If a baking powder is not uniform in strength, so that the same quantity will always do the same work, no one can know how to use it, and uniformly good, light food cannot be produced with it.

All baking powders except Royal, because improperly compounded and made from inferior materials, lose their strength quickly when the can is opened for use. At subsequent bakings there will be noticed a falling off in strength. The food is heavy, and the flour, eggs and butter wasted.

It is always the case that the consumer suffers in pocket, if not in health, by accepting any substitute for the Royal Baking Powder. The Royal Fire is the embodiment of all the excellence that it is possible to attain in an absolutely pure powder. It is always strictly reliable. It is not only more economical because of its greater strength, but will retain its full leavening power, which no other powder wil! until used, and make more wholesome food.

Sweet Oil for Young Children.

The value of sweet oil used in rubbing is

not generally appreciated. When a little

than sweet oil rubbed into the skin, before

warm fire, with a gentle pressure of the

and around the hips, and the little one should be carefully shielded from any draft

while this is done. Such a rubbing will

take the place of the daily bath at a time

when the child is suffering from cold, and

it is not advisable to expose it any more

than is necessary.

If the little one has a croupy cough and

flannel or a layer of cotton batting to re

The lungs and breathing tubes of a little

baby are peculiarly delicate, and any child during infancy is very liable to contract serious diseases of the lungs from very slight cause. The little one is also cured by very simple remedies, and this layer of

hot oil acts as powerfully as a mustard

that has been suffering seriously with a cold one day, after careful treatment of this sort will often wake up the day after

is no better laxative than sweet oil for a

It is often said that study disgusts women with domestic labors. This is an error.

a serious subject are not the better fitted

on that account to keep the household ex-

penses within bounds or to govern their children. Women whose intellectual nur-

ture consists of plays and novels are not likely to air their apartments better than those who read history and philosophy.

Frequently the scholarly woman knows how to handle a broom better than the one

who knows nothing of science or litera-

ture. Whenever an interesting volume

prevents one from performing a household duty, the fault does not lie in the legiti-

nate desire for mental cultivation, but in

the love of enjoyment, which has its root

in selfishness, however elevated be its ob

nation. Even habitually wise guardians of youth often seem to labor under an im-

pression that so long as a dessert, a cake or a candy is simple, it can do no harm, al

though eaten in large quantities and when

a parent is ignorant or indifferent, the lib-erty a child has to work out his own diges

tive destruction is sometimes fairly appal

I remember well a small rustic, aged ten.

guess I'll just bake him up some molasses cookies. He is real fond of them, and he'll

eat them when he doesn't seem to have ap petite for anythin else, except candy."

The Trouble With a Cold.

"But, I say hold on, have you"-

"I tell you there's nothing I haven't

tried. I took a hot bath, drank a pint

of boiling lemonade and rubbed my

hide almost off with Mustang liniment,

"I got an awful cold," replied Colonel

remonstrance.

"'S'matter?"

with hardly a suspicion of illness.

young child .- New York Tribune

laster on a grown up person. A child

ous disease averted.

When Women Need Praise. Did you ever know the ardent admira tion men have for white? If a man be in love with a woman, and has not yet told her, a white frock made of soft, pretty material will make him tell her she is the most adorable woman on earth, and for the moment it is one of those precious illusions that form the charm of life.

Do women like these illusions? Yes! Yes! They make up for the many miserable moments of pretense; moments when she looks the world in the face with smiling lips and bright words. When among she is seemingly the gayest and all the while her eyes are full of unshed tears over things which she cannot alter. When she grows tired of hiding her true feelings. In concealing her loves and her hatreds. In covering her sorrows, even her

joys.
When she tells you she really does not care to go some place or get some particu-lar thing, and all the time her whole being is aching to be gratified. When she looks back and regrets; looks forward and dreads. When she strives to banish thought and strangle memory, and all the while her speech is filled with mirth and

When her existence is colorless, which she could alter but would not for some one's sake. In such moments as these it is that appreciates these little illusions Which please her for the moment and then pass away, yet in passing leave a trace. So be not sparing in words that will lead to them. Do not keep your precious words tocked as a miser does his coin; put them in circulation. Let them get worn, perhaps in handling, but they will always be sure to bring happiness.

So when you see a woman with smiling lips and sad looking eyes, praise her! That's what she wants. She is starving for it and her eyes are mutely begging for it. And yet she hides it all and you are so stupid you will not see it.

