Kitchen Economy

Actual tests show the Royal Baking Powder to be 27 per cent. stronger than any other brand on the market. If another baking powder is forced upon you by the grocer, see that you are charged the corresponding lower price.

Bread, biscuit, cakes and muffins are not known in most delicate and perfect quality where Royal Baking Powder is not used.

Embarrassing for the Pole.

A charming, and it must be confessed, rather coquettish widow, whose name is familiar to many of you, was recently being escorted home from a literary reception by two young men, an Englishman and a Pole. Now, the Pole could not speak English, nor the Englishman Polish, nor even French, in which language the lady was accustomed to address the Pole. Thus, in a sort of linguistic medley, the three were discussing the marriage of a very young girl to an old man whose recommendation was his money.

Said the Englishman (in English, of course—a dead language to the pole): "Now, Mrs. ——, if you'll pardon the candor, I don't really believe you disapprove of such a marriage as violently as you say you do. You women are all sordid creatures—get you to the scratch. Tell me, frankly, if you had to choose between that rich old man and say, for instance, me (the Englishman was conspicuously impecunious), which would you take?"

She—Why, you! You are at least young and——

They were interrupted by the Pole muttering and jabbering under his mustache.

"Excuse me, madam," he hissed in French, "I see I am de trop!" and off he went down a side street. Of course they were thunderstruck, nor could they possibly account for his strange conduct. A half hour later, while the imperturbable Englishman pursued the even tenor of his way down Sixth avenue, such peals of laughter as rang out from the lady's dressing room!

"He must understand a little English!" she said to herself, "just enough to have made him think Mr. —— had proposed and I had accepted him. No wonder he felt 'de trop!'"

She has never seen the Pole since.—New York World.

How Cuban Tobacco Is Raised.

The Cuban tobacco enjoys a high reputation, but only a few districts in Cuba produce the best varieties. For aroma, combustibility, elasticity and fineness of texture the tobacco of the Manicaragua valley is unsurpassed by any. Its excellence is no doubt due to some peculiar quality of the soil, though what cannot be stated, as no analysis has been made. It is said to be a sandy loam, and must be very rich, for, although it has been cultivated for hundreds of years, no fertilizer of any description is employed.

The valley is watered by arroyas, or brooks, which flow from the mountains into the River Arimao, and a curious thing about the river is that, contrary to the usual practice of tropical streams, there is rarely a flood, the river remaining nearly stationary all the year. The seed is sown broadcast in the nursery toward the end of August, and the plants are set out when about four inches high. The utmost care is taken in cleaning and pruning, and all the worms and other insects are picked off by hand. The first cutting of leaves is made in about four months after planting, the other cuttings according to circumstances.

The leaves are hung on poles and left in the open air for a day or two, guarding, however, against rain; then are taken to the drying house and treated much as tobacco is cured elsewhere, save that a fermented solution of the tobacco stems is sprinkled over them from time to time in the process of drying. The packing is done in palm bark, and the bales are tied with bark ropes. The cultivation is all in the hands of small planters, who do most of the work themselves. One man can attend 15,000 plants and about 7,500 plants are set out to each acre.—Interview in St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

How the Forty-Niners Lent a Hand.

Men pocketed their pride in California in those days. I met in the mines lawyers and physicians of good standing at home who were acting as barkeepers, waiters, hostlers and teamsters. An ex-judge of oyer and terminer was driving an ox team from Coloma to Sacramento. One man who had been a state senator and secretary of state in one of our western commonwealths was doing a profitable business at manufacturing "cradles," while an ex-governor of one of our southwestern states played the fiddle in a gambling saloon. These things were hardly remarked.

Every one went to the slope with the determination to make money, and if the mines did not afford it, the next inquiry was what pursuit or business would the sooner accomplish the desired end. Thousands who had not the necessary stamina for the vicissitudes of a miner's life, nor yet the means of going into any of the various channels of trade, were for a time compelled to serve in capacities far beneath their deserts, until time and means should justify them in choosing for themselves.

Genius in Danger.

Mr. Charles E. Proctor is an artist. His father is vice president and his grandfather president of the Singer Sewing Machine company. He is also very clever with pencil and brush. A short time ago he painted a portrait of the late lamented Fessenden that has attracted considerable attention. The familiar background of the picture, the face of a ten dollar bill, was also reproduced with true artistic skill. The white was placed in a jeweler's window on Broadway, and was very much admired. A couple of these admirers shortly afterward called on the youthful artist and inquired if the picture was really and truly his work, you know.

"I'm the man," said Mr. Proctor, scenting an important order.

"Then, sir, will you kindly come along with us?" said one of the gentlemen.

"Yes, you'll have to come along with us," said the other gentleman a little more peremptorily.

"Where? What? I don't exactly understand," stammered the artist.

"We are United States detectives," replied the first speaker very blandly, "and I fear your picture is a violation of the law. It is a question for the secretary of the treasury to decide."

