

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

# Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

## GENERAL SPINNER'S STATUE.

Grateful Women Will Hear It to His Memory When Congress Designates a Site.

Nearly 7,000 women are at present supporting a living and aiding in the support of families in the departments at Washington because General Francis E. Spinner, late treasurer of the United States, had the nerve to urge the employment of women in the treasury. The women have not forgotten their friend, and a heroic statue of General Spinner has been de-

signed, cast and paid for through their efforts. For nearly two years the statue has been completed, but thus far the grateful women have been unable to place it before the public, owing to the fact that congress has not been willing to cease talking long enough to pass a joint resolution designating a site. It is believed, however, that the present congress will take the necessary action and that the statue will ere long be placed on one of the approaches or buttresses of the treasury department.

The statue represents the former treasurer standing in a characteristic attitude with his familiar old cloak hanging about him, his hand thrust into the bosom of his coat and his hat on his head. The face, like that of Lincoln, is homely, but strong and full of character. General Spinner was born in Mohawk, N. Y., Jan. 21, 1803, and was of German descent. He was elected to congress as an anti-slavery Democrat in 1854, but was an active Republican from the formation of the party. He served six years in congress and was treasurer of the United States from March, 1861, to July, 1875. In 1862, when many clerks in the treasury enlisted in the army, Spinner suggested that women be employed in the different departments. The proposal met with opposition, but Spinner gained his point.

Miss Jennie Douglas, a powerful girl, was the first to be employed, and she so plainly demonstrated that women could trim bank notes as well as men that others of her sex were given positions. As a result of General Spinner's act nearly every important country in the world now employs women in its civil service. Before his death General Spinner said that the fact that he was instrumental in opening the departments to women gave him more real satisfaction than all the other deeds of his life.

## "OLD MAN STRATTON."

The Gold Fever impoverished him for years, but now he is worth millions. "Old Man Stratton" has struck it rich, but he is the same quiet, unostentatious, unassuming miner that he was four years ago, when he didn't have a dollar. "I don't need any larger sized hat now than I did before the Lord favored me," he says modestly. Stratton is the bonanza king of Cripple Creek. He is worth millions, but how many he does not know, for the reason that he considers his mines safer than any banks on earth. "When the ore is in the mine, no one can steal it," he says sentimentally, "and banks can't fail with my money in their vaults. Whenever I want money for anything, I have only to take the ore out of the mine and sell it."

Winfield Scott Stratton is a native of Jeffersonville, Ind., and despite the antiquity suggested by his soubriquet he is only 46 years of age. He looks much older, however, for the hardships of the "honey run" for wealth have whitened his hair and mottled his face. When a boy, he received a fair education and learned the carpenter's trade. He be-



WINFIELD SCOTT STRATTON.

came an adept workman and not only made money, but saved it—that is to say, he saved it until he found an opportunity to invest it in some mining scheme. If he had one weakness, it was his craze for this form of speculation.

At first he was an easy prey for the sharks who follow in the wake of the golden ship, and on one occasion he paid \$5,000 that he had earned with the saw and jack plane for a one-fifth interest in a hole in the ground he had never seen. As the years passed, however, he cut his wisdom teeth so far as mining was concerned. He took a special course in geology and mineralogy and became an adept prospector. He would work at his trade until he had a little money, and then he would go into the mining business again. He was among the first at Cripple Creek and was about to leave the camp in disgust when he angrily kicked a jutting rock and discovered that it contained gold. He promptly staked out a claim and developed it into the rich Lone Star mine. He later secured the Independence mine, which in a single year paid him \$675,000. Many experts in Colorado declare that he owns the richest gold mines in the world. Notwithstanding his immense wealth Stratton lives in a common frame shanty and saves his money.

Not a Crying Evil. See the young woman. Is the young woman being suddenly and unexpectedly kissed? Ah, yes. And does the young woman raise a hue and cry? The young woman raises a slight hue, but no cry.—Detroit Tribune.

## THE BORE WAS SHOCKED.

A Bitter Letter That Reached Him From the Interior Department.

