

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U.S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

THE EMPTY HOUSE.

The ancient apple tree that stands Beside the black, decaying caves
Once more has both her crooked hands
Half full of May-time flowers and leaves.
But the old gray mouse where the gold haired children
Blissed out from window and door
At the early hiss of the warm May sunshine—
The old gray mouse will bloom no more.
In that old apple tree again
Their loving nest the bluebirds fill;
They warble to the mild spring rain,
With music soft the mornings thrill.
But the old gray mouse with her vacant win
dows,
Where never a rosy cheek is pressed,
Where all is silence and void and shadow,
No birds come back to her empty nest.
—Irene Putnam in Good Housekeeping.

WHAT FIREMEN FIND.

They Pick Up Curious Articles Sometimes. A Touching Incident.
"Well, sir," said a stalwart looking fireman the other day, "we fellows don't have much time for looking about for finds when a house is burning and perhaps people's lives are at stake, yet we do come across things occasionally."
"A brother-wearer of the brass helmet used to tell how he was once at a fire—and a big one, too—and in making his way through the house positively saw bank notes burning away like so many pipe lights. He picked them in his pockets and went on with his work. After the conflagration had ceased the man who was left in charge picked up among the embers an old-fashioned pepper box—black and chard—filled with silver dollars, and a further search brought him to a number of rare old silver spoons."

"I have myself found two or three checkbooks, and once a set of false teeth, which I popped in my pocket and soon after was able to return to the owner, who proved his right to possess them without a doubt. I once brought out a genuine Stradivarius—a violin worth several hundreds of dollars—while diamonds and other jewelry have been saved in plenty."

"Indeed there are a thousand and one things a fireman finds and saves, though perhaps that which gave me the greatest satisfaction was an old rag doll. It was a touching little incident and quite true. It happened at a big fire, and in the midst of the excitement—which I assure you few people realize—the word went forth that a little child was 'up stairs.' I don't want to boast, but away I went. I found her on the second floor, asleep in her little crib, with this old doll by her side. I caught the child in my arms and—she awoke. She looked up in my face and seemed to understand that I was saving her from the flames."

"Dolly! Dolly!" she cried.

"The next instant—aye, quicker than it takes to tell you—I had the old rag doll, and my pals told me that if any artist could only have pointed us in my arms, and she cuddling up her treasure—why, there wouldn't have been another picture in the land to touch it!"—Boston Traveller.

Didn't Understand Twins.

A festival in the family drew homage from the scattered kindred. The boys, twins, had been long parted, and meanwhile one had married and in his widowhood reared his little son, now 7 years old. To him, by name Bobby, newly arrived in the house, enters the uncle whom he had never seen, so perfect a corroboration of his father that Bobby runs to him at once, clings to him and hugs his knees. A moment later, when his father really came and the laughing company were on the brink of comment and explanation, the poor little man, giving him one mortally shocked glance, fell to the floor, sobbing, "Don't want—two—papas!"

The resident puppy, familiar with the bachelor brother, had almost as disturbing an experience. He stared and stared at Bobby's father, upon their introduction, sniffed at his garments, wavered and stared again. Then he leaped upon his own friend and next upon the image and echo of him bewildered, and finally backed into the corner, after making a brave stand against the supernatural, his insulted eye upon both men, barking and growling and indulging generally in the doggerel for thunder.—Chap Book.

The children of foreigners, as a rule, use English in preference to the language of their parents, especially after they begin to go to school.

The words "Emerald Isle," as applied to Ireland, were first used by Dr. Drennan in a poem entitled "Erin."

WONDERFUL NERVE.

A Man Who Looked on Calmly While the Surgeons Cut Off His Foot.

Thomas E. Byrnes, a molder, had a portion of his right foot crushed by being run over by a Lake Roland car yesterday morning, which necessitated the amputation of about one-half of the foot. During the amputation Byrnes gave one of the most stolid exhibitions of nerve and impassiveness to pain ever witnessed. Dr. R. F. Blake and Geer made preparations to put their patient under the influence of chloroform for this purpose, but when Byrnes was informed of what they were about to do he amazed them by telling them to go ahead with the cutting, but that he didn't want a narcotic. The physicians feared he couldn't stand it, robust as he is, and plainly told him so, but Byrnes was firm and said he would get through it all right.

