

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

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

Monosyllables.

The force of words that tax the
speak them round and full and
the speech, or song, or suit the ear,
L. E. tells that give one tone when they are
right.
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 tire and shrink from words to great
length strung.

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
sing.
Smo. B. stones from brooks of English are his
gain.
Which shall make strong his thought, in prose
or verse.
Will he with scribbles to write, or words 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 her 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-off young man 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 stately 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! Beth 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 side-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.

Beth laughed helplessly, till her cheeks were crimson and her breath was gone.

"Peaches!" said the young man halting to look over the high fence of a back yard. "Now, Miss Moody, who could resist them? Look at them."

"I could resist them, and so should

you," Beth responded promptly, "if they didn't belong to my Uncle John. This is his place, and he gives us all what 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 ketch 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."

"We 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 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. "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. "Don't 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!

And the ensuing occurrences were still more embarrassing.

His cousin—a relative of his—and the young lady he was to marry, in such a predicament!

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 mirthfully.

"It was an absurdly undignified affair!" Henry pronounced with sternness. "It was highly discreditable. 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 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.

Buttermilk as Medicine.

With the rapid growth of re-constructive medicine, comes opportunistly the re-introduction of old and well-known domestic remedies, among which buttermilk demands a respectable place, says the *Popular Science News*. A young lady patient of the writer was suffering from a severe consumptive cough. None of the usual antispasmodics, expectorants, etc., seemed to do any good, simply because her stomach was too weak to bear enough medicine to effect the purpose. Finally I suggested to her mother the use of hot buttermilk. It was adopted at once. Her first night's experience was one of comparative freedom from cough and pain, and pleasant slumber for several hours. It was continued for a long time, with an unvarying relief of all her previous distressing symptoms, and an almost perfect freedom from cough for several hours after each draught of hot buttermilk.

Lingering at one time for weeks from an attack of congestive fever, dosed with calomel and quinine almost beyond endurance, the writer began to desire buttermilk to drink. The physician "didn't believe in humoring the whims of patient," as he expressed it; besides, he contended that a single drink of the obnoxious fluid might produce death, as acids and calomel were incompatible dwellers in the same stomach. But I was a good persuader, and my mother was a susceptible subject. The buttermilk, "fresh from the churn," was procured and drunk. No evil resulted; instead came a perspiration and a speedy recovery.

Many years afterward I had missed my usual noon meal. It was about 2 or 3 o'clock P. M.—dinner, of course, was over—when I reached a farmhouse, weak, tired, hungry, and "all out of condition" for active work. Dinner was suggested by the housewife. "No, indeed!" said I, "not this time; I am nearly home. But if you have any buttermilk I will take a drink of that to stay my stomach." A good, kind-hearted woman, she soon brought up a pitcher of buttermilk from the cool spring-house, while I examined my patients and prescribed for them. Perhaps a pint was drunk during the stay of nearly an hour. For months indigestion had held his unfriendly grasp on my stomach. From that notable day forward his reign was broken, my stomach was healed, and I could ride all day, if necessary, without feeling so woe-begone from the lack of food as before the drinking of the buttermilk.

There are people, however, who can not use buttermilk at all, and some who cannot use milk of any kind, nor butter; but to others it proves both food and medicine.

Asphalt Lake of Trinidad.

Asphalt is a substance as familiar now as are its related substances, coal and petroleum. It is used in great quantities for paving streets and roofing houses. A large part of the supply is brought from the lake of La Brea in the island of Trinidad. This lake is said to have been discovered in 1595 by Sir Walter Raleigh, who employed the pitch found there in calking his ships.

This wonderful bituminous sheet has an area of nearly one hundred acres, between elevations close to the hilltop. It is a broad surface of pitch, seamed with small channels of water. The pitch is dug from the hardened top, and the quantity taken away is constantly replenished by the soft asphalt oozing up from below, which becomes hardened by the evaporations of its constituent oil in the sun. Night supplies the exhaustion of day.

The method of skimming the great bowl may be illustrated by comparing it to a pond from which blocks of ice have been cut and the water solidified again by the action of frost, the difference being that heat is the agent in one case and cold in the other.—*Youth's Companion*.

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A magnificent new edition of that wonderfully popular book, Hill's Manual of Social and Business Forms has just appeared. The sale of this book continues to be something remarkable. It has already run through forty-eight separate editions, not less than 330,000 copies having been called for to date and the presses are kept steadily going. Think of it. Over 500 tons of paper—fifty-six car loads—have been used in this manufacture. Many who have secured agencies have been making small fortunes and it is said that one man on this coast has earned over \$7000 in commissions on this work. The new edition is a brilliant success with forty-six new features and agents are sure to realize another big harvest. Business men, farmers, mechanics, and all classes take to the book at sight. It is a book that saves the owner money and that is what the people are after now days. Any man or woman with spare time can earn big wages with this new edition of the famous Hill's Manual. The History Company of San Francisco controls the Pacific coast. They want live agents—see ad in another column.

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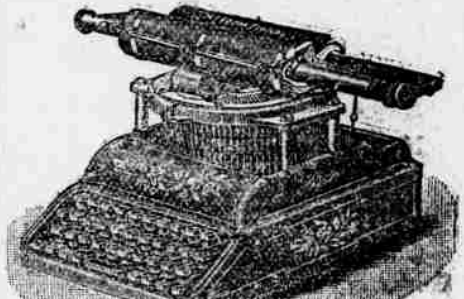
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