By Authority of Congress.

U. S. Gov't Baking 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.

THE SYBARITE.

A bed of roses where the sunlight falls;
A glimpse of purple grapes on southward walls,
And far, white Thurii through the leaves of trees,
A sense of rest where yet no duty calls.

A single wave that laps the idle beach;
A shining lizard darting out of reach;
A breath of wind through odorous banks of flowers;
A thought of peace, and yet too slow for speech.

A dial where the pointed shadow creeps
From hour to hour of ease; a day that keeps
Its beauty through the night; a night that comes
With dew and stars—a hush—a world that sleeps.

—Detroit Free Press.

Hell Will Be on a Comet!

What do you think of the idea of hell, the future abode of the wicked, being situated in the nucleus of some gigantic comet? This opinion, odd as it may seem to those who have given comets and the future state of the dead but little attention, has been entertained by many really eminent scientists and philosophers, among them the learned Dr. Whiston, the friend and sometime adviser of the great Sir Isaac Newton.

In answer to the inquiries of a friend, who wrote to ask the doctor for some tangible proof on the subject, the following unique theories were advanced: "According to my calculations and deductions, this theory which you rightly say 'must belong to me and me alone,' does locate hell, the awful prison house of the damned, in the fiery nucleus of some (perhaps yet undiscovered) comet of unthinkable size.

"In this wide circling chariot of fire they will be whirled in the twinkling of an eye from the intolerable heat of the surface of the sun back into space hundreds and hundreds of millions of miles from the great torch bearer of our system. Thus instantly the wretched tenants will be given two unbearable extremes—one of cold and the other of heat—this to continue through the endless ages of eternity, while the Almighty is dispensing the severities of justice."

Did mortal man ever harbor a more horrible idea than this?—St. Louis Republic.

Literary Chances in New York.

The actual chances for literary success in New York are in no respect different from those which any greater city presents over those of a smaller community. If a literary man or woman can go to New York with a certainty offered in the way of a fairly paying position, then I say, by all means go, and if he has any talent in him it will come out and win quick success. But if he has only ordinary gifts then let him stay where he is, even with a certainty offered him. New York holds out nothing to such a man except a poor livelihood. Or, if a writer has established a fair reputation, is known by editors and publishers through letters, and he feels that there is something in him which only the activity of a great city will bring out, then let him go to busy Gotham.

But let him be careful that he does not confuse ambition with talent. New York is full of ambitious writers, and they will always remain ambitious, always reaching out to eat the literary oats which hang suspended just a little out of their reach. Ambition is a splendid quality, but the talent must be there to back it up. And the latter is what is lacking in so many of the ambitious literary spirits in New York today. It is all ambition.—E. W. Bok in Ladies' Home Journal.

Disappearance of a Famous Picture.

The story of the disappearance of Gainsborough's portrait of the beautiful Duchess of Devonshire belongs to the romance of art. The history of the vicissitudes of art treasures contains nothing more startling than the theft of this canvas. It was brought to the hammer of Christie's, in King street, on May 6, 1876. The bidding for the picture was very spirited and closed at 10,000 guineas, when it came into the possession of Mr. Agnew.

It was stolen from his premises in Old Bond street on the night of the 25th of the same month. Nothing has been heard since of this famous picture. The one of her grace at Chatsworth is by the same painter, and was exhibited at the Royal academy in 1783. Gainsborough was so dissatisfied with one of his pictures of the duchess that he would not send it to Chatsworth. He drew his wet brush across the exquisite mouth, exclaiming, "Her grace is too difficult for me."—Sala's Journal.

The Mechanism of an Oyster.

Every oyster has a mouth, a heart, a liver, a stomach, besides many curiously devised little intestines and other organs—necessary organs, such as would be handy to a living, moving, intelligent creature. The mouth is at the end of the shell, near the hinge and adjoining the toothed portion of the oyster's pearly covering. This tiny little apology of a mouth is oval in shape, and although hardly visible to one unused to making such anatomical examinations can be easily discovered by gently pushing a bodkin or a piece of blunt, smooth wire along the surface of the locality mentioned.

When the mouth is at last located you can thrust your instrument through between the delicate lips and a considerable distance toward the stomach without causing the oyster the least pain whatever. From this mouth there is of course a miniature canal leading to the stomach. Food passes from this canal to the stomach, and from the latter organ into the intestines just as readily as though the little bivalve were as large as an elephant or a rhinoceros.

Remove the shell (this operation is rather rough on the oyster, but can be done in a comparatively painless manner by an expert) and you will see the crescent, which lies just over the so called heart. This half moon space is the oyster's pericardium. Within is the true heart, the pulsations of which can be readily seen without the aid of a glass. The heart is very humanlike, made of two parts, one of which receives the blood from the gills through a network of real blood vessels; the other portion contracts and drives the blood out through the body. The other organs of an oyster's anatomy are all in the proper places and performing their several functions.—St. Louis Republic.

One Fine Morning.

It was not quite so white a world as showed itself one August morning years ago. The sun had risen its finest, and the tourist crowd had gone back to its beds in the big hotel just off the Kulm and left it to three well wrapped mortals too enthralled to feel that they could ever sleep again. The green of the mountain rose like an island from a wide sea of billowy, silky, white clouds. Only the distant mountain peaks companioned it, and the sky made a blue dome over all.