Then the surgeons proceeded as gently as possible. The pain must have been terrible. Just imagine taking a knife and sinking it down into the flesh, severing bones and joints! "It's enough to make one shudder," said a bystander, a surgeon, too, accustomed to the horrors of a surgical hospital. But Byrnes never even winced. He sat in the chair with folded arms, braced himself against the back of the seat and watched the movements of the knife. There was no moan, no rolling of the eyes, no twitching—absolutely no indication of the terrible pain except the pallor of his face. The operation, byrnes thanked the surgeons, who seemed to be far more concerned and anxious that the job come to an end than the heroic patient.—Baltimore American.

DUCKED IN SACKS.

But the Sultan's Affection Made the Operation a Mild One.

Odd stories are coming from Constantinople in connection with the recent earthquake. One has been told of Gjusuf Black, physician to the sultan. The earthquake damaged the part of the palace in which he lives, and suddenly two favorite wives of the sultan were decapitated through the ceiling into the doctor's room. All three fled from the building before it collapsed and found the sultan himself in the courtyard.

The stern practice of Islam left the sultan no choice but to tie up his two wives in sacks and plunge them into the Bosphorus, they having been gazed upon by a profane gaudium. Fortunately the sultan cherished affection for both of them, and having consulted the grand mufti he saw his way to have them punished symbolically. They were put into sacks which were properly sewed up and only taken to sequestered spots on the banks of the Bosphorus, and in the presence of a number of praying imams gently dipped into the soft, blue waters, after which the women were deemed to be purified. They were then removed to a new home and restored to their conjugal rights.—London Truth.

Wonderful Fecundity of the Flowers.

A single seed of the common sweet pea of the Emily Henderson variety has been known to produce a stalk yielding 2,000 flowers per month during the flowering season, which generally lasts from June 15 to Oct. 1. A record of the flowers cut from a row of these peas 60 feet in length, plants or vines standing at a distance of nine inches apart, shows that the first flowers were plucked on June 11 and the last on Oct. 20. Even though badly matted—which made close cutting almost impossible and allowed many thousands to go to seed—the 60 foot row exhibits the following remarkable record: Flowers removed during June, 20,000; July, 17,500; August, 26,000; September, 6,400; October (up to the evening of the 19th), 8,500; total, 78,400. As noted, a large number were sown to seed, besides the buds that were smothered out on account of the vines being so badly matted. There is scarcely a doubt but that the row would have yielded above 100,000 flowers during the season had conditions been more favorable.—St. Louis Republic.

Packing Ice in Snow.

When I first began to put up ice, we were told to pound it up to pack between the cakes. That was very good. Then we were told to pour water over it and freeze it all solid. This I did once, but never shall again. It made hard work in getting it out. No shape or size to it. When cut perfectly square, all of one size, it will pack so closely that it needs no chaining, but that is seldom done. The last few years I have packed in snow. When a layer is in, throw on snow, take a broom and sweep the cracks full, leaving some on the surface for the next layer. When done, cover for the whole sawdust so thick that it will not melt. Every block will come out just as it went in, with no trouble to loosen it. Some pack sawdust between the cakes. This I do not like. It freezes to the ice and is hard to get off without cutting. Lay the cakes so the space between them will be large at the top; then cram in snow, and you will be more than pleased with the result.—Country Gentleman.

Neatness and Health.

Cleanliness is the safeguard of health. People who are not clean catch all manner of unpleasant things. The history of plagues is the history of unsanitary conditions. When the cholera shows its hideous claws, the authorities begin at once to clean up the foul neighborhoods. Mortality is frail, but its preservation is neatness.—New York World.

FLOOD OF THE NILE.

THE GREATEST EVENT OF ALL THE YEAR AT CAIRO.

