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

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

LABRADOR'S COAST.

Barren Shores, Rolling Surge and Many Icebergs Make It Dangerous.

The most northerly lighthouse on the coast of this continent stands on Belle isle, at the head of the straits of that name, a little northeast of Newfoundland. By what freak of taste it was called Belle isle I cannot say, for even the old navigators had such a horror of it that on their charts they marked it with the figure of a demon.

The morning the little mail steamer on which I cruised "down on the Labrador," as the Newfoundlanders say, plunged and rolled past it through the surge the rugged mass of rock crouched there as if ready to seize its prey of ships and human lives. The surf, unheard at our distance, flashed around its base like a long row of glistening teeth. A huge iceberg had drifted in and lay stranded at one end of the island; far up on the rocks was the lighthouse; on a shelf below stood a little hut, with provisions, for shipwrecked sailors; the gray morning mists made these look heavy and sodden, and altogether this glimpse of Belle isle was the most desolate scene I had ever beheld. Over our bow the barren coast of Labrador was faintly outlined, and as the last lighthouse on the continent dropped astern I felt that we were indeed drawing away from civilization, and this feeling was strengthened when, as we turned our prow northward, we sighted the vanguard of the seemingly endless procession of huge icebergs drifting slowly down in single file from the mysterious regions of the north.

We had met with single bergs along the Newfoundland coast, but off Labrador they became a constant and unspeakably grand feature in the seaward view. I doubt if they can be seen anywhere else except in arctic and antarctic waters in such numbers, variety and grandeur. The branch of the gulf stream which pushes its way into the Arctic ocean has sufficient force left when it is reflected by the frozen northern boundary of that sea to send an icy current down along the Labrador coast. Practically all the bergs that break loose from the ice sheathed shores of Greenland are borne southward by this current. One morning, when I went upon deck, I counted no less than 135 huge ones. Some of these were great solid blocks of ice; others were arched with numerous Gothic passageways; some reached with spirelike grace high up into the air. All reflected with prismatic glory the rays of the sun.—Gustav Kobbe in St. Nicholas.

Hard and Bitter Wills.

It was remarked by a writer long ago that "there is no revenge so hard and bitter as that of an old man," and it is one of the astonishing perversities of many natures that the longer they live the harder they hug their possessions. The most disinterested affection is passed over, the most faithful and most valuable services are slightly and grudgingly rewarded. This mental and moral disease notably afflicts the richest. The Marquis d'Aligre was a singular example. His will was concocted with a special desire to disappoint and insult his relatives, friends and servants. To the first it said: "As for you, my relatives who have been so long spelling upon this fortune on which 'I had concentrated all my affections,' you are not going to touch a penny of it, and not one of you will be able to boast that you have squandered the millions which the old Marquis d'Aligre had taken so many years to hoard up."

Sir Robert Bevil, one of James I's officials, did not even spare his wife. "I give unto my wife tenne shillings in respect she took her sonnes part against me and did anymate and comfort him afterwards. These will not be forgotten." And the Earl of Stafford, who married the daughter of the Duc de Grammont, wrote: "To the worst of women, Claude Charlotte de Grammont, unfortunately my wife, guilty as she is of all crimes, I leave five and forty brass halfpence, which will buy a pullet for her supper. A better gift than her father can make her."—Westminster Review.

A Hero.

Of all the wretchedly underpaid American consuls we think the case of our representative at Santos, Brazil, is the worst. This unfortunate individual—a Maine man—receives the munificent salary of $1,500 a year. His expenses are $3,000 a year. He has buried his vice consul, has had yellow fever twice himself, resigns periodically, but still sticks pluckily to his post, waiting for his successor to be appointed and, what is more important, to accept the appointment. This consul deserves well of his country.—Bath Times.

The Curse Omitted.

An English paper says that on every Christmas day since the Napoleonic invasion of Russia in 1812 a prayer has been recited in all the churches of the czar's empire, calling down the curses of heaven upon the French. Indeed the anathema formed part of the Christmas day liturgy of the orthodox church. But on last Christmas day, Russia and France having become friendly, the czar ordered the cursing prayer to be omitted.