The following anecdote is related of Judge Cox, who was once secretary of the interior: There is a class of people, and a large one, who find pleasure in corresponding with the departments on trivial subjects and prolong the correspondence indefinitely. A gentleman, let us call him Mr. Jones, was one of these persistent specimens who wrote to the interior department. Although replies were made to his inquiries, he always returned to the front with another unimportant question. His case became a subject of conversation among the clerks, and at luncheon one day some one referred to Mr. Jones' ability as a letter writer.

"If I had my way," said a clerk, "I'd soon put an end to his nonsense."

"How would you do it?"

"Why, I'd write him a letter like this," and he wrote as follows:

DEAR MR. JONES:—Yours of the 9th inst. received. In reply I would say that your intellectual capacities are rather inferior to those of a boreless codfish. I am tired of you. Hoping you will not write again, I remain, yours respectfully.

The letter was passed around and read and finally carelessly thrown aside on a desk. It remained there until evening, when it was collected, with others, by the messenger whose duty it was to carry letters from the several divisions to the secretary by his signature.

It chanced to be among some letters relating to routine matters, and Secretary Cox affixed his signature without reading it. Then it went through the mail to Mr. Jones. The following day the secretary received a communication from Mr. Jones. He was shocked and grieved; he was fearful that the government was tottering to its fall. When a cabinet officer descended to penning such sentences, he said, he feared for the welfare of the country. Mr. Jones' wounded feelings were soothed by a personal letter from the secretary, and to show that there was no hard feeling on his part Mr. Jones at once renewed his correspondence with the department.—Washington Post.

## NEWS OF LINCOLN'S DEATH.

An Illustration of the Improvement in the Means of Communication.

Writing upon the subject of "The Romance of Our News Supply," Mr. W. G. Fitzgerald tells a story about the death of President Lincoln which strikingly illustrates the improvement effected in our means of communication during the last 30 years. In those days there were no Atlantic cables working, and news of the shooting of the president and his subsequent death had to be sent by steamer. All night after Wilkes Booth's fatal shot had been fired, Reuter's agent at Washington waited for the announcement of Lincoln's death, which was known to be imminent.

The president passed away at 7:30 the next morning at the very moment a great steamer was leaving for England. The energetic agent hired a fast tug and pursued the departing steamer until he was near enough to cast on her deck a tin canister containing the mournful tidings. This was the only intimation of Lincoln's death received in England by the mail. It was the custom in those days for swift yachts to meet the incoming Atlantic liners off the coast of Ireland. Tin cans of special construction were thrown overboard by the officers of the steamer and picked up by the yachts, after which the messages were conveyed with all possible expedition to the nearest telegraph office.—London News.

Marine Music a Failure. Until some recent discoveries by Professor Saussier of Vevey, Switzerland, it was not suspected that fishes were affected by music. In a shallow inlet Professor Saussier found a queer arrangement of strings in the water which demanded examination. Viewing the affair from a distance with a water telescope he saw that some fishes, which had, by the usual painful method, gained possession of several fragments of fishbone, were passing them around two sticks thrust into the water by some fisherman. When the strings were strung, the stakes were wedged apart by piling stones between them so as to tighten the strings, three or four fishes rolling a stone along the bottom with their noses. The operation was necessarily slow. The professor watched it at intervals for two or three days.

Finally, when all was ready, the largest fish seized a stick or bone, and, using it as a plectrum, twanged the strings with it, while the other fishes gathered around to hear the music. Of course, there was none, as the submerged strings refused to sound. After several trials the fishes tore up their water harp in disgust. They had probably caught their idea from Almee Saussier, the professor's daughter, who was in the habit of playing a harp by the bank.—Boston Journal.

Not a Mere Clerk. Wealthy Parent—What! Engaged yourself to young Taster! Outrageous. The idea of a Van Juneberry marrying a mere store clerk!

Daughter—But he isn't a store clerk now, papa. He is a gentleman of leisure.

"Yes, he's been discharged."—Salina Herald.

Procrastination. How mankind defers from day to day the best it can do and the most beautiful things it can enjoy, without thinking that every day may be the last one and that lost time is lost eternally!—Max Muller.

When Meaux was surrendered to Henry IV, clemency was promised to the population if six of the leading defenders were "given up to justice." These six were surrendered, and four of them were beheaded.

