

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—U. S. Gov't Report, Aug. 17, 1889.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

Monosyllables.

Mine be the force of words that tax the tongue. But once to speak them round and full and clear. They suit the speech, or song, or suit the ear. Like bells that give one tone when they are rung. Or bird notes on the air, like rain-drops flung. That pour their joy for all who pause to hear. Their short, quick chords and dull sense charm and cheer. That tires and shrinks from words to great length strings.

Strong words, of old, that shot right to the brain. And hit the heart as soon, were brief and terse. Who finds them now, and fits them to his slings. Smoother stones from brooks of English are his gain. Which shall make strong his thought, in prose or verse. While he with scribes to write, or bards to sing. —William C. Richards, in Harper's Magazine.

HIS COUSIN.

She had never really liked Henry Ogden—never, from the time when, a slip of a girl in short dresses, she had stolen away from parties through back doors, and once through a kitchen window, to prevent his going home with her.

"But he is a fine young man—a thoroughly estimable young man," said his father impatiently.

She was twenty now, and expected to use a little reason.

"I know it," said Beth.

"And I don't want to influence you on that score, Elizabeth," said her mother gently; "but it would be such a good thing for you, my dear! He is the best of young men in town. With all the property his father owns, and his own good business, his prospects are quite brilliant."

"I know it," said Beth dolefully.

"And there is nobody else you care about," said her father conclusively. "Don't be reckless, my child!"

And so it happened that when Beth went to the Ogden's big new house to tea, to meet some distant cousins of Henry's who were visiting him, there was a sparkling diamond on her left hand.

She could have guessed that Miss Knapp was a near relative of Henry's. She had the same statuesque tallness and self-respectful dignity of manner.

Beth had pronounced it stiffness before she wore the diamond; but now she dutifully forbore to give it a name.

But her brother Frank! Both would never have dreamed that he was a cousin. He was bright-eyed, curly-haired, quick-motioned, with a ready smile and a clever way of saying things, and a happy faculty of keeping everybody amused.

Henry and Miss Knapp, to be sure, did not seem greatly amused. They sat calmly in two large chairs in the porch corner, looking over a book of engravings and talking on dignified subjects.

But Beth sat on the top step, with Frank on the next, and laughed gaily at his pleasant drollery, and admired his handsome good-humored face, and enjoyed herself as she hadn't for ever so long. He was so different from Henry.

She was not sure that she should have laughed when he got her hat and jacket, and pretended to be Ophelia in the mad scene; or when, on their way to supper, he stopped to mount the hall stairs and slide down the baluster.

She was afraid she shouldn't have, because Henry looked distinctly disapproving, and Miss Knapp remained serious.

And she was rather glad when, in the pleasant dusk of the evening, somebody proposed a little walk, since Henry's cousin had seen nothing of the town.

"Now we can laugh all we want to," said Frank with a whimsical smile, offering her his arm outside the gate. "Now we can giggle and not be lectured."

Beth tried not to smile, or to return his bright glances sympathetically; but she did both.

"Alice is the best girl in the world," Frank proceeded, "and Henry's a good fellow; but to spirits like ourselves they're a little oppressive, don't you think?"

He was looking at her eagerly, with a warm admiration under the smiling brightness of his eyes.

And Beth drew back in sudden conscience-stricken alarm.

"No—I don't know. Certainly I oughtn't to say so."

"Why not?" he questioned blithely. Beth looked at him. No, it was plain that he didn't know she was to marry his cousin Henry. He had not been told, or he had not understood.

There was a queer little sinking at her heart. She was to marry Henry, of course; but—how different they were! And why did he look at her in that way?

She caught her breath with something like a sob, and began hurriedly to talk fast about the houses they were passing.

"It's a pretty street," Frank observed; "and this little street looks prettier yet. Let's investigate. Just leave us to our own devices; we're going to explore," he called to the stately couple behind them, and whirled Beth around the corner.

It was a pretty street, and the moon was rising softly, and a warm breeze was stirring, and Frank was in the gayest mood imaginable.

This is his place, and he gives us all we want. Don't think I'd let you get them if they weren't his," she said with a laughing dignity.

"It's a providence," said Frank from the other side of the fence. "Get your handkerchief or something ready, Miss Moody. We can treat the other people."

