

# At Chicago Royal Leads All.

As the result of my tests, I find the **ROYAL BAKING POWDER** superior to all the others in every respect. It is entirely free from all adulteration and unwholesome impurity, and in baking it gives off a greater volume of leavening gas than any other powder. *It is therefore not only the purest, but also the strongest powder with which I am acquainted.*

WALTER S. HAINES, M. D.,  
Prof. of Chemistry, Rush Medical College,  
Consulting Chemist, Chicago Board of Health.

All other baking powders are shown by analysis to contain alum lime or ammonia.

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

## THE SONG OF THE SINGING SANDS.

A little, little cot for me,  
A cabin on the grassy slope,  
Where sweet winds from the Hooper sea  
Hold secrets that I long to keep.  
Oh, not upon these later nights  
May every joy evade my head,  
Three lonely days and cooler nights  
Along the shifting, singing sand;  
Yet, I would not, an aches that sing  
Lose one lone song thro' journeying.

Oh, haste, ye breezes light that roam,  
And be my best fast messengers!  
Tell me if children coming home,  
Long wanderers' health the western sea,  
In your returning currents bear  
A blessing tho' they wake or sleep;  
Bring me a dream of golden hair,  
Beaated at morn the I should weep,  
And leave to me in newer lands  
The mystery of the singing sands.

Here, I would have my window be  
A beacon white/er tide may turn;  
A lamp upon life's wind blown sea  
Where manny's torches over burn:  
The altar fire of early love  
Whilo whose my ste another shrine  
Are treasured yet those white winged  
doves—  
Such cooling doves, and they were mine,  
The strong to smile, Oh, winds that moan,  
May singing sands dwell in your time.  
—Mary Baird Finch in Arkansas Traveler.

**Legal Advice at \$300 a Word.**  
It is not often that a piece of legal advice costs \$300 a word, but yet this happened in this city. Not long ago Mr. Morris Butler, son of John M. Butler, who had just arrived home from an evening party at 2 o'clock in the morning, heard a carriage drive up to the house, and a moment later answered a ring at the door bell. A young man of handsome face and energetic manner hurried out, without ceremony:  
"What states can contain legally marry in?"

"I don't know," said Mr. Butler as soon as he could recover from the effects of his visitor's bluntness, "but I will ask father." He went up stairs, and after much knocking, roused his father.  
"Father," said he, "what states can contain legally marry in?"  
"Kansas," was the single word in response, between what sounded suspiciously like moan—  
Mr. Butler returned down stairs.  
"Well, what does he say?" asked the visitor.  
"Kansas," replied young Mr. Butler.  
"Thank you!" The door was closed and the visitor was gone.

Nothing further was thought of the incident until the next day's mail brought Mr. Butler a certified check for \$300 for "legal advice" from his hitherto unknown client.—*Indianapolis Journal.*

**Whittier's Prose Works.**  
Said the man at a bookstore: "The other day a customer came in and asked for Whittier's prose works, and a young man who was present laughed when the customer had gone out. I asked him why, and he said that the man was one of many who thought that because Whittier wrote poetry he must have written prose. Then it was my turn to laugh. But I am of the opinion that there are many like the young man who laughed. Whittier is an essayist, and his essays are in volumes as numerous as those of his poems. In 1835—I think it was about that year—he wrote a stirring pamphlet entitled 'Justice and Expediency.' The same was a discussion of the slavery question. When the Antislavery party or society was formed in Philadelphia he was one of the delegates, and he wrote an account of the proceedings of that society which is still quoted. I call to mind some of the old Quaker poet's prose stories: 'The Fish I Didn't Catch,' 'Paw-tucket Falls,' 'Yankee Gypsy,' 'My Summer with Dr. Singletary,' 'The City of a Day,' 'The Heroine of Long Point,' 'Agency of Evil.' There are others I do not just at this moment think of. But Whittier was as great in prose as in verse. He belonged to the school which was composed of Emerson, Longfellow, Lowell and Holmes. There are not many of them left when you come to think of it."  
—Chicago Tribune.

## OWING TO A LAME HORSE.

He Stopped for the Night at the Home of His Old Friend.

A number of years ago, before the railroad was built through this section, I used to drive over my route.

It was early in June on a Saturday that I left a town not far from here determined if possible to reach Kensington to spend Sunday. Just after starting I noticed that one horse was a little lame and rapidly becoming worse. As evening was approaching I concluded that I would ask to remain over Sunday at the first respectable looking farmhouse that I reached.

About fifteen minutes later I came to a place with the house and barns nicely painted and the outbuildings and fences in good order. Just as I reached the front gate an old man appeared with a shepherd dog running at his heels. The barking of the dog, in a not unfriendly way, called the old gentleman's attention to me. I told him of my dilemma and requested him to allow me to remain over the Sabbath. He hesitated a moment and then remarked that he "guessed Cynthia would not care." After considerable trouble we got the lame horse in a roomy stall thickly bedded.

