THE ROYAL Baking Powder surpasses all others in leavening power, in purity and wholesomeness, and is indispensable for use wherever the best and finest food is required.

All other Baking Powders contain ammonia or alum.

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

TOMORROW.

"Tomorrow I will live aright, tomorrow,"
He whispered his heart as he sank to rest,
"I will know no more of remorse and sorrow,
And the artery of pleasure's quest."
Then, across the silence, an eerie laughter
Quivered and gurgled as he sank to rest:
"Not tomorrow, sweet youth, nor the day after
Tomorrow will you forsake sweet pleasure's quest."

"Tomorrow I will seal my love; tomorrow,"
He whispered his heart as he sank to rest,
"I'll begin aright—nor remorse nor sorrow
Shall ever embitter fond love's sweet quest."
Then quivered and gurgled an eerie laughter:
"Love oft brings sorrow to its winner's breast,
Not tomorrow, brave man, nor the day after
Tomorrow will you attain fond love's sweet quest."

"Tomorrow, they say, I will die; tomorrow,"
He whispered his soul, in sad unrest,
"It may all then come right—all sin and sorrow—
And end life's fever in pleasure's quest."
Then, across the silence, an eerie laughter
Quivered and gurgled in sad unrest:
"Not tomorrow, old man, nor the day after
Tomorrow will life desist from pleasure's quest."
—Mary V. Walthall in Arkansaw Traveler.

The Novelist and the Cabman.

Alexander Dumas, Jr., writes as follows: "My father possessed extraordinary strength of muscle, evidence of which I had for the first time when about fourteen or fifteen years of age. One day he took me to the Gymnase. As we came out of the theater it was raining cats and dogs. I followed him to a solitary cab, which was standing on the boulevard. He gave his address to the driver, who stood beside his cab, and we were about to get in when the man put his hand on the door, saying:

"'I'm not going to stir from the spot in this weather under five francs a fare.'

"'You won't, eh?'

"'No.'

"'For the first, second and last time.'

"Cabby made no reply, but stood there with his hand on the door. Then my father got hold of the man around the middle, lifted him from the ground, hoisted him on his seat and said, 'Perhaps you'll go now!'

"And stepping into the carriage he said to me, 'Remember in future how you are to deal with refractory cabmen.'

"I still fancy I see that cabby with his heavy cloak, all of a heap, jerked up into the air like a feather and flopping down on the seat like a lump of lead."

A Corpulent King's Mishap.

The king of Wurtemburg made up for the smallness of his domains by the colossal bulk of his person. His stay at Vienna was cut short, owing to an unfortunate incident. So enormous was his development that in all the dining tables at home he had a semicircular space cut out to enable him to sit down to his meals with comfort. It seems that no preparation had been made for him in the Austrian court dining tables.

One night a great banquet was given to which he was invited. In the course of the meal some remark was made which the king construed as a slight on himself. Wild with rage, he jumped up with such suddenness that the table, caught by his protuberant bulk, was overturned and all the dishes, plate, glass and decorations were hurled upon the floor with a fearful crash. His majesty fled from the room, pursued by shouts of laughter, and left Vienna that very night.—Temple Bar.

The Truth About Some Orations.

"There is a great deal of satisfaction," she said sweetly, "in delivering your commencement address in Latin."

"Why?"

"Because if you happen to forget any of it you can go in and improvise without anybody's knowing the difference."—Washington Star.

TRY US. TRY US.

OUR BUSINESS IS selling Groceries at wholesale prices direct to the consumer. All we want to say is this: If you really want to buy your GROCERIES as they should be bought, send for our price list. Same will be mailed free of charge on application.

COOPER & LEVY,
Seattle, Wash.

"German Syrup"

Two bottles of German Syrup cured me of Hemorrhage of the Lungs when other remedies failed. I am a married man and, thirty-six years of age, and live with my wife and two little girls at Durham, Mo. I have stated this brief and plain so that all may understand. My case was a bad one, and I shall be glad to tell anyone about it who will write me. PHILIP L. SCHENCK, P. O. Box 45, April 25, 1890. No man could ask a more honorable, business-like statement.

TOWER'S TRADE MARK FISH BRAND

This Trade Mark is on the best WATERPROOF COAT in the World!

Illustrated Catalogue free. A. J. TOWER, BOSTON, MASS.

Didn't Get It After All.

"Can you loan me a match, my good man?" inquired an elderly man of a Broadway driver on the down town trip yesterday morning at about 10 o'clock. The old gentleman had taken out from a well filled case a splendid twenty-five cent cigar, and the driver noted that there were others in the oxidized silver pocket case.

