

THEIR FIRST QUARREL.

It Was Caused by a Combination of Wrong Dressing and Bad Temper.

"And you and Fred really never, never quarrel?"

The caller, who was also a privileged and intimate friend, expressed increasing skepticism in the crocodile tones of her voice.

"We never do." "Is he, then, an angel? Remember, Meg, I was your chum at school. Can you say as well that you never have quarrelled?"

"Perhaps it is my duty to give you an unbiased account of our first and only quarrel. It may serve to avert a like catastrophe in your own life on some future occasion."

At which the caller blushed, but was quite sure that she would quarrel away in spite of the warning unless Tom let her have things her own way.

"Girls who talk that way always make the most obedient wives. But to my story. You would never guess that the quarrel was all caused by a dress, or rather by wearing the wrong dress in the right place, as Fred afterward said. I was doing my own housework in those days and sending the laundry out. On this particular morning I allowed myself to feel a little cross over the fact that I had overdone myself. The second mishap was that my clean print dress had not returned from the wash, so I put on a pretty afternoon dress, for I made it a rule always to look neat at breakfast. This was some years ago, when gowns were made less plainly than now, and my ill temper was not lessened by the sound of ripping as my dress caught in the knob of the kitchen door, nor by the sight of the most vicious kind of a three cornered tear.

"Moments were precious. Fred was obliged to take a certain train every morning from our suburban home to the city, and there was no time to repair the damage, except so far as a pin could be made to hold the parts together. However, I struggled prayerfully with my growing irritation and gathered the materials for my biscuits, when, to my further annoyance, I found it impossible to raise my bread. The woman who can make bread or biscuits with her sleeves down to her wrists and still pursue the even tenor of her way is fit for canonization.

"I comforted myself with the reflection that biscuit dough should be handled very lightly, with finger tips only, and was succeeding very well when I felt my biggest hairpin slipping down my back. I had hastily twisted my hair into a Psyche knot, and it was on this pin that the structure mainly depended. I could not go to its rescue with my hands covered with flour, and when Fred looked into the kitchen and suggested that he had less than an hour in which to breakfast and reach the depot I felt myself outrageously ill used. My attempt to pacify me with a joke on my 'flowery appearance' I resented as an insult. It seemed to me that many a woman had obtained a divorce on less grounds.

Well, that was all there was about our first quarrel, at least all that I care to repeat, for I said a great many unjust and unwarrantable things in my anger, and it might have had a much more tragical ending but for Fred's sweet temper. It was a most one-sided quarrel. You see, dear, I pinned guilty to all the reproach implied in that little feminine speech, 'Remember, Meg, I was your chum at school.' But, really you would not find me such a bad chum now, for I trust I have improved by association.

"When Fred left home after his most cheerless breakfast I sat down to indulge in a fit of retrospection over the events of that ill-starred morning. I am willing to say now that it was all the fault of my temper, but then I laid it all at the door of that inappropriate dress with its abominable imperies. I made a resolution then and there never again to wear any but a suitable dress in my kitchen, one made in such a manner as to bid defiance to door-knobs and keys, and one with sleeves wide enough to roll up. Next I decided that I would never again trust to one hairpin, and, thirdly, that my boots should always be buttoned before I left my room. I forgot to mention how largely my unbuttoned boots contributed that morning to my unhappy frame of mind.

"You don't see any particular moral? There are several. First, be sure to marry a man with the best disposition this side of Paradise. Next, cultivate an even temper yourself. If you are not already blessed with one, I mean one evenly good, not evenly bad. Again, if you do your own housework, wear a suitable dress. Don't take your old street dresses for wear in the kitchen. Better send them to some mission."

However, the caller assured the moralist that she never intended to do any kitchen work, and so that sermon was lost.—New York Recorder.

The Origin of Hoodlums.

About twenty or twenty-five years ago there lived in San Francisco a couple by the name of O'Houghlin, who were blessed with a family of boys who were the terror of that region; ignorant, brutal young toughs, whose only pastime was tormenting, abusing and beating all the other youngsters in the neighborhood. They were so much dreaded by the neighbors that when they were seen approaching children were called indoors and kept there till they had gone to a safe distance, and it was easy to know when they were in sight by hearing women calling, "Patsy, Mary Ann, come in; the Houghlins are comin'."

