

IN all receipts for cooking requiring a leavening agent the **ROYAL BAKING POWDER**, because it is an absolutely pure cream of tartar powder and of 33 per cent. greater leavening strength than other powders, will give the best results. It will make the food lighter, sweeter, of finer flavor and more wholesome.

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

PRACTICAL WORK.

Two Women Who Have Made Successes

Undertaking Conducted by Themselves.

A great lot of credit is taken these days about opening new channels of employment to women. Fifty years ago their possibilities in business careers were really hampered. But under the present order of things any woman with pluck and cleverness can hold her own beside the best man in the country.

For example, witness the liberal income earned by a lady in California through commercial gardening, while another makes quite as much money in New Jersey running a big steam laundry.

Mrs. Theodosia B. Shepherd of Ventura, Cal., has been established only eight years, and though she began with a tiny capital and a small piece of ground, her gardens now occupy an entire block adjoining one of the large hotels. Of course her success was very slow at first. One does not arise from a "patch of garden truck" to great heights, structures for propagating plants, besides five acres of cultivated land outside the city limits, without plenty of hard work. In those early days she was an indefatigable laborer. Early and late she toiled, as men toil, surmounting difficulties, suffering hours of deep discouragement, yet sticking manfully to her task. Then every detail demanded her personal attention, with the irritating friction always attendant upon minutiae. But industry shortened that term of probation, and now her business has increased in magnitude until, of course, it is carried on by the usual business machinery.

The New Jersey woman had, at the death of her husband, just \$5,000 to invest, and deciding that she knew more about washing clothes than anything else she opened a laundry. Her fate was the common fate of all—an opportunity to work and economize and add to her talent, or drift, as so many do, toward failure.

Slowly but surely thrift conquered difficulties. She first secured a well paying patronage among private families in her town. Then, finding how limited such local work must be, she decided to try for bigger profits. Her initial move was to visit some of the New York hotels and managers, and by facts and figures prove that she could do better laundrying for them in New Jersey than they could have done at home. Some gave her a trial, and for these she washes today. Soon, however, a more important job than any she had dreamed of came her way. This was an order, less than a contract to do the washing for the Pullman Car company wherever it could be reached from her point.

From that time on her fortune was made. The capacity of her steam laundry was enlarged, and by facts and figures she proved that she could do better laundrying for them in New Jersey than they could have done at home. Some gave her a trial, and for these she washes today. Soon, however, a more important job than any she had dreamed of came her way. This was an order, less than a contract to do the washing for the Pullman Car company wherever it could be reached from her point.

A Dying Man's Scheme.
George Francis Cobson, a spiritualist of Muskegon, Mich., has perfected a scheme, he thinks, by which he hopes at death to be able to prove positively to those still in the material state that a spirit exists. He went to Pittsburgh a short time ago and obtained a large glass cylinder, so constructed that it can be sealed airtight quickly. In this cylinder he has suspended with fine copper wire two pieces of metal, one of which may be brought in contact with each other by the slightest motion of air within the cylinder. Wires pass through the cylinder, one being connected with a battery and the other with a telegraphic instrument.

He has made arrangements for his friends just before the spirit leaves his body to seal him in the cylinder so that his spirit may be kept from departing and at the same time is enabled by a series of systematic disturbances of the air within the cylinder to communicate with his friends through the telegraphic instrument. He is dying with consumption, and the public probably will not have long to wait for the test of his experiment. If it should prove successful, his friends are pledged after three days to unseal the cylinder and allow the spirit to depart and then seal up the cylinder in the vacuum apparatus.

Here is a Farm With a History.
Colonel Merrit M. Hissner of the Falls of French Creek hotel has bought of Henry W. Watson of Bucks county the Uner farm in Warwick township, Chester county, 123 acres, for \$5,000. On this farm the old Seventh Day Baptist burial ground is located, an acre or more, the walls of which inclose the old cemetery. In this place of rest there were interments dating back to 1699, and the whole number buried is probably over 150. There was once a frame meeting house in which the Seventh Day people worshipped, but it was torn down or removed long ago—none there for probably 70 years or more.

Over two years ago the French Creek Valley Railroad company, or some of its promoters, bought this Uner farm of E. J. Uner, administrator, for \$50 per acre. It was intended to erect a large hotel on the premises. Subsequently it changed hands and became the property of Mr. Watson. Colonel Hissner will sell a portion of his purchase in building lots, having 1,000 already laid out—Pottstown Leader.

A DETROIT BUILDER.

HE TELLS A REMARKABLE STORY OF HIS LIFE.

Came to Detroit About Forty Years Ago

—Level Eley's Experience Worthy Serious Attention.

