

### THE FOUR SEASONS.

When Beauty weeps the silent tears descend  
In gentle April rain. Such melting  
wiles  
Must thaw the hardest heart and fervor  
lead  
To wreath her face once more in  
springtime smiles—  
When Beauty weeps.

When Beauty smiles the blushes on her  
cheek  
Outblush the rose; her eyes the stars  
outshine.  
Her dimpled face and wanton tresses  
speak  
Of brooks and fields, a summer ray  
divine—  
When Beauty smiles.

When Beauty pouts her lips, once laugh-  
ter-tossed,  
Betoken change; her eyelids, silken  
velled,  
Now droop like flowers fondled by the  
frost,  
October's blush to gray November  
paled—  
When Beauty pouts.

When Beauty frowns her brow is winter  
bound,  
Her glances—tender, warm, when pas-  
sion fanned—  
Grow cold. To warm their wings the  
cupids round  
Love's dying flame are grouped, a shiv-  
ering band—  
When Beauty frowns.

### A New England Heroine.

WHEN the British and Tories  
attacked New Haven, Conn.,  
and set a price on the head of  
Governor Griswold the latter fled to  
the town of Lyme, where his cousin, Mrs.  
Marvin, hid him for some days in a  
farmhouse. But at length the foe dis-  
covered his retreat, and one sunny after-  
noon in May he was routed from his  
hiding place by the tidings that a band  
of horsemen was approaching to capture  
him.

His only chance of escape was to  
reach the mouth of a little creek which  
emptied itself into the Connecticut  
River just above the entrance of the  
latter into Long Island Sound. There  
he had a boat stationed, with two faith-  
ful attendants, hidden beneath the high  
banks of the creek.

The distance from the farmhouse to  
the boat was two miles of the usually  
traveled road. But a little path across  
the farmer's orchard would bring him  
to the road only a mile from the boat  
and save a quarter's length of his  
fearful run for life.

Just where the narrow path from the  
orchard opened into the road Hetty  
Marvin sat bleaching her household  
linen. The long web of forty miles or  
more, which was diligently spun and  
woven during the long winter months,  
was whitened in May and thus made  
ready for use.

The business of bleaching was well  
economized, being usually done by the  
younger daughters of the family, who  
were not old enough to spin or strong  
enough for the heavier work of the  
kitchen or the dairy.

The roll of linen was taken by the  
farmer or his stout "help" to a grassy  
plot beside a spring or meadow brook.  
There it was thoroughly wetted and  
spread upon the green turf to take the  
best heat of the sun by day and the  
dew by night. The little maiden who  
tended it would sit near it.

Thus sat Hetty Marvin, the young  
daughter of Governor Griswold's  
cousin, when her hunted friend sprang  
past her into the road to escape his pur-  
suers. Hetty was a timid child of  
about 12 years, yet thoughtful and wise  
beyond any of her elders. She was  
frightened by the headlong haste with  
which the Governor rushed across the  
meadow. But she quickly comprehended  
the scene and instantly quieted her  
faithful Towser, who, though a friend  
of the family guest, thought it becoming  
to bark loudly at his hurried foot-  
steps.

Her wise forethought arrested the  
Governor's notice and suggested a  
scheme to elude his pursuers.

"Hetty," he said, "I am flying for my  
life, and unless I can reach my boat be-  
fore I am overtaken I am a lost man.  
You see the road forks here. But you  
must tell those who are chasing me that  
I have gone up the road to catch the  
mail wagon, which will soon be along,  
you know. Then they will turn off the  
other way."

"Oh, cousin," said the little girl in an  
agony of distress, "I cannot tell a lie—  
indeed I cannot. Why did you tell  
which way you were going?"

"Hetty, child, surely you would not  
betray me to my death? Hark! they are  
coming! I hear the click of their  
horses' feet. Oh, Hetty, tell them I  
have gone up the road instead of down,  
and heaven will bless you."

"Heaven never blesses those who  
speak falsely. But I will not tell them  
which way you go, even if they kill me.  
So run as quickly as possible."

"It's of no use. Unless I can deceive  
them I am a dead man."

"Cousin, cousin, hide under my web  
of cloth. They'd never think of looking  
there for you. Come, get down as  
quickly as you can, and I'll cover you  
and stand sprinkling my linen."

Angry that their expected prey had  
escaped from the house where they  
hoped to secure him, the six mounted  
Tories, headed by a British officer,  
dashed along the road in swift pursuit.  
At sight of the girl in the meadow the  
leader of the party paused.

