By Authority of Congress.

U. S. Gov't Bàking Powder Tests.

The report of the analyses of Baking Powders, made by the U. S. Government (Chemical Division, Ag'l 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.
ROYAL, Absolutely Pure,	13.06	160.6
The OTHER POWDERS TESTED are reported to contain both lime and sulphuric acid, and to be of the following strengths respectively,	12.58	151.1
	11.13	133.6
	10.26	123.2
	9.53	114.
	9.29	111.6
	8.03	96.5
	7.28	87.4

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.

AN EARL AS AN INDIAN.

Lord Dunmore's Plan to Travel Like a Savage From Montreal to Paris.

Mr. Charles Murray was born a lord, but prefers to be a tramp. He is not a tramp of the Coxey variety, but a traveler, an explorer and a student of nature. These things cost money, but Lord Dunmore's rich estates in Scotland furnish him with all the cash he needs, and he wanders over the wild sections of the world at will. The earl comes of one of the oldest families in Great Britain. He is about 50 years of age and a giant in stature. His height is 6 feet 2 inches tall, and he pulls down the scales at about 250 pounds.

LORD DUNMORE.

He is an old and experienced traveler and seems to despise civilization and the iron rules as heartily as did the mythical Leatherstocking. He has just finished a book called "The Pamirs," describing his latest journey, which was from India to the Caspian sea, a distance of 4,500 miles. This remarkable journey was made on horseback, afoot and by sledge, and the plucky earl was one year and three days in traversing India, Baluchistan, Afghanistan and Persia.

The next great trip Lord Dunmore will take is a decidedly novel one as he has planned it. He proposes starting at Montreal and traversing the entire length and breadth of British North America until he reaches Alaska. During the whole journey he will refuse the aid of all civilized means of travel. He will make the trip on horseback, afoot, by canoe and by sledge exactly as he might have done had he been born a noble red man instead of a noble lord. The object of his trip, aside from the pleasurable notoriety it may bring him, is to cross the continent by a route never before attempted by civilized man and to learn the secrets of the comparatively unexplored interior. There is a general impression that musk oxen and Eskimos roam over the country, and Lord Dunmore desires to increase the world's store of knowledge on these and other points.

The earl expects to travel in boats for part of the way on the Mackenzie river. Other parts of the journey will be covered on foot, by sledge and by snowshoe. He expects to live on jerked reindeer meat, fish, musk ox flesh and whatever provender the natives utilize in keeping soul and body together. He is an ardent Nimrod and expects to bag some big game before reaching Alaska. From Alaska he intends to cross Bering sea on the ice and tramp through Siberia and other countries until he reaches Paris.

The Inequality of Development.

Few peoples have equaled the Hindoos in architecture. In philosophy their speculations go to a depth to which European thought has only recently arrived. In literature they produced admirable works, even though they fell short of those of the Greeks and Latins. But they were mediocre and far below the Greeks in statuary, and were nullities in the domain of scientific and historical knowledge, while they betray an absence of precision which we meet in equal degree among no other people.—Gustave Le Bon in Popular Science Monthly.

Professional Reciprocity.

I saw a letter some time ago written by the secretary of the national board of underwriters, who were about to hold a convention at Buffalo, asking Chauncey Depew for reduced rates in consideration of their large numbers. It was written on paper headed with the title of their weekly publication, The Shroud, and concluded in these words: "If you should see fit to grant our request we shall be happy to exercise toward you professional reciprocity."—New York World.

Releasing Him.

"Wasn't it sad about old Million's failure?"

"What! Has he failed?"

"Yes; gone clean to smash."

"That's too bad; he promised me something yesterday, but now in his trouble I will not hold him to it."

"That's generous of you. What was it?"

"His daughter's hand in marriage."—Exchange.

Oatmeal as a Food.

Oatmeal is supposed to be hygienically impeccable, but it demands a tolerably vigorous and rapid digestion to dispose of it. Dr. Benjamin Richardson gives numerous examples of heartburn caused by an oatmeal diet which nothing could relieve until that article was banished, and which returned immediately if the use of it was resumed.—Sanitary Era.

A Noted Suicide.

Sir Samuel Romilly, a man of brilliant genius, by whose efforts the criminal laws of England were remodeled—a man loved for his sweet nature and upright manliness—we overcome by grief at the death of his wife, with his own hand sought rest beyond.—Popular Science Monthly.