"Why, certainly—cheerfully, sir, I assure you," returned the politically polite man of the reins. And he fished around with one hand for a match, presently handing the old man several of them. More thanks. Profuse politeness on the driver's part, who sniffs the aroma of the cigar with evident delight. "I don't get much chance to smoke—at the dinner hour I smoke a cigar occasionally, for lots of gentlemen, as you have done, get a light of me and then insist upon giving me a cigar."

But the smoker was obtuse. "Of course," the obliger resumed, "I never expect anything of the kind, but they will insist upon it."

"Uh!" from the preoccupied smoker.

"It's odd, don't you think, that for every light I ever gave a passenger on this platform I got a cigar in return?"

"Quite odd."

"I finally learned to always carry matches, and I get several good smokes every day."

The old man was looking at the Diana weather vane.

"So far, today, I haven't gotten my lunch time cigar. Of course, all sentiment aside, I rather expect these returns of favors."

More silence.

"In fact, it's a business matter—it's politeness for revenue only, one might say. When a man wants a light real bad—as for a mere illustration, you yourself did just now—it ought to be worth a good cigar for him, don't you think?"

"Doubtless."

"Well now, my dear sir, you will pardon me for being plain, but have you a good cigar about you?"

"Yes, I have several good ones in my pocket. What's that got to do with all this talk of yours?"

And the remainder of the ride down busy Broadway was in silence—icy, icy silence.—New York World.

Power of an Old Song.

A street band, consisting of a harp, a flute and two violins, made such unusually good music on West street the other evening that a great crowd was beguiled into stopping and listening to it. The musicians seemed careful to suit all tastes. After every three or four tunes the chief musician canvassed the crowd, hat in hand. On one of these rounds he was stopped by a tall young fellow who stood in the shadow of a store doorway. The young man threw a coin into his hat and whispered a few words to him, and the musician, after a moment's thought, nodded his head and went back to his orchestra. He gave a short order in Italian, there was a tuning of the harp and the violins, and the next moment, clearly and expressively, came the strains of "Only to See Her Face."

There seems to be some touch of nature in the music of the sentimental old song that touches the average man and brings a pleasant lump into his throat, and it had its effect on the crowd. Some of those who stood near the tall young fellow in the doorway looked at him and smiled, half humorously, half sympathetically.

"Mashed," said a young woman in a red jacket.

"I have been there," said a man on the curbstone.

But the young fellow did not hear them.

He stood smiling also, half wistfully, and his eyes, ranging over the heads of the musicians and the crowd, seemed fixed on some vague spot in the distance.—Boston Herald.

The Inventor of Panoramas.

Robert Barker, an Irish painter, who lived in Edinburgh toward the close of the last century, was the inventor of panoramas. In 1785 he was imprisoned for debt in the Scottish capital. His cell was lighted by an air hole in one of the corners, which left the lower part of the room in such darkness that he could not read the letters sent to him. He found, however, that when he placed them against the part of the wall lighted by the air hole the words became very distinct. The effect was most striking, and it occurred to him that if a picture were placed in a similar position it would have a wonderful effect.

Accordingly, on his liberation, he made a series of experiments which enabled him to improve his invention, and on June 19, 1787, he obtained a patent in London which establishes his claim to be the inventor of the panorama. London artists spoke with great contempt of Barker's exhibition, but their opinions did not prevent the public from rushing in crowds to see the pictures exhibited in the rotunda in Leicester square. Excellence was soon obtained in the art, and it became a "chestnut" that so completely descriptive was a panorama by Barker of a shipwreck that a Newfoundland dog would leap into the picture to drag the drowning persons out of the sea.—London Tit-Bits.

A Candid Woman.

This is a tale told by Mr. Sydney Gedge, M. P., who is good looking enough to afford to tell it. He was contesting a constituency against Mr. Cyril Flower, and in the course of his personal canvass he visited a house where only the good wife was at home. After a little conversation she promised him all her influence. "I am glad to know," said he gallantly, "that the ladies will support me. I was afraid that my opponent would have them all, because, you know, he is the handsomest man in the house of commons." The poor woman, unconscious of offense, gazed expressively full in the candidate's face and answered, "Ah, sir, but I'm not one of them as takes any notice of good looks!"—Illustrated London News.

A River of Ink.

There are many rivers which have a sufficient element of the marvelous to admit them into categories of the wonderful. Algeria, Spain and India, for instance, each have rivers within their borders which are composed—not of water, but of ink. That in Algeria is water until after the union of two of its principal tributaries, one of which flows through a country strongly impregnated with iron; the other comes from a peat bog. The chemical action of the iron on the gallic acid from the peat makes a beautiful writing fluid.—St. Louis Republic.