"Child," he said sternly, "have you  
seen a man running hereabouts?"

"Yes, sir," replied Hetty, trembling  
and flushing.

"Which way did he go?"

"I promised not to tell, sir."

"But you must or take the conse-  
quences."

"I said I wouldn't tell if you killed  
me," sobbed the frightened girl.

"I'll have it out of her!" exclaimed  
the furious officer with an oath.

"Let me speak to her," said his Tory  
guide. "I know the child, I believe.  
Isn't your name Hetty Marvin?" he  
asked pleasantly.

"Yes, sir."

"And this man that ran by you a few  
minutes ago is your mother's cousin,  
isn't he?"

"Yes, sir, he is."

"Well, we are friends of his. What  
did he say to you when he came  
along?"

"He—told me—that he was fleeing for  
his life."

"Just so, Hetty; that was very true.  
I hope he won't have to fly far. Where  
was he going to hide? You see I could  
help him if I knew his plans."

Now, Hetty was not a whit deceived  
by this smooth speech. But she was  
willing to tell as much of the truth as  
would be consistent with his safety, and  
she judged that her frankness would  
save her kinsman better than her sil-  
ence, so she answered her questioner  
candidly:

"My cousin said he was going down  
to the river where he had a boat and  
wanted me to tell the men that were  
chasing him that he had gone the other  
way to catch the mail wagon."

"Why didn't you do as he told you,  
then, when I asked you where he had  
gone?" thundered the officer fiercely.

"I could not tell a lie, sir," was the  
fearful answer.

"Hetty," again began the smooth-  
tongued Tory, "you are a nice child.  
Everybody knows you are a girl of  
truth. What did your cousin say when  
you told him you could not tell a false-  
hood?"

"He said he shouldn't think I'd betray  
him to his death?"

"And you promised him that you  
wouldn't tell which way he went if  
you were killed for it?"

"Yes, sir."

"That was brave; and I suppose he  
thanked you for it and ran down the  
road as quickly as possible?"

"I promised not to tell where he went,  
sir."

"Oh, yes, I forgot. Well, tell us his  
last words, and we won't trouble you  
any more."

"His last words were, 'It's my only  
chance, child, and I'll get down as you  
say.'"

And, overcome with fright and the  
sense of her kinsman's danger should  
they rightly interpret the language  
which she had reported, she sobbed  
aloud and hid her face from sight.

Her tormentors did not stay longer to  
soothe or question her. They all im-  
mediately pushed rapidly on down to the  
river.

Now, the Governor had arranged a  
signal with his boatman that a white  
cloth by day or a light by night dis-  
played from the attic window of his  
hiding place, which was just visible at  
the mouth of the river, should inform  
them if he were in trouble and put them  
on the alert to help him.

As soon, therefore, as he started from  
his cousin's, it floated from the window  
to warn them. And when they saw the  
pursuing party dash madly down the  
road to the river and recognized the  
British uniform of the leaders they  
pulled swiftly out to sea. The horse-  
men reached the shore only in season  
to see the boat with two men in it near-  
ly out of sight, and, supposing their  
destined prey had escaped, relinquished  
the pursuit.

Meanwhile the victim lay safe and  
quiet where the shrewdness of the little  
cousin had hidden him until the time  
came for her return for supper. Then  
he bade her go as usual to her home,  
telling her to ask her mother to place  
the signal lamp as soon as it grew dark  
in the window for the boatmen and  
send him some supper, with his valise,  
which, in the hurry of his departure, he  
had left behind.

The signal had recalled the boat,  
which after twilight had ventured in  
sight of the shore and farmhouse, and  
the Governor quietly made his way to  
the river in safety. When he rejoined  
his father in a secure home he named  
his infant daughter, which had been  
born in his absence, Hetty Marvin, that  
he might be daily reminded of the little  
cousin whose truth and shrewdness  
saved his life.—Exchange.

### His Denomination.

Three men once stepped up to a noted  
revivalist, at the close of one of his  
evening meetings and asked him to de-  
cide a point concerning which they had  
been disputing.

"One of my friends here," said the  
spokesman, "contends that you are a  
Baptist."

"Why does he think I am a Baptist?"  
interrupted the evangelist.

"Because he has seen you assisting  
enthusiastically at a baptism by immer-  
sion. My other friend is equally  
sure you are a Methodist."

"Why?"