From the Detroit Evening News.

Away out Grand avenue, far from the din and turmoil of the business center, there are many attractive homes. The interesting streets are wide, clean and shaded by large leafy covered trees, and the people you meet are typical of industry, economy and honest toil. There are many pretty residences, but none more inviting, more restful and more homelike comfort than that of Mr. Level Eley, the well-known builder and contractor, at 74 Moran street, just off Grand street. Mr. Eley is an old resident of Detroit, having moved here about forty years ago. He has erected hundreds of houses in different parts of the city, and besides his pride in such buildings as the Newberry, McMillan and Camp blocks, in which he displayed his ability as a superintendent.

He has seen Detroit grow from a village to a city, as he observed yesterday in conversation with the writer, "and I don't think there are many towns in America to-day equal to it in point of beauty. I know almost everybody in the city, and an incident which recently happened in my life has interested all my friends."

"It is now about eight years ago since I was stricken down with my first case of illness. One cold, blustering day I was down town, and through my natural curiosity I permitted myself to look out of my window. I found that I had been here for some time, and I arrived home that evening I felt a serious pain in my left leg. I bathed it with liniment, but by morning it had grown worse. In fact, it was so serious that I sent for my family physician, and he informed me that I was suffering from varicose veins. My leg swelled up to double its natural size, and the pain increased in volume. The agony was simply awful. I was laid up, and never left my bed for eight weeks. At times I felt as though I would die, and I believe my own judgment helped me better than others. After a siege of two months I was nearly dead, still I was on the sick list and had to doctor myself for years. I was never really cured, and suffered any amount of anxiety."

"About two years ago I noticed an article in the Evening News about my friend, Mr. Northrup, the Woodward-avenue merchant. In an interview with him he stated that he had used Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People and that they cured him. I knew him very well, having built his house on Woodward avenue, and I thought I would try his suggestion. I must confess I did not think it worth my while to try, but I was so miserable that I bought a box of the pills. A short time since I renewed my habit of taking them with the same beneficial results which met me formerly. I am again nearly as strong as ever, though I am a man about 50 years of age. I tell you, sir, the Pink Pills are a most wonderful medicine, and if they become known to all the people who are afflicted with any of the diseases I mention, they are the best in the world. I freely recommend them to any sufferer."

"Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain, in a modest trade package, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effects of a gripe, palpitation of the heart, indigestion, and all the elements of weakness either in male or female. Pink Pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent post paid on receipt of 50 cents, or six boxes for \$2.50, if they are never sold in bulk or by the 100 by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y."

The Soprano Stood Firm.
A bat got into Unity hall last evening and kept the audience amused. He made his appearance when the mandolin club was giving a selection, and kept hovering over the head of one of the lady guitarists until a sudden fancy struck it to read the name of the piano. Then it waited until the vocalist appeared, when it tried in vain to attract her attention, and finally it started to explore one of the pipes in the organ.—Hartford Post.

Collecting Grasses.
James B. Oloot, grass agent at the Mobile experiment station at South Manchester, Ala. state, has been visiting recently in the purpose of collecting seeds of the native grasses. At the experiment station these grasses are cultivated and their merits recorded. This is but a small part of the work done at the station, but it is of value in deciding what are the grasses that do best in certain climates and soils.—Exchange.

Timely Advice to Many.
A writer in The Engineering Magazine warns us all to determine before going to the World's fair whether we are physically able to go. In short, consult your physician and get the benefit of a special examination. The advice is well given, for there's nothing more exhausting to body and mind than a week or two of frantic, ill-considered sightseeing. It's better not to see the fair and live than to see it and die.

A NARROW ESCAPE.

"No, my dear lady, thank you. You are an excellent hostess, but pray do not press me—nothing would induce me to have a fire in my bedroom."

"But, general, it is so chilly!"—"I would rather put up with the frosts of Siberia than with the associations which a fire in my bedroom would recall," replied the general, cutting his hostess short. "But," he continued, "there is a story connected with my whim which may amuse your party here, and I will atone for my obstinate rudeness by telling it tomorrow after dinner."

General Garthwaite was a distinguished soldier who had arrived at Downshire Hall for the winter festivities. When he got about among his guests that he was to relate an adventure on the following evening, much interest was evoked, and it was to an attentive audience that he began as follows:—"Twenty years ago I made the long railway journey from London to Yorkshire on an important errand, which consisted, neither more nor less, of getting myself married to the eldest daughter of the rector of Huntingwood. I had been engaged to Mary Maitland for nearly a year, but as our meeting and betrothal had taken place while the Maitland family were staying for a season in town, this was my first visit to the Yorkshire village. I may as well say at the outset that there had been no hitch in the preliminaries. It was a marriage entirely of mutual affection, my prospects were promising, and both the Maitland and Garthwaite families gave a hearty approval to the arrangement. My mother and two sisters were already at Huntingwood rectory for the wedding, and my brother Harold traveled down with me for the purpose of assisting at the ceremony."