MAKING CUT GLASS.

THE VARIOUS PROCESSES THROUGH WHICH FINE WARE PASSES.

The Touches of Magic by Which Dull Sand and Lead Are Changed to Sparkling Crystals—The Part That Heat Plays in the Manufacture of Glass.

The glassmaker's trade, practical, even prosaic and stolidly scientific as it is in reality, seems, however, to the average observer to be an exquisite art assisted by something very like sorcery. Take for instance the very first step in the process of making glass and we have something suggestive, even to the unimaginative, of necromancy of alchemy—something akin to the fabled evolution of the philosopher's stone. In what is known as the "mixing room" we have a huge pile of sand, another of oxide of lead and a third of pearl ash—all dull, sodden, coarse materials containing not the slightest promise of the gleaming, glittering, crystal pure glass which will presently flash in show windows, in sumptuous boudoirs and parlors and on lenquet boards.

The amount of glass manufactured varies at different times, but the proportion of the ingredients is never changed. A trusted and careful workman weighs out, for example, 600 pounds of Berkshire sand and thoroughly mixes with it 400 pounds of oxide of lead and half as much pearl ash. To this compound he adds very small proportions of saltpeter, arsenic and manganese, and the whole well stirred together goes into one of the great crucibles or "pots," as they are technically called, which hold from 1,500 to 3,000 pounds.

In the furnace which contains eight of these pots the mass is subjected to the terrific heat of a roaring fire for forty hours, and then the "metal," as it is called, is ready for the deft manipulations of the skilled glassblowers, who hover about the furnace and at intervals remove small portions of the white, hot semiliquid substance upon the ends of their long tubes or "blowers' pipes," manipulating it in a way familiar to every Pittsburger. The graceful sweeps and agile twirlings of the rod are not made for the sake of appearance, but for practical effect in giving the glowing bit of molten glass the peculiar shape which may be desired, dependent upon whether it is to be a bottle, a pitcher, a punch bowl, a wineglass, or any one of a hundred other things.

BLOWING INTO SHAPE.

He swings the tube with varying force, blows through it carefully, expanding the red hot bubble at its tip to the proper size, rolls it upon a polished iron plate, revolves the rod while he holds a tool against the pliant mass to give it form, heats it again and repeats the process, or delicately and rapidly touches it with two or three other tools, perhaps being assisted by a "helper" in some of these maneuvers, and lo! the shapeless mass has become a wine decanter or a salad dish or something else of most graceful form, and is almost ready for the cutting room, whence it will emerge with hundreds of companion pieces of flashing, chased and beautiful ware.

But first it must pass through the annealing furnace, where, with the other articles of the day's output, it is very gradually cooled by being slowly drawn away from the fire through a brick arched tunnel about sixty feet long.

However picturesque and fascinating the scene around the furnace, with its strong lights and heavy shadows, the circles of light carved in the darkness by the sweep of the gleaming, ruddy tipped wands may be to the onlooker, it is stern, stiff labor for the operatives. Their tools are fewer and more primitive than those of any other class of skilled artisans. They use a few rude iron implements, a stick, much like a narrow roofing shingle, a heavy, uncouth pair of iron shears and the all important blowpipe, and with these they perform wonders. The work must be done while the glass is hot, and so there is intense activity, only relieved by the occasional waiting for the reheating of a partly formed object.

HOW THE GLASS IS CUT.

The final step in the process is the grinding and polishing. The various objects formed by the glassblowers, as decanters, bottles, vases, bowls, wineglasses, goblets and scores of other articles of ornamental or table ware—after undergoing the gradual cooling process in the glass house—are taken to the cutting department. They have form, but not the finish, grace of shape nor brilliancy, and are technically known as "blanks."

A hundred workmen are ready at their wheels to put them through the process which will develop luster and make them flash and gleam with prismatic light like titanic diamonds. A hundred wheels ranged in two rows down a long room, each belted to a great central shaft, are swiftly whirled by a great engine in the basement below. In this department, as in the one already described, the tools are of the simplest order, and indeed there appears to be no line of manufacture involving so much skill and productive of so rich and artistic effects which employs such primitive implements as does this. The skillfulness of the workman is almost everything.

CARVING THE HARD GLASS.