"Well, he has heard you say 'amen'  
with much fervor when some good  
Methodist brother has been praying. I  
differ with both. I say you are either  
a Congregationalist or a Presbyterian."

"Why so?"

"Well, I notice you always stand  
when you pray."

"My brother," was the reply, "I have  
almost forgotten, but I think each one  
of you is right. I belong to all four  
of those denominations."

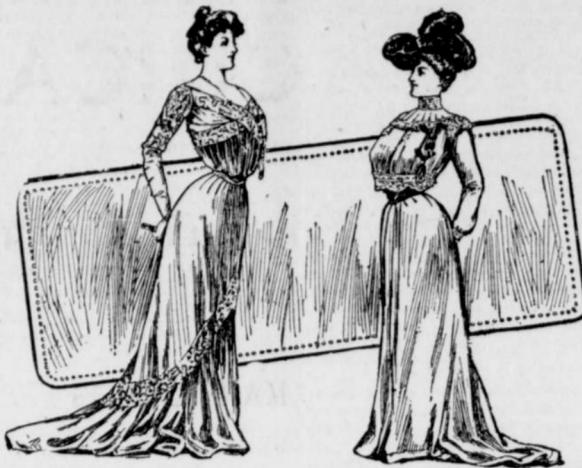
This, in the larger sense, was doubt-  
less true.

### Old-Fashioned Plow.

Nearly all of the Egyptian farmers  
use the same kind of plow that was  
used 5,000 years ago.

If you have a philosophical question  
to ask go to a philosopher, not to a  
evnlo.

### LATEST DINNER AND STREET GOWNS.



INDOOR TOILET COSTUME OF CREPE DE CHINE. OUTDOOR ATTIRE OF CREAM CLOTH

### COUNT TOLSTOI.

He Has Recently Been Anathematized  
by the Russian Greek Church.

Count Lyof Tolstoi, who has been  
anathematized by the Russian Church  
on account of his religious and philo-  
sophical teachings, believes in the lit-  
eral interpretation of the sermon on the  
mount, and insists that the only Chris-  
tian life is that which exemplifies the  
plain precepts of Jesus. He holds that  
a true Christian will do as Christ bids  
all to do. This theory has attracted  
much attention to the eminent Russian.  
His religious convictions are set forth  
in his books, "Christ's Christianity" and  
"My Religion," and have long been  
condemned by prominent orthodox  
teachers, who do not agree with him in  
first principles. Tolstoi is now 73 years  
old. His first book, "War and Peace,"  
was published in 1869.



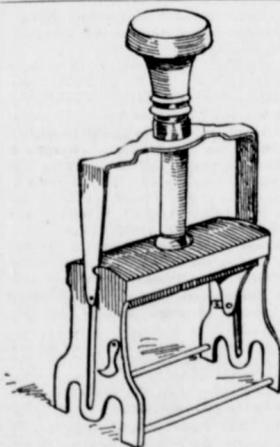
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old. His first book, "War and Peace,"  
was published in 1869.

### IMPROVED HAND STAMP.

Device by Which the Style of Type May  
Be Varied.

Here we illustrate a convenient hand  
stamp which is an improvement over  
those now in use. With the old style  
of stamp it has been possible to use  
but one set of type, and when the stamp  
was purchased the desired lettering  
had to be set in place permanently. By  
the addition of the little hook shown at



CHANGEABLE TYPE FOR A HAND STAMP.

one side of the frame and by a slight  
change in the type base the lettering  
may be varied without limit. A full  
roll of rubber type is provided, and by  
pressing the knob downward and lock-  
ing the mechanism against revolution  
the type-receiving plate is presented in  
position to insert the desired lettering.  
The device will also be found con-  
venient in altering the dating stamps  
in common use.

### HOW HE FELT ABOUT IT.

Could Not Help but Sympathize in  
This Case.

"Of course," remarked the proud  
father of six children, "there is nothing  
in all the world that makes a man so  
sincerely happy as to have around him  
a whole household of roosting children,  
every one of them tickled plumb to  
death when he comes home at night,  
and every one of them wanting to climb  
all over him at once and the same time.  
Still, it is possible that there may be  
an embarrassment of riches, as the  
French say, of even this sort, and when  
a baby is in the squalling kind he  
sometimes thinks he would almost com-  
mit a crime for the sake of five or six  
minutes of peace and quiet. A friend  
of mine, who lives in a flat, is the father  
of a regular, four-time squaller, and  
there was an incident at his home the  
other evening that has caused his wife

to look upon him with suspicion. Al-  
bert is one of the mildest-mannered men  
that ever lived. Across the hall from  
his flat live two bachelor friends of his,  
and you know bachelors are not overly  
partial to babies with unrestrained  
lungs. The other afternoon his wife  
came in where he was reading, or trying  
to, and she was considerably  
wrought up."