His Preference.

Young Clerk—Do you like to stand in front of the store and see the crowds go by?

Old Merchant—No, but I like to stand in the back of the store and see the crowds come buy.—Buffalo Commercial.

MOTHERS recovering from the illness attending childbirth, or who suffer from the effects of disorders, derangements and displacements of the womanly organs, will find relief and a permanent *cure* in Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. Taken during pregnancy, the "Prescription"

MAKES CHILDBIRTH EASY

by preparing the system for parturition, thus assisting Nature and shortening "labor." The painful ordeal of childbirth is robbed of its terrors, and the dangers thereof greatly lessened, to both mother and child. The period of confinement is also greatly shortened, the mother strengthened and built up, and an abundant secretion of nourishment for the child promoted.

25 CTS. PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION 25 CTS.

A WAR ECHO.

EVERY HONORABLE VETERAN DESERVES HIS PENSION.

And the Lone Limb Is Not the Only Reason for Receiving a Government Reward Either.

From Journal, Lewiston, Me.]

Samuel R. Jordan has just given the Journal an account of his life, which, in view of his extremely hard lot for the past few years will be read with interest.

"I am 48 years old and have always lived in New Portland. I enlisted in the army in 1862 as a private in Company A, 28th Maine Volunteers. My army experience injuried my health to some extent, although I worked at blacksmithing some part of the time, when suddenly, several years ago, I was prostrated with what able physicians pronounced Locomotor Ataxia. At first I could get around somewhat yet the disease progressed quite rapidly until I had hardly any feeling in my legs and feet, they felt like sticks of wood and I grew so much worse that I could not move for three years without help, as my neighbors and friends can testify. I employed several physicians in my vicinity, and elsewhere, and they all told me that medicines would not help me, that they could do nothing to effect a cure and that in time I should become entirely helpless. I became discouraged. I was a great care to my wife and friends. Shortly after I met an old army comrade, Mr. All. Parlin, a resident of Madison, and he incidently mentioned how he had tried Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for a severe case of rheumatism and a spinal and malarial trouble, that he had suffered in consequence of his army life, and had been greatly benefited by their use. By his earnest recommendation I was induced to try the pills. After taking them for a time I began to feel prickly sensations in my legs and a return of strength so I could move them a little. After a few weeks I began to feel a marked improvement in my conditions. I soon was enabled to walk around a little with the help of crutches. After taking for some time I can now walk without crutches, my general health is much improved and I have regained my old-time vigor. I can walk about and enjoy life once more, for which I feel very thankful, and this happy result is due to the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are not a patent medicine in the sense that name implies. They were first compounded as a prescription and I used as such in genearal practice by an eminent physician. So great was their efficacy that it was deemed wise to place them within the reach of all. They are now manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y., and are sold in boxes (never in loose form by the dozen or hundred, and the public are cautioned against numerous imitations sold in this shape) at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50, and may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company.

THE DECLINE OF WAR.

Pursuit of Property and Wealth the Main Cause Thereof.

The warlike temperament of man has been one of his most prominent characteristics from the earliest times. To live to fight has been the chief aim of most primitive peoples and has been a leading occupation of all civilized ones. Armies have grown in size, weapons have multiplied in number and destructiveness, battles have grown more and more deadly in action, while also becoming more merciful in their accompaniments, but still it is everywhere apparent that, in spite of these aids to carnage, the military spirit is on the decline.

May we not look for the cause of this in the enormously increased cost of warfare and its interference with the pursuit of prosperity and wealth? When the internal losses to a people become greater than those they can gain through conquest and annexation, they will be very loath to enter into a great conflict.

I am very far from saying that many other causes, such as ethics and a growing spirit of mercy, may not have contributed to this pacification of the nations, but is it not true that the cost of war is the chief preventive of war? If so, does it not illustrate the rule that the reactions set up by the vast technical improvement of methods of destruction have reacted on the primitive cause of the destruction—viz, the human will—and have lessened the cause by modifying the heart and brain of man?—Popular Science Monthly.

Thackeray on John Paul Jones.