After a time clear peals of heavy bells came up through the fleecy substance that hid church and village, and we could hear the tinkle of the cow and goat bells as herds and flocks went to the pastures.

Then as the sun rose higher there were rifts in the clouds, and hamlets, forests and blue lakes appeared and disappeared as the sea shifted its billows. The rifts opened wider and wider as the hours went on, till it was all open, and the lake of the four forest cantons lay clear, far below, with the Bernese Alps piling up their snows and glaciers and precipices on the farther side, and lakelets and towns and farms and miles of pastoral Switzerland could be studied as on a map.

The gravity railways have since that day brought higher and better situated mountain tops within the reach of the three travelers, and they are content to sail up Laka Lucerne without stopping, but with a feeling that the unsurpassed morning for them was that one when the Rigi did its best.—Newport News.

A Photographic Diary.

Of the many uses to which photography has been put probably that of using it as a means of forming an illustrated diary is the most novel. It is said that a certain millionaire is always accompanied by a quiet looking man who carries a small, square case and hovers around in a seemingly suspicious way. But he is a most important individual and receives a handsome salary for his services. It is his duty to take a series of instantaneous photographs, showing how his employer has passed the day. There is no posing or anything of the sort and the photographer has to use his own judgment in choosing which moments to represent.

We need hardly point out what possibilities this opens up, and really a most interesting and instructive history of a man's life could thus be formed. It is true not all of us can afford to employ a photographer to take us about a dozen times a day, but if we ourselves carried always a hand camera and shot off at things and places of interest which we came across in every day life, we could make as interesting record which in years to come would be of value if only to remind us more vividly of the past.—Outing.

Four thousand new postoffices were established last year, and 557,646 unmailable letters poured into the boxes, 32,612 of them wholly without any outside sign, symbol or address.

A married woman was found intoxicated in the streets of London with $5,000 in her pocket. She said she carried the money about because she was afraid of burglars.

OTTAWA SCANDALIZED.

Unconventional Goings On Reported at Rideau Hall.

QUEER CONDUCT OF THE SERVANTS

They Seem to Be on Terms of Social Equality With the Governor General and His Guests—Aristocratic Ottawa Holds Up Its Hands In Horror.

Queer rumors come from Ottawa concerning unconventional and altogether unprecedented proceedings at Rideau Hall. The governor general, Lord Aberdeen, and his famous lady are said to hobnob in the most familiar fashion with their servants and to conduct their official entertainments in an unceremonious style that has quite shocked and horrified the society of that conservative capital. For our knowledge of the situation we are indebted to the following story by the Ottawa correspondent of the New York Recorder, who is evidently an ardent partisan of the anti-Aberdeen faction:

Never was gentlewoman more advanced and liberal in her ideas than is Lady Aberdeen, who in consequence has gained in popularity among tradespeople and the working classes what has been lost in the upper set. Since their arrival at Government House there has been literally no distinction of persons, and the "exclusive" of the capital have been horrified beyond measure by meeting at official entertainments grocers, restaurant keepers, public school teachers and even waiters—in fact, a perfect olla podrida.

To any one conversant with Canadian society it will at once appear how galling this is to the Four Hundred of the Dominion in general and to aristocratic Ottawa in particular.

The Aberdeens' first entertainment baffles description, and the quality of the supper was truly appalling, consisting as it did of thickly cut ham sandwiches, bad claret cup and tepid lemonade.

Her ladyship is playing the mischief with the servants here. She has a club for their own household called the "Haddo club," and they have weekly entertainments. Recently at one of these Mr. Grant, the butler, read a paper entitled "My Impressions of Canada."

Each servant is permitted to invite two friends to these gatherings, and the Aberdeens also ask a few friends. The other evening the

LADY ABERDEEN.

Honorable Mrs. Herbert, wife of General Herbert, a most aristocratic lady, was one of those favored, and on ringing to order her carriage was told that "the coachman had gone out." She had to telephone for a cab. When she entered the ballroom at Government House, the first thing she saw was her coachman dancing with Lady Aberdeen. This is a fact!

Another day Mrs. Herbert and a friend were asked there to lunch and went at the appointed hour. After keeping them waiting half an hour in the drawing room Lady Aberdeen came in, apologizing for keeping them, but said that the "Haddo club" had a meeting that morning and she only hoped the servants would have time to get them something to eat. Evidently the servants hadn't, for after another long interval a tray was brought into the drawing room with a small plate of ham sandwiches and some cold tea not fit to drink, and that was all the lunch they got.

The domestics at the vice regal mansion are most insolent. They don't attend to the guests and make audible personal remarks about them and laugh at their own jokes. The other evening at dinner a lady asked the butler for a fork, and he replied haughtily, "Madam, all you require is on the table."

At an evening party a few weeks ago a friend of mine told me that when she went in to supper—quite early, too—five or six of the maids were sitting down at the supper table, stuffing themselves as fast as they could. One was at last induced to pour out a cup of coffee, but poured out another for herself at the same time, endeavoring to enter conversation with the guests.