And they marched the talented artist to that dingy old building down town that flies a nondescript flag, the stripes of which run up and down instead of the good old way. The picture went along. A consultation was held. It was sent to Washington, where another consultation was held, in which the artist's talents formed the principal subject of discussion. It came back again and another consultation was held, in which the artist was an interested listener.

Finally both picture and artist were released, the former properly stamped "counterfeit," the latter excessively flattered by this official tribute to his genius. He will hereafter carefully direct that genius in a different direction when he wants to make money.—New York Herald.

The Studies of Copernicus.

His earlier instruction, given Copernicus in the school at Thorn, included Greek and Latin letters. He then went, under the patronage of his uncle Lukas, who afterward became bishop, to the University of Cracow, where he applied himself to philosophy and medicine, but more ardently than to either of these branches, under the inspiration of the lessons of Albert Brudzewki, to mathematics and astronomy, in which he made himself familiar with the use of the instruments. He also, in his intervals of leisure, practiced in painting with considerable success.

When twenty-three years of age he proceeded to the University of Bologna, where he attended the lectures of Dominico Maria Novarra in astronomy and formed a personal friendship with him; and then to Padua, where he studied mathematics and astronomy, and obtained the degree of doctor of medicine. In 1499 and 1500 he was in Rome, the associate of the astronomer Regiomontanus, and lecturing on science to a numerous class. He then returned to his native land, where his reputation for learning and his gentle bearing gained him a cordial welcome. He became a priest, and under the patronage of his episcopal uncle, a canon of Frauenburg, on the banks of the Vistula.

Here, from 1503, he spent the remainder of his life, dividing his time between the duties of his profession, works of charity, and the study of astronomy. He visited the poor and sick, gave them medical attention, and relieved their wants at his own expense; devised a hydraulic system for the distribution of water through the city, remains of which are still to be seen; and composed a treatise on the coinage of money, which was preserved in the archives of the Diet of Grodno.—Popular Science Monthly.

Fads of Millionaires.

American millionaires have their fads. Mr. Russell Sage loves horses. He has stables at New York and Lawrence, Long Island wherein he keeps fast steeds, which have never, however, been allowed to figure on the trotting track in public. Far different is the case of Mr. Bonner, who for a period made it his business to own the fastest known trotter in the country, and bought up one famous record breaker after the other at fabulous prices. Mr. William C. Whitney's passion is for dogs. Several of them are kept at his home in this city. Others are at Newport and at Washington. He often visits Wall street, accompanied by a huge mastiff. When he was secretary of the navy he paid $500 for a magnificent St. Bernard, Gyp, and when she had a litter of puppies he presented several to his personal friends.

Mr. Lorillard, another dog fancier, fancies them as much for profit as for pleasure and makes money out of his extensive dog kennels in New Jersey. As much as $1,000 has been brought in to Mr. Lorillard's pockets from the sale of a single dog. Cyrus W. Field fired to love domestic fowls, and his henneries, full of hundreds of high bred fowls, were a famous feature of his summer residence at Ardsley-on-the-Hudson.—New York World.

A VISIT TO MONTICELLO.

He Jots Down a Few Thoughts in His Own Winning Way.

Not long ago I visited Monticello, and paused to weep over the grave of Thomas Jefferson, the great yet simple man who wrote the poetic but impractical statement that all men are created equal. As a matter of fact, if all men are created equal, they very early develop signs of inequality which must be recognized by the most obtuse. That they are, under the law, endowed with certain inalienable rights, among which may be enumerated life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness no one will deny, but in the pursuit of happiness how varied are the tastes and ambitions of man! What a wide gulf yawns between the joys of a life spent in reading Browning and that experienced by Jack the Ripper. And yet it only illustrates the divergence of opinion as to what constitutes life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

Mr. Jefferson was the author also of what is called Jeffersonian simplicity. It consisted somewhat in living well and dying in debt. Jeffersonian simplicity, as introduced at Washington during the latter part of the present century, is a delightful relaxation. It is as pleasant a way of whiling away an evening as one could wish think of. The only objection to it, of course, is the expense. The great outlay necessary in order to perfect it is what has kept Jeffersonian simplicity back.

I saw the neat little brick smoke house where Thomas brought his Virginia bride. It consists of one room on the ground floor, containing, among other things, a window.

Mr. Jefferson married, and with his wife at once set out on a bridal tour on horseback from Richmond to Monticello, arriving between 12 and 1 o'clock on the night after his wedding. I can, in imagination, see the two young people riding through the brush, up the hill, Mr. Jefferson shifting uneasily in his saddle from time to time, in order to give the saddle much needed rest and change of scene. In his hair I see the burr of the chestnut, and I hear him roguishly say that he calls it his chestnut hair, partly on that account and partly because it has been used before. Then I hear him swear a little as he climbs a persimmon tree for his hat.