"I've got no use for those two  
friends of yours across the hall," she  
said.

"Why not, my dear?" he responded,  
in his usual mild manner.

"Because, when Willie was crying  
a while ago, one of them said, 'Oh, shoot  
the baby!'"

"Oh, did he?" said the father, raising  
his eyebrows, after the manner of some  
people expressing surprise or resent-  
ment or some other emotion.

"Yes, he did," repeated the fond  
mother.

"And what did you say to that?" he  
inquired, with a half smile.

"What could I say?" she asked, the  
anger showing in her face.

"Really, I don't know, my dear,"  
hesitated her husband, "but I thought  
possibly you might have said you didn't  
have any gun."

"She couldn't say a word; she didn't  
try to; she just looked at him in speech-  
less astonishment and went out of the  
room."—Washington Star.



The people who are contending that  
society is suffering from "over educa-  
tion" do not themselves appear to be  
afflicted with the complaint.—Learning  
By Doing.

He who argues that history does not  
find an appropriate place in the gram-  
mar school must, as it seems to me, con-  
clude to deprive the child of exquisite  
delight and genuine mind-discipline in  
the story and picture phase of history.  
—American Journal of Education.

Politics and politicians have no right-  
ful place in the schools or the school  
boards. The way to keep politics out  
of the schools is to keep the politicians  
out of the school boards. Good, vigorous  
men with broad views on all educational  
policies should be chosen to serve on  
the school board. When this is done,  
wide-awake, up-to-date and first-class  
schools will follow as a result.—Mis-  
souri School Journal.

Our schools can never be what they  
ought to be until the very best men can  
be kept in them as teachers. It is not  
enough that each State can boast a few  
educators on an equal in ability with  
the best lawyers, editors and business  
men. Every community with a hun-  
dred or more children to educate should  
have at the head of its schools a man  
the equal in ability, in education, in ex-  
perience, in culture and in business tact  
to the best. And what right has the  
community to expect this unless it is  
willing to pay what the best men can  
obtain in other callings? Make teaching  
the most honorable, the most lucrative  
of callings, and, above all, free it from  
the petty annoyances of politics and  
meddlesome busybodies, and education  
will take a great leap forward for the  
better.—The Educator.

So few parents remember that,  
though they have only two or three  
children, and have studied their dispo-  
sitions from the time of birth, know all  
of their inherited tendencies, all their  
little oddities and contradictions, they  
make mistake after mistake in their  
management; while the teacher has all  
the way from thirty to ninety, no two  
alike, from different homes, having  
different influences, different surround-  
ings, different standards of right and  
wrong, and she has known them at  
best only a few short weeks, having to  
study them all at once instead of  
singly. Knowing this, the parent should  
make allowances, and try to help rather  
than hinder the teacher. Mothers in  
particular should be interested in what  
the children are doing; above all they  
should visit the school.—Arkansas  
School Journal.

### African Languages.

Africa has very nearly 700 languages,  
and this fact presents great difficulties  
to missionary effort.

A man cannot be said to be quite as  
meek as a worm so long as he refuses  
to go over to a neighbor's for milk.

### OLD-TIME LOTTERIES.

MONEY FOR COLLEGES FORMER-  
LY RAISED IN THIS WAY.

Harvard College Owes Holworthy and  
Harvard Hall to This Now Unlawful  
Method of Procuring Funds—Public  
Drawings in South America.

When one reads, as has frequently  
been the case of late, of the arrest of  
such and such an individual for the  
maintaining and promoting of a lottery,  
it is hard to conceive that within the  
present century Harvard College sought  
and obtained permission from the Leg-  
islature to hold such an affair. Such is  
the case, however, if we can rely on his-  
tory.

In 1806, when the finances of the col-  
lege were in a decidedly critical state,  
the corporation, having represented the  
situation and duly petitioned, were ac-  
corded power by the general court to  
raise by means of a lottery the sum of  
\$30,000 for the erection of a new build-  
ing in the college yard. With the pro-  
ceeds of this lottery the college was en-  
abled to begin in 1811 the new building,  
which was completed in 1813.