The servants wear no uniforms—not even caps and aprons, which Lady Aberdeen regards as badges of servitude. Other people's servants are beginning to follow suit and say they will not wear them either.

His excellency always calls her excellency "mother," both in public and private. At the state drawing room, held in the senate chamber at the beginning of the parliamentary session, every Jack and Jill in Ottawa was present, while but few society people put in an appearance. "Mother" got tired of standing when the ceremony was about half over, so everything came to a standstill for her to rest. She was just going to sit down on the "throne," but remembered in time her husband represented the queen, at any rate in public, whatever he might do in private. There was nowhere else to sit, so they split the difference, and each sat down on an arm of the throne and dangled their lower limbs, to the great edification of the galleries. He chatted to his aids-de-camp and she to her ladies in waiting till sufficiently rested to continue.

Lady Aberdeen's appearance is against her. She has good clothes and jewelry, but seems to throw them on. At the recent drawing room no two people would have looked more out of place, and certainly if a caricature of vice regal state were intended Lord and Lady Aberdeen have most effectively provided a spectacle to make loyalists weep and republicans jeer.

There is quite a romance connected with Lord Aberdeen's marriage. The young peer was on a walking tour through Scotland, and knowing that he was somewhere near the castle of Lord Tweedmouth he thought he would call on him. However, as the hills were enveloped in a thick Scotch mist, he soon lost his way and wandered about helplessly for hours. When it lifted slightly, he perceived in the distance a young Scotch lassie, very plainly dressed in homespun and accompanied only by a large collie dog. Thinking her some shepherd's daughter, he said, "My good girl, can you direct me to Lord Tweedmouth's?"

To his surprise and embarrassment, the "good girl" replied, "I should think I could, considering I have lived there all my life, being his daughter."

They chatted merrily after this, and on reaching the castle it turned out that the fathers of the young people had been firm friends years ago. The acquaintance thus made ripened into friendship, friendship into love, and their wedding bells rang Nov. 7, 1877. The union has been a most fortunate one for Lord Aberdeen, as he possesses a morbidly sensitive and nervous temperament and is frightened, it seems, by his own shadow, hanging persistently to his wife's apron strings on all occasions. Indeed it is a common saying that she is the better man of the two.

The Wild Career of a Runaway Chicago Ham.

Some small boys fastened a wire to one of those wooden hams which are used for advertising purposes, and to the other end of the wire attached a lot of fish hooks, then dropped the fish hooks into the Madison street cable slot at Madison street, near Halsted. The hooks quickly took hold of the running cable, and away sped the ham toward the setting sun.

At Green street it struck and tossed into the mud handsomely dressed Jim De Meyer, the wine connoisseur. At Loomis street it struck an Italian's hand cart laden with fresh roasted peanuts and popcorn and scattered the load over the road. The ham journeyed right on, leaving the son of Italy and the street newsboys to fight over the peanuts and popcorn. A bicycle rider was upset at Lincoln street and slightly injured by colliding with the flying imitation pork. As the frayed edged ham danced along near Western avenue it caught the eye of a nearsighted saloon keeper.

"What a nice addition," muttered he, "to my free lunch counter." He grabbed a board, threw himself into position like a grand stand ball player as he comes to bat, and as the ham approached him he swiped it about amidship, broke the wire and acquired the ham. The loafers who, clad in their best clothes, stood lazily smoking cigars on the sidewalk, gently led the ham grabbing saloon keeper into his saloon near by.—Chicago Tribune

Salvage for Injured Sailors.

It is usual, when one of a party of salvors receives an injury in the course of the work, to give the one injured an extra compensation. In the case of the disabled steamship Australian, taken in tow by the Cunarder Catalonia, 870 miles west of Queenstown, the second officer had his ankle dislocated, and received $250 in addition to his share of the salvage, which was altogether $20,000.—New York Evening Sun.

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.

Pipkin—What are you going to do with your son when he gets out of college? Potts—I think some of sending him to school.

EXPENSIVE ECONOMY.

Some people begrudge the little money that an ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTER costs, and then when they are racked with pain from a lame back, or from the soreness arising from a cold, they will spend any amount of money to relieve the pain. If they only had one of these world-renowned plasters on hand, they would be saved a vast amount of suffering and be considerably richer. At the first sign of stiffness of the joints apply one of these plasters without any delay. The soreness will be greatly relieved at once and soon disappear entirely. It will be money saved to have them on hand, to say nothing of the comfort they bring.

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"With what are you going to surprise your husband on his recovery from his long illness?" "With my new hat."

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Apply a particle of the Balm well up into the nostrils. After a moment draw strong breath through the nose. Use three times a day, after meals preferred, and before retiring.

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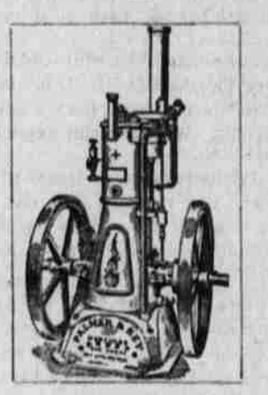

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