"Traitor, if you will, was M. John Paul Jones, afterward knight of his most Christian majesty's Order of Merit, but a braver traitor never wore a sword."

Such were almost the last words traced by the hand of Thackeray, and they show the astonishing misconception of Paul Jones which prevailed in the mind of one of the justest men that ever lived. Washington was a hero even to his enemies, yet Washington had actually held a commission in the British army, while Paul Jones could say to the American congress at the close of the war: "I have never borne arms under any but the American flag, nor have I ever borne or acted under any commission but that of the congress of America." This singular distinction against Paul Jones extended to the whole of the feeble naval force of the colonies. Soldiers were treated from the beginning as prisoners of war, while until Paul Jones forced an exchange of prisoners upon equal terms American sailors were formally declared to be "traitors, pirates and felons."—"Paul Jones," by Molly Elliot Seawell, in Century.

Diamond Cutting.

Not only is diamond cutting not a specially high paid occupation, but it is one involving a most humiliating system of espionage to the worker. Each man is held strictly to account for the stones he receives on going to work in the morning, and the count has to be carefully taken when the unfinished work is turned in at night to be locked up in a safe against the return of the workmen the next day. The possibilities of theft are great, though a dishonest workman knows that an attempt to dispose of an unfinished stone would bring suspicion upon him wherever the attempt was made.—New York Mercury.

SONG.

There's beauty in the dawning light,
And twilight fair or starlit night
Has each its charm and grace,
But loveller still on earth to me,
The fairest thing my eye can see—
The beauty of thy face.

There's calmness on the ocean's breast,
As deep and blue it seems to rest
'Neath bluer heavens above,
But deeper, calmer, still to me
Than ever sea or sky can be,
Thine azure eyes, my love!

There's music in the running stream,
And music when the woodlands seem
Awake with songs of birds,
But sweeter, dearer, still to me
Than nature's voice can ever be,
The music of thy words.

—G. Roxby in Chambers' Journal.

A QUAKER JULIET.

In the beginning of the present century Philadelphia was a quaint and picturesque city. Commercial greed had not obliterated old landmarks, and picturesque features were protected alike by municipal ordinances and public sentiment. Rows of fine trees bordered the streets, and these were tended and cared for by householders. This was especially the case on Third, near Walnut, which was made beautiful by a line of sycamores reaching to Spruce street.

On the Walnut street side were three two story brick houses, each having gardens on the street, and in the one nearest Dock at the close of the eighteenth century lived Richard Pennell, an Englishman and a Quaker. He was tall and strongly built and so austere in face that it was generally believed he had never laughed in his life and was regarded as an excellent illustration of the popular opinion as to Quaker babies. But although dry and saturnine in manner Pennell was an upright Christian man and did many kindly acts in a quiet way. But all the same it was an instance of the caprice of nature that he should be the father of a girl so peerlessly beautiful as Polly Pennell.

She was now 19, his only daughter. Her two brothers were at sea following their father's calling, as he had been a mariner the greater part of his life. Polly's mother was a member of the Church of England in her youth, and although her daughter was ostensibly a Quaker she secretly rebelled against the narrow, colorless life that pervaded and ordered her father's household.

It goes without saying that Miss Polly did not want admirers, but the father was unceasing in vigilance and repulsed advances with a bluffness unmitigated by any conventional civility.

At this time there was but one family in the state that, tried by recognized standards, could claim to be aristocratic, and that was the Hamiltons of the Woodlands.

The eldest and most beautiful of the Hamilton girls was Rebecca. This young lady regarded the usual social conventions as restraints made for common people and so disdained them, made friends with whom she pleased and yet was every inch an aristocrat and grande demoiselle.

After much persuasion Mr. Pennell had permitted his daughter to take lessons in music from Mme. Genet, and here Polly met Becky Hamilton, who at once became the beautiful Quaker girl's fast friend, and not long afterward, just as the Arch street meeting was dismissing on Sunday, after enjoying an exhilarating period of silence for two hours, they were amazed by the appearance of Miss Hamilton of the Woodlands sailing down Arch street in the dress of the time—a beaver hat two feet in the brim, crowned with feathers like a bunch of broom corn, leg of mutton sleeves, muff and gloves laced to the elbows, attended by her colored groom in laced hat and coat. The dauntless young lady folded Polly in her ample embrace, kissed her, and in her usual resolute voice proposed then and there that she come out to the Woodlands to dinner.