Praise her even exceedingly. She will

not believe you, perhaps. But she likes it and will bless you for it.-Music and

A Natural Query. Briggs-Did you hear that Winger had married the president of a cooking school?
Griggs - No. Where does he get his meals?-Truth.

Her Name. "Why do you call your new cook Mis-

ery?"
"Because she loves company."—Life.

in the Early Days

of cod-liver oil its use was limited to easing those far those far

advanced in consumption. Science soon discovered in it the prevention and cure of consumption.

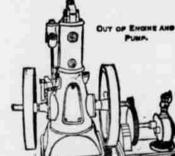
Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver oil with Hypo-

phosphites of lime and soda has rendered the oil more effective, easy of digestion and pleasant to the taste. Prepared by Scott ' Rowne, N. Y. All druggists,

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N. P. N. U. No. 513-8. F. N. U. No. 590 "I'm with you."—Exchange.

The image tracery of the lace draws forms Grotesque and weird upon surrounding gloom. Which vivid fancy into color warms. Here on the wall's a sharp and clear profile. Which momentarily gross plain to view, And, as I live, its sweet eyes seem to smile. And beam on me as if they knew I knew. Froth either side, in dimmer light I trace. The heavenily drapery round the hallowed face. It is the dear child who has left me here. To dream of her with many a bitter tear. It may be trickery of the mellow moon. But even such converse is a precious boon. en such converse is a precious boon. -J. W. Schwartz in New York World.

> Out of the window of the old wooden bridge, whose hooded tunnel threw a dark bar across the mountil mountain stream, a man and a woman stood looking into the pine clad amphitheater of the cliffs, which lay in stillness beneath the spell of a September night. The black hollow of the bridge, with its one moonbeam sharp across the floor, contrasted with the awful splendor of the granite gorge, butressed and pinnacled in every rising tier, under the flood of ghostly light, and if the only object of the flood or ghostly light, and if the only object of the couple in coming here was to see the view, they were amply repaid. From their conversation since they left the hotel, which now lay behind them hidden by a fringe of the forest, it would have been difficult to say that this was not their only object. The small talk of only object. The small talk of acquaint-anceship, friendship and even love is with-in certain limits, and among people habitu-sted to such others, correspond to ated to each other's conventions, practi-cally indistinguishable. Frequently it is be of so much consequence to the parties.

world and the good temper of experience that kept Mrs. Hugonin and Arthur Kin naird on perfectly unruffled terms with each other. The conviction that he had ong ago forgiven her, gratifying as it once child has taken cold and seems restless from the effects, nothing is more soothing had been, was now of such long standing that it had become confused with he earlier and less justifiable conviction that he ultimately would forgive her. Thus hand. The oil should be rubbed on the soles of the feet, down the back and neck ecure in vindication, the lust for which he dying Eve bequeathed to all her sex, Mrs. Hugonin could without the slightest reflection upon her widowhood accept once more the companionship of a man who tolerated life as comfortably as Arthur The imminence of the climac teric which she knew to be threatening him was not to be read from his figure. His step was alert, his cheeks were bronzed,

shows signs of hoarseness, a thick flannel saturated with sweet oil and sprinkled with camphor, and heated as hot as the child can bear it, should be laid over the She pushed back her dark hair under its mewhat youthful cap, and, leaning her chest, high enough to extend around the throat. It should be covered with another elbows on the ledge, gazed without speak-ing at the haunted defile. Kinnaird gave a little laugh behind her. "Margaret," he tain the heat. The heated flannel should be changed for another as soon as it cools. By this method the cold of a little child may often be broken up and the most serisaid, "upon my word, it seems as if we were boy and girl again."

did not ask him to be more explicit. "It is certainly an ideal place," she said, with a half sigh. "Yet it is foolish to say that the beauties of nature restore one's youth.

"I am not so sure of that," said Kin-naird. "I should like to argue the point with you—if it could be argued." "You men are all alike," said Mrs. Hugonin, with an inconsistent shrug of her shoulder. "You give up to logic what was meant for conversation."

fully for a moment. "And so you think me dispassionate?" he observed. "You?" said Mrs. Hugouin, turning with a delightful laugh. "Why, Arthur, there isn't a sentiment or a conviction to whose support society could order you to con-

If anything diverts us from our daily du-ties it is not study, but frivolity. Minds that are incapable of fixing themselves on "If you mean that," he said, slowly. "it is quite as I feared." "As you feared?"
"You still believe me capable of as much

mistaken self control as I once was. And." he added calmiy, "I don't wonder." Though there was no bitterness apparent in his tone, Mrs. Hugonin was startled, "Really, this is unlike you, Arthur," she

tions? Indeed, I have mistaken you."

