

Royal



Baking Powder

Healthful cream of tartar, derived solely from grapes, refined to absolute purity, is the active principle of every pound of Royal Baking Powder.

Hence it is that Royal Baking Powder produces food remarkable both in fine flavor and wholesomeness.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

Women Sold by Auction.
An auction of unmarried ladies used to take place annually in Babylon. In every district they assembled on a certain day of every year all the virgins of marriageable age. The most remarkable was first put up, and the man who bid the largest sum of money gained possession of her. The second in personal appearance followed, and the bidders gratified themselves with handsome wives according to the depth of their purses. But, alas, it seems that there were in Babylon some ladies for whom no money was likely to be offered, yet these also were disposed of, so provident were the Babylonians. When all the beautiful virgins were sold, the crier ordered the most deformed to stand up, and after he had openly demanded who would marry her with a small sum she was at length adjudged to the man who would be satisfied with the least, and in this manner the money arising from the sale of the handsome served as a portion to those who were either of disagreeable looks or that had any other imperfection. This custom prevailed about 500 years before Christ.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Spencer and Beecher.
Herbert Spencer visited America in 1882 and on that occasion a banquet was given in New York in his honor. Henry Ward Beecher was one of the after dinner speakers.
"I am asked," said Mr. Beecher, "how I reconcile Spencer with theology. I don't."
"A man who has a baldheaded deacon watching everything he does or a gold spectacled lawyer—not a fat one" (looking at Mr. Bristow), "but a long, lean, lank one" (looking at Mr. Everts)—"can't afford to talk Spencerism from the pulpit."
"It is to be borne in mind that when a man is driving a team of fractions horses that are just all he can manage anyhow he is not in a state of mind to discuss questions with his wife by his side, who is undertaking to bring up delicate domestic matters."
It had been said that Mr. Spencer had no sense of humor, but he joined heartily in the merriment which Mr. Beecher's speech provoked.

Will McConnell and John McCullough.
Will McConnell and John McCullough were playing "Virginius," and McConnell was doing Iollius. When he had to go up to John and shake hands with him he put a hard boiled egg into his palm and left it there, and McCullough, being in the center of the stage and alone, could not get rid of it. He discharged Will, as usual, that night, but he never stayed discharged, and he was taken on again when they found him on board the train on the way to the next stand.

How She Felt.
"I hope," said Mrs. Oldcastle, "that you didn't feel that you were de trop when you called the other day and found Mrs. Beezum present."
"Oh, no," replied her hostess. "That was just the back of my waist that I kept feeling. One of the hooks was loose, and somehow I couldn't help being kind of nervous about it."—Chicago Record-Herald.

An Irish Gem.
An Irish journal had this gem in answer to a correspondent: "We decline to acknowledge the receipt of your post card."
Which is very much like the Corkonian who traveled into Kerry to an insulting enemy to "tell him to his face that he would treat him with silent contempt."—London Tit-Bits.

Only Two Occasions.
"You always appear to be nervous."
"But really," replied the housekeeper, "there are only two occasions when I am nervous. One is when I have a servant girl, and the other is when I haven't."—Philadelphia Press.

Carefully Brought Up.
"Were you carefully brought up, my lad?" asked the merchant of the applicant for a situation.
"Please, sir, yes, sir; I came up in the elevator, sir," said the respectful youth.

Making Sure.
Gritty George—I hope dat bowl of coffee won't stimulate yer to go to work. Sandy Pikes—No, pard; I asked de lady to put loaf sugar in it.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Pitt's Fondness For Port.
The ruin of Pitt's health was attributed to his physicians, who made him take port in large quantities in his youth, so that he could not do without it later. Lord Grenville has seen him swallow a bottle of port in tumblers before going to the house. His hands shook so much that when he helped himself to salt he was obliged to support the right hand with the left. Stothard, the painter, happened to be one evening at an inn on the Kept road when Pitt and Dundas put up there on their way to Walsley. Next morning the waiter said to Stothard: "How much wine do you suppose they drank last night? Seven bottles, sir!"—Rogers' "Table Talk."

The Way They Do In Iceland.
Icelanders never think of "locking up" at night, and yet only two cases of thieving have occurred in many years. One was a poor man with a broken arm, who stole several sheep to save his family from starving. The punishment meted out to him was that food was provided for his family, he was placed under medical care and work was given him when his arm had healed. The other case was of a foreigner who stole seventeen sheep. The law demanded that he restore the value of the thefts and then leave the country or be executed. Naturally he left.