The good things which belong to prosperity may be wished, but the good things which belong to adversity are to be admitted.—Seneca.

## DIDN'T KNOW HE WAS OUT.

The Surprise Which Struck an English Politician in Chicago.

He was a lightweight—at least he said he could fight at 133 pounds, although he looked as heavy and clumsy as a Sussex pig. He hadn't been over the water very long, and his h's were omitted and inserted on a system that left no doubt of his origin and ancestry.

The fighting game wasn't very good in Chicago when he arrived, and he had to cool his heels in idleness until his eyes had a keen, inquiring look and some of the surplus beef began to disappear from around his waist band.

One night he managed to hypnotize a saloon keeper who frequently brings off little affairs of the kind the Englishman wanted, and the boniface agreed to "get him a go." It seemed quite a long time to the Briton, but a match was finally arranged. He and a French Canadian gentleman of some little fame were to furnish the "wind up" at the next Monday night's carnival of the Cornucopia club.

The hours never went so slowly as they did during the week that the Englishman waited for the night that was to bring him glory and a settlement of his board bill. At last the fateful evening came, and the man from across the sea hid him to the saloon where in a big back room the mill was to be decided.

He stood up in the center of the ring and bowed gracefully as a seaside elephant. The master of ceremonies belatedly said, "Mr. Bill Lambkin of Birmingham, England," and then, "Mr. Henri Pijette of Montreal." Somebody hit a gong, and the carnival was under way.

The Englishman swung his right aloft, but it never landed. There was a duck, a swirling fist flying upward. The man from Birmingham sprang straight up into the air as if lifted by a dynamite explosion. Then he fell and lay very quiet on the padded floor.

"Lovely uppercut," said an alderman. "Shortest knockout I ever saw," said a building inspector. "Eight, nine, ten—out!" said the referee.

They took him back to the dressing room and set him on a chair. His eyes opened, and he rose to his feet.

"Hi say, hasn't hit time Hi was going to the ring?" he queried.

There was a snicker.

"No, you're through for the night," grinned his second.

"What? 'Ave Hi been boxin'?"

"No, you ——— cockney! T'other mug's been boxin'."

"Why? Wats' appened? W'at 'ave Hi been doin'?"

"Ah, g'wan! You've been doin a clog dance an some ground an lofty tumblin," growled his second. The Englishman looked around him in a dazed, uncertain way and mechanically took the money—the loser's end—which was handed to him. Then he dressed and went out into the night, shaking his head and thinking many things.—Chicago News.

Duchess and Fishwife. An old fishwife, one of the order that was more frequently seen a dozen years ago than today, and who runs about barelegged in a very brief tartan petticoat, with a creel of fish upon her shoulders, had been often promised by an ally in the servants' hall that she should some time see the young duchess in her own home. She was therefore posted one day in a distant corner of the hall, from which she looked out in obvious discontent as the lady and her guests filed in to dinner. When the dining room door had closed behind them, she was asked what she thought of the duchess.

"The duchess!" she repeated in the shrill tones of supreme disdain. "Dinna ye try for to make me believe my ain laddy was there. I saw a muckle bairn wives tricked out in shining stones and feathers, each with her moun by her side, but my bonnie duchess wassa' wi' them. Na, na, dinna ye try for to mak me believe that."

It then transpired that she was looking out for a tall, willowy form, clad in simple homespun, with a sailor hat poised lightly on a dainty head, such as she saw when she gazed to the rear of the castle with her creel, and that she would not have the tiara and satin train at any cost.—Madame.

Trick in Making Change. A curious incident occurred in a Paris restaurant the other day. A high official, happening to be in the Montmartre district about dinner time, walked into a restaurant frequented much by foreigners, and took his dinner there, his bill amounting to 8 francs. When calling the waiter to pay for his meal, he handed him a 20 franc goldpiece, which the waiter put into his mouth, as is the custom of the Paris waiters. Making change, he only gave him 2 francs. The gentleman looked up and said: "Beg your pardon, I want 12 francs and not 2 francs." "Excuse me, sir," said the waiter. "You gave me a 10 franc piece. See?" And therewith he took from between his lips a smaller gold coin, showing it to the gentleman. The official, considerably wrought up for being taken for a fool, without any warning gave the waiter such a slap in the face that the 20 franc piece given him fell out of his mouth and rolled across the room. The gentleman got his change, and purposely forgot to tip the waiter, who had received quite a setback by the "striking" argument of the guest.—Paris Letter.