The entire cost of the building—Hol-  
worthy—was \$24,000, so that the bal-  
ance which remained of the \$29,000 pro-  
duced by the lottery was "applied to re-  
instate the stock which the college had  
expended in erecting Stoughton Hall  
and to other objects specified in the act  
granting the lottery."

This new building, which to-day is  
probably the one most sought after by  
undergraduates at the annual drawing  
of rooms, and in which it is not al-  
lowed that freshmen shall live, received  
its name in honor of Sir Matthew Hol-  
worthy, the greatest benefactor of the  
college in respect to the amount of his  
bequest, during the seventeenth century.

He was a merchant of Hackney, in  
the county of Middlesex, and was  
knights by Charles II. in 1685. At his  
death in 1678 a part of his will was  
found to read as follows: "I give and  
bequeath to the college or university in  
or of Cambridge, in New England, the  
sum of £1,000 (enormous at that time),  
to be paid over to the governors and di-  
rectors thereof, to be disposed of by  
them as they shall judge best for pro-  
moting of learning and promulgation  
of the gospel in those parts; the same  
to be paid within two years after my  
demise."

The above case of a lottery, however,  
was not the first in the history of the  
college. As early as 1765 one had been  
authorized for the purpose of raising  
funds for the erection of a new build-  
ing (now Harvard Hall) to replace its  
predecessor, destroyed by fire. The fire  
which destroyed the former building  
was supposed to have originated under  
the hearth of the library, where a fire  
had been kept for the use of the general  
court, which was sitting there on ac-  
count of the prevalence of smallpox in  
Boston. The new building, erected  
from the proceeds of the lottery, con-  
tained a "chapel, dining hall, library,  
museum, philosophy chamber and an  
apartment for the philosophical apparat-  
us." Such description sounds not un-  
like a catalogue of the machinery and  
cogs stored in a man's head.

Again the lottery was resorted to  
(1794) for the purpose of replenishing  
the treasury of the college. On this  
occasion the capital prize of \$10,000  
was drawn by the college itself, the  
lucky number being 18,547.

With such precedent as this certainly  
it would not seem unnatural that  
judges, particularly if they had gradu-  
ated from Harvard and had happened  
to have lived in Holworthy, should be  
inclined to deal gently with those ac-  
cused of breaking the lottery laws.

In many of the feverish South Amer-  
ican republics to-day the lottery is in  
full swing, the proceeds presumably  
being devoted to the support of hospitals  
and to various other charities under the  
supervision of the government. There  
the drawings are held in public, usually  
once a week, and are attended en masse  
by the leisured class of philosophers,  
who usually constitute the majority of  
the citizens, and who look upon the  
whole thing as a form of recreation as  
good as the play.

Another point which might perhaps  
be said to argue in favor of the lottery  
is that in 1808 the steamer Stillwater,  
on which the Honduras lottery was  
drawn at sea, after its expulsion from  
Louisiana, served the government in  
transporting troops from the United  
States to Porto Rico.—Boston Globe.

### IDEAL HERO HAS CHANGED.

The Commonplace Man of Fiction Re-  
placed by the Man of Action.

Robert Grant in an article on "Her-  
oes and Heroines" in the Woman's  
Home Companion turns from the heroes  
and heroines of every-day life, and  
says:

"Incidentally here it is interesting to  
note how quickly and completely this  
same world is capable of changing its  
taste in respect to the heroes and hero-  
ines of fiction. Only ten years ago Mr.  
Howells was gravely assuring us that  
the sophisticated public had dismissed  
forever from favor and faith the en-  
gaging but impossible beings of roman-  
tic literature. He intimated that Du-  
mas was a gross offender against nat-  
uralism, and hence truth. He even de-  
scribed the author of 'Vanity Fair' as  
'that caricaturist Thackeray,' and de-  
plored that Trollope should have  
yearned to imitate him rather than be  
satisfied with the workaday realities of  
'Mrs. Proudie.' He announced almost  
convincingly that realism has come to  
stay, and that any hero or heroine must  
be false to art unless to be met with  
in one's daily walks. We were told  
that fiction henceforth was to deal with  
real life.

