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

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

GAVE GRANT HIS START.

How the Great Commander Went Back Into the Army.

The Washington Post is authority for the statement that the late General Thomas J. Pitcher gave General Grant his real start. They had been classmates at West Point. At the opening of the civil war Pitcher, then a captain, had been sent to Springfield, Ills., to act as United States mustering officer. A stranger entered his office one day, and Pitcher relates the following story of the interview:

"'You don't seem to remember me, Tom,' said the visitor.

"'No, I don't,' I said, 'but I've seen you somewhere I know.'

"'I'm Sam Grant,' he answered.

"His beard had so changed him that I did not know him, and then, you see, I had not seen him since 1849. He sat down, and I said: 'Well, Sam, how does it happen that you are here?'

"'I came here,' he said, 'to get something to do. Can't you give me something, Tom?'

"'Yes, I can,' said I. 'You know how to make out muster rolls?'

"'I should think so,' said Grant, with the first smile seen on his face.

"'Well, I am allowed $100 per month and rations for a clerk. If you like, take that table over there and begin now.'"

A month later Pitcher walked into his office and handed his clerk an official envelope directed to "Colonel U. S. Grant." The clerk's face turned red, then pale.

"There's your chance, Sam," said Captain Pitcher.

"I'll never forget this, Tom, never!" answered the other as he wiped something out of his eyes with his handkerchief.

Nor did he. Until Grant's death he was Pitcher's faithful friend and helper. It was always "Sam" and "Tom" between them.

DID HE LOVE BUT ONCE?

Orators Who Deliver Eulogies Should Know All the Facts First.

There are women in this advanced age of civilization who are ready to hinder the efforts of reformers to abolish the funeral pyre of the Hindoo.

A memorial meeting was held a few days ago in honor of a man who had been prominent in public work. His former colleagues and intimate friends filled the large platform. Among them sat his widow, weeping silently under her crepe veil. One after another the orators of the occasion laid tributes of eloquence at the altar of his memory. One, more inspired and with a longer speech than the rest, followed the history of his life from the time of his birth, "in the troublous days when all Europe was aghast at the sight of Napoleon striding over the ruins of empires to a universal throne.

"But the most important event of his life," he continued, "happened at a later date. It was at a fancy ball that he met, as he afterward said, the first and only love of his life. He was there disguised as a highlander.

"What?" he whispered as some one tugged at his coat, but getting no reply, he went on—"And the lady of his choice was dressed"—here there was another tug—"was dressed as a Turkish cigarette girl. After a short courtship they were married."

He then continued the eulogy of the youthful bride of the deceased in extravagant terms. When he sat down a neighbor orator whispered, "You forgot his widow."

"Oh, no, I didn't. I gave her a good send off."

"Good heavens!" exclaimed the other. "This is his third wife!"—New York Herald.

Corrosion of Metals by Water.

The peculiar statement is made by M. Bauchier in Le Revue Maritime et Coloniale that corrosion of metals by water may be caused by the action of micro-organisms present in particular harbors, but absent in the ocean. It appears that the fact, as ascertained, of pure aluminium plates immersed in Norfolk Roads being badly corroded at the end of three months, while in France commercial aluminium subjected to the same test was practically untouched, and two plates attached to the bottom of a ship were uninjured after a voyage around the world, led him to investigate the sea water from different places, with the following results, as stated: If introduced into boilers, the Mediterranean water, which contains more salt than the Atlantic water, causes more damage; so does the water taken from estuaries and near the shore, which contains a larger proportion of nitrates from fermenting organic matter. The destructive power of the shore water is much reduced, however, if it be sterilized by means of boiling.

His Prize.

Father (who has given his consent)—I hope, young man, that you know the value of the prize you will get in my daughter?

Young Man—Well—er—no, sir. I don't know the exact value, but, as near as I can find out, it's in the neighborhood of £5,000.—London Answers

The hemlock plant grows wild in many countries, but it is strongest and most abundant in the active poisonous principle in Italy and Greece. It is a plant of exceedingly unpleasant odor, and all parts are considered poisonous.

Absinth.

No intelligent person should have any doubt about absinth being a dangerous, insidious and subtle liquor. Whatever temporary service it may yield, subject to medical advice, the moment that necessity ceases its further use is a cruel violation of the laws of health and is not inapt to lead to the abandonment of common decency in appearance and deportment. The practical and scientific conclusions in regard to the use of absinth are summed up briefly in the statement that "the evil effects of drinking absinth are very apparent. Frequent intoxication or moderate but steady tippling utterly deranges the digestive system, weakens the frame, induces horrible dreams and hallucinations and may end in paralysis or in idiocy."