Mr. Joslin, as he told me his name was, proved an expert in the care of horses, and soon had mine feeling better. We started for the house, and before we reached the door it was opened from the inside by a young girl, who said in a clear voice, "Grandpa, you are late; supper has been ready some time." Just then I stepped out from the shadow of the porch, and he introduced me and explained the situation to her, whereupon she at once bade me welcome.

After tea we gathered in the cozy parlor. I was surprised to see a fine piano and a library well filled with standard works, and observed two swords crossed, an old caisson and a haversack. Evidences of a cultured taste prevailed.

She was a particularly good conversationalist, and as the old gentleman dozed in his old armchair we fast became acquainted. The clock striking 10 awoke Mr. Joslin, and lighting a candle, he showed me to my room. Glancing around the room I saw an old fashioned album lying on the table, and turning over its pages I came across a photograph of Captain Joslin, with whom I bunked in Liberty Prison in 1864. It was plain enough now. My host had told me his name was Joslin, and Cynthia his grandchild—so Captain Joslin, my old friend, was his son, and Cynthia must be the daughter I remembered he had spoken of as we walked up and down the prison floor. I was exchanged and left Liberty Prison, and had never been able to get any trace of him.

After breakfast, as we were sitting on the porch, a lull in the conversation gave me a chance to resume it by entering upon the subject then foremost in my mind. Gradually I turned our talk to the late war, and Mr. Joslin tremblingly told me that the captain was released just before Lee's surrender. He came home broken in health and spirits, never rallied, but lingered along in daily suffering until God called him home in September, 1866.—*Albany Cor. New York Recorder.*

## School in Central Park.

I saw a pretty sight in Central park the other day. The entrance to the swanboat pavilion was choked with benches, and it was evident that some unusual call upon the fleet had been made. Most of the boats were out of sight, but after awhile there came a fleet of them down the tiny lake, and such a flock of happy little ones as filled them you seldom saw upon that sheet of water.

In each boat were one or more pleasant faced ladies keeping the little ones in check and pointing out to them the beauties of the sail. They were very quiet for children, but waved their handkerchiefs at each other and were evidently having a royal and unusual time.

What do you think it was? School. Actually school. I thought of the public schools with their past up herds of half smothered children, and I wondered if the good Lord would ever give sense to the head of education and teach that body that the book of nature is worth a ton of printed books these bright spring days.

I asked the name of the wise school which had learned the lesson of making learning palatable to the young, and I found that it was an old friend of mine, the school founded and maintained by Professor Felix Adler's society. The little ones whom I saw were the children of the very poor. Their parents had no time for Central park and no money for swanboats, and their ride was a luxury as well as an education. God bless such schools as these! say L.—*New York Herald.*

## A Famous Sculptor of Italy.

Professor Pio Fedi died at the age of seventy-six. He suffered for several years from paralysis. He was one of the best modern sculptors of Italy, an imitator of Canova and a follower of the Greek school. Some of his best statues are at the Loggia del Aragono, at the Uffizi and the Old Palace. One of his "Christi" adorns the upper part of the Scala Santa at Rome. From every part of Italy telegrams of sympathy have arrived. His funeral was very grand. All those who belong to the Academy of Art and all the notabilities of the town followed his body; innumerable garlands and bouquets covered the funeral car.—*Florence Cor. Gallignani Messenger.*

## Harvard Examinations.

Harvard university is spreading her net over a very wide extent of territory this year. It is announced that examinations for admission to that institution are to be held simultaneously in no less than twenty-five places, including England, Germany and Japan. It looks as if Harvard wanted the earth and was in a fast way to get a large section of it.—*Boston Herald.*

## Fatally Shocked by a Hanging.

Lee Ennis, a young colored woman of Huntsville, Tex., who witnessed the hanging of Alf White on Saturday, fainted when the drop fell and died lies that night from the effects of the shock.

## THE PASSING OF SUMMER.

Across the vision of the clerk the giddy wraiths flit.

As in his alms cart the leveling day he sits,  
And on the dust worn drummer's face the shadow gravely plays.

As in the crowded train he spends upon his heated way.

The order book to damp with warmth, the wheels of trade move slow,  
And over all the sweltering mass the summer breeze blows.

In airy costume, light and free, the summer girl is seen.

Her flowing tresses mingling with the play of nature's green;  
She promenades the hotel porch, and on the sand she lies.

And advertises sifken hose to all admiring eyes,  
With reckless Cupid at her back she skirts the mountain top.

And by the latest fops she wears betrays the men who pop.

Upon the ocean's azure breast the yachts have spread their sails,  
And by the brook the fisherman his sooty luck bewails.