The O was dropped in haste of calling the young ones, and after a little the name, a somewhat difficult one to pronounce at the best, was in the mouths of the Germans, Italians, Chinese and nationalities reading on the Barbary coast, corrupted into "hoodlums," and the Houghlin boys and their associates became generally known as the hoodlums.—Portland Oregonian.

Keep Your Eyes Open.

The man who journeys through this world with his eyes open will learn things every day for nothing that other people have had to go without but on their bread to find out.—Ram's Horn.

The wonderful development of the orange industry of California is seen from the fact that in six counties there are already 1,000,000 trees bearing and over 8,000,000 trees on the way to productiveness.

THE HIGHEST AWARD.

Royal Baking Powder Has All the Honors—in Strength and Value 30 Per Cent Above Its Nearest Competitor.

The Royal Baking Powder has the enviable record of having received the highest award for articles of its class—greatest strength, purest ingredients, most perfectly combined—whenever exhibited in competition with others. In the exhibitions of former years, at the Centennial, at Paris, Vienna and at the various State and industrial fairs, where it has been exhibited, judges have invariably awarded the Royal Baking Powder the highest honors.

At the recent World's Fair the examinations for the baking powder awards were made by the experts of the chemical division of the Agricultural Department at Washington. The official report of the tests of the baking powders which were made by this department for the specific purpose of ascertaining which was the best, and which has been made public, shows the leavening strength of the Royal to be 100 cubic inches of carbonic gas per ounce of powder. Of the cream of tartar baking powders exhibited at the fair the next highest in strength thus tested contained but 133 cubic inches of leavening gas. The other powders gave an average of 111. The Royal, therefore, was found to be 20 per cent greater leavening strength than its nearest competitor, and 44 per cent above the average of all the other tests. Its superiority in other respects, however, in the quality of the food it makes as to fineness, delicacy and wholesomeness, could not be measured by figures.

It is these high qualities, known and appreciated by the women of the country for so many years, that have caused the sales of the Royal Baking Powder, as shown by statistics, to exceed the sales of all other baking powders combined.

An Economist.

The summer boarder was fishing when Farmer Begosh came along.

"See whilkens! what an airth air you a-doin!" he exclaimed as the sportsman deposited a small fish in his basket.

"I'm fishing," was the reply. "You advertised good fishing, didn't you?"

"Yes. Don't you know the fish'll die if you keep 'em out o' water? You don't think I'm goin' ter spend money every week puttin' new fish into that there pond jes' fur you city fellers to catch, do you? No, sirree!" and the proprietor of rural joys turned the contents of the basket into the pond and indignantly strode on.—Washington Star.

Her Intentions.



Ada—Why does Clara speak of George as "her intended"? Are they engaged?

Allie—No, but she intends that they shall be.—Brooklyn Life.

Earning a Smoke.

Tom Jenkins was no great a joker as he was a smoker. He once got into a first class compartment in a railway carriage where a sour looking old gentleman was seated.

"You mustn't smoke here," said the old gent as Jenkins pulled out his pipe from his pocket.

"I know that," said Jenkins, calmly filling his pipe.

"Did I not tell you," said the old gent again, "that you mustn't smoke here? It's not a smoking compartment."

"I know that," said Jenkins, calmly taking out his fusee box. They're a special kind that he peddles himself on. He calls them his "patent stinkers." He is a fusee, and now the wrath of the old gent was frightful.

"I say, sir, you shan't smoke here," he shrieked.

"I know that," said Jenkins, allowing his fusee to exhaust itself. He lit one after another, allowing them to burn out. The brimstone was awful and the smoke suffocating. The old gent was coughing and spluttering and struggling for words.

"I say, sir," he exclaimed at length, "smoke, smoke, smoke: for goodness' sake, smoke!"

"Thanks, awfully!" said Jenkins as he lit another fusee and this time applied it to the expectant pipe.—Tit-Bits.

Waiting For Wind.

Small Boy (on river bank)—Do you know 'bout weather?

Old Gentleman—I have studied meteorology a little.

"Well, I've been standin here 'most a hour waitin for the wind to blow hard, and it don't blow a bit. Do you think it will soon?"