Chambers says: "Absinth is a spirit flavored with the pounded leaves and flowering tops of certain species of artemisia, chiefly wormwood, together with angelica root, sweet flag root, star anise and other aromatics. The aromatics are macerated for about eight days in alcohol and then distilled, the result being a green colored liquor. Adulteration is largely practiced, usually with the essential oils of others herbs, but even blue vitriol is sometimes found in so called absinth. Its effect upon either man or woman not actively engaged in manual work of some kind must be dangerous. It makes the brain dull and unreliable. Under its effects the merest glimpses of mental sunshine are immediately followed by prolonged periods of dejection. Sensible persons are safest if they never touch absinth."—Brooklyn Eagle.

People Who Look Over Houses.

"My duty is to show intending tenants over the 'houses to let' which appear on our books," said a man employed by one of the great firms of land and house agents in London. "It might surprise you to know that some people have a perfect craze for looking over houses, though they are comfortably housed enough already and have no immediate intention of removing. I have shown the same couple—middle aged folks with nothing to do apparently—over scores of houses, from cottages to mansions.

"And as for 'faddy' people—well, I am afraid that the ladies are, in general, the hardest to please, but then, you see, the whole responsibility is mostly left to them. Some of them find that every house they look at has some serious drawback, and they will keep me for hours at a time while they peer about. As a general principle the ladies want a bigger and finer house than they can afford. Often enough the gentleman who accompanies them never says a word, but lolls about and smokes listlessly."—Pearson's Weekly.

Ancient Artists.

Is it known generally that works of art were well paid for in ancient times? A German review furnished recently some particulars about that question. Polygnote of Thasos, who lived about 450 B. C., refused, it is true, any payment for his works and declared that he was sufficiently rewarded with the title of citizen of Athens, which had been conferred on him. But such disinterestedness was seldom imitated. Thirty years later the painter Zeuxis of Heracleum was called to the court of Archelaus I, king of Macedonia. He received for his frescoes in the palase of Pella 400 "mines," about $8,000. Mnason of Elathea paid $20,000 for a "Battle With the Persians," which he had ordered from Aristides, the leader of the Theban school. Pamphilus of Sycione gave a course of lectures on painting; each pupil paid for attendance one "talent," or $1,200 a year. Apelles received 20 gold "talents," about $240,000, for a portrait of Alexander I, ordered by the city of Ephesus.

Monarchy and Republic.

If the greatest objection to a monarchy is that a nation may thus run the risk of being ruled by a fool or a scoundrel, the greatest objection to certain forms of democracy should be that a nation may thus run the risk of being governed by 500 of such. A great English lord was one day confidentially informed that his steward robbed him. "I know it," he replied, "but my steward sees that nobody else robs me." That English lord was a wise man. And, as for costs, I believe that enough money is spent and enough business is stopped during a presidential campaign in America to keep all the crowned heads of Europe during the four years of the president's time of office.—Max O'Rell in North American Review.

A Little Particular.

"I had such a lovely dream last night," cried Eleanor. "I dreamed that I was married to a man who looked like Lucien, talked like Jack and had Charlie's good qualities."

"Then at last you were suited? What a pity you couldn't merge the three into one in some such fashion. It would settle your mind for you."

"Ye-yes, I suppose so," said Eleanor hesitatingly, "only I would like him to be able to sing like Harold too!"—Chicago Times-Herald.

Japan is an Anglicized corruption of Nifong, the name of the principal island in the Japanese empire.

Calico was first introduced from Calicut, in India, as stuff for gentlemen's clothes.

BICYCLE TALE NO. 1784.

The Duchess Is In a Dilemma, but Makes It All Right With the Duke.

The Duchess of Pomposet was writhing, poor thing, on the horns of a dilemma. Painful position, very. She was the greatest of great ladies, full of fire and fashion, and with a purple blush (she was born that color) flung bongly arms around the neck of her lord and master. The unfortunate man was a shocking sufferer, having a bad unearned increment and enduring constant pain on account of his back being broader than his views.

"Pomposet," she cried. "Duky darling!"

(When first married she had ventured to apostrophize him as "ducky," but his grace thought it infra dig., and they compromised by omitting the vulgar "c.")