SOMETHING NEW FOR WOMAN TO DO.

How a Bright Young Woman Succeeded Where Men Had Failed.

She was bright and pretty, and she dropped into a lawyer's office the other day and asked for work.

"What can you do?"

"Anything a woman of ability can do, and more than most men."

"Great opinion of yourself, young woman," said the elderly lawyer present. "Perhaps you think you could serve this summons?"

"I might," said she. "May I look at it? Yes, I will."

"If you do that you'll be doing something we've all been trying to do for a week. He's a slippery fellow, and his people are all posted. However, you may try it. You can afford to lose a little conceit," and the lawyer smiled grimly.

At 10 the next morning the office door was opened, and the bright young woman walked in again.

"Thought you'd give it up, eh? Found him too slippery for you? Thought so."

"The paper is served," said she. It was her turn to smile now, and she did it. The lawyer swung round in his chair.

"Served the ——. How'd you do it?"

"Oh, it was simple enough. I called at his place of business, looked around, priced some materials, and then asked if he was in.

"'No,' said the salesman, 'but I can do as well.'

"'I think not,' I said quietly. He has always served me before, and he understands just what I want.'

"'Oh, in that case you might call at his house. He will be in to dinner.'

"I did call at his house, dressed in my best, cardcase in hand. I sent in my card and he appeared promptly.

"'Mr. ——?' said I, rising.

"'Yes. You wished to see me on business?'

"'I hear you are interested in property in —— street?'

"'Yes.'

"'Well, I have a paper which will interest you concerning it,' offering him the summons, which he took with a smile. He looked at it and blushed crimson. So did I. Nothing was said. He controlled his temper and accompanied me to the door."

"Another field open to women!" was the lawyer's only comment.—Kansas City Times.

Intellectual Work and Long Life.

Now that so many women are adopting various forms of intellectual labor as a means of livelihood it may not be without interest to consider the result of severe brain work on the duration of life.

Very satisfactory references with regard to this matter may be drawn from the address delivered by Lord Kelvin at the anniversary meeting of the Royal society. His lordship gave a list of the number of fellows who had died since the last annual meeting. These were thirty-two in number, including five foreign members, and the deaths were unusually numerous, or, as Lord Kelvin said, a sadly great number. Of course it is hardly necessary to say there were no women among them, as ladies are not yet admitted to the dignity of the fellowship of the Royal society. Of these thirty-two deceased fellows, the ages of thirty were given by his lordship; two only were under sixty. Both of these were foreign members. On the other hand, two had reached the age of ninety—namely, Sir George B. Airy and Sir Francis C. Knowles.

The average length of life of the thirty, who were all presumed to be highly distinguished in science or literature, was upward of seventy-four years—a very satisfactory proof that even the highest intellectual labors are not incompatible with extreme longevity. All of these gentlemen had, on the average, passed the threescore and ten years usually regarded as the length of man's life. As the average life of woman is longer than that of man, there is no knowing to what age they will survive when they more generally adopt science and literary occupations.—London Queen.

An American Shop in London.

Americans who used to go to Paris, where they had to feed on candied violets, rose leaves and fruits, used to get homesick for Broadway candy stores, and wander like mourners about the streets after peripatetic soda fountains. The stories they would pour into French ears about home products, and the eloquence they expended in showing how the French nation would open its eyes if a New York candy shop were to open on a boulevard, would be received with polite credulity like that given to descriptions of sound steamboats apropos of channel boats. The indifference of Paris is now of less consideration. An American candy shop has been opened on Picadilly, and it has made the London people open their eyes, as it was predicted the Parisians would open theirs.

It is described as a fairylike abode, wherein dwells in piles of dainty sweetness long drawn out narrow white parcels tied with pink ribbons and sealed with a golden seal. These names are new, but they learn them quickly. Wintergreen, with a touch of savory piquancy mixed with sweetness; marshmallow imbedded in chocolate, food for the gods indeed. These phrases are English, but do not equal the enthusiasm for the soda fountain, a temple of marble and silver, wherein is dispensed the ice cream soda and the hot sodas that young New York has found so attractive.—New York Evening Sun.

A Diligent Pupil.

Teacher—I am glad to see you working so diligently at your writing lesson.

Little Boy—Yes'm; I want to get so I can write my own excuses.—Good News.

