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Royal is undoubtedly the purest and most reliable baking powder offered to the public.—U. S. Gov't Chemist's Report.

BACHELOR'S HALL.

"Here's the house, from dome to base. Standing in a sunny place. Rooms there are a half a score. Tiled or polished is each floor. Everything contrived to please—Perfect, as you see, for use."

"Here are parlors, sitting rooms. Scented by sweet jessamine blooms. Halls there are, and chambers, too. Elegant and furnished new. Store-rooms with its ample store. Kitchen, pantry and what's more."

"Here's the servant's brief brigade—Irish cook and serving maid. Housekeeper—I think that's all. Save the chore boy, else on call. Not a servant on the place. With a scow, unfriendly face."

"I'm the master, look me o'er. And, besides, I've gold galore. Business with the Bryson bank. Where my credits are not blank—Take a deal, 'twixt you and I. For the house and our supply."

"Now see how, my eager friend. That insistent quill should erud. What has not yet come about. May before the year is out. Still my heart feels no distress. And I'll live without, unless Cupid sends a mistress."

—Edward Vincent in Good Housekeeping.

The Civilization of Europe.

I see that Professor Petrie in his latest work advances the theory that Europe is not indebted to Egypt for its civilization. The discovery has been rather late coming on the part of the archaeologist.

More than 1,500 years before the dawn of the Christian era civilization had made considerable progress in Greece and Lydia. A century later witnessed great proficiency in the arts. Moreover this civilization was not confined to a corner of Europe, but stretched from the Mediterranean to the frozen north.

Bringing Out Receptions. The fashion of bringing out a girl by means of an evening reception instead of an afternoon tea seems to be gaining ground. It has the merit of being more distinctive at all events, as there are not many houses in New York that could stand the crush of an evening affair if the invitations were as general as those for a tea.

Where a tea is given for the purpose of introducing a debutante to society, it is becoming an unwritten law that those of her friends who have been invited to receive with her should remain afterward either to dinner or (as was done very successfully in the case of one young lady lately) for a sit down supper.

The dress of those who "assist" should not be too elaborate, as it is the debutante that should be the cynosure of all eyes. It is better taste, therefore, for her friends to consider this and to wear less conspicuous gowns themselves.

Letter of a Suicide.

An octogenarian general left a letter lately defending the propriety of his suicide. Said he:

When an individual life has run its cycle and become a waste of nature in the body, overwhelming its mental and physical qualities with weakness and pain to an intolerable degree, it may with all propriety be removed.

Such being the case with the life of the writer, his apology to the world is by these terms made through his most beloved and most intimate friends, who, he trusts, will appreciate the relief to him from ceaseless distress, which, in his opinion, ought to be brought by the physician who is summoned with his drugs, surely for that purpose, but not for cure.—Boston Globe.

Suspended Matter in Flame.

By means of prolonged and ingenious researches a London chemist has now succeeded in demonstrating the long supposed presence of suspended matter in flame—a question so much discussed by scientists, some holding to one theory and some to another. It now appears that the way this is optically proved is to condense sunlight on the flame, the light being then scattered by the solid particles in an extremely thin layer, both where the beam enters the flame and where it leaves it—it is polarized in the flame of reflection. This phenomenon, however, does not occur in a flame where the sodium is in the form of vapor instead of particles.—New York Sun.

What Weeds Are.

A weed is a plant that grows in abundance out of desired limits. Any plant may become a weed by escaping from cultivation. Many plants that with us are highly esteemed in other countries grow as weeds, while, on the other hand, our weeds are in other countries sometimes highly prized. The correct use of the word depends altogether on circumstances.—Exchange.

Not the Weaker Sex.

To refer to women as the weaker sex, a German scientist says, is surely a mistake, for they have always known how to preserve their dominion over the so-called stronger sex. Men are indeed women's most obedient slaves. Solomon said his wives were bitter than death, and surely there never was a greater slave to woman. Statistics show that seven wives survive every ten famous men. Heloise survived the loss of her beloved Abelard twenty-two years, and similarly the wife of Washington, though she declared she could never get over the death of her husband, outlived him thirty years.—San Francisco Argonaut.

Buried Wealth in France.

In Normandy the English conquest in the Fifteenth century, followed by their ultimate expulsion, has given rise to many traditions of buried treasure, which the least superstitious attribute to the English. Throughout France the Revolution, without doubt, gave occasion to many secret hoards, the owners of which may well have perished in the massacres and proscriptions of the Reign of Terror.—All the Year Round.

Ancient and Modern Fashions.

Dr. Julien Chaholm says that there are engraved stones and monuments in the British museum which prove that the present fashion, both in dress and headgear, is almost identical with that of the women of Babylon at about the time of the flood.—St. Louis Republic.

A Small Speculator.

He appeared at midnight in the office of a great newspaper, a chubby little fellow with a bright, smiling face, one of the street gamins whose wits are prematurely sharpened by contact with the world.

"Here, mister," said he, holding up a dirty little hand with some pennies in it, "I want to get some papers in the mornin'; see!"

"Well, why don't you wait until morning?" said the office clerk, who was sleepy and tired and ready to go home.

"Cause I sleep out tonight, see! and the fellers will tap me for the stuff."

"All right," said the clerk, putting the money into an envelope which he thrust into a drawer. Then the waif betook himself to the street again. The next morning the clerk came down at his usual hour, which was about 8 o'clock. A small boy sat on the steps of the office crying bitterly.

"Hello, youngster, what is the matter?" asked the clerk, who did not recognize the waif of the night before.

"Yer tapped me sure. Yer kept my boodle. Yer's bad as the kids!"

"Oh, I see, you want your papers? Well, come in and get them. What are you crying about?"