He laughed, but gently, "Come," he said, "you have no right to be ironical.

Moreover, while the diligent hands are acreover, while the dingent hands are busied with humble tasks the mind does not cease to roam. Is it not better that it should move in a lofty sphere, in the do main of letters and science, than be occu-pied with such wretched subjects as scan "I am entirely serious,"

"Really?" said Mrs. Hugonin, and she spoke with some irritation. "I thought all had been forgotten and forgiven years ago." Then she drew herself up proudly. dal and gossip? Those who have the high-est claim on us should be glad to have us "Can it be that after all this time you have conceived the childish whim of forcing me do a little independent thinking. We are drawn closer to those who ordinarily occuto a-to an apology ?"

py our thoughts if we can remove ourselves from them at certain moments. It is one of the privileges especially reserved for women that whatever they do for them-selves confers a benefit on others.—Sadie E. Martin in Irrigation Age. Kinnaird moved to the window beside her and laid a hand on her arm. "You are much mistaken," he said, in the undis-turbed voice which so provoked her. "You American children are probably allowed greater license in eating sweets than is ac-corded the juveniles of any other civilized I never made a pet of. Look over there at the rocks, and what do you see?"

on, unheeding, "that one day when you were about seventeen you and I climbed Lone mountain together. And when we reached the ravine you insisted on going first, and I let you. Now I did that because I reflected that if you fell I could who once horrified me by his recklessness in this particular. I caught him eating candy before breakfast and ventured a mild "Well?"

"Sho, that sin't nothing," he replied cheerfully. "Look here!" opening his mouth wide to display two rows of decayed plugs of teeth. "Ma, she says they come

that way from eatin candy. I most always take some to bed with me, an when I wake up in the night I eat it." Not an hour later his grandmother bemoaned to me Tommy's loss of appetite. "He wouldn't eat a mite of breakfast," she said. "But I mess I'll inst bake him we have a says they come I'll inst bake him we have a says they come I'll inst bake him we have a says they come I'll inst bake him we have a says they come I'll inst bake him we have a says they come I'll inst bake him we have a says they come I'll inst bake him we have a says they come I'll inst bake him we have a says they come I'll inst bake him we have a says they come I'll inst bake him we have a says they come in the says they can be says they same mistaken theory. And when it came to the question of giving you up I thought always of you first. That was why I gave you up—which you naturally considered a

It did not escape Mrs. Hugonin that a dormant weakness of her own was reviving under the continued stress of this absurd conversation—a weakness for sentiment. But it was checked by her vexation with her friend for breaking their tacit under-standing—and by the feeling of half contemptuous pity that stole over her as he

"I shall not stop you," she said in a half mischlevous tone. "Go on—I won't be angry. You will perhaps admit that if there is anything rankling it is as well for you to abuse me and have it over, even af-

id have something?"
"Why the deuce didn't you talk sense her go again."

'Margaret, I love you more than ever."

Through curtains, mellow moonlight bathes I love you. "You cannot, cannot be in earnest," she animered. "Why, you have never told

"Never-unt'l now," he laughed. learned something when I lost you the first time—my darling"
"This," said Mrs. Hugonin, partially re overing herself, "is folly, Arthur. And it

Unfair," he said, "to want you for my wife. No, you mean unfair to take you off your guard. I will not quibble with your words," he said, smiling. "May the hour and the scene suggest to you all that they will. May they bring you back to—it was twenty that you were—when it all hap-pened. Margaret, when you were twentysix, I went away from the city of all my hopes, but before I turned my back on it I did as many a refugee had done before me

I sealed up my treasures and hid them,
and my store is where I left it. That is why I want you to marry me. All that I had looked forward to telling you—when you were twenty—all that I had to say to you, the secret hoard that I had been pil ing up for our married life, is lutact, and now I want you to share it with me." He paused a moment and then went on: "My dear, I have simply had to wait, that is all. But, please heaven, we will begin

Poor Mrs. Hugonin's breath came and went, an unwilling messenger of passion-or, it might be, of sentiment. "Perhaps I was in the wrong," she said. "But why did not you think more of yourself?"

"I am thinking of myself now," said Suddenly, as Mrs. Hugonin hung dis tracted and in doubt, the cliff before them rang faint and sibylline with an echo. It was the town clock of the village striking over beyond the trees; they could not hear it, but sent from ledge to ledge in the still night air it struck silvery and remote on he granite facade. As it sounded they both started, he at its elfin suggestions, who at its material reminder.
"Good gracious!" she exclaimed, "it

"It is," said Kinnaird.