GOLD IN NEW JERSEY.

By J. H. CONNELLY.

"That would be von hundred thousand dollars."

"Vell, maybe there is that much money."

"Are you done?"

"If I am vat vill you say?"

"Go to shleep."

"Heinrich! Gan you think of that boor poy Jacob shtanding outside the fence around that big hotel vere the rich gentlemens unt ladies are, unt sayin' mit a proken heart, 'Mein vater sold all that for a boor leedle ten thousand dollars.' Ach, Heinrich, you got no heart at all for that poy!"

"Get zum tuyful!" 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 Kropff, who was as usual seated there, if anything stood in the way of his having dinner with the family.

"Yes; the old vooman have got a golossal brejudice 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 Kropff. "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 leettle 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 the Goldbug of the Sawtooth Range."

"My gracious! Never I did hear the like of that."

"Prob'bly not. But there's lots has. I'm a modest flower, but not scarce where I bloom. Why, say, senator, I've located more big mines and made and spent more big money than any other man west of the Missouri river. I'm a prospector from 'way back, I am, and don't you forget it. These are some of my own producing." And again he dazed the farmer with his handful of gold.

"Your broducing? How vas that?"

"My digging. Got the gold out for 'em myself. Staked the high muck-a-muck of the mint to have my own dust coined for me, the hull hundred weight."

"Hundred veight of vat?"

"Gold dust, that I washed out myself."

"Potztansend!"

"Oh, I'm boss of the placer, I am. You ought to see me toy with a pan."

"Vat is that 'toy mit a pan!'"

The Goldbug condescendingly and patiently set forth by simple phrase and ample illustrative pantomime the art and mystery of placer mining, embellishing the dry details with a wealth of romance respecting his achievements. Herr Kropff, with open mouth and bulging eyes, listened in silence, the while thick layers of wonder piled up over his mind. Gradually a suspicion stole upon him that the mysterious proceedings of the New Yorkers must have been something akin to those now brought to his knowledge. He therefore repeated what Reuben had told him, and asked his guest's opinion upon 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 hand."

"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, of course."

"Ach! du lieber Gott! Vat vill Anna say now?"

Herr Kropff 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 "cached" them under some rocks and brush. In as much more time his deft manipulation of a panful of sand reduced it to a spoonful of grains, among which shone several bright yellow specks. Those, he explained, were gold.

"Gott im himmel! Gold! Gold! Gold!!!" shouted Herr Kropff in a paroxysm of uncontrollable excitement. "I vill not sell my farm! No, no; 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 gome that I lose him!"

"Don't be too sure you haven't if you've sold 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 vill give him back his two hundred dollars."

"But suppose he holds you to the bargain. If it were out west, where you could settle the difficulty with a shotgun, it would be simple enough. But here in the effete east, what's goin' 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 auriferous grains.

"Ach! Ich bin ein unglucklicke mensch! Mein herz is broked!" wailed the old man, bursting into tears. "Ven Anna finds this ouet it vould be for me better ven I vas in my cool, cool grave!"

CHAPTER IV.

An unhappy man during the ensuing week was Farmer Heinrich Kropff. When not in anxious private consultation with the Goldbug, who seemed to have become a fixture on the place, he was sunk in melancholy or in such nervous plight that a trivial thing would suffice to throw him into a passion. Frau Kropff did not scruple to free her mind of the vehement conviction that "some guilty secret" was worrying him, and had pleasing suggestive stories to tell of a man in Schnorenberg, 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. Cute and Sharp, reappeared at the farm. Sight of them transformed Herr Kropff's grief to indignation.

"Robbers! Schwindlers!" he cried. "I got a boor opinion of you. Vat tuyfel shall have sent your shkinny faces my vay to schmell out more about my farm as I know mineselluf? Vas I not a fool when I give you bermission that you shall schnoop about my blace? Heh?"

They laughingly replied that it was too late to talk about that now; business was business, and there was no reason why they should not utilize a good thing that he did not even know he had. He swore that he would not sell the farm to them, but they did not appear either surprised or disturbed, merely replying that "the courts would settle that." Herr Kropff shuddered. Like most honest men he had a horror of courts. Finally, after a long consultation between the partners, Mr. Sharp said to him:

"We have a great regard for you, Mr. Kropff, and do not want to be hoggish in this matter, so we can probably agree upon a compromise that will be mutually satisfactory. We only want the northern half of your farm, and will pay you for that the same amount that we had agreed to give you for the entire place. Furthermore, we will let you have in payment stock in the company we are organizing, and will put you in on the ground floor. In other words, you shall have two thousand shares at fifty per cent. of their par value, the price at which will be put upon the market the first twenty-five thousand shares."

