

The New Bread

As endorsed and recommended by
the New-York Health Authorities.

Royal Unfermented Bread is peptic, palatable, most healthful, and may be eaten warm and fresh without discomfort even by those of delicate digestion, which is not true of bread made in any other way.

To make One Loaf of Royal Unfermented Bread:

1 quart flour, 1 teaspoonful salt, half a teaspoonful sugar, 2 heaping teaspoonfuls Royal Baking Powder,* cold boiled potato about the size of large hen's egg, and water. Sift together thoroughly flour, salt, sugar, and baking powder; rub in the potato; add sufficient water to mix smoothly and rapidly into a stiff batter, about as soft as far pound-cake; about a pint of water to a quart of flour will be required—more or less, according to the brand and quality of the flour used. Do not make a stiff dough, like yeast bread. Pour the batter into a greased pan, 4 1/2 by 8 inches, and 2 inches deep, filling about half full. The loaf will rise to fill the pan when baked. Bake in very hot oven 45 minutes, placing paper over first 15 minutes' baking, to prevent crusting too soon on top. Bake immediately after rising. Do not mix with milk.

* Perfect success can be had only with the Royal Baking Powder, because it is the only powder in which the ingredients are prepared so as to give that continuous action necessary to raise the larger bread loaf.

The best baking powder made is, as shown by analysis, the "Royal." Its leavening strength has been found superior to other baking powders, and, as far as I know, it is the only powder which will raise large bread perfectly.

Cyrus Edison, M. D.
Com'r of Health, New-York City.

Breadmakers using this receipt who will write the result of their experience will receive, free, the most practical cook book published, containing 1000 receipts for all kinds of cooking. Address

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 WALL ST., NEW-YORK.

THAT CHILDLESS HOUSEHOLD.

"It's high on thirty year or more
Since Hannah left her mother.
An we agreed that she an I
Could lounge with one another.

An all these years of married bliss
That I have shared with Hannah
Have gone to prove the difference
Twist man an woman's manner.

Now Hannah has her garden beds
An tends her plants and pooles,
While I went out my turnip plot
An hoe my early rows.

Then Hannah has her cats an dogs,
Her well an pet canary,
While I think more of useful beasts
Ter keep the farm an dairy.

We're both contented with our lot,
I let her leave her parrots,
She never minds that I prefer
The turnips, beats an carrots.

For in this life the pretty things
Ar put beside the common,
An that's the reason why a man
Was made to love a woman.

—San Antonio Express.

When Her Mother Was a Girl.

The betrothal of Princess Mary of Teck recalls the days when the Duchess of Teck was a girl. I remember well how she was the heart and soul of all the gayeties at the Castle of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, even at the age when she had hardly entered into her teens. She was a lovely girl, but a rump and tomboy of the first order, from whose practical, though innocent, jokes nobody at the castle was safe. If all the candles in a room went suddenly out, or if ghostly forms appeared to visitors on their way to their bedrooms, Princess Mary was sure to be at the bottom of the plot.

One winter evening stands out especially in my memory. A party of children were frolicking about the castle, Princess Mary the brightest and gayest among them. They were playing about the corridors, and I have a very vivid recollection of seeing the princess rush along in wild haste, pursuing one of her visitors. Suddenly her hair, which was held up at the back of her head by an arrow shaped ornament, came down and enveloped her as in a shower of gold. I never saw such lovely hair as that of the Duchess of Teck when she was a girl. As she flew along, with flashing eyes and burning cheeks, she twisted the mass of hair into a golden coil, dashed the arrow through it and vanished into a gallery.

She was a favorite with everybody, a girl of remarkably sunny temper, and even her tutors and governesses were always on her side, though they confessed that she was "a fair handful."—Cor. Pall Mall Gazette.

A Matter of Locality.

First Tourist (to companion who has just cracked a very senseless joke)—Do you call that wit?

Second Tourist—Certainly.

First Tourist—Well, I don't.

Second Tourist—But you forget we're in England now.

First Tourist—Oh, yes! Sure enough! Beg pardon. Ha! ha! ha!—Truth.

A Rare Animal.

There is a 3-toed rhinoceros, believed to be hundreds of thousands of years old, in the American Museum of Natural History. The relic, according to paleontologists who have read its history, is the only one of his herd who escaped mutilation by the crocodiles and alligators of his time when he was deposited after death in a lake which existed in South Dakota near what is now the Pine Ridge Indian reservation.—Philadelphia Ledger.

HOW CHOLERA IS SPREAD IN INDIA.

Through Lack of Sanitation and the People's Peculiar Habits.

A plain story of the conditions that prevail in India for the spread of the cholera was related at the New Century club by Dr. Pauline Root of the Woman's Medical college, who has lived for eight years in southern India. Dr. Root began by describing the conditions under which people live in southern India, in order to show exactly what circumstances generate the cholera. There is absolutely no sanitation there as we have it. Drainage, with the exception of a fever breeder in the way of an open sewer, is unknown. In the village people live in low mud huts, where all the family congregate in one room, the dimensions of which are likely to be 4 feet by 10 or 12 feet. As there are no out-buildings at all, there is no way in which persons can protect themselves against the cholera if it once appears in such a household. Sometimes, if the well runs dry, stagnant water must be used. A high caste personage will not allow a low caste to use his well.

