

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

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

The Passing Hours For Gliding.

A batch of gilding in the hand of a woman is more dangerous than the proudest pot of paint in the hand of a woman. The latter dares every available useful article within reach in the name of freshness.

But fashion abhors as copiously, and this in the name of high art. We have watched with a shuddering pain New England spinstriken maidens brought from the attic to be dressed in a coat of imitation gold. We have seen all sorts of incongruous articles, including rolling pins and potato mashes, filling their plebian pores with the outward and visible sign of the "Elegance" cure. And now the depths are literally sounded—fathers' nests are dragged from the sea and gilded.

Not that all cheap effects are meant any more than all mean effects are cheap. The gilding only adds to the expense of fashions, which is really popular with the mass of people. In its natural state "in its natural state" because of its soft gray coloring and its inclination to hang gracefully. It is a charming acquisition to the list of inexpensive draperies.—*New York Times*.

Almond Anything Can Do This.

A young woman who is altogether independent, but who has the very small income of \$600 a year, suddenly received last fall, to go abroad for the first time. She engaged a second class passage on a fast steamer and paid \$35. besides \$5 to the steward, for a large room and most excellent fare. Her companions on the vessel were few and very agreeable people—gentle folks like herself. She was drawn to company, where she found board for \$5 a week and where she spent the winter, going up to London toward spring and making a fortnight's trip to Paris with a little Frenchwoman. The latter excursion cost her exactly \$25, she arrived home in the middle of May, not having overdrawn her income, delighted with her eight months in Europe and determined to do the whole thing over again.—*Philadelphia Press*.

Trouble in the St. Clair Tunnel.

Great trouble is being experienced in ventilating the St. Clair tunnel, which was opened last year. Owing to the steep grades very heavy engines are used for working the tunnel section, and such quantities of smoke come from these engines that it is difficult to get men who are willing to run them. It is proposed fitting smoke consumers to the engines with a view of mitigating the nuisance.—*New York Times*.

Mosquito Fable.

Mosquitoes taken from the Egyptian tombs, beaten into a fine powder and mixed with oil for paint is one of the latest imitations of Cairo. The color of this horizon dust paint is a rich brown of Italy. —*See Louis Kuhlmann*

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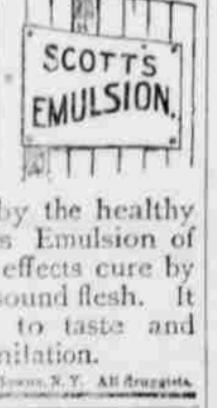
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Signs of Health.

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Disease is overcome only when weak tissue is replaced by the healthy kind. Scott's Emulsion of cod liver oil effects cure by building up sound flesh. It is agreeable to taste and easy of assimilation.

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BROTHERS.

Two Nice Girls Talk Over Their Tea and Stories.

"Brothers are very useful sometimes," said the girl with the roses in her hair.

"Very," responded the girl with the short hair, "but sometimes they are terrible."

"What do you do when you've asked a girl with roses in her hair?"

"Having a brother myself I think I can sympathize."

"I know. Well, you see it is this way."

Young Goldfarb likes me, I know, but he could not get the courage to tell, and, having thought of it over and over again, I know it would be simply ridiculous to get up an intimacy with his sister."

"So you told your brother to talk to him," put in the girl with the roses in her hair.

"Of course. I told Phil to do it for getting Louise an invitation to Aunt Kate's garden party."

"Well, he did it, and then got to be great friends—I didn't just tell that, you know."

For every time I had to go out, I would say to myself that he would be a good friend.

"He would be a good friend," said the girl with the roses in her hair, smiling.

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