"Dear me! What was that, Mr. Knapp?" Beth queried.

It was an ominously low growl. "A dog!" said Frank from a lower limb of the tree. "Does your Uncle John keep one?"

No, Beth responded. "Mr. Knapp—mercy! Do you know—why, how could I? How stupid! It isn't Uncle John's yard; his is next. Don't you see? The two are so much alike, and in this light—Do come down Mr. Knapp! somebody's coming."

It was too late. A burly form, grasping the chain of the big dog which followed, came trotting pantingly round the corner of the house, as Frank stepped to the ground.

"Hold on there, young man!" a wrathful voice called out. "Don't ye stir a step, or ye'll be sorry for it!"

And the burly man, breathless and red with anger, confronted him.

"Keep still, Tiger! Guess I can manage him," he muttered grimly. "Now then, young man, I'm going to have the law on ye. I've said I'd do it with the first one I ketched in my peaches, and here ye be."

"Mr. Mullet—it is Mr. Mullet, isn't it?" Beth gasped.

"Two of ye, be there?" said Mr. Mullet, eyeing her sharply. "Yes'm, that's my name."

"Ye thought," said Beth affrightedly, "that this was Uncle John's place. We wouldn't have thought of getting your peaches, Mr. Mullet."

"Ye can't get around me that way, young woman!" said Mr. Mullet with sarcasm. "I'm going to have the law on ye; said I should, and I will. You can't get ready to go 'long to the justice's with me; that's where ye're going."

Sir, said Frank indignantly, "do you doubt this young lady's word?"

"Well, rather," Mr. Mullet responded gruffly.

"But you know my Uncle John Gordon, don't you?" Beth implored. "He lives next door. And won't you believe me?"

"Yes'm; I know John Gordon enough to know you ain't no kin o' his—not much," said Mr. Mullet irately. "Come now, ye'll find I mean what I say. I'm going to take ye to the justice."

"You'll allow me to settle with you, won't you, Mr. Mullet?" said Frank with amused eyes. "I hadn't taken any peaches. I believe I brushed one to the ground, and you'll probably find it there; but in case it was injured, allow me to reimburse you."

He held out a coin to the scowling old man.

"No, sir," said Mr. Mullet with surly obstinacy—"no, sir. I'm going to have things settled 'cording to my notions. I'm going to have the satisfaction of the law."

He tied the dog to the tree, and stood grimly waiting.

Frank got over the fence coolly. "Never mind, Miss Moody," he whispered, drawing her arm through his own. "Be distressed—don't, please. Of course you know the justice."

"Oh yes—Squire Dowell," Beth rejoined strangely quieted by his unexcited tones and his gently-protecting air.

"Well, of course a word from you will be enough. The ignorant old curmudgeon will get the worst of it; and nobody will hear of it in all probability. Don't you see? There isn't the slightest cause for alarm, Miss Moody. Why, I regard it as quite a joke. It would have been rather dull if something hadn't happened."

And Beth, soothed and comforted despite herself, found herself smiling with him.

"Well, Mr. Mullet?" said Frank briskly, and all three went forward.

Of course it was embarrassing for Henry, standing at the corner with the Dowells, whom he and Miss Knapp had met, and seriously discussing the weather and like eminently proper topics—of course it was embarrassing, the sudden appearance of his cousin, his fiancée, and Mr. Mullet—Mr. Mullet, a common old person to whom he had never even spoken!

It made no difference that it was all smoothly settled—that everybody, with the exception of himself, was laughing quite wildly, and that even Mr. Mullet departed finally, grimly smiling.

It made no difference; he was shocked, offended, seriously displeased. He took Beth's arm as they turned homeward.

"You appear to consider it a mere joke, Beth," he said severely.

"But it was funny, Henry," said Beth meekly.

"It was an absurdly undignified affair," Henry pronounced with sternness. "It was highly discreditible. If it should become known, I should be deeply mortified. I am by no means pleased."

Beth walked at his side silently for a while. Then she drew her arm from his, and drew his ring from her hand, and put it into his own.