Commonly people go to the river for water. As the water is frequently not on the surface, a "tub" is dug in the river bed and the water allowed to collect. At this tub or at the well all the functions of bathing are performed. First the jar is filled and the water being dashed over the person soon trickles back to its source. In the case of certain religious enthusiasts, water is poured over the body 50 times. Next the seely, the single piece of silk or cloth which is worn as a garment, must be washed. This is dipped into the pool. Finally the jar is refilled and carried home. The quality of the water by the time the jar is refilled is promising indeed when cholera is in the air.

In these river tubs the clothes are washed. The cattle are taken there to drink. Dr. Root said that in sending a man to the river to fetch water there was never any certainty that he would not fill his jar with the water standing in one of the pools instead of digging a fresh hole. The very cleanliness of the people—and they are extremely clean—tends to the spread of cholera because their method of bathing is so unintelligent. In southern India there is always more or less cholera. It is often prevalent after a certain religious festival—of the marriage of two divinities—which is celebrated by an encampment in the river bed for four or five days.

As for facilities in caring for the sick in India, Dr. Root graphically showed how forlornly poor these are by describing her experience in the house of the vice president of the municipality of Madra, a wealthy man, who arrayed himself resplendently when he came to ask her to visit his wife, thus showing his solicitude for his wife's condition. Undoubtedly he meant to do the best he could for the sick woman, for the doctor found her in a room adjacent to her husband's—a position of honor. The woman was badly crippled and only able to crawl down from her cot. Beyond playing with the children and polishing the jewels nothing relieved the monotony of her day. She was entirely uncared for. A hole in the wall for refuse was cleaned only once a day. The woman died of blood poisoning. And this is the way a sick person fared in one of the better houses!

Usually a sick person is placed in a room that is reached from the house by crossing a court and passing through an alley. The alley usually has black, slimy water in it. The room is 7 feet square. In the court are often found the cow, chickens and a number of persons. No wonder that under such conditions cholera spreads like wildfire. But cholera is always brought. It never starts of itself.—Philadelphia Ledger.

A Curious Clock.

A novel clock is now being exhibited by the Watchmakers' union in London. It is of wood, beautifully carved and stands six feet in height. The case is a perfect fort in miniature, and instead of a bell and striking hammer the hours are announced by a bugler, who emerges from a door at one side of the fort and blows the call to assemble and march.

Almost instantly doors open on all sides. A regiment of automatic soldiers, six abreast, march out, wheel to the left, stop a few seconds to "mark time," and then march through another part of the fortress to the barracks. These marches and countermarches occur each hour. If they come out to announce the hour of 1 o'clock, one soldier fires his tiny gun. At 2 o'clock two soldiers fire their pieces, increasing with the hour until the twelve leaders fire their guns, the rear ranks bowing their heads and pointing with their bayonets toward the dial of the clock.—Chicago Press.

One Regiment's Colonels.

Among the strange fatalities of the year there are none more noteworthy than those surrounding the colonelcy of the Twenty-first infantry. In less than a year the regiment has suffered the loss of three colonels—Morrow, O'Beirne and Conrad. We trust that the fated three break the spell, and that Colonel Jewett will continue in command until his retirement, March 31, 1898.—Army and Navy Journal.

The pickle industry near Pittsburg has assumed enormous proportions. The largest shipment in this line ever made recently left Pittsburg for a Kansas City firm. It filled eighteen refrigerator cars and included over 5,790,000 pickles.

Couldn't Collect with a Club.

It is astonishing how history repeats itself. For centuries we have been trying to perfect the laws so that no trace might be left of "the good old rule, the simple plan, that he may take who has the right, and he may keep who can." Still we are a long ways from the millennium, and every once in awhile some worthy citizen relapses to the feudal principle of trying to punch the head off a creditor when he fails to observe the sacred traditions of steamship day. An exasperated Market street tailor way-laid a frisky advertising agent the other evening on the steps of his boarding house and collared him.

"If you don't pay me that bill this instant I'll club the life out of you," said the victimized tradesman. The advertising agent cast an anxious look around and there wasn't a soul in sight. Every one was in the crowded dining room.

His resolve was instantly taken. "Come right into the parlor and I'll give it to you," he said, with a smile, and the man with the bludgeon released his grip on his collar and followed him until the swinging doors of the dining room flew open and the astonished tailor stood confronting the staring crowd. "Do any of you ladies and gentlemen know this man?" asked the agent. The boarders glared over their knives and forks and shook their heads. "I thought not. I found the fellow out in the corridor trying one of the doors with a skeleton key, and I guess he's the man that's been robbing the hat rack lately." The positive resistance and declarations of the creditor only made his case worse, and when the help got through dusting him with his own club the ashen man would have hesitated to pick him up from the sidewalk.—San Francisco Chronicle.