Impressive Ceremonies at the Cutting of the Bank to Allow the Water to Flow Into the Canal—The Ancient Nilometer on the Island of Roda.

The tourist who only comes to Egypt to shun "winter and foul weather" knows nothing of the majestic glories of the Nile flood. The ancient Nilometer at the south end of the island of Roda, just above Cairo, is one of the most interesting sights of the place. The water enters from the river by a culvert into a well about 18 feet square, with a graduated stone pillar in the center. On each side of the well is a recess about 6 feet wide and 3 feet deep, surmounted by a pointed arch, over which is carved in relief a Kufic inscription, and a similar inscription is carried all around the well, consisting of verses of the Koran. A staircase goes down the well, from the steps of which the initiated may read the height of the water on the pillar, but they are few in number, and the hereditary sheikh of the Nilometer, whose duty it is to keep the record, is a person of some importance. The Nilometer dates from A. D. 861, and I believe in the archives of Cairo may be found the daily record for 1,000 years.

I need hardly tell you that when our English engineers took the river in hand we established a number of gauges at Wadi-Halia, Assuan, Cairo and many other points on more scientific principles than the venerable Nilometer of the Roda island.

After the river has begun to rise its height is daily chanted through the Cairo streets until it reaches 16 cubits on the gauge. At this point the Khalif el Masri, the old canal that flows through the heart of Cairo, is opened—up to this point it is dry, and full or empty it is little more than a sanitary abomination at present, but in former days it occupied an important place, and when the Nile water was high enough to flow down its bed it was looked on as the flood had fairly set in, and that the kindly fruits of the earth might be duly expected.

The head of this canal is on the right bank of the river, just south of Cairo. The water enters a channel some 30 feet wide, with a high wall on its left and a sloping bank on its right or southern flank. The water then flows under the pointed arch of an old stone bridge. The bed of the canal is cleared so that it would flow in at a gauge of about 14 1/2 cubits, but an earthen bank is thrown across it about four feet higher.

There is no more interesting ceremony in Egypt than the annual cutting of the khalif, as the opening ceremony is called. It takes place between Aug. 5 and 15. Days before preparations are made for the festival. Tents with innumerable lamps are placed along the wall on the one side. Frames for all manner of fireworks are erected on the sand bank on the other side. All the notables are there in full uniform or in canonicals. The khedive himself or his representative, the Sheikh ul Islam, the highest dignitary of the Mohammedan faith; the Sheikh el Bekri, the Sheikh el Sadat, all the learned scribes of the great university of the Azhar, the cabinet ministers and under secretaries, the sirdar of the army and his staff, the judges and the financiers.

The Egyptian troops are turned out, salutes are fired, and about 8 o'clock in the warm summer night the classes all assemble under the gayly lighted tents, the masses crowd round the frames for the fireworks, the street is lined with harem carriages full of closely veiled figures, though it is not much that they can see from their broghams. Out in the river just opposite the canal's mouth is moored an old hulks of a certain seagoing outline, which has been towed up from Bulak during the day and is an emblem of the time when the great republic of Venice sent an envoy to witness the ceremony. This boat is full of lamps, and fireworks too. As the night deepens the excitement increases. The populace on the bridge and opposite bank are shouting, yelling and dancing wildly round the fireworks.

On the other side are the gay uniforms and lighted tents, from which we can look over the wall down on the dark water, where you see brown figures plunging in and, waist deep, digging with their hoers at the embankment that blocks the canal's mouth. Long before midnight the fireworks have gone out and left the splendid stars to themselves; the grandees have all gone to bed, but the people keep up the revelry, and in the morning, by 7:30, every one has come back. Then but little of the bank is left uncut, and a few more strokes of the big hoers will do it, and the brown skins and brown water reflect the bright sunlight from above. Then the Sheikh ul Islam solemnly thanks the Almighty, Allah the all powerful, the all merciful. He implores his blessing on the flood, and at a signal the bank is cut, the waters rush in, and with them a crowd of swimmers. A bag of silver piasters is scattered among them, and the ceremony is at an end.—Nature.

