

Do You Wish the Finest Bread and Cake?

It is conceded that the Royal Baking Powder is the purest and strongest of all the baking powders. The purest baking powder makes the finest, sweetest, most delicious food. The strongest baking powder makes the lightest food.

That baking powder which is both purest and strongest makes the most digestible and wholesome food.

Why should not every housekeeper avail herself of the baking powder which will give her the best food with the least trouble?

Avoid all baking powders sold with a gift or prize, or at a lower price than the Royal, as they invariably contain alum, lime or sulphuric acid, and render the food unwholesome.

Certain protection from alum baking powders can be had by declining to accept any substitute for the Royal, which is absolutely pure.

About Displayed Goods.

There is an old English law, I am told, whereby a "shopkeeper" can be compelled to take from his show window and sell at the price marked any article a customer points out. Several comparatively recent arrivals in this country have cited this to me, and kicked with both feet because of refusals to equal a show window display by taking a pair of shoes of a brand and size of which there are hundreds in stock. As far as I can learn the enactment was intended to prevent the manufacture of samples for windows and the palming off on persons attracted thereby of "something equally as good."

However true it may be that the old English common law regards the price on an article in a window as a contract between the store owner and any passer-by who tenders the money, there is no such ordinance or law here. Often people insist on having something from the window, and decline to accept its exact duplicate. In that case, if the article is an expensive one, we strain the point and get it down; but if it is something low priced we give the customer the alternative of taking a duplicate or nothing.—Interview in St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Professor Lane's Famous Ability.

Among men of letters the most prominent antidilecter is probably Professor George Martin Lane, pope professor of Latin in Harvard. It is his habit to stand facing the middle of the blackboard. He begins to write a sentence with his left hand, and runs along until he reaches a point in line with his face. Then he shifts the chalk from his left hand to his right, and continues writing until he reaches the end of the blackboard. When calling the roll the students know by the motion of the professor's hands just the mark he intends to make.

He writes with his right hand until he comes to a scholar who answers "not prepared." The pen is instantly changed from the right to the left hand. Everybody knows that means a goose egg. Professor Lane is noted for being one of the finest Greek and Latin scholars in America. His most famous contribution to contemporaneous literature, however, is a little out of this line. He is the author of that piscicultural epic, "The Lane Fishball."

The water roared it through the hall.
"We don't give bread with our fishball!"
—New York World.

Self Locking Envelopes.

Doctors have inveighed against the dangerous gum which is used on some envelopes, and mishaps have been frequent as the result of damping the gum on envelopes with the tongue. All possibility of such accidents is removed by the automatic lock envelopes which have been patented. On the flap of the envelope are two projecting flanges, and all that is necessary to do to close the envelope is to fold these flanges by ready stamped lines, and insert the flap thus narrowed in a slot provided, whereupon the folded flanges automatically lock themselves in the slot, and the envelope cannot be opened without tearing it. The operation sounds much more complicated than it really is in practice, for one of these new envelopes can be closed as readily as the better known gummed envelopes.—New York Telegram.

Little Harry's Poem.

"Harry, you ought not to throw away nice bread like that; you may want it some day."
"Well, mother, should I stand any better chance of getting it then if I ate it now?"
—New York Journal.

A Dark Game.

It was a pretty mean man who, when asked to umpire a baseball game between two colored nines, immediately called the game on account of darkness.—Yale Herald.

A Goat Protective Association.

Out in that part of the northeastern section of this beautiful city of magnificent distances where the festive goat blossoms as the rose of Sharon and the lily of the valley, and his fragrance fills the soft Swampoodle air, a goat protective association has been formed to the discomfiture of Poundmaster Einstein and the defeat of the ends of justice. One of the rules and regulations governing the internal economy of the glorious capital of 62,435,250 people, more or less, provides that a goat which wanders unlicensed upon the purple hills of Swampoodle, and browses on her luscious tomato cans or masticates her recalcitrant old boot legs, may be apprehended by the minions of the law, and being duly impounded, its owner shall pay the sum of \$1 in the coin of the realm for its restoration to the emperpured heights and the enjoyment of the tomato cans afore-said.

But the people affected hate this tyrannous restriction upon the liberty of the goats and their own property rights, so each man's castle is a house of refuge to the innocent kid or the rancid old butter, and when the minions of Einstein appear every door is opened, and the fleeing goats escape pursuit and are hidden away until the danger is averted. By this means the goat population in the northeast is rapidly increasing, while the poundmaster's goat fund is actually dwindling away to invisibility, and the poundmaster refuses to be comforted.—Washington Star.