"Duky," she said, raising pale, distinguished eyes to a Chippendale mirror, "I have made up my mind."

"Don't!" expostulated the trembling peer. "You are so rash!"

"What is more, I have made up yours."

"To make up the mind of an English duke," he remarked with dignity, "requires no ordinary intellect, yet I believe with your feminine hydraulics you are capable of anything, Jane."

(That his aristocratic rib should have been named plain Jane was a chronic sorrow.)

"Don't keep me in suspense," he continued. "In fact, to descend to a colloquialism, I insist on your grace letting the cat out of the bag with the least possible delay."

"As you will," she replied. "Your blood be on your own coronet. Prepare for a revelation. I have fallen! Not once, but many times."

"Wretched woman!—I beg pardon—wretched grande dame! Call upon Debrett to cover you!"

"I am madly in love with"—

"By my taffeta and ermine, I swear"—

"Peace, peace," said Jane. "Compose yourself, duky—that is, Plantagenet. Forgive the slip. I am agitated. My mind runs on slips."

The duke groaned.

"Horrid, awful slips."

With a countenance of alabaster he tore at his sandy topknot.

"I have deceived you. I admit it. Stooped to folly."

A supercilious cry rent the air as the duke staggered on his patrician limbs.

With womanly impulse, flinging caste to the winds, Jane caught the majestic form to her palpitating alpaca and, watering his beloved features with duchessy drops, cried in passionate accents:

"My king! My sensitive plant! Heavens! It's his unlucky back! Be calm, Plantagenet! I have—been—learning—to—bike! There! On the sly!"

The duke flapped a reviving toe and squeezed the august fingers.

"I am madly enamored of—my machine."

The peer smoothed a ruffled topknot with ineffable grace.

"Likewise I am determined you shall take lessons. Now it is no use, duky. I mean to be tender but firm with you."

The potentate gave a stertorous chortle, and, stretching out his arms, fell in a strawberry leaf swoon on the parquet floor, his ducal head on the lap of his adored Jane.—Punch.

Seemed Quite Natural.

The football player was experimenting with a bicycle, and it balked, as bicycles sometimes will. He was disentangling himself from a barbed wire fence when the stranger came along.

"Machine gave you a sort of surprise, didn't it?" asked the stranger.

"I should say it did," replied the player.

"Didn't exactly know where you were for a minute, I guess," ventured the stranger.

"That's right," returned the player. "For a minute or two I felt sure I was playing in the rush line."—Chicago Post.

Proof Positive.

Gladys—What are you going to do when you leave college?

Tom—Oh, live on my income, I guess.

Gladys—A man as clever as you might do something to prove his cleverness.

Tom—Living on my income would prove me one of the cleverest financiers of the age.—Life.

Romance and Reality.

Hermia—Vladimir Eckstein, you have asked for a meetin, an I giv' it; wot is the result? You say you never loved me! Wot does all them letters mean, all of them writ in poekry an perfoomed wid wiolets? I throw the base calomel in your teet' (with bitterness); nothink you kin say will vindicate yer conduck to me!

Vladimir (gazing at stack of letters)—Oh! wot a ass I've bin!—Truth.

Though Vermont has increased in population but 2,000 in 25 years, Massachusetts has added nearly 1,000,000 to its inhabitants in the same time, and Rhode Island and Connecticut also show a steady growth.

LOCKED UP BY WOODPECKERS.

The Fate of a Ground Owl That Had Taken Possession of Their Home.

Although the woodpecker is industrious, provident and peaceful, he is not to be trifled with or tyrannized over with impunity, as the following incident will show:

A companion and I on an August day pitched our camp at a spring on the table lands of the ridge dividing Ojal from Santa Clara valley. About the spring stands a large grove of live oaks. In one of these not far from the tent door a pair of woodpeckers had for years no doubt made their dwelling place. Somewhat shy of us at first, the birds in a few days paid little attention to our presence. It frequently amused us of a sultry afternoon as we lounged upon the buffalo robes laid on the shaded grass to observe the birds with whose labors the warmth appeared to have little to do.

We had camped there a week or ten days when before daybreak one morning we heard a commotion about the home of our staid neighbors. Our attention was attracted by their shrill outcries and the whir of their wings among the branches overhead. It had no sooner grown light enough to see than we pushed back the flap of the tent door and peered out to ascertain the cause of disturbance.