The glass cutters work in three divisions and the various articles pass through three distinct grades of treatment. First comes the "roughing," that is the deep cutting or grinding of the pattern, of which the principal points and lines have been first marked upon the glass with red paint. For this work a thin iron wheel is employed, upon which, as it revolves with the rapidity of a buzz saw, the operator from time to time places a little sand from the tank in front of him, while water drips constantly from an overhanging reservoir.

And now the ware is passed from the "smoothers" to the "polishers." The men in this division accomplish their work by gentler means, and their touch is soft and almost caressing compared with the previous manipulations which the object has undergone. The polishers use wheel brushes and wooden wheels of varying edge formation to fit the different depressions, and these are kept constantly smeared with what looks like common yellow mud, but is in reality a compound of finely ground oxide of zinc and lead, called in the trade "putty." These wheels, with their thin coating of peculiar polishing material, after innumerable lightninglike revolutions, have the deep geometric lines and the corresponding facets of the glass as smooth as diamonds and almost equaling them in brilliancy of glitter and purity of light.—Alfred Mathews in Pittsburg Dispatch.

Colors from Coal Tar.

Coal tar, formerly considered a waste and a regular nuisance to gas workers, is now utilized as one of the most valuable color producers. Chemists have extracted from it sixteen shades of blue, sixteen of yellow, twelve of orange, nine of violet, besides shades of other colors too numerous to mention.—St. Louis Republic.

A Clock Over Two Hundred Years Old.

Among other old fashioned clocks sold in London was one made about 1671, in solid brass case, by Windmill, of London, who is reputed to have been one of the most famous makers of the late Seventeenth and early Eighteenth centuries. This specimen is in going order.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Birds of Long Life.

From the small island of St. Kilda, off Scotland, 20,000 young gannets and an immense number of eggs are annually collected, and although this bird lays only one egg per annum, and is four years in attaining maturity, its numbers do not diminish.—London Speaker.

SNOBBERY ITS OWN REWARD.

An Interesting Story of a Story Which a Reporter Did Not Print.

Snobbery is its own reward in an embarrassing way for the snob very often, and no one sees more frequent illustrations of the fact than the reporter.

I have in mind a little comedy of an evening last week. A man whose name had been in print now and then because once he held a petty public office was concerned in an action at law by which his landlord sought to recover arrears of rent. The petty ex-official is a dapper little fellow of some social pretensions. A reporter was sent to him for particulars of the landlord's action.

The doorbell at the brownstone where the little ex-official lives was answered by a boy in uniform, liberally brass buttoned. Young Buttons bore the reporter's card to inner regions at the rear of the hall, whence, through an open door, came sounds of a dinner party. Also the following, after Buttons had brought in the card:

"A reporter! What the deuce can the fellow want?" This in the tones of the ex-official, lord and master.

"What! A horrid reporter!" In a feminine voice, evidently that of the lady of the house. "Don't see him, dear. Send the boy back to ask his business."

"Please say," observed the reporter quietly when Buttons brought back the message, "that I was sent to ask about the landlord's suit to recover rent."

Buttons marched back, and an instant later in a voice that could be heard all over the house as well as by all the guests came the announcement:

"He wants to know why yer haven't paid yer rent and are bein sued for it!"

In half the time it takes to write it the ex-official little snob, his face abnormally red from contact with his evening dress, was out in the hall.

"My dear sir," he spluttered out, "I really must beg your pardon; I didn't understand," etc., and then in a stage whisper he explained that "it was all a mistake" about that suit for rent; "merely a misunderstanding," "would be amicably adjusted," and much more in the same strain. When the reporter, after listening courteously, had obtained the necessary facts, he returned to his office and wrote an insignificant paragraph about the matter, and of course without reference to the comedy of the evening.—New York Herald.

Macaulay and Sir Richard Owen.

It is not generally known that it was through the unsolicited influence of Lord Macaulay that the late Sir Richard Owen was appointed superintendent of the department of natural history at the British museum—this department including, in these days, geology and zoology. Lord Macaulay, writing on this subject, said that he was desirous that something should be done for Owen—that he hardly knew him to speak to, and that, though his pursuits were different to his, Owen's fame was known all over Europe. He also added that he was an honor to his country, and that it was painful to think that a man of his merit should be approaching old age amid anxieties and distress.

Owen told Lord Macaulay the £800 a year, without a house in the museum, would be opulence to him. Macaulay further stated that it seemed to him to be a case for public patronage. Such patronage was not needed by eminent literary men or artists. A poet, a novelist, a painter or a sculptor who stood in his own line as high as Owen stood among men of science could never be in want except by his own fault, but the greatest natural philosopher might starve while his countrymen were boasting of his discoveries, and while foreign academies were begging for the honor of being allowed to add his name to their list. Professor Owen was eventually appointed superintendent of the department of natural history in 1856, with a salary of £800 per annum.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Burial Customs.