Manhood's Greatest Scourges.

The "two greatest scourges of mankind," according to Dr. Landis Brunton, are generally supposed to be phthisis and rheumatism, but we are told by this eminent authority that if any physician were asked which is the worse of the two he would probably decide for rheumatism. It not only leads to as many deaths as phthisis, directly or indirectly, but causes a vast amount of loss of time and power and immense pain. The rheumatic tendency shows itself in a great many other disorders, such as indigestion and headaches. It produces not merely pains in the joints, but inflammation of the serous membrane, and leads to the formation of "clots" or fibrous masses in the heart, which, becoming detached, are liable to be carried to the brain and cause paralysis. Dr. Brunton stated that the old fear of causing serious damage to patients whose hearts are weak by abruptly checking the pain is now much diminished. This is owing to the discovery that the well known remedy, salicylic acid, may be freely employed without risk, provided it is absolutely pure.—London News.

Knows Only Two Tunes.

Speaking of music, here is a true story of a well known and greatly esteemed Boston journalist to round out with: The journalist is so far from being a musician that he is accused of being destitute of the sense of tone. One time he was railed on this point by a lady of his acquaintance, who asked him point blank: "Is it true, Mr. A., that you don't know one tune from another?" "It is a fact," he said, "that I can't readily distinguish tunes apart. There are only two tunes that I really know well."

What are they?

"Old Hundred and the long meter Doxology!"—Boston Transcript.

Worse Than Being Nothing.

"What in the world are you doing?" yelled Cuzco to his youngest, when he caught him pounding his papa's watch with a hammer.
"Killing time," replied his precocious infant.—Harper's Bazar.

TOMMY'S DIPLOMATIC TACTICS.

How He Induced His Sister to Go to the Football Game.

"No, Tommy," said his sister, "I'll not give you 50 cents to pay to see the football match, you have seen a number of baseball games during the summer, and I think that is enough."

Tommy was dejected for a while and kept quiet, and his 25-year-old sister began to congratulate herself that she had silenced him for a time at least, and she would not be bothered by his teasing. Suddenly Tommy's face brightened and he turned toward his sister, but she was busy with some needle-work, and was all unconscious of the thoughts that were running through his mind. After a while he went over and stood beside her and watched her fingers as they dextrously knitted the bright colored yarn into fancy mats and things without name for a church fair to be held in a short time.

There was silence for a while, only broken by the far away notes of a harsh hand organ as it ground out, in spasmodic time, the "Bonlangier March" in the next block. At last Tommy broke the silence and said softly: "Do you remember Mr. Nicofellow who used to talk to you so much at the hotel in Saratoga?"

"Yes, Tommy, why?"

"I guess you haven't seen him recently, have you?"

"No, Tommy. When we moved last spring I believe he was in Europe, and I did not know his address, so did not send him a card. What makes you ask the question?"

"Oh, nothing much, only the last time I went to the Polo Grounds to see the New Yorks beat the Chicagoes he was there in the grand stand and talked to me. He said he attended nearly every game. He had a lady with him."

"A lady, Tommy?"

"Yes, I guess it was his mother."

"Oh! believed. You say he talked to you, Tommy?"

"Yes; he said he thought I had grown a great deal since he saw me in Saratoga, and wanted to know how that good looking sister of mine was."

"Go on, Tommy."

"And then he said: 'Let me see, your sister is about 19 now, isn't she?' And I said I guessed that was about your age."

"Well, sootily."

"Then he turned to the lady who was with him and asked her if she didn't remember the lady who looked so pretty that night at the hop; the one, he said, who had brown hair and wore a lovely pale blue silk dress, that became her so well and made the Rogers girls so jealous—I guess he said the Misses Rogers. And she said she remembered her quite well; and then she turned to me and said: 'Are you the young lady's brother?' And I said I was, and she said: 'You ought to be proud of having such a nice sister,' and I said I was, and it made me feel good when I saw how all the young ladies in the block were jealous of her."

"Tommy!" severely.

"Well, I couldn't help it, 'cause I know it's so."

"Tommy" (mildly).

"An' then Mr. Nicofellow told the waiter to bring me a glass of soda water, an' asked me if I didn't want some peanuts, an' I said I didn't mind, an' he brought me some, an' just then Buck Ewing made a home run, an' Mr. Nicofellow said he guessed the Chicagoes couldn't play ball, and he'd rather see a game of football any day, especially between the college eleven, an' he said, he hoped I would be at the football games this fall, an' wanted to know if you liked athletic sports, an' I said I guessed you did, but you had so many other things to attend to, visiting sick people an' making things for the poor leathens in Africa, an'—"

"When did you say the football game was to be played, Tommy?"

