Renzi guinea pigs inoculated with tuberculosis died after 24 to 89 days when kept in glass boxes in the sunshine, but survived only 20 to 41 days in opaque wooden boxes. This makes it evident that sunshine is a material aid in combating consumption. In a later investigation by Dr. Masella, however, guinea pigs were inoculated with cholera and typhoid bacilli respectively, when it was found that previous exposure to sunshine increased the susceptibility to both diseases, while exposure to sunshine after infection so accelerated the progress of the malady that death occurred in 3 to 5 hours instead of 15 to 24 hours. That this was not due to increase of temperature was proved by cooling the boxes in sunshine by a circulation of water.—London Letter.

Outdoor Work Preferred.

Some years ago a young Irishman was hunting for work among the farmers of a western town at harvest time.

He made his application to a benevolent looking farmer, who was attracted by the young man's frank, merry face, but was not really in need of extra help.

"Can you cradle?" he asked, after a moment's hesitation.

"Cradle, is it?" repeated the young Irishman in bewilderment. "That Oi can, sorr, bein the owldest av 11 childern, but," he added persuasively, "couldn't yez give me a job out av dures, sorr?"—Youth's Companion.

Ambitious.

"My hair," remarked the baldheaded man as he rubbed his bare poll in a reminiscent way, "was the most ambitious thing about me."

"Ah?" responded his companion questioningly.

"Yes; it always came out on top."

The Academy of Forty.

"The Academy of Forty" is the ambitious title of a new society of women formed in Washington. Its president and moving spirit announces that the organization is not intended to rival the French immortals, but is more after the order of the old fashioned debating society, but with modern improvements that rather lift it above the range of the old societies. Its meetings are to be conversations at which various questions will be discussed under the critical inspection of a competent corps of judges, which will be known as the committee of censors. Criticism will be passed upon the pronunciation, grammar and language of the participants. While the organization by name is limited in numbers, there is provision from honorary membership to which gentlemen and members outside the Wimodaughsis, of which society it is an outgrowth, may be admitted, so that the society is practically unlimited.—New York Sun.

Keeping Out of Debt.

The woman who expects to enjoy prosperity, self respect, peace of mind, the esteem of her friends and the good will of her tradesmen must flee from debt as she would from the plague. The woman to whom these things are matters of indifference, who doesn't care about the world's opinions or her creditors', must avoid debt also, for the reason that duns have so many ways of making life unpleasant. An account book aids the woman who is struggling to escape debt, because it enables her to keep track of her expenses and to stop spending when she is reaching her limit. A savings bank account is another way of escaping debt. The woman who is saving money generally takes such a pride in watching her little hoard grow that she is able to deny herself many costly luxuries for the pleasure she takes in saving. And denying oneself costly things means avoiding debt.—New York World.

Ladies' Maids.

"Ladies' maids have a hard time of it these days," said a member of that guild the other day when she was talking to a massage cure, to whom she had gone for instructions. "I've got to learn to give massage now, or I can't be sure of my place any longer. And I must get the real professional thing, for my lady has been massaged so much she knows all about how it ought to be done. Then I've had to become a good chiropodist and to learn enough about physical culture to go through her exercises with Mrs. ——, because it bores her to do it alone. In the meanwhile my salary is $30 a month, just what it was when I only knew those things that a lady's maid always had to know. I guess the next thing will be for me to learn homeopathy and filling teeth!"—New York Mercury.

Recipe For Ham Croquettes.

A cupful of finely chopped cooked ham, a cupful of bread crumbs, 2 of hot mashed potatoes, a large tablespoonful of butter, 3 eggs, a speck of cayenne. Beat the ham, cayenne, butter and 2 of the eggs into the potato. Let the mixture cool slightly and shape it like croquettes. Roll in bread crumbs, put in the frying basket and plunge into boiling fat. Drain and serve.

Serving Fruit.

Oranges may be served whole or in halves on a bed of leaves, or with peeling cut and rolled down, or peeled and sliced. Polish apples with a cloth and pile in a high dish, yellow and red together. Use two or more kinds of grapes in the same dish if an effective appearance is desired. Bananas ought to be served in a dish with other fruits, as oranges or grapes.

A GIANT'S TROUBLE.

He was a giant in size, the picture of health and strength, with iron muscles, a famous athlete. He pursued his training excessively to hold his fame, and doubtless trained too much. With all his exercise the man was nervous, restless and sleepless, and then racking pains took hold upon him. He could not understand his condition, for neuralgia had set in when he thought himself in perfect health. So in all conditions it will take hold of the nerves. They had been enfeebled in his case, and they are enfeebled in a thousand cases in as many different ways. He was well advised and followed directions of experienced people. Soon his nerves began to be toned and quieted and in a short time the pains ceased altogether. He had used St. Jacobs Oil freely and a cure followed, and so will it follow in all cases and conditions.

The poets are tuning lyres,
Their brains are in a whirl;
They are busy pulling wires
To praise the winter girl.

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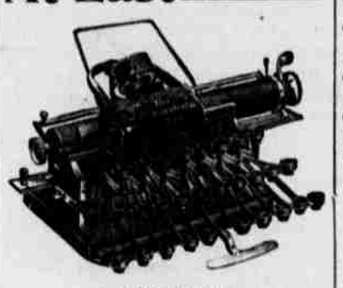

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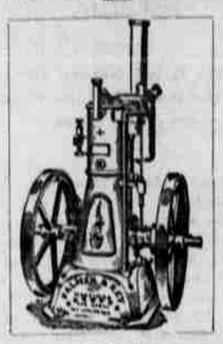

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