"We arrived at the rectory in the fast closing dusk of late afternoon to the welcome of a merry party assembled for the ceremony of the morrow. When the first greetings were over, I turned and saw that the byman was bringing me luggage into the hall—a goodly number of packages, seeing that we were going to the Mediterranean for our honeymoon. "Stay a moment," said Mrs. Maitland, noticing the man at the same time. "Let him bring in the bulk of the things by all means, but you must not let me know what you will want for the night and to-morrow morning. Etiquette forces me to make a stranger of you tonight, and so Mr. Lugard of the Grange has very kindly offered to give you a bed."

"I had foreseen that I should have to sleep under some other roof the night before the wedding and had made my packing arrangements accordingly. I pointed out a portmanteau which contained my immediate requirements, and the byman received instructions to take it on to the Grange, and to deliver it to my friend, Mary Maitland, to-morrow."

"The room was in every respect worthy to be the guest chamber of a historic mansion. It was of great size, with four lofty windows, two each on opposite sides of the room. There was a large bay window, and a large open grate guarded by fantastic grivins of wrought brass, which, though devoid of fire now, owned to capabilities for accommodating a full size yule log if necessary. But on closer inspection I discovered that the grate was not at all the room so far as its character as a great chamber was concerned. It bore traces of having been only recently and somewhat scantily furnished as a bedroom. There was a small open bedstead facing the fireplace, a washstand and dressing table, a chair or two—and that was all. But round the walls were settees and lounges raised on permanent stagers; there was a large glass skylight in the roof, sundry marks on the walls showed signs of fixtures having been removed, and the case of the door opened into a corner locked unaccountably like a billiard table taken to pieces."

"Surely," I exclaimed, "this has been used as a billiard room. I trust you have not dismantled it for me?"—"Oh," she replied frankly, "it's an old story now and certainly not worth retelling, but Fred's impertinent remark may have had a spice of truth in it. Mr. Lugard paid me a certain amount of attention a year or two ago, till I nipped him in the bud."

"You don't like him, then?" I asked.—"It would be treason to say no," returned Mary. "Every one likes Dexter Lugard. He is a perfect paragon of excellence and all that is charming, but—but—you understand."

"I understand that he was a little too charming to captivate your affections, dearest. I answered, "But, tell me, has he quite got over his disappointment?"—"Long ago," replied Mary. "Why, he was one of the first to congratulate me on my engagement to you, and he has given me the handsomest of all my wedding presents—a pearl necklace worth no one knows how much. He is very anxious to know your acquaintance, and he stipulated over a month ago that he would have the honor of entertaining the bridegroom at the Grange."

"Mary's explanations were more than satisfactory and quite dispelled any idea that I had a disappointed rival in my host. At any rate Mr. Lugard had had the good sense to take his disappointment in good stead, and he had not done so already, console himself elsewhere."

"We were all assembled in the rectory drawing room before dinner when Mr. Lugard was announced. He was a tall, handsome man about 40, and he entered the room with the air of one who feels that his welcome is assured. Mrs. Maitland rose smilingly to greet him, and the younger members of the family crowded round him as enthusiastically as to impede his progress toward the spot where I was standing. The moment he had passed the doorway I noticed that his eyes roved round the company as if searching for some one, finally to settle on me, but never once did his glance lose its steady gaze, never once did his attention appear to wander from the pleasant greetings of his friends. Dexter Lugard must have held the record for smiling."

"At length Mrs. Maitland managed to extricate him and effected the introduction which numbered me among the acquaintances of the square of the Grange. In all truth, he seemed to have a heart large enough to embrace the whole world in friendship—even one who had distanced him for a prize the loss of which might well have rankled. But in Lugard's manner there was a note which struck me as of a sinister interest which deflected my eyes from the successful swain. He beamed on me as he beamed on everybody, congratulated me cheerily, looking me straight in the face the while, and said what I pleased to put me up to for the night. In three minutes I was just as much drawn toward him as all the rest were, and found myself wondering how it was that Mary had passed such a good fellow by to bestow herself on such a commonplace individual as Leon and Garthwaite."

Dexter Lugard sat next my eldest sister, and while in no way neglecting his charge, contrived to keep the whole table amused. Afterward there was the usual half hour with the lawyers, a little music in the drawing room, a quiet good night to Mary, and then Lugard and I took our departure amid a volley of "pleasant dreams" and warnings not to forget the ring from the crowd at the rectory gate."