Mrs. Jefferson rides along behind, with a look of chastened regret, thinking how she will reply to a letter of inquiry sent her by a New York paper, asking if she regards marriage as a failure. She is dressed plainly, in a brown dress and Garibaldi waist, laced down the back with porpoise strings. Over all she wears a riding habit, more or less fluted by the briars, and held in place by means of large white majolica buttons. It is the only bad habit she has.

Mr. Jefferson gets off his horse at the door of the little red smoke house, and walking in a stately, but fatigued and rocky, manner to the door, shouts: "What, ho, within there!" and then taking an eight pound key from his pocket, opens the door and welcomes his bride to her new home.

This picture is not overdrawn, for under similar circumstances the girl, whose dowry was enormous, and whose home had been one of luxury and ease all her life, arrived in the middle of the night within the bare walls of the little brick refrigerator on the top of the mountain, and at the hands of her husband received, by way of refreshment, the settings of a bottle of Rhine wine.

Mr. Jefferson was always regarded as a good provider. He also rode to Washington from Charlottesville in a gig, in order to avoid one of the lunch counters on the way. I am surprised that while president he did not board at home and bring his dinner.

When the time comes for a good but simple president, I hope to get a crack at it myself. Then you will see a gentle, plain and unassuming man drive up in front of the White

House every morning, with a pair of grass fed mares and a pale, slender colt following behind. An armful of hay will stick out at the tail of one of the wagons, and the team will work at this while the executive goes in to hobnob with the representatives of other powers.

What could be more touching than for the president of the United States to drive in from the farm, and entering an office in the morning, with a sun burned nose and the odor of new mown hay and new milch cows still hovering about him, to grasp the hand of a crowned head and present it with a large red apple as a mark of esteem!

At the noon hour I see Mr. Jefferson as he untied a large red handkerchief and took out his dinner, consisting of bread and molasses, a hard boiled egg and a wedge of prune pie. Hastily eating the bread and molasses and peeling the egg, he produces from his pocket a large horn handled clasp knife, and cutting up the pie on a copy of The Congressional Record, he stores it away in the recesses of his being. This was what first set the example at Washington for what is now called the congressional recess.

But there was something, after all, in the welcome of Thomas Jefferson to his bride as she landed in the new home, bare and desolate as it was, which was not humorous. In fancy I can see the young wife, with loosened and disheveled hair, as she looked about her, and then bowed her head upon the bosom of the great man, while tears of tenderness and joy wilted the skirt frills of the mighty American. No picture is more beautiful than honest affection in the foreground with a background of genuine greatness. It touches all hearts and disarms every foe. To be great in the eyes of a majority of voters is a triumph, but to be great in the eyes of one good woman is a good deal greater.

And so by the roadside, as we come away, we find the graves where the groom and the bride have again together found rest.—Bill Nye in Once a Week.

Overcome.

"Papa," said Maude, softly, "did George call on you to-day?"

"Yes, he called about 4 o'clock, and he was very ill. Must have had a chill. Shook so I sent him home in a cab.—New York Sun.

Man's Treatment of the Dog.

In nothing does social usage show such a brutal paradox as in its treatment of the dog. It coddles and nurtures him when he is worthless. It kills him ruthlessly when he is valuable. It supports high toned kennel clubs for his propagation, and it makes laws to destroy him at sight. It licenses the brute and puts a premium on him and it gives every ignorant justice the power to order him shot. It preaches his fidelity and affection with one breath and calls for his extermination with another. There is more superstition and ignorance associated with the dog than with the number thirteen.

I can take you tomorrow to half a score of professional dog fanciers who to guard your pet against hydrophobia will undertake to extract the worm from his tongue or to bite the last joint of his tail off. For a hundred years they have put roll brimstone in his drinking water as a prophylactic without ever once knowing that water does not dissolve brimstone. The dog is the best loved and the least understood of man's brute companions.—Nym Crinkle in New York Recorder.

That's the Worst of It.

There are some men in this world who couldn't tell you that two parallel lines may be infinitely produced and never meet without filling you with an earnest desire to denounce the statement as a malicious lie. And they are always excellent people.—Boston Budget.

BIRDS OF PASSAGE

Between this and the other side of the broad Atlantic, in the shape of tourists, commercial travelers and mariners, agents "on the road," steamboat captains, ship's surgeons and "all sorts and conditions" of travelers, emigrant and new settlers appreciate and testify to the preventive and remedial properties of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters in seasickness, nausea, malarial and rheumatic troubles, and all disorders of the stomach, liver and bowels. Against the prejudicial influences of climate, crudely cooked or unaccustomed diet and impure water, it is a sovereign safeguard, and has been so regarded by the traveling public for a third of a century. No form of malarial fever, from the calentura of the Pacific and the broken-bone fever of the Mississippi to its milder types, can resist the curative action of this benignant preserver and restorer of health, a veritable boon to persons in feeble health or liable to incur disease.

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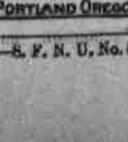

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