The Turks, perhaps, were the first people to use ornamental burial grounds such as we call cemeteries, but as to when this custom was first adopted in the land of the crescent no one seems to know. The earlier Jews burial their dead in the earth, this method being without doubt the most ancient burial mode known to man. The very earliest Egyptians seem to have understood the art of embalming and to have practiced it from time out of memory. The ancient Greeks and Romans cremated the body, the ashes only receiving sepulcher, except in case of illustrious warriors, statesmen, etc., these latter being buried unburned as a special mark of favor.

Some ancient tribes preserved only parts of the body and burned or buried the remainder. The parts retained and preserved, dried or in liquid, varied according to tribal notions. With some it was the heart that was thought to be too sacred for cremation or burial, with others the liver, ears, nose, tongue or fingers. The Tartars of 2,000 years ago preserved only the thumb and toe nails of their dead.—St. Louis Republic.

Slaves of Fashion.

"Did you notice the lady who just crossed the hall?" asked the center of a group of loiterers in the grand parlor. "Fine looking. Isn't she?" "Um, not always," responded one of the mammas, "so much depends on the fashion. I have known her by sight a long time, and have been struck by her dependence upon the whims of her dressmaker. You know one lady may be slight, and the clinging drapery and full sleeves are all in her favor. But wait till the stout lady comes along and then see the difference. Whew! there comes one now. Look! This is the reverse side. Would you believe any one idiot enough to be made such a guy of? Why can't there be two fashions—one for the stout and one for the thin? Nature's law, I reckon—one leader for a drove of sheep or a flock of geese. The thin woman is leader just now; that's all."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Brave John Davis.

An act of heroism was performed by John Davis, gunner's mate on board the Valley City of the Federal fleet off Cape Hatteras during the war. A shell entered the magazine of the ship and exploded, setting fire to the woodwork. An open barrel of gunpowder stood in the midst of the flames, with sparks dropping about. At any moment an explosion might occur which would shatter the vessel to fragments. Men shrank back, expecting every moment to be their last. John Davis threw himself across the open end of the barrel, and with his body covered the dangerous explosive until the fire was put out.—Cor. New York Press.

Germany, like England, has a high emigration rate, but in spite of that she adds more than twice as much to her population in one year as France adds in five years. The population of the German empire is now greater by ten millions than the population of France.

The Indians already enlisted in the United States army are much pleased with the service. They are uniformed exactly like the white soldiers, they receive the same rations, cook their food in the same way, and are treated in all respects like their white comrades.

The Cey'onese believe that the moon and sun are working at cross purposes; that part of the time the sun is dragging the moon across the sky and, that afterward the moon takes her turn at pulling the sun about as she pleases.

Electricity is now being used in mining for ventilating, pumping, lighting, signaling, subsurface hauling, hoisting, surface transportation, undercutting, drilling, channeling, blasting, crushing, separating and clearing.

FAR AND WIDE.

Not on this broad continent alone, but in malarial breeding tropical regions, in Guatemala, Mexico, South America, the Isthmus of Panama and elsewhere, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters affords to inhabitants and sojourners protection against malaria. The miner, the freshly arrived immigrant, the tiller of the virgin soil newly robbed of its forests by the axe of the pioneer, find in the superb anti-febrile specific a preserver against the poisonous miasma which in vast districts rich in natural resources is yet fertile in disease. It annihilates disorders of the stomach, liver and bowels; fortifies those who use it against rheumatic ailments bred and fostered by outdoor exercise, infuses genial warmth into a frame chilled by a rigorous temperature, and robs of their power to harm morning and evening mists and vapors ledem will; nutritious, strengthens the weak, and conquers incipient kidney trouble.

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ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS keep the pores of the skin open, and assist nature in her remedial work. They neither burn nor blister and can be worn without the slightest inconvenience.

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After all the bare-knee is the top-knot on the head of human happiness.

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FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

[SEAL.] A. W. GLEASON,
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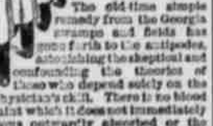

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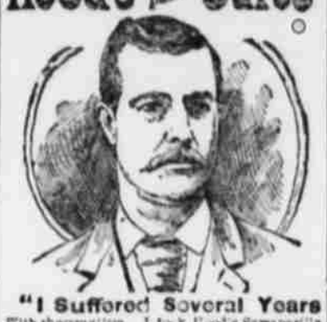

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