"On Saturday, an'—"

"Tommy (hesitatingly), would you like to take me to see the game if I buy the tickets?"

"Why, cert."

Then she kissed him and told him he needn't say anything about their going, and Tommy nodded toward the door. When he got outside he drew a long breath and exclaimed to himself: "What a whopper! But it worked!"—New York Tribune.

Satisfactory.

He (with evident agitation)—Miss Grimes, do you sing?

She—A little.

He—And play?

She—Yes.

He (sighing)—Paint, too, I suppose?

She—Some.

He—Recite any?

She—Once in a great while.

He—Do you cook?

She—No!

He—Thank heaven! Miss Grimes, will you be my wife!—Burlington Free Press.

Omissions for the Better.

"Had you much money up on the election?" asked the judge.

"Not a cent," replied the mayor. "I worked a better scheme than that this time."

"What was it?"

"I was in the stake holding industry."—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

There are vacant public lands in the United States amounting to 540,216,861 acres, exclusive of the undesirable domains in Alaska, and not counting the Indian reservations, some of which are already falling into the general territory of the nation.

In the lottery of life there are more prizes drawn than blanks, and to one misfortune there are fifty advantages. Despondency is the most unprofitable feeling a man can indulge in.—Rev. Dr. Talmage.

Pliny tells us that any plant gathered by a river before sunrise by a person, if unquenched, tied on the left arm of an ailing patient, without his knowing what it is, will cure the disease.

The "Lost Card."

A horse in Dakota has eight feet. He must be the "lost card" we have heard sung about so much.—Lowell Courier.

FOR PURE FOOD.

The San Francisco Board of Health Notify Consumers Which is the Best Baking Powder.

The Board of Health can engage in no more laudable occupation than the examination of our food supply and the instruction of the public as to those articles it finds to be pure and wholesome, and which, therefore, consumers should use.

There are quantities of baking powder in the market to use which is certain detriment to the health of the consumer. They are made from alum or improperly compounded from other chemicals, so that they leave a strong alkaline residuum in the food. Many of these powders, having proved unobtainable in the East, have been collected by their manufacturers from the dealers with whom they were left on commission, and shipped to the Pacific Coast. In the effort to gain a foothold in this market their unscrupulous manufacturers have indulged in extravagant statements both with reference to their own and other brands, claiming the most improbable endorsements for theirs and defaming the brands best known and longest used upon the Pacific Coast. This information from this high authority, therefore, is most opportune.

The strength in leavening an indicates both the economical value and the purity of a baking powder. The tests made by Messrs. Thomas Price & Son, the well-known analytical chemists of San Francisco, show the Royal to contain 101 cubic inches of leavening gas per ounce of powder, which was fifty-one inches more than the next highest in strength. This shows the Royal about 30 per cent. stronger than the best of the other powders and its use that much more economical.

The opinion of the Board of Health is as follows:

We, the members of the Board of Health of the city and county of San Francisco, cordially approve and recommend the Royal Baking Powder. It is absolutely pure and healthful, composed of the best ingredients, of the highest strength and character.

In our judgment it is impossible to make a purer or stronger baking powder than the Royal.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Pretty Big Eels.

On Dutch Neck in Gross pond—said to be bottomless, but at the deepest place it is only fifty-six feet deep.

At its outlet one fine morning Christopher Waltzgrover discovered an enormous eel. He at first thought it a new relation of some of the snakes he often found in his boots. The creature was nearly out of water in a shallow spot. He attacked it with a club and the monster showed fight. After a tussle the eel was slain. It was 4½ feet long and dressed 94 pounds. Mr. Waltzgrover had set stakes for a long time. The skin hangs today in the office of A. R. Reed, the prominent ship builder. It has shrunk much, but is now eight inches wide. The head is more than half a foot long, and the eyeballs are an inch long.

The largest eel outside of that giant with which I have had a personal acquaintance was one taken from Adam's pond at Boothbay harbor weighing four and one-half pounds. When that pond was drained in order to fit it for a reservoir the bottom was alive with eels, and two enterprising young men skinned a barrel full and shipped them to Boston. They usually net from eight to ten cents a pound.—G. W. Singer in Leviston Journal.

His Curiosity Was Too Strong.

