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Royal Baking Powder

Economy requires that in every receipt calling for baking powder the Royal shall be used. It will go further and make the food lighter, sweeter, of finer flavor, more digestible and wholesome.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 WALL ST., NEW YORK.

STRANGE WAYS OF THE OSTRICH.

The Hens of the Flock Lay in the Same Way as the Male Hatches the Eggs.

The ostrich has many strange ways, and I was particularly interested in studying them. They go in flocks of three or four females and one male about their nesting time, and for several weeks before locating their nests the hens drop their eggs all about the pampas. These are called haunch (pronounced "wanch") eggs, and are much more delicate in flavor than the eggs taken from the nests. They have a thinner shell and when fresh laid are of a beautiful golden color. We cooked them by roasting them before the fire. We would first break a hole in the small end of the egg large enough to insert a teaspoon.

The egg would be set up among some hot ashes, a pinch of salt and pepper put into it, and the contents kept stirred with a stick, so that all would be done alike. The flavor is excellent, and one egg would satisfy a very hungry man. As soon as the ostriches decide upon a suitable place for a nest the male bird scratches away the grass and slightly hollows the ground for a space of about two feet in diameter. All the hens of the flock lay in the same nest, and there are from twenty-five to thirty-five eggs laid. The male bird then takes possession and sits on the eggs until they are hatched. As soon as the brood can leave the nest the old fellow leads them away to feed on flies and small insects, and everything is lovely until he spies another male bird with a brood.

As soon as the old birds see another who make a peculiar booming sound and every little ostrich disappears in the grass. The old ones then approach each other and engage in a most deadly conflict. They fight until one or the other is killed or runs away. The remaining one will then utter another peculiar sound and both broods will spring up from their hiding places and follow the victor, who struts off as proud as a peacock. I have seen old male ostriches with three broods, each of a different size, two of which they had captured. They become very tame in captivity, but are a perfect nuisance about a place, as you cannot keep them out of the buildings and they will gobble up anything they can swallow. One of them cleaned out a workbasket one day, swallowing pools of cotton, and another thing, ending his repast by eating up a bowl of marrow we had on the table to use in lieu of butter. They will stalk around the grounds in the most audacious manner, and when they see a person in the most comical way, imitating all over themselves and running around like mad. They will stop this foolishness as suddenly as they commenced it and walk off as demurely as if they were going to a funeral.—Forest and Stream.

Earning Pin Money.
With a class of tenants who pay their rent weekly it is customary before letting them a house to ask them to produce the rent book they have had from their previous landlord, in order to ascertain whether they are in the habit of paying their rent regularly or otherwise. Should the prospective tenant be backward in his payments, it is not unusual for him to borrow and present as his own rent book of a friend who is more prompt in paying his rent. This is a trick that is played almost every day.

I remember one old lady who realized a tidy little sum by hiring out her rent book. As she paid her landlord punctually every week, her book was of course invaluable to the defuncting tenant in search of a house. I should think that this book was presented at our office some scores of times before the fraud was detected. What led to the discovery was the frequent recurrence in our defaulters' list of the same name.—London Tit-Bits.

A tablespoonful of powdered borax dissolved in the bath will prove very invigorating as well as soften the water so that it will feel like velvet.

Skin

diseases are caused by impure or depleted blood. The blood ought to be pure and rich. It is made so by

Scott's Emulsion

the Cream of God-Iver Oil, Scrofula and Anemia are overcome also, and Honesty Flesh is built up. Physicians, the world over, endorse it.

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THE ROSE OF CHATHAM.

By MAURICE THOMPSON.

Mr Fenwick's driver was an old negro man whose courage was as pale as his face was black, and when a crowd of brutal soldiers, half crazed with wine, stopped the carriage he tumbled off the seat and fell upon his knees in the sand at their feet. They sprang him with their heavy boots and proceeded to drag forth Mr Fenwick, whose age and lameness were no appeal to their feelings. His heavy gold watch and seal, his jeweled snuff box and his purse were quickly torn from his person, while the rude buffets they silenced his every effort to explain to them his loyalty to Great Britain and the virtues he had rendered to the king's army. His nose was bleeding on account of a heavy blow from the elbow of one of the Hessians, and his throat bore three scratches from the hand of another. He had been snatched from the gentleman's hat. His clothes were torn, his linen soiled, his hair disheveled. Piteously looking from one to another of the brutes he staggered as he stood.

At this moment a single American soldier wearing the soiled uniform of a lieutenant darted out of an alley way, drawn across in hand, and fell furiously upon the Hessians, smiting them right and left in such fashion that three of them lay outstretched in a moment, and the remaining two, badly cut, staggered off, bleeding and mighty howlers with rage. Mr Fenwick was lifted bodily and placed in his carriage; the coachman felt a hand on the back of his neck. "Get into that seat and drive home or I'll kill you," growled a very determined voice.