"I shouldn't wonder, my little man. The sky looks very streaky. But what do you want of wind?"

"I want to have a swim." "It does not require wind to go swimmin'."

"No, but mamma won't let me go in. That's why I want wind."

"I don't understand."

"Don't! Guess it's a good while since you was a boy, isn't it?"

"Yes, a good while."

"And your mem'ry isn't very good, I s'pose?"

"Perhaps not. I certainly cannot recall any connection between wind and swimmin'."

"Why, don't you see? If a wind comes along and blows my hat into the water, I can go after it, and mamma won't say a word. She paid a dollar an a half for that hat."—Good News.

A Big Livery Bill.

A Bangor man who sent his office boy to return a hired team to a stable received several days after a bill for the board of the horse and another bill for the hire of the team for the time intervening. The stupid boy took the team to the wrong stable. The man said he wouldn't mind so much, but there seemed to be no limit to the number of cigars he is compelled to pay for at the instance of jeering friends.—Exchange.

A Lightning Stroke.

On the 21st of May, 1881, a party of ladies and gentlemen went in an omnibus from Washington to the country seat of H. C. Motzerot, distant nine miles, in Prince George's county, Md.

During the afternoon the party was seated on the spacious veranda of this dwelling, the horses and omnibus standing on the lawn immediately to the front.

Suddenly a few clouds gathered, and before any rain fell a severe and sudden clap of thunder startled them. At the same instant a flash or streak of lightning descended and ripped apart the southwest corner of the roof of the frame carriage house, standing alone 200 feet distant, descended down the sheathing to midway of the west or end wall of the carriage house, then at right angles apparently to the center of the wall where the clapboarding was ripped and shattered; then struck a brass tipped pair of shafts standing near the northwest angle, shattering the right hand shaft about midway, where a strip of iron covered with leather was placed to serve as a stay for the breeching strap; then apparently passed down and out at the floor by the closed door of the carriage house, where it was plainly seen by all the company moving along rapidly in small coils or circles up the road leading to the veranda, to the hoofs of the horses, playing around them with great velocity and then apparently dissipated, so one could tell where. The horses were greatly agitated, fairly trembled, but did not more, and most of the company on the porch experienced a tingling, stinging sensation, but none were stunned. The sky soon cleared.—Science.

A Womanly Act.

"It was," said the reporter, "several years ago when we first moved here. At that time persistent bonnet wearing was not in vogue in the smaller towns, although in New York even then the custom was well established. Soon after my arrival I was invited to a church entertainment, and was chagrined on reaching the dressing room to find every woman except myself in a dressy bonnet which she did not lay aside.

"Perceiving my own blunder instantly, it was with a keen sense of embarrassment that I, perforce, put off my knitted 'ascinator' and faced the prospect of spending the evening among strangers singled out by my unfortunate ignorance. Undoubtedly my fate displayed the mortification I felt, for I needed a lady looking at me several times in a friendly, half-sympathetic way. She was evidently a well known and popular woman in the company, for everybody greeted her with great cordiality, and you may fancy my sweet relief when this woman, whose heart was as tender as her face was lovely, fussed about, fanned herself conspicuously and finally declared the rooms were going to be unbearable and she believed she would leave her bonnet up stairs, 'it will be so much more comfortable.'"

"She must have sighed to put off the dainty little article which completed her handsome toilet, and I noticed her hair, dressed for a bonnet, needed considerable arranging to be presentable without one, but I am sure her heavenly crown got an especially brilliant jewel that night for her most womanly succor of a sister in distress."—Her Point of View in New York Times.

He Could Not Tell a Lie.

Peyton Fitzboomer, a somewhat effeminate representative by descent of one of the oldest of the F. F. V.'s, desired as a personal attendant or valet a servant who should be absolutely truthful. He had suffered much from the prevaricating proclivities of former menials. He at length found in the person of Julius Caesar, a youthful darky fresh from the interior, one who promised to suit him. Julius declared that he did not know how to lie and that he would never try to lie.

One day Fitzboomer appeared dressed in a fashion most fetching. He was bound on a visit to some lady friends.

"Julius," said he to his new servant, "how do I look?"