A delightful story of the exhibition in an 8-year-old boy of weak human nature that falls sometimes to be equal to the strain put upon it comes from Brooklyn. This small boy has not the virtue of humility very prominently developed. Indeed, he is what is known among children of his own age as "proud," and went to remind some of his playmates as are less fortunate than he in worldly station of his advantages. Now his mother, who has a class in Sunday school, to which her little son also belongs, had given his outgrown overcoat to another boy in the class.

And then, knowing the falling of her offspring, before setting out she told him he must not tell the new owner that the coat had ever belonged to him. And the boy promised. But it was terribly hard work, especially as he sat next the object of his self-restraint during the entire exercises. But he didn't say anything, and the mother's heart was easier. At last, however, just before school was over, his state of grace departed from him. Leaning over the other boy, with cautiously extended fingers, he said: "I just want to see if that hole is in that pocket yet."—New York Evening Sun.

His Idea of Fame.

"Ambition is my life," said the enthusiastic youth as he sketched out a marvelous future for himself. "I intend to live only for success, power. But how best to achieve that? Shall I command armies, dictate to senators, or wield the mighty pen?"

"Do none of these things," said his father with the wisdom of years; "the secret is this: discover a new headline!"—St. Joseph News.

Comforts of Travel.

Professional Guide (to palace car porter)—I have an English lord in charge, and I want him to get a good impression of the comforts of travel in this country. Here's five dollars.

Porter—Yes, sah. Do you want me to gib him extra attention, sah?

Guide—Great Scott, no! I want you to keep away from him.—New York Weekly.

A Prophecy.

A Pittsburg student, while reading the book of the Vision of Nahum, the Elkshite, came across a passage that seemed to him to be a prophecy of the discovery of the use of electricity as a motive power in the electric railways of the present day. The passage is from Nahum ii, 4, and reads as follows: "The chariots shall rage in the streets, they shall jostle one against another in the broadways; they shall seem like toroases; they shall run like the lightning!"—Boston Transcript.

THE REASON.

Let us look into the force, meaning, reason of the oft-repeated line: Cures Promptly and Permanently.

Pains Endured for 30 Years, 25 Years, 20 Years, 10 Years,

Have been promptly Cured by ST. JACOBS OIL.

By the use of:

A FEW APPLICATIONS A HALF BOTTLE ONE BOTTLE TWO BOTTLES.

Correspondence with Sufferers shows entire permanence of cure up to this time, in some cases covering

5 Years,

7 Years,

8 Years,

10 Years,

and so on, and this proof we hold.

A copy of the "Official Portfolio of the World's Columbian Exposition," descriptive of Buildings and Grounds, beautifully illustrated, in water color effects, will be sent to any address upon receipt of 10c. in postage stamps by THE CHARLES A. VOGLER CO., BATTLESBURG, MD.

"August Flower"

Miss C. G. McCLAVE, School-teacher, 753 Park Place, Elmira, N. Y. "This Spring while away from home teaching my first term in a country school I was perfectly wretched with that human agony called dyspepsia. After dieting for two weeks and getting no better, a friend wrote me, suggesting that I take August Flower. The very next day I purchased a bottle. I am delighted to say that August Flower relieved me so that I have quite recovered from my indisposition."

Signs of Health.

You don't have to look twice to detect them—bright eyes, bright color, bright smiles, bright in every action.

Disease is overcome only when weak tissue is replaced by the healthy kind. Scott's Emulsion of cod liver oil effects cure by building up sound flesh. It is agreeable to taste and easy of assimilation.

Prepared by Scott & Brown, N. Y. All Druggists.

TOWER'S FISH BRAND SLICKER The Best Waterproof Coat in the World!

SLICKER

The FISH BRAND SLICKER is warranted waterproof, and will keep you dry in the heaviest storm. The new FISH BRAND SLICKER is a perfect riding coat, and covers the entire saddle. Beware of imitations. Don't buy a coat if the "Fish Brand" is not on it. Illustrated Catalogue free. A. J. TOWER, South, Mass.

No trees of 1st quality can ever be sent by mail. Mayhap you know it. By freight, prepaid if preferred, we ship safely 4, 5 or 6 ft. trees; 2-yr. Boses of rare excellence, everything! You actually pay less than for the puny stuff. 1,000 acres Nurseries, 20,000 acres Orchards. Exact information about trees and fruits. Stark Bros., Louisiana, Mo.

Plant Ferry's Seeds

and reap a rich harvest. They are always reliable, always in demand, always the best. FERRY'S SEED ANNUAL For 1893 is available to every Planter. It is an encyclopaedia of the latest farming information from the highest authorities. Mailed Free. D. H. FERRY, DETROIT, Mich. & CO.