"It's too late. I was here at 4 o'clock. I'm stuck on the whole lot now," and he cried harder than ever.

The clerk was sorry for the small financier and compromised with him on a cash basis.—Detroit Free Press.

The French Girl's Hero.

A French girl feels that there is just one companion as delightful as her mother, just one friend in the world as trusty, just one confidant as sympathetic, and that is—her father. He is her hero and the knight of her dreams. Often and often have I seen the girls at school hiding their father's photograph in the leaves of their schoolbooks, kissing it enthusiastically on the sly, pressing it to their hearts when they go to chapel to say their prayers, sewing his last letter in their dresses, treasuring some little keepsake in their pockets. And when they meet one can see how the father returns his daughter's feeling by his tender clasp of her pure young hand, and the adoring affection with which he looks down into her eyes.

He allows nothing to keep him back from meeting her as she comes from school, and giving her his arm—for every French gentleman extends this mark of protection and respect to the women of his family—they start off on their long, happy walk, and many a merry romp, many a tender confidence, do they have in the short evening that follow still her early bedtime at 8 o'clock.—Henriette C. Dana in Ladies' Home Journal.

No Companion in History.

I have been digging and delving in old books in the endeavor to ascertain whether Neill, the seemingly wanton and purposeless poisoner, the poisoner of poor girls "for the mere pleasure of the thing," has had any predecessors. Hitherto my researches have been unavailing, and in the long and dismal chronicles of secret poisoning in ancient Rome, in medieval Italy, in France and in Spain I have been unable to find even a distant analogue of Neill.

The nearest approach to the miscreant seems to have been Sainte Croix, the accomplice of the infamous Marquis de Brinvilliers, who learned the art of poisoning while a prisoner in the Bastille from a fellow captive, an Italian named Exili.—G. A. Sala in London Sunday Times.

The Martinet and the Trombones.

There is a story told of a newly appointed colonel in the days of the old martinet, who expressed his dissatisfaction with the band as it marched past because the trombones did not dress the slides of their instruments properly. One man would be half way down while another was just starting. In vain it was represented to him that different instruments were of different compass and required different manipulation. That was nothing to him; he must have uniformity in the ranks.—All the Year Round.

The Poems of Fashion.

The poetic diction of the ladies who condescend—for a consideration—to write concerning the fashions is something to wonder at. We are told this year that "the summer underlines now being shown in the shop windows is simply a dream of soft, delicate confections in silk and lace." And it is further specified that there are "accordion plaited nightgowns, falling in creamy ruffles from neck to toes, and accordion plaited petticoats as light as air." It is the year of weddings, and the getting together of a trousseau of underclothing of this fantastic and ethereal sort must have been a keen delight to the feminine soul.

Western Students in Eastern Colleges.

Among the many things over which their has been a friendly rivalry between Harvard and Yale for years is the matter of drawing students from the west. Twenty years ago Yale had much the larger number of students from the western states, the catalogues for 1871-2 showing the presence at Yale of 87 students from Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Kentucky, Missouri, Wisconsin, Iowa and Michigan, and at Harvard of 39 students from the same states, though Harvard had none from Missouri or Iowa, Ohio and Illinois led in the number, the former sending 36 to Yale and 26 to Harvard, and Illinois sending 21 to Yale and 6 to Harvard. Ten years later Harvard showed a very marked increase. Though having none in Michigan she had in the other states previously named, with the addition of Minnesota, 71 students, while the number at Yale from the same territory was 93.

As before, the majority of the students came from Ohio and Illinois, the former sending 22 to Harvard and 27 to Yale, while Illinois sent 18 to Harvard and 35 to Yale. At the end of the third decade, in the year 1891-2, each university showed a large increase, the ratio at Harvard being greater than that at Yale. In that year Yale had 138 students from the states named and Harvard 156. Ohio sent 36 to Harvard and 37 to Yale, Illinois 44 to Harvard and 51 to Yale, Missouri 18 to Harvard and 23 to Yale, and Minnesota, which twenty years before had no boys in either university, sent 13 to Harvard and 12 to Yale. Students in the Sheffield Scientific school were not included in these computations.—New Haven Letter.

Longevity of Trees.

Professor Abbott estimates the age of the Woodbridge oak at about 2,000 years. During the Revolutionary war Lafayette and his army rested under its limbs. Its remains are now in form of seats for the Quinipiac club. I do not know that anybody in all the world cares who the Quinipiac club may be, but we revered the Woodbridge oak. An oak in Marion county, Fla., is reported as measuring over ten feet in diameter and spreading its branches over a diameter of 185 feet. A California sequoia, felled in Calaveras county, had a diameter of fifteen feet at the height of 125 feet above the earth.

The German forestry report makes the maximum age of European forest trees to be not above 800 years, except in rare cases. The pine is stated to reach 500 to 700 years; the silver fir attains an age frequently of over 400 years; the birch stops at 200, and the red birch at 250 years. Oaks begin to decay at the heart when about 300 years old, the holly oak excepted, which goes on to above 400. Scotch firs are known to live from 200 to 300 years. The sequoias, however, are estimated to have covered 3,000 years.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A Unique Employment.

A colored man arrayed in a military coat and helmet and carrying over his shoulder a knapsack has attracted considerable attention around the bridge entrance of late by his feats of whistling. He whistles in season and out of season, in low key and high key, with piccolo or clarinet effect, as desired. He always takes a patriotic air to whistle, like "Marching Through Georgia" and "The Star Spangled Banner." When he whistles crowds gather, and when he has finished his tune he turns modestly away, revealing on the back of his coat as he does so a motto in large letters that tells the people where to get the best clothing in town. It is then that he toys with a popular air like "Comrades" and the "Bowery," and the crowd disperses, feeling as if they would like to kick that fly colored man.—New York Press.

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