Like a flock of startled hens the Quaker matrons rescued Polly from the wilderness of tulle and india muslin, the fashionable dress of the time. Miss Rebecca laughed joyously as she resigned her friend and walked away, and then poor Polly was taken in hand, warned, entreated to avoid the world's people and their vanities, etc., and reached home upon the whole not displeased with the adventure.

Before the week was out she had visited the Woodlands, had seen the pictures and was led in to dinner by a very handsome young gentleman from Virginia described by Miss Becky in her curt speech as a "Jimmy Jessamy from the Tidewater," name Francis Dulaney. The dress of this gentleman would surprise a nineteenth century belle, although it was de regle 100 years ago. A canary waistcoat rigged with flowers in red silk, claret colored coat with deep cuffs, laced steel buttons big as toy saucers, claret breeches and stockings, buckled shoes and steenkirk cravat smartly laced. Very commonplace people looked like stately gentlemen in such apparel, while in the hideous uniform of today the Apollo Belvidere might without discrimination be taken for the butler or undertaker.

Mr. Dulaney made himelf very agreeable. He told of his life in London when he had been a student, of his lonely plantation in Virginia, his widowed mother and sister who had married in England, and Polly, to her surprise, felt as if they had been friends for a long time, and then Becky carried her off, warning Mr. Frank that he must not go philandering about Third and Walnut, as it would make trouble. On the road home the girls had a long talk, and Polly made up her mind that the first era in a girl's life had opened for her. She had a lover, and, as is always the result, such knowledge gave her, with a sense of responsibility, a new feeling of self confidence and respect.

It was a fact. Mr. Francis Dulaney was in love with the beautiful Quakeress, and Becky Hamilton took charge of the courtship with characteristic energy.

After three months spent in alternate hopes and fears Francis Dulaney proposed and was accepted by Mary Pennell, and at once Frank announced his intention of calling on her father.

Next morning that gentleman found himself standing in front of an utter stranger, handsome and well dressed, who announced himself as a suitor for the hand of his daughter. The old sailor had never been so taken aback, but after many earnest words and entreaties declared himself as firmly and unalterably opposed to such a union, and his visitor departed.

And now the hardest was to come—to see and reproach his daughter for her infraction of duty and respect to her parent. He sent for her. Never had she seemed so beautiful, but there was something matured, a quiet firmness in her eyes he had not noticed before, and to his amazement he learned that she had pledged her faith and would keep it. He had bent refractory men to his will, but knew that he was powerless here, yet resolved to try.

He had a maiden sister in New York, and he at once sent for her. Aunt Patience was not a bad woman according to her lights, but looked on a love affair as a device of the evil one, to be met and baffled at any and all risk. Her niece met her with firmness and refused to give any pledge of renunciation whatever, and with her hand on her lover's last letter declared her fidelity to him while life lasted. She was forbidden to leave the house unless attended by her aunt, who had begun to rule like a she Torquemada and made every one, including her brother, weary of life.

But an arrangement for action was made. Mr. Pennell had never yielded in his life and, moreover, believed he was promoting his daughter's temporal and spiritual welfare in hindering her marriage with a worldly person, and he had resolved to take passage for England, accompanied by Polly, and this arrangement he supposed to be entirely secret.

In the early part of October, 1800, he left the house on some business errand, while Miss Patience, after giving every one a blowing up, retired to her room to arrange it. She had not sooner entered than the watchful Creesby locked it on the outside. Gid, Mr. Pennell's own black servant, a crusty old fellow, was sent into the cellar and secured by the padlock, and then Polly, looking charming, but rather pale, came down stairs, paused a moment on the threshold and then bade farewell to her old home.

Followed by her maid, she crossed into Third street, and there under the big buttonwood that was standing at the corner of Willing's alley until 1851 was the Hamilton tilbury, and in a moment her hands were clasped by her lover and Miss Hamilton.