"Don't think I am angry with you, Henry," she said gently. "I am not, truly. It was ridiculous, and you have a right to be annoyed. It isn't that. But I think—I am beginning to see—that I could never be happy with you. I am not suited to you, don't

you see? I am afraid we should both be quite miserable."

"No—no!" said Henry, amazed and conciliatory.

"Yes, I am sure of it," said Beth quietly.

"Well, I am very much astonished," said Henry with dignity.

Possibly he was not so much astonished when his cousin Frank stayed two weeks longer than he had intended to, and once gone continued to come back with startling frequency; and also when, a few months later, he knew that he was going to marry Beth.

And, with a sudden recognition of the fitness of things, he gave his diamond ring to Miss Knapp, who took and kept it.

What Primitive Man Ate.

Primitive man, wherever he was first cast, whether in one center or more than one, must of necessity have found his food in the plant world. We cannot imagine him commencing his career learned in the arts of hunting, killing, and cooking the lower animals for food. Many infer from this circumstance that the argument in favor of the vegetarian practice is copied direct from nature, signed and sealed by her. Not quite so fast. There is one interposing barrier to the free acceptance of vegetarian deed and act of conveyance of food from nature to man. Nature herself, of her own right royal will, makes for animals, herbivorous and carnivorous, one distinctive animal food: a section from the living animal organization, a fluid which is a standard food—meat and drink in one—the fluid known under the name of milk. Against absolute vegetarianism, then, we may fairly set up one exception derived from nature as the unerring guide. On observing the habits of animals, we discover another natural fact. We find that animals of quite different natures, in respect to primitive selection of food, possess the power of changing their modes of feeding and of passing over, as it were, from one class to another. This change is distinct but limited, and we must accept it with all its extension on the one side and all its limitation on the other. The fruit-eating ape can be taught under privation to subsist on animal diet; a dog can I believe be taught to subsist on vegetable diet. But it would be as impossible to teach a sheep to eat flesh as it would be to make a lion feed on grass. —Longman's Magazine.

The Cost of Street Railways.

In view of the threatened infliction of more cable lines in Chicago some tables of cost recently published by the *Electrical World* are interesting. From these it appears that the cost of equipment for a five-mile horse-railway is \$9,400 per mile; for an electric road of the same length, \$38,200; for a cable road, \$72,300; and for a gas-engine car equipment, \$8,600. The cost of running the horse railway is \$9,154 per mile per year; electric road, 4,469.10; cable road, \$9,410.50; gas-engine road, \$2,201.63. As regards cable traction, it is calculated that, at the best, at least 75 per cent. of the entire amount of power used is needed to simply run the cable without any load; and if only about 10 per cent of the entire energy of the coal is used in making steam one can readily see how extravagant such a system must be.

They Made Him Tired.

It's getting hard for a plain man of ordinary, everyday, practical tastes to get on in the world now. When he comes to the city and expects to see the sights he is taken to picture galleries and theatres with strong French plays in progress and to bric-a-brac exhibitions.

A simple honest countryman was taken to a picture gallery and a violent and persistent effort made to entertain him with a subject he did not care about. They showed him around the gallery, they expatiated on the great pictures, the superb art, and all that sort of thing. He said nothing until he reached a window which looked out on the street. Then as a horse-car went rattling by, he turned wearily to his artistic friend and said: "What kind of axle-grease do they use in this town?" —San Francisco Chronicle.

Wesley O'Day, a 20-year-old farm hand of Nevada, Mo., has fallen heir to nearly \$2,000,000. He has gone to Albany, N. Y., to join his uncle, a brother and sister there, who together with him fall heir to \$8,000,000. O'Day has been in extreme poverty for the last eight years, having run away from home when 12 years of age. He received authentic information before leaving that the appointment had been made, and his share amounts to \$1,666,000.

Birth of Great Pursuits.

The first geographical map of England was made in 1520.

Handkerchiefs were first manufactured at Paisley in 1733.

The first coinage of money is attributed to Pheidon, king of Argos, in 895 B. C.

The first navigable canal in England was made in 1193, when Henry I. joined the Trent to the Witham.

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of consumption, bronchitis, catarrh, asthma and all throat and lung affections, also a positive and radical cure for nervous debility and all nervous complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellow-men. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this receipt, in German, French, or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 820 Powers Block, Rochester, N. Y.

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