

## By Authority of Congress.

### U. S. Gov't Baking Powder Tests.

The report of the analyses of Baking Powders, made by the U. S. Government (Chemical Division, Agl Dep't), shows the Royal superior to all other powders, and gives its leavening strength and the strength of each of the other cream of tartar powders tested as follows:

LEAVENING GAS.	
Per cent.	Cubic in. per oz.
13.00	100.6
12.88	151.1
11.13	133.6
10.26	123.2
9.53	114.4
9.29	111.6
8.03	96.5
7.28	87.4

ROYAL. Absolutely Pure.  
The OTHER POWDERS TESTED are reported to contain both lime and sulphuric acid, and to be of the following strengths respectively.

These tests, made in the Gov't Laboratory, by impartial and unprejudiced official chemists, furnish the highest evidence that the "Royal" is the best baking powder.

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

### SHE BELIEVES IN MATRIMONY.

#### Mrs. Spencer Has Married Eleven Times With Varying Success.

"All these six and eight times which have broken into print lately are base numbers," said George Coffin of Atlanta to a Chicago Times man. "There's a woman down in our state—Mrs. Dr. Spencer of Bourbon—who holds the world's record of marriages, I think. Dr. Spencer is just now fairly free. She hasn't had a husband for five years or so, but she ain't



MRS. SPENCER.

Like a person entirely hopeless and the prey of despair. She is less than 60 years old now and will outlive many a man who isn't dead yet."

"Mrs. Spencer has had 11 husbands. Some of them she disposed of by death, and others she parted with at the end of a lawsuit; still others fled from her. She has seven kinds of children. Four of her marriages were unblessed by any of these plights of affection.

"She naturally had to begin wedded life by making such a noble record. Her name was originally Emma A. R. Lyon. She was born in Franklinton, Cattaraugus county, N. Y., and came west with her family in 1850. Two years later, when she was living down Maxinkuckee way, in Marshall county, she was married to Nelson Drake, a carpenter. She was only 16 years old then. Drake died in a short time, and she next became the wife of a man named Roberts. He was a sort of tramp, no account criter, I judge. He never cut much of a figure. Mrs. Spencer herself remembers in a general way that she had Roberts for a husband along in the fifties somewhere, but either she can't or doesn't want to recall anything definite about him. At all events, he dropped out of sight—died or maybe lit out—and she became the wife in due time of Dr. Marquette. She studied medicine and became a physician herself. They had a good practice in Indianapolis, where they settled and got along comfortably until Marquette died.

The widow was comforted in her sorrow by a person of the name of Ballard, a friend of the departed, and whom she married at the end of a brief period of mourning. They lived at Kokomo. Ballard was a useless attachment to any family, and the best thing he ever did for his wife was to leave, and Kokomo knew him no more. Dr. Vandenhoeck succeeded Ballard, and they lived happily until one day Vandenhoeck inadvertently stood in front of a moving train. They hardly saw him come from his hold to legal action or to offer in evidence in a damage suit. The bereaved soon married one Strawacker. This was in 1876. Strawacker wasn't a sir spot. He made no particular impression on any one. Whether he died or was discovered I can't say."

William Moore was her next selection. They lived at Peru, from which place they removed to Plymouth, where Mrs. Moore got a divorce. You see, she had been married so often, by this time that she knew what kind of treatment she was entitled to. Moore had dropped in several letters and gazed hesitatingly at a small package which she held. She glanced about for assistance in her problem, and her eyes lit upon the policeman. An expression of relief came upon her face, and she advanced with her package.

"I beg your pardon," she said sweetly holding the package up for his inspection, "but do you think that there are enough stamps on this to carry it?" And such is the chivalrous attitude of man toward perplexed woman that the old drover was soon reassured.

"Oh, I'm sure there's enough, ma'am." Her doubts banished by this statement the old drover handed her bundle and went on her way rejoicing.

"Now," concluded Mr. Coffin, ringing for tea water, "show me the marital statistics that beat these I have offered."

**Loss of Teeth Affects Length of Life.** The loss of the masticating teeth before the thirtieth year means a shortening of the life of the individual of from two to five years. To know the extent to which many of these teeth are lost even before the fiftieth year, one has only to turn to the reports of the examination of the teeth of children in the schools and orphan homes of London and elsewhere. If some effective measures are not adopted for combating the ravages of dental decay it looks very much as though another half century would find the poorer classes of English people practically edentulous before the twentieth year.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

## GOLD IN NEW JERSEY.

By J. H. CONNELLY.

"That would be over hundred thousand dollars."

"Well, maybe there is that much money."

"Are you done?"

"If I am what will you say?"

"To sleep?"

