

No acid except that from the grape is used in the Royal Baking Powder. The Royal imparts that peculiar sweetness, flavor and delicacy noticed in the finest cake, biscuit, rolls, etc., which expert pastry cooks declare is unobtainable by the use of any other leavening agent.

Absolutely Pure

The Decay of Winter Sports in Canada.
The average inhabitant of the "States" in going to Canada in the winter time expects, I have no doubt, to see the streets and hillsides covered with snowshoes and toboggans. He may be surprised to learn that there is but one really good toboggan slide in Canada, and that is at Montreal, while snowshoes are numbered now by tens where formerly they were counted by hundreds. It is simple enough to understand what has brought about this change in what is usually accepted as the typical Canadian winter sport.

The Art of Working in Gold.
The Romans copied the Greek and Etruscan goldsmiths' work, though they also often used the ornaments themselves taken from the ancient tombs. Much of the art of the ancients in working gold was lost until early in the present century, when Signor Castellani found some of the Etruscan methods still being employed by workmen in a village in a remote corner of the Apennines.—London Times.

Sailors as Astronomers.
It was a happy thought to enlist the sea captains in the service of science. While for obvious reasons the solid land is better for the accurate observations there seems good cause to hope that hereafter large additions to astronomical knowledge may be made by the masters of vessels happening to be in the path of eclipses.—Yankee Companion.

The First Women on the Stage.
It is now uncertain beyond doubt that women first appeared upon the stage between November, 1660, and January, 1661. On Jan. 3 Poyts, that inveterate playgoer, tells us that he saw "The Beggar's Bush," it being well done, and here the first time that I ever saw women come upon the stage.—Cornhill Magazine.

A Vermont court has just decided that a man who hunts himself while hunting on Sunday cannot recover on an accident policy which he held, because he was violating the law of the state in hunting on that day.

"August Flower"

I had been troubled five months with Dyspepsia. I had a fullness after eating, and a heavy load in the pit of my stomach. Sometimes a deathly sickness would overtake me. I was working for Thomas McHenry, Druggist, Allegheny City, Pa., in whose employ I had been for seven years. I used August Flower for two weeks. I was relieved of all trouble. I can now eat things I dared not touch before. I have gained twenty pounds since my recovery. J. D. Cox, Allegheny, Pa.

TOWER'S FISH BRAND SLICKER
The Best Waterproof Coat in the World!

Brooklyn Hotel
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This favorite hotel is under the management of the famous **W. H. BAKER**, and is as good if not the best family and business hotel in San Francisco.

Home Comforts! Cuisine Unexcelled!
Furnished in the highest standard of respectability. For terms, rates and prospectus apply to the Hotel.

SOCIETY BADGES.
A. FELDMAN, Jeweler, 1015 Broadway, New York.

A REFLECTION.
So near the mirror does it stand—
The vase of peacock feathers gay—
They seem to bend from either hand
To gaze within its depths all day.

They gaze and gaze—but cannot see
That mirrored in the peacock's blue,
The shadow curls and browns—
Naught does the careful mirror lose.

Those from the mirror gazing back,
If anything more charming seem,
More wonderful the feathery tress,
The blue and emerald iris gleam.

And yet they never, never know
It is themselves as pictured there;
They gaze, but cannot understand
That it is they who are so fair.

Poor, pretty things! 'Tis hard to be
A little, just a little, plain,
And know just what it really are,
Even with a conscious pang of pain.

I'd rather see, and understand,
And suffer, in deep passion whited—
Than be as fair and calm as they,
With no sensation in the world.

—Alice Wallington, *Hillside in Pittsburg Bulletin.*

NORWEGIAN COURTSHIP.
Tall! Yes, very. She stood a head above the average man.
Slight! No. That is too poetical a word to be in any way applied to the heroine of this little tale, whose lean, scrawny figure looked for all the world like a series of badly connected angles, and whose stooping shoulders and narrow chest were clad in a faded black jacket.

This garment, with its rusty surface and pulled seams, suited well the sad looking woman into whose dreary life came one little bit of color, which I shall try to describe.

Her face corresponded well with the rest of her appearance, for it was faded and worn, and surrounded by a fringe of straight, dusty brown hair, pulled tightly back from the forehead, weary face, whose one redeeming feature was the eyes—dark gray, and, oh, so sad!

She had that expression of wistful waiting sometimes seen in the eyes of a faithful dog who has lost his master, and seems ever to wait, always patiently, and to watch ever expectantly for the beloved face.