"Pleendid, mas'r! 'Pleendid!"

"Do you think I'll do to see the ladies, Julius?"

"Ob' course yo' will. Golly, mas'r, I neber seed yo' look so fine b'fore in all my born days. Hi! yo' look as bold as a lion!"

"Why, Julius—what do you know about a lion? You never saw one."

"Nebber see a lion, mas'r? Oh, bress you, yes. Don't mas'r Dixon's nigger Jim ride one by here every mornin'?"

"Why—you fool! that's a donkey."

"Can't help it, mas'r. I don't know how to tell a lie. You look just like him!"—New York Ledger.

Meanings of the Word "Stove."

The word stove, as applied to a heater for a room, seems to be of about the same age as the article to which the name is now applied, as while the word as a name had an existence in early English, it was used in a different sense.

Both Lord Bacon and Woodward used it as referring to a house or room artificially warmed, and particularly a hotbouse for plants. Bacon also used the word as a verb in the way of keeping warm in a house or room, as "to stove orange trees and cypresses," to quote from his writings. Popsy used the verb in a nautical sense, as beating for the purpose of making pliable, as "stove bolt ropes."

"But all these definitions are obsolete now, such disuse dating from the time when Dr. Franklin made his discoveries and applications. The French word stove, it may be added, describes a hotbouse or bathing room, and hence is parallel in meaning with the early English word.—Philadelphia Press.

Facts About Black Ink.

No chemical black ink has yet been made which will write black immediately on exposure. The common black ink is made of nutgalls, and is by all odds the best ink ever made. Manuscripts written in this black ink 500 and 600 years ago are just as legible today as when first written. The chemical inks of the present are of too recent invention to determine whether they will last, but it is quite probable that most of them will be as legible at the end of fifty or seventy-five years as they are today. There is, however, a fortune in stores for the man who will invent a chemical black ink which will write black at the first and remain so.

FIRST LOVE.

Oh, gray eyes, full of love, of light. Look back with me to that hour When daylight in the arms of Night. Left me soft heart in every flower. The stars came out to light our way Across the meadow we went o'er— Oh, love! Oh, love! can that sweet day Return no more—no more!

If I could have but one dear boon In all my life it would be this— That hour, that hour that fled so soon. The ecstasy of your first kiss. Oh, life moves on, and love and thought Grow colder—yet my heart is warm. For the soft pines that moment brought Returns no more—no more. —Elizabeth Cherry Haibe.

Work That the Heart Does.

The work of the heart is the circulation of the life giving blood throughout the body. With each stroke or beat of the heart, it projects something like six ounces of blood into the bodily conduits, throwing it for a distance of 9 feet. This it does 60 times each minute, 3,600 times each hour, 86,400 times in a day, 30,240,000 times in a year and 2,540,577,120 times in a lifetime of 70 years. The blood is propelled by the heart 9 feet each beat, 207 yards each minute, 7 miles in an hour, 100 miles in a day, 61,817 miles in a year and 4,250,150 miles in the 70 years.

The total force exerted by the heart every twenty-four hours has been calculated to be equal to 124 foot tons; that is, if the whole force expended by the heart in twenty-four hours were gathered into one huge stroke, such a power would lift 124 tons one foot off the ground. This being the daily force, that exerted in a year would be equal to 45,200 foot tons, and that in a lifetime of seventy years 3,170,000. Such is the enormous amount of work performed by the human heart, which only weighs eleven ounces and is about the size of the closed fist.—Brooklyn Eagle.

French Tact.

A pleasant story is told of how one of the Dukes de Nivernois showed himself willing to forgive and forget. His olive branch was extended with characteristic French wit and grace.

The Count de Tressan was elected to the French academy in 1789. He was surprised to learn that the Duke de Nivernois, whose enemy he had been and against whom he had once directed a scathing epigram, had spoken in his favor. He hastened to call on him and thank him.

The conversation turned on general subjects, and de Tressan found no opportunity to refer to the past, or to make the embarrassed apology which he would no doubt have offered but for his host's tact. Just as he was leaving, the duke said with a mischievous but kindly smile: "Ah, monsieur, you see how in growing old I have lost my memory."—Youth's Companion.