Where Time Changes.
The line where "time changes"—where a ship loses a day going west and gains one going east—is drawn irregularly down the Pacific east of New Zealand, whose time is nineteen and a half hours "faster" than San Francisco's.

Cats' Eyes.
Cats and other beasts of prey reflect fifty times as much light from their eyes as do human beings.

Icebergs.
Icebergs in the arctic regions are neither so large nor so numerous as those seen in the antarctic seas, but they are usually lovelier and more beautiful, with spires and domes. When the ship "Albatross" was on the ice...

A PIECE OF SCARF

(Original.)
Marina was a Mexican girl, with the usual black hair and eyes of Mexicans. She was only sixteen, but at sixteen many girls of the tropics are as old as girls of twenty in the north. Marina was but a poor man's daughter, with very little education. One evening a stranger stopped at her father's cabin. He was a young man with fair hair and blue eyes and above all a winning smile. He asked Marina if he might have one of her flowers growing in a bed beside the door and when he did so smiled at her. That was the last of Marina's peace of mind. Edwin Cooper, the stranger, a young devil engineer on the railroad being built through the valley below, had plucked her heart as easily as he had plucked her flower. But there is danger in plucking hearts in those tropical gardens. It is like touching one of the beautiful insects of the country. Marina did not sting Cooper, but one Narvaez, a dirty little Mexican, who had seen the engineer's smile and how it went to a heart that he had in vain tried to appropriate, was made his enemy, and such enemies, who invariably strike in the dark, are to be dreaded. When Cooper went the next day he had cut an end from a faded many colored scarf Marina wore. She followed him to the gate, chattering as she went, and the last thing Cooper said to her was, "See, I will wear your souvenir in my buttonhole."
Cooper had no sooner departed than Narvaez, who had been present the evening before—indeed he had been hanging about Marina most of the time—entered and upbraided her for her conduct toward the stranger. This conduct had been without excuse, for Marina was betrothed to Narvaez. She had consented to be his wife not because she loved him, but because he was the first man she had met since she emerged from childhood. She did not seem to be at all ashamed of having been led aside so easily. She told Narvaez in patois Spanish that he was a miserable specimen of humanity and the stranger was a god. Narvaez was so beside himself with rage that he was tempted to run a knife into her, but was too much infatuated with her to do so. He resolved that he would take revenge on the Americano.
Cooper continued to wear the bit of scarf in his buttonhole. Whether he didn't have time to take it out or whether he expected that he might meet the little girl from whom he got it and desired to let her see that he valued it, no one knows. Several of his associates asked him what it meant—was it the badge of a society, a decoration—what was it? But he only replied that he had got it from a girl.

One day Cooper was carrying a theodolite, which he occasionally set up on three legs, looked through it at a rod on which was a slide and made some figures in his notebook. He found it a tedious process, and once while he sent his rodman forward a long distance he sat down on the grass to wait. There was no one else about, and he sat enjoying the solitude and listening to the birds. Suddenly a huge stone came down on his head and crushed his skull. The rodman, not hearing or seeing anything from him for some time, finally went back to find out what was the matter. Cooper was dead.

There was no clew to the murderer. Cooper's valuables had not been taken; at least none was missed, and no one could understand how any person could have had any interest in murdering him. Not long after the tragedy Narvaez renewed his attentions to Marina, who, so far as he could see, had forgotten the handsome stranger.
"When shall we be married?" said the little Mexican one day to Marina.
"I'll tell you," she replied. "We will be married when you bring me the bit of my scarf I gave the engineer."
"I bring you the bit of scarf? How could I get it?"
"You must find it. Perhaps he left it among his clothing. You might steal it."
"I will not do such a thing."
"Then I will not marry you."
From that time Marina would have nothing to do with him. At last one day he brought her the scarf. Then she named a day for the wedding.

On that day while Narvaez was putting on a new suit of clothes he had bought at a store for his marriage he was arrested and carried before the judge. There were present a number of the men employed on railroad construction, and sitting in a conspicuous place, wearing on her bosom the bit of scarf which she had made the price of her consent, was Marina. Narvaez looked at her in astonishment. She returned his look with a cold blooded stare.

Narvaez was accused of the murder of Cooper, and Marina was called to the stand. She told her story, giving an account of Cooper's visit and the giving him the bit of scarf, ending her testimony in this wise:
"I knew, senior Judge, that Narvaez had killed the Americano, but I could not make him be punished without the proof. I knew the Americano would wear my scarf, for he promised me. When I heard that it was not found on him I suspected Narvaez had it as a trophy. I pretended not to suspect Narvaez of the murder, but told him he must steal it for me from the Americano's clothes. At last he brought it to me."