She was a Norwegian, named Etta, and lived in our family as cook for nearly a year.

Woods passed by and early autumn, which had brought her to us, shed leaf, and departed suddenly, leaving us all unprepared for winter's advent, which announced itself in a cold, dismal rain.

Up to this time Etta had never received a letter or any communication from the outside world. She never left the house, and scorned the idea of an afternoon out. However, on this drizzly day, there was a surprise, a great surprise, for Etta was discovered holding an open letter tightly grasped in one hand. But when she opened herself regarded it was hastily thrust into a wastebasket tucked in her skirt.

Now this pocket was a marvel in itself, as it could hold a myriad of things. Why, one day I saw her peddle a pair of low shoes, a workbox, scissors and a brass tumbler at one fell swoop; at another time—but I am wandering far away from the letter and its consequences.

The mysterious epistle was seen several times again, and these glimpses showed it to be worn and crumpled with much reading. No doubt it would have been read and reread out of existence had not another, fresh and clean, replaced the first.

This took from the postman, and so had a chance to see the greenish, parchment writing, the Christiania postmark and Norwegian stamp. It was followed a week later by another, then another.

I became interested, for I felt I was on the track of a real, live romance.

The pale, tired face seemed to grow brighter in those days, and for the first time Etta made frequent trips to the city, returning laden with bundles of every size and description. All her spare time was now employed in sewing. Calicos and prints were made and laid aside. For some reason or other Etta was replenishing her clean but scant and somewhat dilapidated wardrobe.

Another link in the chain thought I, and began to imagine the arrival of a stalwart Norwegian lover left in Norway two years before, when she had come to try her fortune in America.

Letters came more frequently, and Etta grew correspondingly brighter and cheerier—she even seemed to try to hold herself more erectly, for often the bent shoulders were suddenly straightened as she went about her work. Her voice, formerly so tired and hopeless, took on a more cheerful tone.

Not the least remarkable of Etta's peculiarities was her manner of speaking; slowly and hesitatingly came the broken English, which was at first so hard to understand. Such a sad mixture of her mother tongue and the new, strange language, such verbal combinations and misplaced plurals were never heard before.

About this time I mentioned my romantic notions to my mother, but she only laughed, being entirely unable to connect Etta's sad appearance with a lover, Norwegian or of any other land. She called me a ruminator, but I still felt sure I was right.

Sooner than I expected came the chance to vindicate myself, for the next day as I sat idly by the window, watching the passers by, my attention was attracted by a queer little figure way down the street, which came on toward the house at a rattling pace, gayly swinging a huge cane and puffing vigorously at a mammoth cigar. At a distance it was impossible to tell whether he was boy or man, such a comical, little figure he was, dressed in a buff colored suit, with a rose in his buttonhole and the tiniest derby imaginable tilted over one ear.

Gazing languidly at him, I was just telling my mother to look at that absurd little creature, when what was our surprise to see Etta, the tall, quiet, dusky widow across the lawn, rush down to the gate, and throwing her arms about the little fellow's neck kiss him first on one cheek and then on the other.

The man, after a few quiet but earnest struggles, managed to free himself from her long, thin arms, and looked up into her face, so high above him, with pleasure surely, but without a trace of loverlike ardor.

On closer inspection it proved to be such a funny, rosy, childish face that it was impossible to look at it without laughing. Etta seemed to find it so, for, smiling happily, she escorted him back to the house, her long arm linked in his short one, almost lifting him from the ground at every step, and presently we heard the low monotone of their voices in the kitchen below.

THE SAILOR'S FRIEND.
Mr. Samuel Plimsoll still keeps his home in Park Lane, and is far from well, but he has sufficiently recovered himself to be able to write a letter claiming credit for the recent return of legislation. Has there ever been remembered, he asks, a gale of equal suddenness, violence and duration which was not the cause of very, very much greater loss of life than that recorded of the gale which has recently passed away?

A year and eight months ago, when he was fervently urging the government to assist in passing the load line bill, it was shown that the deplorable loss of life at sea from overloading was entirely preventable, and that the passing of the bill would immediately check it, while, when the act was steadily and uniformly administered, this loss of life would disappear. He points triumphantly to the recent gale for confirmation.—Liverpool (Eng.) Mercury.