"Drive like the deuce, Solomon," was the command, and in half an hour they reached the Woodlands. It was a joyous party. Becky and her two sisters ordered everything done at once. John Inskeep, who had been inaugurated mayor of Philadelphia a few days before, performed the marriage ceremony. Andrew Hamilton gave away the bride, and all were happy.

Mr. Pennell returned to find a crowd in front of the house, attracted by the yells of Aunt Patience and Gid, seeking release. He went to England shortly afterward and died unreconciled to his child.

After a few years' residence at Curl's Neck, in Virginia, the Dulaneys removed to England. Rebecca Hamilton married unhappily, and the sad story of her life is told in the suit at law brought in our courts by her husband, O'Beirne, to break the prenuptial agreement made between the hapless pair at the time of their marriage.—Philadelphia Times.

ON THE SCRAPBOOK PLAN.

Evangelist Moody Makes Up His Sermons From All Sorts of Material.

Moody's method of sermon making is original, says McClure's Magazine. In reality his sermons are never made—they are always still in the making. Suppose the subject is "Paul." He takes a monstrous envelope, capable of holding some hundreds of slips of paper, labels it "Paul," and slowly stocks it with original notes, cuttings from papers, extracts from books, illustrations, scraps of all kinds, nearly or remotely referring to the subject. After accumulating these, it may be for years, he wades through the mass, selects a number of the most striking points, arranges them and finally makes a few jottings in a large hand, and these he carries with him to the platform. The process of looking through the whole envelope is repeated each time the sermon is preached.

Partly on this account and partly because in delivery he forgets some points or disproportionately amplifies others, no two sermons are ever exactly the same. By this method also—a matter of much more importance—the delivery is always fresh to himself. Thus, to make this clearer, suppose that after a thorough sifting 100 eligible points remain in the envelope. Every time the sermon is preached these hundred are overhauled. But no single sermon, by a mere limitation of time, can contain, say, more than 70.

Hence, though the general scheme is the same, there is always novelty in the arrangement, for the particular 70 vary with each time of delivery. No greater mistake could be made than to imagine that Mr. Moody does not study for his sermons. On the contrary, he is always studying. When in the evangelistic field, the batch of envelopes, bursting with fatness, appears the moment breakfast is over, and the stranger who enters at almost any time of day, except at the hours of platform work, will find him with his litter of notes, either stuffing himself or his portfolios with new points he has picked up through the day. His search for these "points," and especially for light upon texts, Bible ideas or characters is ceaseless.

Shad Flies.

"You can talk about the mosquitoes of New Jersey or Florida," said C. T. Tappan of Oswego, "but they will not compare with the shad flies on the St Lawrence river in the month of June The shad fly will neither bite nor sting, but he comes in greater quantities than the locusts of Egypt. Doors have to be closed, and boys stand in the hotels to sweep the insects off the guests as they enter. They come like a cloud, or more like a blinding snowstorm, and when they first swarm objects cannot be distinguished across the street.

"I went boating on the river at one time when they made their appearance, and soon I was covered with them, the bottom of the boat was hidden from view, the surface of the river was strewn with their bodies, and the air was dark with them. I attempted to row back to Prescott and pulled hard in the direction I supposed it to be, but when I finally reached the shore I discovered that I was five miles away, and it took me several hours to get to my destination. I have heard of being lost in snowstorms, but this was the only time I ever experienced being lost in a cloud of flies."

"Czar! What Is Czar?"

At a banquet last summer at Archangel, when the health of the emperor was given, we English rose, and, in accordance with our custom, repeated the name, exclaiming, "The czar!" My neighbor on my left, the commander of a Russian line of battle ship then in the port, turned to me and said in French: "The czar! What is that you mean by 'the czar?'" It seemed to me that he had never heard the title applied to his emperor.—Notes and Queries.

A Lily That Worked.

"Why do you call me a lily?" asked the pretty soubrette.

"'She toils not, neither does she spin,'" quoted the enamored youth.

"Toil, I believe, means to work," murmured the maiden.

Then she worked him for a pair of diamond earrings and did a pirouette to show she was no lily.—Los Angeles Herald.