"A few hundred yards along the high road we turned into the park that surrounded the Grange. My host was one of those men with whom it was second nature to walk arm in arm with an acquaintance of an hour's standing, and it was in this fashion that we strolled along a well kept drive toward a great rambling house shining white in the moonlight against a dark background of lofty elms. Lugard chatted gaily all the way, regretting that he had not known me during my bachelor days and expressing the hope that as an old friend of my father's he might see more of me in the future. There I was, resting my frank cordiality, and by the time we had reached the house I had given and he had accepted an invitation to call on us in London on our return from the honeymoon."

"Come in here," said Lugard, leading the way into a cozy smoking room on the ground floor; "we may as well have just one 'nightcap' and a cigar before we turn in."

"I threw myself into an armchair, and he began to busy himself with the spirit case and cigar boxes, which he took from an old oak cabinet that stood on the right hand side of the fireplace. During the few seconds that the door of the cabinet was open I noticed on the bottom shelf one of those iron bowls or braziers used by traveling tinkers for heating their pipes and by cyprus for cooking their dinners. I had heard that Lugard was a great sportsman—indeed the guns and trophies on the walls of his den testified to that—and the thought crossed me that the brazier was for use on his camping expeditions. This train of ideas was put out of my head by Lugard offering me a cigar, and for the time the iron bowl so carefully preserved in the oak cabinet passed from my mind."

"We spent half an hour in chatting and smoking, and then Lugard rose to show me the way to the bedroom. He led the way up a broad staircase to the first floor, passed down a long corridor, and finally opened a door at the extreme end of the house."

"I had foreseen that I should have to sleep under some other roof the night before the wedding and had made my packing arrangements accordingly. I pointed out a portmanteau which contained my immediate requirements, and the byman received instructions to take it on to the Grange, and to deliver it to my friend, Mary Maitland, to-morrow."

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long railway journey and the pleasant excitement of the evening had combined to tire me, and I fell asleep 10 minutes after my head touched the pillow."

"I must have been slumbering peacefully for some hours when I felt myself gradually awakened—not from any sound start, but from a growing sense of strange oppression which seemed to affect my breathing. As my senses returned to me the choking sensation at my chest and throat increased, and finally I found myself wide awake wondering what was the matter. Every minute it became harder to breathe; the air of the room seemed stifling. I flung the bedclothes from me in the hope of relief, and in doing so saw something so unaccountable and apparently impossible—that my roving senses were stricken with amazement."

"There was a fire in the grate! Glowing steadily in the cavernous recess of the ancient fireplace a great red ball of fire burned without flicker and without sound, and I could see more of me in the future. There I was, resting my frank cordiality, and by the time we had reached the house I had given and he had accepted an invitation to call on us in London on our return from the honeymoon."

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A Locomotive Jumps Over a Tree Trunk.
The street which fell on Wednesday night loaded the trees along the line of the Georgia Southern and Florida so heavily that some of them fell, and one dropped across the track. About 8 o'clock in the morning a passenger train came along. The storm was so severe that the engineer could not see ahead, and his engine went over the tree with a bound. The baggage car was broken into splinters, and the coaches behind were scattered through the woods in various directions. The engine ran on for 100 feet after jumping the tree and then struck one in the forest, finally landing against a giant pine.

One coach went off on the other side of the track and plowed through the mud for a few rods. The sleeper was the only car which did not leave the rails. Among the passengers in the Pullman was Dan Ronnberg. He says that he woke up, but thought the jolt was nothing more than the usual bump which the Central gives in coupling at Macon.—Atlanta Constitution.

It Has Ticked Off Nearly Two Centuries.
Mrs. Catherine Oyster of Kokomo recently came into possession of an old fashioned wooden clock of ancestral times that has been passing from generation to generation for nearly 300 years. It was bequeathed to Mrs. Oyster by her father, John Woodring of Preble county, O., who died a short time ago, aged 93. The clock is of English manufacture, of the style known as the "wall sweeper," made by Reed & Ward in the year 1711. The case is of English black walnut, and all parts of the running gear are constructed of wood. It is 7 feet tall and weighs 15 pounds. It has been ticking away for 182 years without a stop and has never been repaired. The wooden wheels show little or no wear, and it is apparently good for another century or more, ticking away a merrily, truthfully and unceasingly as it did in England nearly two centuries ago.—Cor. Indianapolis Journal.