Arrested Under a Queer Dakota Law.
Isaac Milliner, a rancher from the vicinity of Fort Mead, has been arrested in Deadwood, S. D., on the charge of offering beef for sale without exhibiting the hide, an act prohibited by a law, passed at the instance of cattlemen, by the last legislature, and intended to prevent the sale of stolen cattle. Mr. Milliner states that the beef offered for sale was his property, and that he has no hide at his ranch, and will produce it to prove that he has not committed a criminal act. This is the first arrest made under the law, and it occasioned considerable surprise, as the peculiar provisions of the law were not generally known. There is no doubt of Milliner's innocence, and a knowledge of the strange law. Milliner was released under \$100 bonds.—Cor. Omaha World-Herald.

A Delectable Work.
"Arthur has written a story that'll make your hair curl," said Marston. "Get it for me, for goodness' sake!" said Mrs. M. "I'll save me from burning my fingers off with the tongue,"—Harper's Bazar.

DANGEROUS PREPARATIONS.
ALLISON'S PAIN EXPELLER is composed of purely vegetable ingredients, and is absolutely harmless. It assists nature in her own efforts to heal and invigilate, and imparts strength to the whole system.

Many preparations contain strong chemical and mineral substances, which produce irritations, 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.

When purchasing a plaster do not only get Allison's, but make sure that you get it.

ALLISON'S PILLS are purely vegetable.

THE WOMAN WHO WORKS.
It is tried, and will find a special help in Doctor Frew's Favorite Food Supplement. It is a powerful stimulant in any condition of the female system. It is an invigorating, supporting, regulating, and curative.

For women approaching, nursing mothers, and every weak, run-down, delicate woman, it is an invigorating, supporting, regulating, and curative.

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Men Make Their Own Feet.
A man makes his own feet. Just remember how waxy and small your feet were when you went courting Amelia or Clara, and how they are now in your easy slippers as you sit before Mrs. Amelia or Mrs. Clara at the breakfast table, surrounded by little Tommy, little Amelia and the rest of the young brood. You don't care a fig now what numbered shoes you wear, as long as your corns don't trouble you. Consequently you get slopping through life in shoes made upon a No. 9 "common sense" last, and are ready to see the shoemaker and go him one better if you feel a little pressure anywhere. Well, some men were born in the condition of mind which time and domesticity have brought to you, and such men have big feet all their lives.—Kate Field's Washington.

Intelligent Missionary Effort.
The Rev. Dr. Storrs, the president of the American board of commissioners for foreign missions, has good reasons for congratulating himself on the result of his conciliatory policy. The board's receipts for this year have been \$600,921, against \$485,372 the previous twelve months. To manage successfully a board which has such interests under its charge as this one, something more is needed than a determination to crush out all intelligent dissent, and keep the vast machine in operation along lines not all adapted to increase the support of foreign missions, even among those inclined in their favor. The Rev. Dr. Storrs, with his broad outlook, has called a halt to those elements which were reducing the annual contributions for that object.—Boston Transcript.

Good Fishing in Philadelphia.
By the grading of Ridge avenue for the purpose of paving, a deep depression extending two squares has been made below Stur's lane, Manayunk, and during a heavy rain recently a miniature lake was formed. It was promptly christened Lake Sandstrom, after the district surveyor. The water has no outlet except drainage through the soil. A citizen whose property is damaged by the change of grade began fishing from the bank. Just as a loaded street car came along it pulled up at a marked, much to the amusement of the passengers, and succeeded in his attempt to ridicule the board of survey.—Philadelphia Record.

SWINGING AROUND THE CIRCLE.
Of the diseases to which it is adapted with the best results, Hunter's Stomach Bitter, a family medicine, comprehensive in its scope, has never been fitted upon public attention in the guise of a universal panacea for bodily ills. This claim, daily arrogated in the columns of the daily press, by the purveyors of medicine, is in fact to its specific, has in a thousand instances disgusted the public in advance by its absurdity, and the prevalence of other remedies of superior qualities have been handicapped by the incoherence of the advertising of this. But the American people know, because they have verified the fact by the most trying tests that the Bitter possesses the virtues of a real specific in cases of malarial and liver disorder, constipation, nervous, humoral, stomachic and other troubles. What it does it does thoroughly, and mainly for this reason it is indicated and recommended by hosts of respectable medical men.

Links Ardup has a wonderful memory. He can remember how do you know? He can draw an excellent picture of a dollar the other day.

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We offer One Hundred Dollars reward for any case of catarrh that cannot be cured by Hood's Catarrh Pills. F. J. CHEN & CO., 1010 Broadway, N. Y.

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