Pernambuco, when translated into English, means the "mouth of hell." The allusion is to the tempestuous surf that continually renders the neighborhood dangerous to the sailor.

The Greeks, when traveling, wore hats in winter of cloth or felt; in summer of plaited straw, with broad brims.

REAL RAZORBACKS.

A HOMELY AND FEROCIOUS HOG ON HIS NATIVE HEATH.

He Does Not Resemble His Pampered Brother of the Berkshire Breed—His Existence Measured by the Rule of "Root, Hog, or Die"—Hog Killing Parties.

There is a great difference in hogs. The form, contour and face of the rounded, sleek sided, short legged Berkshire and other hogs of high degree do not much resemble the angular, razor backed hog common throughout the south. The countenance of the well bred, well cared for species is chubby and contented looking, the ears small, the snout inclined to turn up rather than down. His less fortunate cousin has a long, narrow face, immense, flopping ears that hang disconsolately over his eyes, and an elongated, pointed snout that seems providentially formed to aid his earthy explorations. "Root, hog, or die," is a common saying in the country of which this hog is a native, and the swine seem to realize the situation. They have long legs and always run with their snouts close to the ground, convenient for unearthing anything eatable which may come in their way. They diligently root up the promising morsel of food and gulp it down, without stopping to enjoy it, and run on apparently faster than ever, grunting as they go, in search of something more—some favorite acorn or juicy bit of grass or berry root, upon which they largely depend for subsistence.

Naturally the vast amount of imperative exercise they take ranging through the woods effectually prevents their taking on much superfluous flesh, and the hair on their narrow backs is as rough and coarse as that of the well bred hog is smooth and glossy. The majority of them are of a dingy white color, perhaps spotted with black, and when a white coated one, saintily covered with hair, has pale eyes, bound around with pink, and very light eyelashes, protruding beneath his drooping ears, he is as ugly a living object as can be imagined.

The little pigs are moderately pretty when young, but not in the least like the plump, little, chubby faced baby Berkshire, and long before they have arrived at the age when they are called "shotes" they have become ungainly and common looking. The negroes have great faith in the ability of the hog to survive any amount of neglect and still live to provide sausages and pork stew for the winter season. At certain seasons, when the "shotes" can do no damage to the maturing crops, it is necessary to confine them until the fields are bare once more and will admit of their ranging at will.

In the course of a walk once, a small negro boy and girl were found seated on top of the fence which surrounded a pen, flinging corn to two hogs within the inclosure. The rude feeding trough was as dry as if no liquid had ever dampened it, and this on a hot summer afternoon. Inquiry as to when the prisoners had last had water given them elicited no response from the shy little "shote minders." After some inquiry and explanation that the pigs would like water the boy consented to go to the house, some distance off, for a bucket, after bringing which the children went to the spring, in a little hollow in the woods behind the pen, and procured water for the thirsty creatures. It is needless to say that they drank it with avidity. This pen was in an open field, with not a single bit of shade near. It had belonged to an humble establishment, the house and barn of which had been moved to some other tract of land, and the owner of the hogs had utilized the pen just where it was, the distance from his dwelling, which was plentifully supplied with well water, rendering it most inconvenient to attend to the wants of the animals.

The pen could easily have been moved, as the fence around it was made of movable rails placed zigzag fashion on purpose that it might be changed from place to place, but evidently the comfort of the "shotes" was not regarded as of much importance. Later, a small, slim figure, in a scant, homespun dress, faded and torn, suddenly emerged from a narrow path which opened upon the road, and a childish voice said timidly, "Do you want some headache blossom, ma'am?" a little black hand holding out a bunch of delicate pink flowers, with perfume more powerful than sweet. The acceptance of this offering seemed to thaw out her reserve, and the little girl volunteered the information that she and Yankee, her brother, "aimed to dash water to de hog ebery ebenin."