"How many shares altogether will there be?"

"One hundred thousand. The dividends on your two thousand shares will bring you in from eight hundred to one thousand dollars a month at least, and if you choose to sell out within six months you will get probably twenty or twenty-five dollars per share."

To that arrangement, with little hesitation, the farmer agreed. Aside from the brilliant prospects opened up by Mr. Sharp's scheme, he had an idea

Perhaps they were not kissing.

that he thought was his own, though in reality it was a ray from the Goldbug's genius, and its magnificence easily reconciled him to the compromise proposed.

"Frankly, Mr. Kropff," said Mr. Sharp as he re-entered his buggy with Mr. Cute 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 of so estimable and pleasant a neighbor as yourself. In four or five days I will bring you up your stock and we will make the transfer."

Mr. Chipland was present during that interview, but took no part in it and nobody seemed to notice him.

When the New Yorkers were gone Farmer Kropff went out to the barn alone, and using a piece of keil on the smooth face of a toolroom door, plunged into a sea of calculations. He would not be oversanguine, he said to himself, and so would take as a basis the lowest, and not the highest, figures of income that Mr. Sharp had named—eight hundred dollars per month or nine thousand six hundred dollars per annum. That he could easily loan on good security at six per cent. Allowing one year for accumulation of that sum, as a starter, in ten years more dividends and interest on his loans would have reached the sum of $134,265. But his magnificent idea would dwarf that. He, without any company to share the profits, would work the southern half of his farm as a gold mine, and of course it would pay him a revenue equal to all that the company would take from the northern half, or, in other words, fifty times as much as he would get from his two thousand shares. In eleven years, then, he would have from that source $6,713,250. The contemplation of those figures almost took his breath away. Again and again he went over them, each time exclaiming "My gracious!" when he reached the grand total of the two sums—$6,847,515.

"I vill be one of the richest men in the vorld!" he exclaimed.

Tearing himself away from the fascinating exhibit, he started for the porch, walking with a stately, formal tread, as he deemed becoming for a man of his means. Just as he was about to take his seat—which already almost seemed a throne—his eyes fell upon two figures down at the gate opening into the lane, the figures of Lieschen and George, face to face and both leaning on the gate. Perhaps they were not kissing; but if not they were at least close enough together to do so. Obeying his first impulse, the old man strode to them and roughly broke in upon their tender communings with the stern proclamation:

"Look here, now, I got enough of that. Don't let me have some more of this foolishness. Lieschen, go in the house."

"Why, Mr. Kropff, what is the matter?" exclaimed George in blank astonishment.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

AN OLD LOVE LETTER.

The flying years, the silent years,
Swept o'er this safely hidden page,
Till time, that deep sunk mystery clears,
Gives me the dateless heritage.

Where beat the heart, where burned the brain
That all this pain and passion felt?
On leaves defaced by mold and stain
The secret of a life is spelt.

Why rashly lift, why rudely rend
The softening veil that death and time,
Conspiring life with art to blend,
Have hung between her soul and mine?

Enough to know, enough to feel
That one immortal bliss endures;
The love these ardent words reveal
May haply mirror mine—or yours.

—Margaret Crosby in Scribner's.

An American Abroad.

There was an American in the railway carriage to Liverpool. This gentleman interested me greatly. He was dark and dressed with elaborate care, and kept on producing instruments of a remarkable character from his pockets. He was a man who was thoroughly equipped for all the contingencies of everyday life. A blue bottle got into the carriage and he produced a fly paper, on which it promptly settled and died. He wanted to smoke, and he took out a pipe with seventeen distinct arrangements for its pouch. He spoon, stoppe wore a then l to ma then elabor ments fit tog After hat s butto a scre paper and a patent string macin cloth sleep, him catch us sho mania

Fen Chino where the fo chau:

Cow, Engla dence handw room, he left in No

The that where D. D. he ma were a

Unde the de From streng life oc

In th Para caoutc ing shipment.