The tennis court is gay with life, the croquet mallet's heard,  
And with immense ambition the mosquito now is stirred.

The early morning fly is here, the iceman with his smile,  
And while he toils the plumber at the seaside spends his pile.

The dust is flying overhead, the sun is beating down,  
Upon the field and meadow and the ever busy town.

The countless throngs are moving, with their faces toward the west,  
To where the wondrous World's fair is prepared to meet the test.

The summer's here! When, later on, our steps are homeward bent,  
Why, then 'twill be quite time enough to think of all we've spent.

—Cloak Review.

## THE MOST FERTILE SOIL IN AMERICA.

What is there in this Alberta, through which the Canadian Pacific Railway runs, that it should draw trainloads of settlers and settlers' effects from Idaho, Washington and Oregon? The most fertile soil in America, wood, water, coal and climate; that is what they say. This Valley of the Saskatchewan seems to have been rediscovered of late by some Washington and Idaho men, who kept things dark until they and their friends had secured locations immediately around the few depots already erected when the line was opened. Then they sent word of what they had found, and their friends are going in by the score. The country, they say, is large and good throughout, and new stations are promised as settlement requires them. Then Maine, Michigan and Vermont caught on, and sent up delegates to spy out the land and report. They gave a practical answer. They wrote, saying they had examined the country, had selected locations and were coming home to sell the old place and go where it was worth while farming. The grain and vegetables they saw cannot be excelled in North America, and can be equalled in very few parts. The cattle, horses and sheep were rolling fat and standing up to their knees in rich native grasses. Why was this not all known before? Because for generations only the Hudson Bay Company knew it, and they wanted no settlers in their fur country; and when they lost hold of it there was no way of getting to it. Now two branches of the Canadian Pacific Railway run through the richest parts of it.

## A Novel Idea.

Some member of the Borean Mission Sunday school on Manhattan avenue has hit upon a novel idea in the way of a general birthday reminder. It has been a pleasant habit in the Borean Sunday school to endeavor to recognize in some graceful way the birthday of every officer and teacher of the school, but this endeavor was often frustrated by the natural modesty of some of the intended recipients and the equally natural forgetfulness of the other members where so many dates had to be kept in mind.

In order to remedy this and to make it certain that no one can by any possibility be forgotten, a reminder has just been printed on cards and distributed.

These cards contain the names and ages of every officer and teacher, together with the day of the month on which they were born.—*Brooklyn Letter.*

## A Princess' Palm.

The Princess Mary of Teck, like most young women of high and of low degree, has been to the fortune teller. She believes in palmistry, and more than three years ago had her hands examined, not by a professional, but by a woman well known in society and famous for her powers as a clairvoyant. Among other things which the latter predicted was that the princess' engagement would greatly depend on the manner in which she acquitted herself during the few years following (which have now passed), and that her marriage would raise her to a high rank in which the greatest tact, care and policy would be required. The princess believes in palmistry now more than ever, and thinks of studying it for herself.—*London Star.*

## A Group of Noted Women.

The Princess of Wales has thirteen wig.

Miss Ethel Mackenzie, daughter of the great throat doctor, is the London correspondent of a Chicago daily.

Kate Field treasures among her curios a lock of Browning's hair.

Princess Beatrice is writing a book on lace, to be illustrated by herself.

Queen Victoria firmly believes that objects made by blind persons bring luck.

The title, "Her Royal Highness," means something in the case of the Crown Princess of Denmark. She is 6 feet 8 inches tall.—*American Lady.*

# 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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Cures Bright's Disease, Retention or Non-retention of Urine, Pains in the Back, Loins or Side.

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ACTS AT 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.

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## Scott's Emulsion

of cod-liver oil presents a perfect food—palatable, easy of assimilation, and an appetizer; these are everything to those who are losing flesh and strength. The combination of pure cod-liver oil, the greatest of all fat producing foods, with Hypophosphites, provides a remarkable agent for *Quick Flesh Building* in all ailments that are associated with loss of flesh.

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PURELY a vegetable compound, made entirely of roots and herbs gathered from the forests of Georgia, and has been used by millions of people with the best results. It

## CURES

All manner of Blood diseases, from the pestiferous little boil on your nose to the worst cases of inherited blood taint, such as Scrofula, Rheumatism, Catarrh and

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

# "German Syrup"

William McKeekan, Druggist at Bloomingdale, Mich. "I have had the Asthma badly ever since I came out of the army and though I have been in the drug business for fifteen years, and have tried nearly everything on the market, nothing has given me the slightest relief until a few months ago, when I used Boschee's German Syrup. I am now glad to acknowledge the great good it has done me. I am greatly relieved during the day and at night go to sleep without the least trouble." \*

Wise's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use, and Cheapest.

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Sold by druggists or sent by mail, See R. T. Haseltine, Warren, Pa.