In the days of the old regime the crops were all fenced in, and the hogs, and cattle as well, were allowed to roam at will through the fastnesses of the swamps and timbered tracts. Oftentimes the animals were not seen for months. When the time drew near for hog killing, parties were made up to "drive" the swamp and capture the half wild creatures, as it was desired to fatten them in pens before killing. It was not infrequently the case that the swine became quite ferocious, having been left so long at large, and the hunters found themselves in the midst of a "wild boar" hunt in earnest, which they hugely enjoyed. Most of the farmers of the southern states now leave their crops unfenced, and the stock has to be pastured or looked after, which practice has put an end to such pursuits.—New York Tribune.

Hard Wood.

According to a recent legal decision reported in The Timberman, hard wood is "any tree that has a leaf as distinguished from a needle." A man contracted to deliver to a railroad hard wood cordwood, and he delivered a poplar in part fulfillment of the contract. The railroad rejected this as not hard wood and sued, but the contractor won the case on the decision of the court, as reported above. Women will now have a distinct and lawful standard to gauge their hard wood furniture descriptions.

Skirt Dancing at Home.

It is sheer nonsense to pretend that the modern girl learns skirt dancing out of devotion to the art. All she wants is notoriety and to possess that attraction in the eyes of men which she imagines the ballet girl possesses. In almost every case she dances so badly that there is no excuse for her from the artistic point of view, and if skirt dancing is not artistic it is vulgar or ridiculous or both. In either case it is a fashion which adds nothing to the dignity of a gentlewoman or to her charm and is, as a rule, an exposure both of bad taste and a bad figure. Beautiful women do not need such expedients for attracting attention.—London Graphic.

Mary, queen of Scots, had red hair and a cross eye, and in spite of the encomiums of her contemporaries is believed not to have been a handsome woman.

"Poor Richard's Almanac" commanded at the last sale $18.

Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder. World's Fair Highest Medal and Diploma.

HOITT'S SCHOOL FOR BOYS.

Ira G Hoitt, Ph. D., Master at Burlingame, San Mateo county, Cal., is one of the best schools for boys on the Pacific Coast.

Divorce In Burma.

Suppose a Burmese husband and wife quarrel and determine to separate. The wife, who always does all the marketing, goes out and buys two little candles of equal length, which are made especially for this use. She brings them home. She and her husband sit down on the floor and light them simultaneously. One candle stands for him, the other for her. The one whose candle burns out first rises and goes out of the house forever, with nothing but what he or she may have on. The one whose candle has survived the longest, even by a second, takes everything. So the divorce and division of the property, if you can call that a division, are settled.—Philadelphia Times.

With the Accent on the Voters.

Mrs. Meriwether of Memphis says: "We asked that the girls of our state be protected until they were 18 years old, the law extending that gracious protection up to the ripe age of 10. We fought a desperate battle for six years, and when the age was finally raised to 16 the women who had stood the brunt of that long battle saw it proved beyond all peradventure that no 'influence' of theirs had won the day, but the simple fact that six years of bitter experience had taught them the only weapon that would kill, and they used it. They buried the senate chamber and representatives hall under voters' petitions and came out victors."

Stephen A. Douglas had a magnificent bass voice that would have made his fortune on the opera stage. The manner in which he bellowed forth "Fellow citizens!" at the beginning of a speech was never equaled by any public speaker.

Beaconsfield's face was a puzzle even to his intimates. It was impossible, by watching it, to gain any insight into his feelings or emotions.

LIKE A SIEVE.

The chief function of the kidneys is to separate from the blood, in its passage through them, of certain impurities and watery particles which make their final exit through the bladder. The retention of these in consequence of inactivity of the kidneys is productive of Bright's disease, dropsy, diabetes, albuminuria and other maladies with a fatal tendency. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, a highly sanctioned diuretic and blood depurent, impels the kidneys when inactive to renew their sifting function, and strain from the vital current impurities which infest it and threaten their own existence as organs of the body. Catarrh of the bladder, gravel and retention of the urine are also maladies arrested or averted by this benign promoter and restorative of organic action. Malaria, rheumatism, constipation, biliousness and dyspepsia also yield to the Bitters, which is also speedily beneficial to the weak and nervous.

Dodge—I attended a seance last night. The medium called up the spirit of Napoleon. Lodge—What message does he send? Dodge—He denies everything and demands an investigation.

HOW'S THIS?

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