It soon became apparent that a little tecolote, or ground owl, at the approach of day had taken lodging in the hollow occupied by the woodpeckers, to their consternation. But the return of day brought courage to the rightful owners, and they resolutely set about finding means to eject the invader. They tried bluffing awhile about the only aperture to the hollow tree, but to little purpose, other than to cause the tecolote to peck at them when they appeared to be about to thrust themselves in.

At last, finding that neither threats nor entreaties were likely to be effective, and resolved that if they were to be deprived of their home it would be the last of that tyrannical owl, the woodpeckers brought presently from another part of the grove an oak ball of the size of the aperture, and, driving it tightly into the hole, withdrew to another hollow tree, leaving the bird of prey hermetically sealed up.

After several days, when we started to return to San Buenaventure, the ball was still in the hole, and the woodpeckers, settled in their new home, were going about their business as if there had never been a tecolote.—Portland Press.

THE COLONEL WAS MEAN.

For a Big Man He Played a Small Game With His Car Tickets.

Colonel Blank was a big, pompous man, as it behooves one to be who aspires to a military title without the drawbacks of a military life. He was always calling people's attention to his marked facial resemblance to James G. Blaine, "the greatest man, sir, this century and this country have produced." And people—ill natured people, that is—thought the colonel had a vivid imagination. There was a prodigality about his physique that one somehow expected to see repeated in the colonel's character. And to hear the colonel hold forth from the end of the boarding house table over which he presided the unsophisticated boarder would never have doubted that such a reasonable expectation would be realized on closer acquaintance.

What, then, was this unsophisticated one's surprise to hear the doughty colonel, evidently in a high good humor with himself, say one day:

"Well, I earned my fare down town today."

That the colonel would stoop to earn a nickel was remarkable; that he should boast of it was incredible.

"You see," proceeded the man of military aspirations, "I went down in the carette. Getting in at Schiller street, the carette was empty, and I went up to the front and bought six tickets for a quarter. One I dropped in the box. Then as the car filled up I was exceedingly useful to those who sat farther down, passing their fares up and depositing them. An exceedingly polite man they all thought me. And so I am, so I am. But instead of dropping their nickels in the box I dropped my tickets in until I had used up my five tickets and confiscated five nickels. I had regained my quarter and paid my fare. After that I was not so polite. I let people drop their nickels into the chute which the company provides for that purpose. Awful nuisance, that chute. But it's not my business to play conductor if the company's too mean to hire any."

And the colonel called for another cup of tea, and the unsophisticated one gasped to think of the smallness of which such greatness was capable.—Chicago Tribune.

A Poor Spirit.

Medium (in a tone with ice down its back)—Madam, the spirit of your dead husband wishes to converse with you.

The Widow Hennypeck—Huh! If he hasn't any more spirit now than he had when he was alive, it isn't worth paying attention to.—London Tit-Bits.

A SINGULAR FORM OF MONOMANIA.

There is a class of people, rational enough in other respects, who are certainly monomaniacs in dosing themselves. They are constantly trying experiments upon their stomachs, their bowels, their livers and their kidneys with trashy nostrums. When these organs are really out of order, if they would only use Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, they would, if not hopelessly insane, perceive its superiority.

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HIGH, LOW JACK!

Fine ice means very cold weather, then comes a high old time in skating rinks, and skating ponds, on sleds and rides, and we go home tired and overheated. It's the same old story of cooling off! off with wraps and on with all sorts of aches and pains, rheumatic, neuralgic, sciatic, lumbagic, including frost bites, backache, even toothache. They who dance must pay the piper. We cut up Jack and are brought low by our own folly. What of it, the dance will go on, all the same. It is generally known that St. Jacobs Oil will cure all such aches and pains separately or collectively, and the cry is on with the dance.

Jimmy—Timmy Grogan is talkin' of gittin' him a bicycle. Mickie—Him? He ain't got de price for the wind wot goes in de tires.

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Cancer

and when told this, the most eminent specialists of New York, under whose treatment she was placed, declared her case was hopeless. All treatment having failed, she was given up to die. S. S. S. was recommended, and astonishing as it may seem, a few bottles cured her sound and well.

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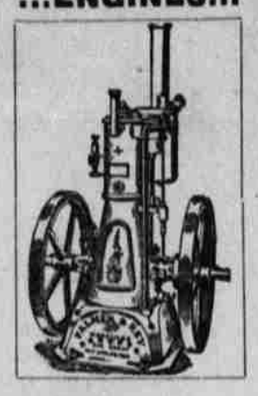

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