It did not take long to convict Narvaez of the murder. Just before he was led away he seized an iron inkstand from a table and before he could be prevented hurled it at the girl he had supposed he was to marry that day and who instead of becoming his bride had become the Americano's avenger. Fortunately he missed her.

LEVIN C. MORFON.

DUELING IN GERMANY.

It is a Custom Firmly Established Among the Students.
In every German university there is still dueling, and there will be as long as German universities exist. Each has its quota of fighting clubs, which correspond to our own secret societies. Every student is anxious to be invited to join one of these clubs, and, having been initiated, it is not long before he is assigned to a duel. The members of these various organizations are distinguished by their colored bands and caps, as our fraternity men are by their Greek letter badges. The most aristocratic of the fighting corps are the Borussia at Bonn, to which all the Hohenzollern princes belong, and the Saxo-Borussia at Heidelberg, of which most of the German princes outside of the Hohenzollerns are members. Other prominent fighting corps are the Rhenania of the University of Wurtzburg, Normania of Berlin, Franconia of Munich and the famous corps of Hannover, in which Bismarck was a famous fighter, of Göttingen. Every corps has its own officers, its own laws, rules, regulations, but all are bound by a universal "code of honor."
The customs and ceremonials incident to these student duels are queer and peculiarly fascinating, the costumes and fighting attire unique and interesting. The duels are of two kinds—the one an "honor duel," where one student has insulted another, and honor has to be satisfied by a little blood letting, but these are often not infrequently the result of purpose rather than of actual insult just for the sake of a little fighting. The German student, like Pat, is often "spoiling for a fight." The other kind of duel is generally a more serious matter and is known as "by agreement." It is by a challenge from one corps to another and partakes of the tournament order. A list of dates is drawn up, and on a certain day of each week a member of the one corps meets a member of the other for "die mensur."—Fritz Morris in Illustrated Sporting News.

FRIENDSHIPS.

Those of Long Standing and Those Made in Later Life.
People make friends later than they used to, or at least so it seems to us, probably because they grow old in general later than they did. Friendship must change its nature with advancing years, but whatever makes later life full of activities and new beginnings causes friendships also to begin at even the later stages of the journey. Of two old men early friends who had quarreled Coleridge said:
They stood aloof, the scars remaining,
Like cliffs which had been rent asunder.
Such an image of course gives powerfully the sense of fixity, the opposite of the fluid potentiality of youth. Yet in the same poem we have the hint that not all is glorious in youth:
And constancy lives in realms above,
And life is thorny, and youth is vain.
Friendship becomes rid of some vanity, it becomes more noble and satisfying to the deeper thoughts and ideals, when the roots of it grow back into a long distant past, and if we can keep the power of making a few new friends in age as we need them to supplement those inherited from youth, which grow fewer with the years, but ripen and more select, friendship should play a satisfying role far along toward the end of life, the best role indeed of its career, if, as Emerson thinks, a lifetime is needed for its completeness, while an hour or a day is enough for toll or play. The late friendships of the unmarried, the childless and the widowed have a special necessity and pathos of their own, for mates and children to a large extent at certain periods naturally take the place of other friends.—Collier's Weekly.

An Interested Juror.
An instance of an interested juror was reported not long ago. A jury had been impaneled, when a man stepped forward and explained that, having been summoned to serve, he wished to be allowed to do so at once, as he had to attend a funeral at a distant place in the latter portion of the week. A place was therefore made for him in the jury box. The case was tried, and owing to this man's obstinacy a verdict of acquittal was secured. It was subsequently discovered that the man had never been summoned to serve at all and that the prisoner was his friend.—London Tit-Bits.

Both Died as They Wished To.
Tennyson, who was a shy, reserved man, could never understand Robert Browning's love of society. He had been heard to remark that Browning would die in a white choker at a dinner party. The two poets died as they would have wished to die—Robert Browning in the grand Palazzo Rospicci, with his son by his bedside, and Lord Tennyson in his beloved Surrey home, surrounded by his loved ones.

Less Tiresome.
"Miss Chatterton? I think I'll send her word that I'm out."
"Won't the still, small voice reproach you?"
"Yes, but I'd rather listen to the still, small voice than to Miss Chatterton."—Puck.