A Black Cat in a Courtroom.

Toward the close of the trial of M. F. Kerr of Crawfordsville, Ind., for forgery, an incident occurred which, while amusing, demonstrated that the average American still believes in the efficacy of "signs." During a lull in the proceedings a strange black cat, with fierce, glaring eyes, appeared in the doorway, causing a solemn silence to fall over the assembly. It paused, looked about, and slowly swishing its tail to and fro advanced toward the space between the prisoner and the jury's box. The silence became oppressive, and the judge, lawyers, jurors and prisoner craned their necks and with open mouths gazed at the creature.

"Would the apparition approach the prisoner to be touched?" If so the man was innocent and would be freed.

After standing as if transfixed for seconds it approached the prisoner, who with a superhuman effort stretched forth his hand and touched the glossy fur. Immediately the cat gave a joyous "meow" and disappeared. All were convinced that Kerr would go free. He was acquitted.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

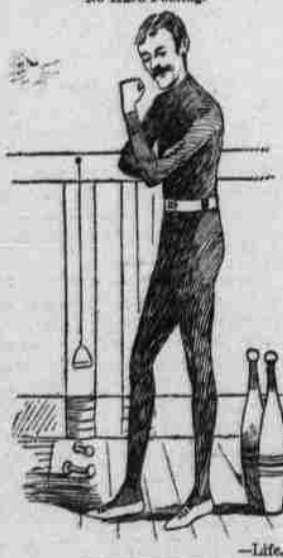
Five Great Men.

An artist should consider facts about the masters of his profession calmly and thoughtfully. He may reach valuable conclusions about himself. A certain musical composer of much talent and popularity—we will call him Smithkins—has a happy appreciation of his own work, as his friends all know.

So highly does he estimate Smithkins' compositions that some of his friends were much startled the other day when he said gravely, "Did you ever notice that the names of all the great composers begin with 'M'?"

"M!" ejaculated his astonished audience. "Yes, M," said the composer. "Mozart, Mendelssohn, Meyerbeer, Muszkowski—and Me!"—Youth's Companion.

"No Hard Feeling."



—Life.

At the Chicago university there will be four quarters, each consisting of two terms—six weeks in each term. A student will be allowed to choose any two terms in the year for his vacation.

Parisian thieves recently succeeded in stealing and getting safely away with an entire house and its contents. The building was a two story frame structure.

Unspoken thoughts are like unborn children. They cannot come into the world or on the scene of human action till they are born of the spoken or the written word.

London devours every year 400,000 oxen, 1,600,000 sheep, 500,000 calves, 700,000 hogs, fowls innumerable and 9,800,000 gallons of milk.

Real Babes in the Wood.

The two pretty little children of David Wismer, of Quakertown, figured in the role of the "Babes in the Wood" a few days ago, but were rescued before the birds had occasion to cover them up with leaves. They suddenly took it in their heads, while playing in the street, to make a pilgrimage, and set out with no further preliminaries than the prince in the fairy tales. They came at last to the road at Perkasie, several miles away, but still were unwary, and kept on their journey over the hills. Wondering farmers gaped at them as they passed.

The little ones soon struck the woods and wandered around among the trees until dusk deepened into evening, when they composed themselves complacently for slumber beneath the overhanging branches. Meanwhile the frightened father had spread the alarm and was fast on their heels. He traced his babes to the woods, where he awoke them, and took them home with him half-frozen.—Philadelphia Record.

KIDNEY,

Bladder, Urinary and Liver Diseases Dropsy Gravel and Diabetes are cured by

HUNT'S REMEDY

THE BEST KIDNEY AND LIVER MEDICINE.

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ACTIONS ONCE on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, restoring them to a healthy action, and CURE when all other medicines fail. Hundreds have been saved who have been given up to die by friends and physicians.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.



ERADICATES BLOOD POISON AND BLOOD TAINT.

SEVERAL bottles of Swift's Specific (S.S.S.) entirely cleared my system of contagious blood poison of the very worst type. Wm. S. LOUISIS, Shreveport, La.

CURES SCURFULA EVEN IN ITS WORST FORMS.

I HAD SCROFULA in 1884, and cleaned my system entirely from it by taking seven bottles of S.S.S. I have not had any symptoms since. C. W. WILCOX, Spartanburg, S. C.

HAS CURED HUNDREDS OF CASES OF SKIN CANCER.

Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free. SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.

"German Syrup"

Justice of the Peace, George Wilkinson, of Lowville, Murray Co., Minn., makes a deposition concerning a severe cold. Listen to it. "In the Spring of 1888, through exposure I contracted a very severe cold that settled on my lungs. This was accompanied by excessive night sweats. One bottle of Boschee's German Syrup broke up the cold, night sweats, and all and left me in a good, healthy condition. I can give German Syrup my most earnest commendation."



TOWER'S FISH BRAND WATERPROOF COAT

This Trade Mark is on the best WATERPROOF COAT in the World!

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