Not a Mere Clerk. Wealthy Parent—What! Engaged yourself to young Taster! Outrageous. The idea of a Van Juneberry marrying a mere store clerk!

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## TO MAN AND HELPER.

THE MEANING OF A FAMILIAR ITEM WELL KNOWN TO WOMEN.

How Sam Patched the Wall Paper and Fan Acted as Helper—Adam and His Agricultural Parents in the Garden of Eden Painted by a Modern Eye.

That too familiar item on our plumb-line; bills, "To man and helper," is expressive of so much in our daily domestic relations that one almost forgives the plumber the gift of the phrase.

"I'll patch up that paper on the wall; you leave it," says Sam. And then Sam appears on a day when you are in the thick of some particularly absorbing household task and he says: "I've come up early to mend that paper, and if you'll just make some paste for me, please, I'll go at it." You sigh, but do it cheerfully, thinking, if it is early in your married life, that that will be all. Presently, however, there is a demand for rags, stepladder, pail and whisk broom. These also you get out and return to your work.

"Fan," calls Sam, "where have you hidden my brush? It was in the tool-box right in the left hand corner, and it is gone. Some one must have taken it." Again you leave your task and go up stairs or down stairs to the place whence cometh the plaint and behold the brush a little to the northeast perchance, but quite in the visible neighborhood of that left hand corner. Without even a blush of shame he takes it, and you return to your own work. You have barely begun again, when Sam appears at the door: "Where can I find a box the right size to set on the stairs, so that I can put some boards across on which to stand the stepladder?"

You think a minute, and you know that the only box available is one filled with odds and ends of needless kitchen things, but you resignedly lay them all out on the floor and give Sam the box, catching at the same moment a look which reveals that he is about to ask you for the boards.

There are only two long boards on the premises, and those form a walk in the backyard. Still they can be taken up, and they are—but it entails vigorous brushing and cleansing. Then for a time Sam vanishes, and all is serene, but not for long. There are a clutter of boards and notes of masculine trouble, which you ignore, until, finding that it is not a day for tugging things, Sam calls again, "Fan, will you please come and steady this thing, or I'll break my neck." Of course you go, and of course you find that he has not already broken it. You get odds and ends of things together to even up and strengthen his rickety scaffolding, and then you sit on a step with your head up between the boards to steady the ladder, except when you vary it by handing a pasty rag, or a brush, or a match for his pipe. Then is the time you say, "To man and helper, three hours," and get your revenge, for Sam really sees the point.

Now, it is a strange thing that it is always "man and helper." If a woman undertakes anything, as a rule she goes ahead and gets her things together and does it all by herself, but if a man starts any task not in the line of his ordinary business he will manage to draw to himself the assistance of every woman within call. If it is driving nails, some one must hand the nails to him; a woman would keep them in her pocket or mouth. If he is riveting something, the woman must hold the other hammer on the under side and get in her arm the jar of the stroke. If he even mends his fibred or ties his flies, she must hold the waxed thread or turn the rod with both hands. I do not see how any married woman can doubt the truth of the Scriptures. Why, to her, the fifteenth and eighteenth verses of the second chapter of Genesis set the seal of truthfulness upon the whole. When man was made and put in the garden of Eden to tend it, he hadn't been there a day before woman had to be made to help him. He couldn't get along alone at all. Fancy him starting out to sow his radish seed and having nobody to ask how far she thought he ought to put the rows apart, or he could put them some other distance. It must have been awful!