"And we must positively go back to be hotel at once. We are a scandal, Arthur and you know it, for I saw you start, too." She began to smile. "Do you see nothing in the augury?" she asked.

"The augury?"
"We are two old fools," she said. "Think "We are two old fools," she said. "Think of my boy in his bed, Arthur. "Think of my boy in his bed, Arthur. "Think of my thirty years—be quiet, if you please, I choose to be thirty for formality's sake. It is only the night and the moonlight When 11 o'clock strikes we recollect that we ought to be respectably at home. It is only an echo. Ah, my dear old friend, we have had our past and it is over. Yours have had our past and it is over. Yours has been unhappy and I am oh, so yerr known. have had our past and it is over. Yours has been unhappy and I am oh, so very sorry! But you are contented now and what is more, you are kind and strong-it is better as it is. Take me back to the hotel-and we shall beware of echoes in "I thought you said you had grown old."

said Kinnaird. "It is only youth that re-fuses the echo." And he took her in his arms and kissed her.-Philadelphia Times.

In his memoirs, Jules Simon relates how e earned his college expenses, which by the aid of a scholarship were reduced to

about fifty dollars. I never had any pocket money, but I do not remember once regretting it. Even the indispensable fifty dollars were not easy

Happily for me, it was customary for upper class students to tutor beginners, iving a daily lesson for three francs a nonth. I had classes from half past 6 to 8 in the morning, and from 6 to 7 in the evening. Every evening in the winter I went to my class, lantern in hand, but poorly protected against the rain by my

After all I did not earn enough to pay my entire debt to my landlady. She was a kind hearted woman and urged me not to think of it, but I was terribly unhappy about it.

At commencement I took all the first prizes, and the committee made me a pres-ent of forty dollars, so that I suddenly found myself rich. I paid my debt, bought a cloth coat and a pair of shoes and allowed myself the luxury of new text books in place of my ragged secondhand ones.

I do not count those years at Vannes among the hard ones of my life, though

certainly we students were not too com- note a change for the better. I conti Though I once let you go, it was because I thought you wished to be released."

"Upon my word, Arthur," said Mrs. Huwwww. www. and we wrote on our knees. we wrote on our knees.
There was no fire. Sometimes our fin-

gers were so cold that we could not hold our pens. Occasionally the teacher struck three blows on his desk. Then we jumped up, shouted at the top of our voices, seized each other by the hand and danced in a ring around a post. At the end of a quar-ter of an bour three taps on the desk re-called us to our work. It was an economical and, I believe, a healthful way of keeping warm.

Concerning sleep, in connection with sickness, there is a good deal of heresy re-garding the matter among otherwise well informed people. "Don't let her sleep too long!" "Be sure to wake him when it is time to give the medicine; it will be a great deal better for him not to sleep too long at one time!" How often we have heard these words, or words to that effect, when, in fact, in nine cases out of ten and very likely in ninety-nine out of a hundred, they were the exact opposite of the truth. Gen-tle, restful sleep is better than any medi-cine; and how often, even how almost invariably, does the "change for the better," for which anxious friends are waiting so prayerfully, come during sleep—making its first manifestation when the patient awakes with brightened eye, stronger voice, a faint tinge of returning health mantling the features in place of the wan

sicians quite generally give the caution that, in case of restful sleep, the patient is not to be awakened for the administering of medicines.-Good Housekeeping.

Colors of Supphires.

Sapphires have of late years become fashionable gems. The blue of the sapphire is very seldom pure or spread over the whole substance of the stone, Sometimes it is mixed with black, which gives it an inky appearance, sometimes bronchial tubes with 'Conlin's Consumption Coughine."

"No, but have you"—

"Yest Course I have. I've had goose grease rubbed all over my throat and chest, and I"—

"But, I say hold on, have you"—

"But, I say hold on, have you" colored will be distinctly apparent. This remark applies to all other gems.-Cincinnati Enquirer.

The Poverty of Printed Language. "Now, listen! Have you"—
"Yes, I have. Tried them all, but they're no good. Why, last night I"—
"That's all right, but have you"—
"Have I what?"
"Have you time to go over to Flynn's and have something?"

you to abuse me and have it over, even after all these years, whose obituaries you have written."
"My dear, my darling," he said, his strong hand clasping her's so quickly that, involuntarily her arm struggled like a bird's wing to wrest itself away, "it is well for me to tell the only woman I ever loved that I love her still and do not mean to let."