Telegraphers to Contest.
The New York telegraphers will have a contest on March 11, which is expected to prove the most satisfactory and decisive tournament of the kind which has ever taken place on this continent. The decisive test will probably develop the extreme capacity of an absolutely "clean" conductor on wire manipulated by the fastest senders and most expert receivers in the United States and Canada.

THE LAND OF PROMISE.
The mighty West, the land that "tickled with the land of promise," the El Dorado of the miner; the goal of the agricultural emigrant. With all its grandeur, its beauty, its abundance and its fertility, some of the fairest and most fertile soil in the world, it has been the scene of its fullness by those unprotected by a medical safeguard. No one seeking or dwelling in the West should be without Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. It is a household name, and its benefits are known to all who have used it. It is a powerful purgative, and its effects are felt in the most delicate and tender parts of the system. It is a powerful tonic, and its effects are felt in the most delicate and tender parts of the system. It is a powerful tonic, and its effects are felt in the most delicate and tender parts of the system.

THEY SOOTHE—NEVER IRRITATE.
Some people have a prejudice against plasters, because, as they think, they burn and blister. That is true of many, but not of ALCOCK'S PAIN PLASTERS. They never irritate the skin, but always have a soothing effect. They are useful in case of any local pain, and as a rule will bring immediate relief. If they do not, it is because the trouble has not been allowed to become so serious that no external remedy will reach it, and the only relief to be had is by internal means. For stiffness of the back, weakness or lameness of the joints, rheumatism, neuralgia, etc., Alcock's Pain Plasters are safe to take at any time.

DO YOU TRAVEL?
IF SO, YOU WILL FIND THE **BIG FOUR ROUTE** THE BEST LINE **EAST.**
VESTIBULE TRAINS. ELEGANT DINING CARS. QUICK TIME. Ask for Tickets via Big Four Route. E. M. DOUGLASS, D. B. MARTIN, Pass. Traffic Manager. Gen. Pass. & Tkt. Agt. CINCINNATI.

DOCTOR'S BILLS SAVED.
Mineral Point, Wisconsin, O. Ohio. Dr. Henry C. Work, Buffalo, N. Y. Sir:—I am glad to say that the use of your "Golden Medical Discovery" has saved me many dollars worth of doctor's bills. I have used it for the past eleven years, and whenever needed, it has cured me of all my ailments, such as rheumatism, neuralgia, etc. It is a powerful purgative, and its effects are felt in the most delicate and tender parts of the system. It is a powerful tonic, and its effects are felt in the most delicate and tender parts of the system. It is a powerful tonic, and its effects are felt in the most delicate and tender parts of the system.

PIERCE Guarantees a CURE OR MONEY RETURNED.
The "Discovery" purifies, vitalizes and enriches the blood, thereby invigorating the system and building up wholesome flesh when reduced by wasting diseases.

KARL'S GLOVER ROOT CURES CONSTIPATION. It gives relief to the bowels, cleans the blood, and restores the system to its normal condition. It is a powerful purgative, and its effects are felt in the most delicate and tender parts of the system. It is a powerful tonic, and its effects are felt in the most delicate and tender parts of the system. It is a powerful tonic, and its effects are felt in the most delicate and tender parts of the system.

Flesh means strength to withstand chronic ailments, coughs, colds and disease. Sound flesh is essential to health.

Scott's Emulsion The Cream of Cod-liver Oil, enriches the blood, builds up flesh and fortifies the system against sickness and chronic ailments. Physicians, the world over, endorse it. Don't be deceived by substitutes! Prepared by Scott & Bowen, N. Y. All Druggists.

A COMPLETE RECOVERY.
D. E. Coughanour writes from Quartermaster, Idaho, of the complete recovery of Mrs. Coughanour from rheumatism. She had been troubled for years, and had suffered great pain, often not being able to walk. Happy over his wife's relief, he tells about it as follows: QUARTERMASTER, IDAHO.

N. J. Stone & Co. (Caldwell's Rheumatism Cure): Gentlemen: My wife took three bottles of your Cure, which almost cured her. I sent for three more for her. She took one of these, and then was perfectly well. The remaining two bottles she gave to a woman who could not walk, and they cured her. My wife had suffered for four years with rheumatism—sometimes so badly that she could not walk. Yours, D. E. COUGHANOUR. The price of the medicine is \$3 per package of three bottles. For further particulars apply to N. J. Stone & Co., Flood Building, San Francisco, Cal.

VERY NIMBY.
They tell some very funny tales about the "Nimby" spirit. How everything was swept away from the streets of London. How fish of monstrous size were caught on the coast of England. How the ocean vessels sailed clear up to Portland Heights. The beautiful mountain given free to purchasers of the Northern & Western company's strong yet daily flavoring Extracts.

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