Richard Payne Knight, the poet, Greek scholar, and antiquary, was a victim of melancholia, and finally destroyed himself with poison.

BRACE THE NERVES.

Sedatives and opiates won't do it. These nervines do not make the nerves strong, and failing to do this, fall short of producing the essential of their quietude—vigor. And while in extreme cases—and these only—of nervous irritation such drugs may be advisable, their frequent use is highly prejudicial to the delicate organism upon which they act, and in order to renew their quieting effect increased and dangerous doses eventually become necessary. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is an efficient substitute for such pernicious drugs. It quiets the nerves by bracing, toning, strengthening them. The connection between weakness of the nervous system and that of the organs of digestion is a strong and sympathetic link. The Bitters by imparting a healthful impulse to the digestive and assimilating functions promotes throughout the whole system a vigor in which the nerves come in for a large share. Use the Bitters in malaria, constipation, bilious and kidney trouble.

Little—Have you any distant relatives? Mutch—No; mine are all near enough to visit me at a moment's notice.

THE DISCOVERY OF AMERICA

by Columbus brought enlightenment to the world. New fields of enlightenment in this century are in the lines of science. The triumph of Conservative Surgery is well illustrated by the fact that **RUPTURE** or Breach, is now *radically* cured without the knife and without pain. Clumsy, chafing trusses never cure but often induce inflammation, strangulation and death. **TUMORS,** Ovarian, Fibroid (Uterine) and many others, are now removed without the perils of cutting operations. **PILE TUMORS,** however large, Fistula lower bowel, are permanently cured without pain or resort to the knife. **STONE** in the Bladder, no matter how large, is crushed, pulverized, washed out and perfectly removed without cutting. **STRICTURE** of Urinary Passage is also removed without cutting in hundreds of cases. For pamphlet, references and particulars, send 10 cents (in stamps) to World's Dispensary Medical Association, 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

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BRANDRETH'S PILLS contain no irritating matter.

The hotel porter who fails to arouse a guest when instructed to do so has reason to be ashamed of his calling.

$100 REWARD, $100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh, being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address, F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

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Place a particle of the size of a pea well up into each nostril. After a few days' use draw strong breath through the nostrils. Use three times daily, after meals preferred, and before retiring.

CREAM BALM is placed in the nostrils, cleanses the Nasal Passages, Allays Pain and Inflammation, Heals the Sores. Protects the membrane from Colds, Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell. The Balm is quickly absorbed and gives relief at once. Price 50 cents at Druggists' or by mail. ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren Street, New York.

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CLIP SAVE AND SEND TO US

Do we not present a smiling countenance? Why should we not? It is true we have been overworked and even with our greatly increased facilities, have had to work nights, to supply the demands made upon us for Aermotors, tanks and towers. This ever increasing, never ceasing demand for our goods, even in times of great business depression, makes us tired, but happy, as witness the smiling countenance in our glittering Aermotor. While others cannot get work to do, we are overwhelmed with it. Why? Because we make the best thing that can be made, of the best material that is made, at the lowest price that ever was made, and back it all by the best reputation ever made for knowing what to do, how to do it and invariably accomplishing the result. All the world knows that the Aermotor Co. alone knows how to make Windmills, steel towers and tanks. Orders for them pour in upon us from every nook and corner of the earth. A business depression in any one locality is not felt by us. The world is our field. Is it, therefore, any wonder that we are busy and are doubling our last year's output, even in these days of depression? Everyone on the Aermotor premises, from the office boy to the owners, presents this well fed, smiling countenance. All are prosperous, busy, happy—work is plenty, and prosperity attends the designers, makers, managers and sellers of Aermotors. Even the purchasers of Aermotors are the wide-awake, intelligent, up-to-the-times cash buyers in any community. Aermotor people have no forebodings of disaster and hard times. Aermotor employes never strike. They are prosperous and contented. Even in the civil commotion and great upheaval recently raging in Chicago, the Aermotor people were at work, radiant with smiles and good cheer, and ready to help bring and welcome back the general prosperity, which must, at once, inevitably return to our land.

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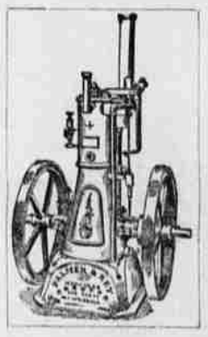

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