The Poverty of Printed Language.
"God will keep up his end of the row if you give him a chance." That was the language used by Moderator Craig in his sermon, which had direct reference to the controversies before the general assembly. As it appears in print the sentence requires an expository note. the sentence requires an expository note. Whether the word "row" rhymes with "how" or "hoe" becomes an important question.-Washington Star.

Roses All the Year Round.

Splendid as the blooms of the June es are, we want roses all summer long. hence have to look to the teas, Chinas, Bourbons and similar ones to give them to us, and they won't disappoint us. Summer roses, as we call them, bloom from first to last, giving us their smaller, though sweet scented, flowers until freezing weather comes. When the cool nights of fall come, they make a glorious display of flowers, allowing of the cut-ting of many a bouquet. The wellknown Hermosa, Louis Philippe, Malmaison and Agrippina are members of this class. Other good representatives are Appoline, Edward Desfosses, Louise Odier, Bongere, Caroline Marniesse, Homer, Gloire de Dijon, Mme. de Vatry, Souvenir d'un Ami, Marie Ducher and Sombrieul. These are all hardy in this latitude with but little protection, and in many places with no protection at all.

—Joseph Mechan in Pittsburg Dispatch. THE FOUNTAIN HEAD OF STRENGTH

When we recollect that the stomach is t grand inhoratory in which food is transform into the secretions which furnish vigor to i system after entering and enriching the blos that it is in short the fountain head of streng it is essential to keep this important supply machine in order and to restore it to active when it becomes inactive. This Hostette Stomach litters does most effectually, seasibly, regulating and reinforcing digestion, p moting due action of the liver and however the stomach litters does most effectually, seasibly, regulating and reinforcing digestion, p moting due action of the liver and however most the continuous distribution of the nerves depend great measure upon thorough digestion. This no nervine tonic more highly esteemed the medical fraiternity than the Bitters. Phychan sho strongly commend it for chills a force, rhoumatism, kidney and bladder trout lover. Houmatism, kidney and bladder trout class also strongly commend it for chills at fever, rheumatism, kidney and bladder trould sick beadaché and want of appetite and slee Take a wineglassful three times a day.

The man who was out on a lark the night be ore feels like he had been on a wild-goose chas-

A PRACTICAL MAN.

Of all the practical men of whom Ame ica is justly proud no one holds a higher place than the late Cyrus W. Field. His son shows that he has inherited the shrewd commonsense of the man who laid the Atlantic cable. He writes:

SEAST FIFTY-SIXTH STREET,
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which is nothing out as the numerous surfaces.

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plaint." JAMES A. WHEELER, 1900 Davis Street, Baltimore, Md. Get only HOOD'S

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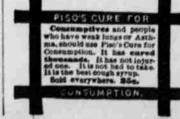
August Flower"

that if it had not been for August Flower I should have died before this. Eight years ago I was taken sick, and suffered as no one but a dyspeptic can. I employed three of our best doctors and received no benefit. They told me that I had heart, kidney, and liver trouble. Everything I ate distressed me so that I had to throw it up. August Plower cured me. There is no med-icine equal to it." LORENZO F. SLEEPER, Appleton, Maine.

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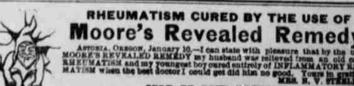
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THE VOICE OF AN ECHO

difficult to decide why the degrees should It was in this case knowledge of the

is tastes were rational, and what more ould be desire?

"Why, particularly?" she asked, without turning her head. "Oh, all this summer," he replied. She One may feel young again, but one is not really any the less dispassionate."

Kinnaird stroked his mustache thought

said gravely, but yet with a sense of amusement. "You petulant with your past? You provoked with your recollec-

gonin, "I did not know you were serious or I should not have taken this as a joke."

"No-hardly that,"
"I am ready to make it," she went on.
"But if I do" must indeed think that I am taking leave of my years. I never had much vanity, I think, but what I had when I was younger

"Rocks-and moonlight, But, Ar "The rocks make me recollect," he went

"Well?"

"You see, that was my first mistake. I should have gone first and made you cling to my-pardon me—coat tails."

"Very likely," said Mrs. Hugonin, half laughing. "But I can't think it does us any good to talk it over now."

"After that," said Kinnaird, pursuing his subject, "I acted consistently on the same multiple theory. Add when it can be subjected in the same multiple and the same