Always on Time.

Washington had many admirable traits worthy of imitation, and one of them was rigid punctuality. This was well illustrated by an incident during his visit to Boston 100 years ago. Having appointed 8 o'clock in the morning for the hour at which he should set out for Salem, he mounted his horse just as the Old South clock was striking that hour. The company of cavalry which was to escort him did not arrive till after his departure and did not overtake him till he had reached Charles river bridge.—Exchange.

Concealment No Longer Necessary.

Mrs. Olden—Why, my dear, you look ten years older since you were married.
Mrs. Young—And I am. You know I have been only 22 for the past ten years.—Detroit Free Press.

Brummel and Byron.

Byron, while walking along Piccadilly one bright summer morning, encountered Beau Brummel, who was returning from his tailor's.
"How are you, Brummel?" said the poet.
"Pretty well, thank you," returned the beau. "I've been reading 'Don Juan.'"
"Yes?" said Byron, with a smile.
"There is some clever rhyme in it."
"So?" observed Brummel, with affected surprise.
"And some pretty good versification."
"Ah?" returned the poet.
"Why don't you try your hand at poetry, Byron?" asked Brummel.
The two never spoke to each other again.

Followed Orders.

"Confound it!" exclaimed Jackson. "What a stupid fellow that Jeweler is!"
"How so?" inquired his friend.
"Why, I told him the other day that I wanted engraved on the engagement ring the letters 'from A. to Z.'—and the idiot went to work and put in the whole alphabet!"—Elmira Telegram.

SMALL BEGINNINGS.

Make great endings sometimes. Allments that we are apt to consider trivial often grow, through neglect, into atrocious maladies, dangerous in themselves and productive of others. It is the disregard of the earlier indications of ill health which leads to the establishment of all sorts of maladies on a chronic basis. Moreover, there are certain disorders incident to the season, such as malaria and rheumatism, against which it is always desirable to fortify the system after exposure to the conditions which produce them. Cold, damp and miasma are surely counteracted by Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. After you have incurred risk from these influences, a wineglassful or two of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters directly afterward should be swallowed. For malaria, dyspepsia, liver complaint, kidney and bladder trouble, nervousness and debility it is the most deservedly popular of remedies and prevents a wineglassful before meals promotes appetite.

Tom—Are you going to the seashore this summer, Dick? Dick—Well, I don't know; it will be cheaper to sit on my porch and see the bloomer girls go by.

DEAFNESS CANNOT BE CURED.

By local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portions of the ear. There is only one way to cure Deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 7c.

"Don't put in 70th time perduein' advice," said Uncle Ebbah. "De market folk it am might n' po'. Ef'er man tek it (oh nuffin), he am it (big ter ask like he done yo' a favor."

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Hood's Sarsaparilla is the only true blood purifier prominently in the public eye today. \$1; six for \$5. Hood's Pills cure habitual constipation. Price, 25 cents.

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One thing is certain PAIN-KILLER kills pain

Keep Pain-Killer constantly on hand—you can never know when it will be needed. The quantity has been doubled, but the price is still 25 cents. Imitations and substitutes may be offered you—look out. The genuine bottle bears the name—Ferry Davis & Son.



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ONE PILL FOR A DOSE. A movement of the bowels each day is necessary for health. These pills supply what the system lacks to make it regular. They cure Headache, brighten the Eyes, and clear the Complexion better than cosmetics. They induce good sleep. To convince you, we will mail sample free, or a full box for five. Sold everywhere. BOSANKO MED. CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

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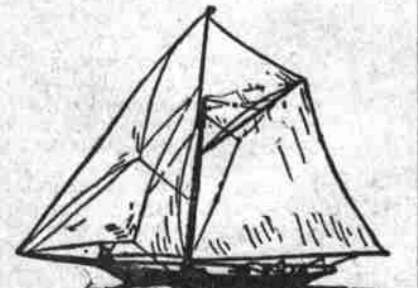
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