Repressed Indignation.

Repressed indignation is an interesting phase of human feeling. Such restraint is frequently required in good society. I had the pleasure of attending a most agreeable so-called tea at a house on Massachusetts avenue one day. A gentleman who came in 8000 after myself, in bowing to the ladies right and left caught his foot in the leg of the wicker tea table and upset the whole affair—spirit lamp, cups, saucers, sugar bowl, cream pitcher and all. The disaster was most lamentably complete. And yet the hostess was obliged to control her wrath and to accept apologies with a smiling demeanor, saying that the accident was really of no moment whatever.—Washington Star.

Rebuked.

Several years ago the Rothschilds held a large quantity of cotton in New Orleans, which they instructed their agent in that city to sell when cotton should reach a certain price. The agent, believing that the price of cotton would go beyond the figure named by his employers, held on till he was able to sell it at a price which netted \$40,000 more than he would have got for it if he had obeyed his orders from London.

He joyfully informed his employers of his success, supposing they would share his satisfaction at the result. Imagine his surprise and chagrin when he received a reply, saying, in substance: "The \$40,000 you made by disobeying your instructions is not ours. It is yours. Take it. Mr. —, your successor, starts for New Orleans today."—San Francisco Argonaut.

An Energetic Young Woman.

A young woman of Harlem repairs, mends and cleans the dresses of women whose time is occupied in other ways, and can better afford to pay her than do the work themselves. Since the long street sweeping trains have been in vogue she has had so much work that she has had to employ an assistant. In her advertisement she says she "goes out to do mending, sews on buttons, repairs trimmings, replaces worn bindings, mends the flannels, darras underwear and hose, mends delicate laces, cleans gloves and satin slippers, hunts for rips and weak buttons and puts new whalebones in basques."—New York Sun.

Horace Greeley's Umbrella.

I remember one incident of my father's indulgence. One day he brought home an umbrella with a wooden dog's head as a handle. My covetous little heart proceeded to set itself upon that canine effigy. In vain papa offered me a whole dog. But I pleaded that no other head in the world would be like that head, and the result was he sawed it off and went back to town with a handleless umbrella.—Mrs. Greeley Clendenin in Ladies' Home Journal.

Peculiar Showers.

There have been several peculiar showers in the United States during the last quarter of a century, among others a shower of "quivering flesh" in Kentucky, a shower of edible mushrooms in South Carolina, a shower of small seeds in Statesburg, S. C., in 1823, and a shower of sulphur in the Indian Territory in the spring of 1851.—American Notes and Queries.

If war could be carried on by the rules laid down for students in the dreadful art, it would become an easy process. In military tactics it is the "expected" which happens; in real life, the "unexpected."

Don't Lose Heart. PLANT FERRY'S SEEDS this year, and make up for lost time. Ferry's Seed Annual for 1891 will give you many valuable hints about what to raise and how to raise it. It contains information to be had from no other source. Free to all. D. M. Ferry & Co. Detroit, Mich.

"German Syrup" My acquaintance was made with Boschee's German Syrup was made about four-teen years ago. I contracted a cold which resulted in a hoarseness and cough which disabled me from filling my pulpit for a number of Sabbath. After trying a physician, without obtaining relief I saw the advertisement of your remedy and obtained a bottle. I received quick and permanent help. I never hesitate to tell my experience. Rev. W. H. Haggerty, Martinsville, N. J.

Swift's Specific A Tested Remedy For All Blood and Skin Diseases. A reliable cure for Contagious Blood Poison, Inherited Scrofula and Skin Cancer. As a tonic for delicate Women and Children it has no equal. Being purely vegetable, is harmless in its effects. A trouble on Blood and Skin Diseases need not run on unchecked. DRUGGISTS Sell It. SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Drawer 3, Atlanta, Ga.

Golden West Baking Powder Purity and Leavening Power UNEQUALED. CASH PRIZES. To introduce our Powder, we have determined to distribute among the managers a number of CASH PRIZES. To the person or club returning us the largest number of certificates on or before June 1, 1891, we will give a cash prize of \$100, and to the next largest, numerous other prizes ranging from \$5 to \$75 IN CASH. CLOSSET & DEVERS, PORTLAND, O.

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