"Historich! Can you think of that boor boy Jacob standing outside the fence around that big hotel were the rich gentlemen and ladies are, mut sayin' mit a broken heart? Mein vater sold all that for a boor little ten thousand dollars?" Ach, Heinrich, you got no heart at all for that?"

"Get zum tuyl!" roared the exasperated old man, plunging out of bed and retreating to the guest chamber, where he locked himself in and tried to get some rest during the remainder of the night in another bed.

In the course of the forenoon following that nocturnal discussion a middle aged, tough looking citizen sauntered up to the porch and inquired of Farmer Kropp, who was as usual seated there, if anything stood in the way of his having dinner with the family.

"Yes; the old woman has got a colossal injunction against feedin' dramps," responded the old man, eying him with marked disfavor.

"Tramps?" echoed the tough citizen, seeming rather amused than insulted. "You're away off, senator. I should think you'd live long enough to be a better judge of a man's style. Do the tramps in this part of the country carry letters of introduction like these?"

As he spoke he drew from a pocket a handful of ten and twenty dollar gold pieces and poured them, clinking melodiously, from one grimy paw to the other before the farmer's astonished eyes.

"My gracious!" ejaculated Herr Kropp. "Excuse me, sir. Vill you not take a seat?"

"I don't wonder at your taking me for a tramp," continued the man, accepting the invitation, "as my get up may be a leetle off accordin' to eastern notions of style, but in the country I come from clothes don't count for much, and I've got to be sort of careless about 'em, I reckon."

"From vere do you come, mein frind?" "Montana, Idaho, wherever there's gold, to 'ard the sunset. My name's Dan Chipland, but I'm better known as Mr. Sharp's scheme surrounded by all the signs of the zodiac, and indicates the various organs and members over which these signs have power, and this for a guide pour les saignes, or to show at what periods blood may be let with safety. But the same almanac also gives directions sensible enough for the avoidance of the plague, which would not be found fault with by a modern fashionable physician:

Who would keep his body in health And resist the infection of the plague, Let him drink beer and address his Ayurvedic physician where infections abound, And cherish joyous company.

A few examples exist of almanacs of this character before the invention of printing, although none is believed, earlier than the Twelfth century. But some of the earliest specimens of printing are black printed German sheet almanacs, which are chiefly concerned about blood letting.—All the Year Round.

### Grape Juice for Winter Use.

Grapes should be very ripe to give the fine flavor unrivaled by any other fruit.

The dyspeptic will find grape juice the most delicious and cooling of all drinks.

With the sick person, no matter what his ailment, will find both nourishment and coolness in this drink, particularly adapted to the needs of the fever patient. It is also delicious for mince pies and sauces. Nothing could be nicer to serve with cake at a calling reception.

The methods of preparation are: Pick grapes from stems, look over each and wash in cold water. Pack in 3-inch layers of white sugar. When the jar is full tie over the mouth of it a thick cloth, after which cover with paper. Place in a cool place in the cellar. When used, strain through a wire strainer. Ready for use at Christmas.

Pick and wash grapes. Cover with water in a porcelain vessel. Boil until thoroughly cooked. Strain the juice through a jelly cloth, sweeten to taste, heat again and put up in airtight glass jars.

**A Dog's Course Dinner.**

The appetite enjoyed by a dog owned by John Knox, a well known farmer of West Manayunk, is a matter of pride to the natives of that suburb. It is a Newfoundland and rare digestive powers. One day he started his lunch on a box of axle grease. Then he entered the blacksmith shop of Samuel Sturgis and ate with evident relish two pounds of putty. A visit to Wetherell's grocery store yielded him three pounds of tallow candles, which he devoured with great gusto. Needing exercise after this, he ran over to Ryan's quarry, where his attention was attracted to a stick of dynamite that was being thawed near the stove. The explosive seemed to hit his taste, and he promptly began to crunch it.

"There's no tellin'," answered Mr. Chipland, with an air of grave consideration, "in this offhand way. Gold, you see, is just as likely to be found in one place as in another, 'most anywhere. It has been got in every state of this Union, more or less. Wherever you find black sand, if the other indications are right it is pretty safe to look for gold."

"That greek bed is full of black sand." "You don't say so! Well, then, there's probably gold. I'd like to take a look at it. You may have millions right under your nose."

"Donnerwetter! Unt he got a option that he shall buy it all for ten thousand dollars."

"Took an option, eh? Oh, well, that settles it. They have found the gold, or course."

"Ach du lieber Gott! Vill vat Anna say now?"

Herr Kropp could hardly wait until the Goldbug had dined to hurry him off for an expert examination of the creek sand, the result of which was full confirmation of his fears. It was almost miraculous how fortune and instinct seemed to favor the experienced miner. Within ten minutes he had unearthed the spade and pans from where the New Yorkers had "eaten" them under some rocks and brush. In as much more time his deft manipulation of a handful of sand reduced it to a spoonful of gravel, among which shone several bright yellow specks. Those, he explained, were gold.