"And what is the case? . . . But ten  
years have elapsed since Howells  
spoke, yet ever since we have been un-  
dergoing a deluge of heroes and hero-  
ines whose doughty deeds and exalted  
sentiments as men of arms and lovers  
have no real counterparts in this pro-  
saic world. And in their wake has  
followed the romantic historical novel,  
the novel of admirably successful ad-  
venture on flood and field performed by  
pseudo ancestors of ours, whose flesh  
and blood when confronted by Basil  
March and his wife suggest the com-  
parison of Hyperion to a Satyr. 'The  
Gentleman of France,' 'The Prisoner of  
Zenda,' 'Richard Carvel,' 'Janice Mer-  
edith,' 'To Live and To Hold,' with their  
editions mounting to the hundreds of  
thousands, attest 'that the world is still  
foolish enough to laugh with and to  
cry over sheer puppets of the imagina-  
tion. For the moment the pendulum of  
literary hero-worship is far to the pole  
of thorough-going romance, and the  
heart of the realist is sad within him-  
self save for the comfort which flows from  
'David Harum' and 'Mr. Dooley,' those  
sane carnal twins among an army of  
fascinating, flawless cardboard crea-  
tions."



The greatest number of races ever  
won by a jockey in one season was the  
246 by Fred Archer, 1885.

It is one thing to fall heir to an estate  
in England, but getting anything out of  
it—that is another story.

It is as true now as it was when  
Shakespeare wrote: "The devil can cite  
Scripture for his purpose."

Australia has been in the business a  
long time. Next year it will celebrate a  
great century yacht regatta.

Geography may be said to be in a  
transition state. One day knows not  
what another may bring forth.

Ira D. Sankey has been making a re-  
vival tour of Ireland, and receptions in  
his honor have been frequent through-  
out the island.

A model of the human heart, working  
as in life and pumping blood through  
artificial arteries, is the work of a Con-  
tinental physician.

Shakespeare, who always "published  
the news," held that "They are as sick  
that surfeit with too much as they that  
starve with nothing."

This was Francis Bacon's brief com-  
mentary: "Prosperity is the blessing of  
the Old Testament; adversity is the  
blessing of the New."

As an example of the rude energy of  
nature the late windstorm was a terri-  
ble manifestation. Man may pin and  
prop and brace ever so strongly, but  
nature will have its way.

Even royalty is not above the fre-  
quent use of slang. It is reported that  
one of the favorite expressions of the  
Empress Dowager of China was this:  
"Oh, go jump down a well."

Chicago parks are up against a rabbit  
crisis, and how to be rid of them is the  
question. Ferrets will be used in Lin-  
coln Park to kill off the rabbits which  
are running through the grounds.

Among the Chilians a belief prevails  
that the juice of onions is a sure cure  
for typhoid fever if given in its early  
stages. Perhaps the typhoid microbes  
dislike the onion's perfume and decide  
to move on.

Chloroform should not be adminis-  
tered to the same subject twice within  
a week if it can be avoided, because it  
has been shown that the elimination of  
the drug is not completely effected with-  
in a shorter period.

Benjamin Young, a boy of Hoboken,  
N. J., put a piece of phosphorus, that he  
thought was wax, into his pocket. The  
friction caused by the rubbing of his  
pants on the phosphorus set them on  
fire and burned him badly.

Dime novels are out of date. The  
trashy magazines have taken their  
place, and then let it be noted that bet-  
ter reading at home and in the public  
libraries have supplanted the lurid ten-  
cent stories to some extent.

When down and destitute there is no  
friend like a dollar, unless it be five dol-  
lars. This sordid philosophy must be  
practically experienced to be publicly  
approved. There are times when not  
anything surpasses the blessings of  
available funds.

One of the sparse population of Juan  
Fernandez, Alexander Selkirk's island,  
is a Swede who leads a hermit's life.  
He hardly speaks to his neighbors, and  
he subsists on the product of a small  
garden and by fishing. Perhaps he  
thinks he is a second edition of our old  
friend, "Robinson Crusoe."

### Apricot Pits.

Not long ago the humble apricot pit  
was a valueless product to be put out  
of the way as speedily as possible. Lat-  
er, it commanded five dollars a ton to  
be used as fuel under the boilers where  
steam power was generated. It burned  
well and made a desirable fuel. Now,  
the uses to which the erstwhile de-  
spised pit is put are many. The de-  
mand is running ahead of the supply,  
and its value is continually increasing.  
It is made to yield up its contents of  
marketable poison—prussic acid; it  
gives a very desirable quality of "al-  
mond oil;" it enters largely into the  
manufacture of candy in places, Ger-  
many, for instance; it is even said to  
be useful in the fabrication of baking  
powder. There are some