Poor Eve! For of all conditions of "helper" that of the gardener's helper is the worst. It is easy to imagine her day's work over, as she supposes—planning for a quiet rest upon a cool green bank through the long summer twilight. Along comes Adam, belated in his work, because he had been casting his line from shady nooks into deep, mossy pools, where the speckled trout are lying, and he says to Eve: "My dear, won't you come along with me in to the garden! I haven't seen anything of your darling all day. You can sit on a nice soft stone in the path while I work." And poor, easily beguiled by love Eve gets up and follows right along, but, alas, the stone has not changed its nature any more than Adam has. It is not soft, and perhaps that is the reason why Adam does not keep her sitting there long. Good, kind Adam! He wants the rake, and it is down at the house, or maybe it is a bowler, and she may as well bring along a measuring line, of which also she may hold one end when she gets back. And then as Adam gets absorbed he absorbs more and more of Eve. She takes up the weeds which he has hoed out. She holds up the vines which he ties to the trellis. She trots back and forth for the primitive implements, and she smiles, as if she enjoyed it, but it is a weary woman who, as dusk yields to darkness, accompanies Adam to the house, lugging numerous odds and ends. It is her compensation, as she greets Abel and his wife, who are waiting for her, to hear Adam telling his son, "I've done a lot in the garden tonight. I think I'll lay off in the middle of the day tomorrow and take a try for your trout in Cain's meadow brook."—New York Times.

At Hammerfest, in Norway, the polar night lasts from Nov. 18 to Jan. 23.

Finding a Verdict. A Texas paper says that in one of the earliest trials before a colored jury in Texas the 12 gentlemen were told by the judge to "retire and find the verdict." They went into the jury room, whence the opening and shutting of doors and other sounds of unusual commotion were presently heard. At last the jury came back into court, when the foreman announced: "We had looked ever'whar, judge, for dat verdict—in de drawers and behind de doahs, but it ain't nowher in dat blessed room."

## THE FASTNET LIGHT.

It Is the First Glimpse the American Gets of Foreign Shores.

The first glimpse of Great Britain that the American tourist gets on his European tour is that of the Fastnet lighthouse.

It stands on a rugged and solitary rock, situated nine miles south of Crookhaven, at the extreme southwest corner of Ireland, and is perhaps more storm-battered than any other around our coast. The rock is 80 feet in height, and the lighthouse towers another 70 feet above, yet, in winter gales, the Atlantic billows literally bombard the massive structure and have even smashed in a portion of the lantern at the summit of the erection, the seas frequently sweeping over the rock with tremendous force. Some two or three years ago the stormy weather then prevailing prevented all communication with the rock for many weeks, so that the store of food was consumed, with the exception of some flour. At last a schooner managed to approach sufficiently near to enable a small quantity of food to be dragged through the sea by the hungry men, and fortunately the next day the sea moderated, and the stores were once more fully replenished.

Except in very calm weather the Fastnet is surrounded by a fringe of foam, the only means of landing is by the aid of a "jib" 68 feet in length, so placed on the rock that, in moderate weather, its end reaches outside the surf. When a visitor wishes to land (an unusual occurrence), he is rowed in a small boat as near as the waves permit, and the lightkeepers throw out a small buoy, attached to a rope, which is secured by the man in the boat. The jib is then swung out, and the visitor, placing one foot in the loop and catching tight hold of the rope, is hoisted about 40 feet vertically, and then the jib, being pivoted at its foot, swings him horizontally about 100 feet on to a safe landing.—London Sketch.

NO NOT ONE. There is not a human being physically perfect. Much of this imperfection comes from heritage, much more from accident, neglect or ignorance. All of this mass of mortal suffering is manifest in aches and pains of more or less intensity, or in some kind of unnatural distress. Hence all strive for relief. The simplest and surest is of course the best, and true economy demands to have it always at hand. When we know that an ordinary sprain may make a cripple for life, we should seek the best remedy at once, and at once we know that it is found in a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil. Those who in any way doubt this can experiment and be sure of cure. Thousands have done so.

That surely sign: "Keep off the grass." From the sight of men who shortly pass; soon shall we see, as oft before, Its sad successor: "Shut the door!"

DEAFNESS CANNOT BE CURED. By local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Hence all strive for relief. The simplest and surest is of course the best, and true economy demands to have it always at hand. When we know that an ordinary sprain may make a cripple for life, we should seek the best remedy at once, and at once we know that it is found in a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil. Those who in any way doubt this can experiment and be sure of cure. Thousands have done so.

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