"Gott im himmell! Gold! Gold!" shouted Herr Kropp in a paroxysm of uncontrollable excitement. "I vill not sell my farm! Nobody shall make me sell my farm! I got a gold mine all mine own! Ach du lieber Gott; how near I gone that I lose him!"

"Don't be too sure you haven't if you sell an option," suggested the old miner dryly. "It's a pity if you have. With one man to help me I could wash that price right out of this creek in a month's time."

"I will give him back his two hundred dollars."

"But suppose he holds you to the bar gain. If it were out west, where you could settle the difficulty with a shotgun, it would be simple enough. But here in the offhand east, what's going to become of you when the lawyers get a cinch on you?"

While talking he washed down a second pan of sand and found it even richer than the first in surerous gravel.

"Ach, du lieber Gott! Mein hand is broken!" wailed the old man, bursting into tears. "Ven Anna is this over it would be for me better ven I vas in my cool, cool grave!"

**CHAPTER XIV.**

An unhappy man during the ensuing week was Farmer Heinrich Kropp. When not in anxious private consulta-

tion with the Goldbug, who seemed to have become a fixture on the place, he was sunk in melancholy or in such nervous pangs that a trivial thing would suffice to throw him into a passion. Herr Kropp did not scruple to free her mind of the vehement conviction that "some guilty secret" was worrying him, and had pleasing suggestive stories told of a man in S. Morenberg, of whom she once heard, who went on in that way for just one month, and then hanged himself.

One day those shrewd betrayers, Messrs. Cutt and Sharp, reappeared at the farm. Sight of them transformed Herr Kropp's grief to indignation.

"Roberts Schwindlers!" he cried. "I got a bad opinion of you. Vat fellow shall have sent you your skinny fauns my way to schmell out more about my farm as I know mineschulf? Was I not a fool when I give you berntschon to the horses? Ach, Heinrich, you got no heart at all for that?"

"Get zum tuyl!" roared the exasperated old man, plunging out of bed and retreating to the guest chamber, where he locked himself in and tried to get some rest during the remainder of the night in another bed.

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**THE FIRST ALMANAC.**

The almanac, properly so called in its origin, is not merely a device for keeping people in mind of the progress of the year. It is an attempt to show what destiny has in store for us as indicated by the position of the stars in any particular year. And as, according to astrological lore, the destinies of men are ruled by the different aspects of the planets, so also the human body is subject to the influence of the constellations through which the sun appears to pass in his yearly course. A French almanac of 1610 gives a diagram of the human body surrounded by all the signs of the zodiac, and indicates the various organs and members over which these signs have power, and this for a guide pour les saignes, or to show at what periods blood may be let with safety. But the same almanac also gives directions sensible enough for the avoidance of the plague, which would not be found fault with by a modern fashionable physician:

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**EXTRAORDINARY BAROQUE.**

Hairs are Dead Once.

Fifty Cents Each.

This sign the Goldbug tacked to his stand and easily avoided a customer. It is needless to say that the latter never came, but within fifteen minutes a crowd of jeering citizens gathered around the stand and began a demonstration. This attracted the attention of the policeman on the beat, who scuttled leisurely to the place. The boys gave the sign of the balaclava to their leader.

"Is it true?" he asked, "this sign?"

"Every word," replied the signkeeper. "Fine English hairs, especially imported, fifty cents each."

"But it don't say that. It says they have been dead a week. If that's so, I'm going to take you in for violating the health ordinance. I'm going to take you in for selling game without a license. You're a nuisance at best."

And the policeman was on the point of taking the man off to the station house when the dry goods merchant arrived upon the scene, and, taking the situation at a glance explained that the matter was some devilment of one of his boys and secured the man's release. The hares were never sold, but there was one youngster in the employ of the merchant who received an admonition that day that he has never got a cent.

"Frankly, Mr. Kropp," said Mr. Sharp as he re-entered his buggy with Mr. Cutt to drive away, "I am very glad that an amicable understanding has been reached between us. The thing is so big that we can afford to be liberal, and hardly any price would be too much to pay for the good will or to estimate the value of a neighbor's good will."

"I fancy I am making a Christmas gift," said a woman in a drug shop, "which will not be duplicated in the whole city. That," she went on, pointing to a large package the clerk was addressing, "is a half dozen bottles of cod-liver oil for a young woman I know who needs just that tonic and has not a cent to spare to buy it. I'm not sure that she will be pleased, but she will take it, and that's my chief concern. But it isn't an altogether appetizing box of Christmas bonbons, is it?" And her listener could not say it was.—New York Times.