Surprise For His College Boy.
Mr. Meddigrass—Who yer sendin' the sheep to, Bill? Mr. Ragweed—Why, my son Zeb's up to college tryin' fur a sheepskin, he says, and I'm goin' ter surprise him with a hull critter.—Chicago Post.

Ask no man's advice, but study the people you meet and avoid the habits and manners which you find annoying to you in others and cultivate the qualities you find are helpful and pleasing.—Detroit News-Tribune.

WHAT'S IN A SHADOW?

(Original.)
"A shadow," said the lecturer, "is something formed from the interposition."
"Beg pardon, professor," interrupted the facetious student. "A shadow is nothing."
The class tittered, while the professor cast a provoked glance at the facetious student. Controlling himself, however, he paused a moment to consider how he should meet the interruption. Technically the student was right, but he was hypercritical. He had taken a like course several times before, and the professor desired to put a stop to his interruptions.
"You think that a shadow is nothing," he said, addressing the class, while looking at the facetious student. "I think I can demonstrate that a shadow may be something fraught even with life and death. Some years ago I was travelling in the far west, where things are not done as we do them here, and strolling through the central square of a small town I came upon a gallows. A crowd was collecting, and upon inquiry I learned that a murderer was to be hanged at noon. I did not remain to witness the hanging, but on going back to the hotel I asked the landlord something about the culprit and his crime. This is what he told me:
"Some months previous a house had been entered, an old man who lived there alone murdered, his tin box where he kept his valuables rifled and his money taken. There had evidently been a struggle, and spots of blood appeared here and there on the furniture. A careful examination of the marks on the box was made, resulting in the discovery by the blood stains on it that the index finger of the right hand of the murderer was missing. But that was all the headway made in the case for some months. Everybody for miles around knew that a murderer was at large minus the index finger of his right hand, and everybody was on the watch for such a person.
"One night about 10 o'clock a woman was sitting before embers on a fire-place dozing. Behind her on a table was a bright light, before her a white wall. Opening her eyes, she saw on the wall the shadow of a man. He stood still for a moment; then, raising his right hand, in which he held a knife pointing downward, he began to advance without noise. One thing was noticeable—there was something wanting in the shadow of the thumb and forefinger. If you will make such a shadow, you will see that in that position it will show the forefinger a protuberance. The woman noticed there was no such protuberance. The handle of the knife took its place, but did not completely fill it. At any rate, there was a difference. No more remarkable instance of coolness than that of this woman threatened with instant death is on record.
"Sarah" she called in a perfectly controlled voice to a servant in the kitchen.
"The shadow retreated. Probably the man stepped into the hall. Sarah came in, and her mistress said to her:
"I have some bills to pay tomorrow morning and some purchases to make. There's not a cent of money in the house. I wish you to take a note to my brother and ask him to let me have \$50, which amount I will draw from the bank tomorrow and send it to his office. Stop; he will not give it without the order. I will write one. Hand me my writing case."
"The servant did as she was directed, and the woman wrote the note, reading it over aloud carefully to make sure that she had made herself plain and that the servant understood what she was to do. Then the latter left the house.
"For five minutes by the clock on the mantel the woman sat perfectly still. She could not be sure that her plan would succeed. She must take her chance of determining whether it had or not. After five minutes, not seeing the shadow reappear, she got up and went out the front door to the next house, where she sent a messenger to the police station with the following note:
"The three fingered murderer came just now to my house to murder and rob me. I sent my servant with a note to my brother living on the Hilton road for \$50. The murderer heard me tell her what to do. He will follow her and on her return will rob her.
"The police were out at once, followed the girl and saw her enter the house where she was to get the money. One of their number entered, dressed himself in the servant's clothes and started back as if to deliver the money. From behind a bush a man sprang up and called out, 'Your money or your life' at the same time covering the supposed servant with a revolver. Instead of complying he sounded a sharp whistle. It was needless, however, for the police were in touch and in an instant had the robber handcuffed. His right hand was found to be minus the index finger. There was absolutely no other testimony to convict him of the murder committed some months before, but this bit of circumstantial evidence was sufficient. The shadow of the forefinger!"

"Wrong again, professor," interrupted the facetious student. "It was the absence of shadow."
"You are incorrigible," said the professor, smiling. "What can't be cured must be endured."
The class, the facetious student and the teacher all laughed together, and the latter proceeded with his discourse. But the interrupter never offended again. He had no desire to do so, and he knew the class would cry him down if he did.

HENRY R. STONBERGER.



A MODERN GULLIVER AMONG THE LILLIPUTIANS.

—New York Journal.