The officer leaped into the vehicle as the negro put whip to the horses. "Thank you, oh, thank you!" cried the old man. "How shall I—oh! it's so—so excited! The infernal brutes! He wiped his forehead with his hand and tried to adjust his disordered hair. From every direction came ominous sounds. Shots, shouts, screams, the noise of crashing doors and breaking windows. Women and children, both white and black, ran wildly hither and thither. "What can all this mean?" the old man exclaimed, frowning at his departed snuff box. "What has happened?" Prescott gave no ear to these inquiries. He simply cried out to the driver: "Faster, my old scoundrel, or I'll pick you up with my sword!" The horses were gentle, well-kept, slow beasts, whose faces now and then were flashing that now fell about their flanks could be seen, and the next day a half dozen boxes of flowers were received from masculine admirers, who, with their own hands, conveyed the tokens of condolence, heavily interlarded with appropriate quotations that the little lady enjoyed.

The clever woman intended to keep the facts of the case a secret, but somehow the story leaked out, and the next week she made a bosom friend of a pretty young man, who, she said, had been engaged in a brother's silk handkerchief, hung pathetically at her side in a ribbon sling. Her wrist had been strained while driving, and for a day or two the hand was the center of sympathetic attention and the recipient of bonbons and flowers galore. The young man who followed these absurd examples went distressingly lame, and found it very amusing; a fourth impostor suffered for a week from a series of slight fainting attacks, and the fifth woman, who had been told that her face was nearly ruined by the approaching monster, when in a dreamy way she became slightly deaf. Twice or thrice, as she gazed placidly, with smile wreathed lips, into nothingness, a question had to be repeated until with blushes and confusion she would in a low tone confess her infirmity as she just caught the tones of a speaker's voice.

However, a keen-eyed young woman who rather suspected the afflictions of her friends, pressed the innocent duplicity of her dear hostess by whispering to her neighbor at luncheon not to scream and alarm Mrs. Blank because a mouse was stealthily crossing the room—a precaution that was quite useless, as Mrs. Blank promptly forgot her prettily assumed infirmity, and was the first to warn her guests of the approaching monster, as with an accompaniment of shrill little screams she stood in her chair at the head of the table.—New York Sun.

How He Got an Introduction.
"I witnessed a curious episode on the Wabash some time ago," said Harry T. Milner. "At Decatur two ladies, evidently mother and daughter, came aboard and sat down, facing a daintily dressed looking, faintly attired stranger, who proceeded to stare fixedly at the young lady until forbearance ceased to be a virtue. The hot blood mounted to her cheeks, and she plainly showed her aversion to the stranger's attentions. Finally the older lady spoke to him sharply, calling him an impudent, but he continued staring as before. The young lady sprang to her feet and struck him sharply on the cheek with her fan, remarking that she would give him a lesson in good manners he would remember."

"The stranger half rose, removed his hat and said with the utmost politeness: 'Ladies, I am truly sorry I have offended, but I—I am blind.' Then he turned to the young lady's turn to apologize. I met the trio at Indianapolis last week, and the stranger was still staring at the young lady, but with more satisfaction. He had recovered his sight and married her."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Her Host a Basket; Her Sail an Umbrella.
Miss Lillian Smith is building a small boat to carry her trunk and all her provisions for the San Joaquin, at Fresno, and go by water to San Francisco. She is eighteen years old. The boat is modeled after the ark in which Moses floated on the River Nile. In length it is six feet and in width three. It is only large enough to carry her trunk and all her provisions for the journey. She will take her rifle along and shoot birds on the way.

The San Joaquin river is deep at present, and the voyage will be unaccompanied with danger from sunken snags and logs. Miss Smith expects to make the journey to San Francisco in five days. She will use an umbrella for a sail when the wind is favorable, and when there is no wind she will use a paddle.—San Francisco Chronicle.

An Erotic Young Man.
A few years ago an erotic young man living not over a thousand miles from Hartford fell head over heels in love with a young lady whom he had been introduced to by a friend. He wrote her several notes and received no answer, and finally becoming desperate wrote that she would find his cold corpse on her front porch if she did not send him "one little line." She wrote and the answer she received was this:

Dear Max—I ate the stamp that was on your envelope because it had touched your lips.
Her answer:
Dear Max: The stamp you ate was put on the envelope by my mother's maid.
—Hartford Post.

Then she broke away from him, with a sudden desire to return to her mother, and ran back along the familiar way toward her home. She was tired now and broke; the sand was deep and heavy in places where her progress slow and toilsome. Once, twice she was stopped by crowds of people, black and white, wildly mingled together. To get away from these she had to make long detours. Finally she became so deep and lost, although but a little distance from the house.

What evil luck was it that in this focus of her distress she came face to face with Maynard? He wore citizen's dress, but was armed with a sword. Recognizing her at once, he halted and gave her a quick, inspiring glance before he spoke. She tried to avoid him. "You must go home, Miss Fenwick," he said with a gentle and respectful firmness. "The street is no place for you now."

She clasped her arm. As she shrank away from him with an exclamation of loathing he simply drew her closer, and added: "I love you to you and your parents to love you and take you home. Come right along, there is not a moment to lose, not a moment." He led her through the street, and she shrank away from him with an exclamation of loathing he simply drew her closer, and added: "I love you to you and your parents to love you and take you home. Come right along, there is not a moment to lose, not a moment." He led her through the street, and she shrank away from him with an exclamation of loathing he simply drew her closer, and added: "I love you to you and your parents to love you and take you home. Come right along, there is not a moment to lose, not a moment." He led her through the street, and she shrank away from him with an exclamation of loathing he simply drew her closer, and added: "I love you to you and your parents to love you and take you home. 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