

The United States Official Investigation of Baking Powders,

Made under authority of Congress by the Chemical Division of the Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C., and recently completed,

Shows the Royal Baking Powder to be a cream of tartar baking powder of the highest quality, superior to all others in strength, leavening power and general usefulness.

The Royal Baking Powder is thus distinguished by the highest expert official authority the leading Baking Powder of the world.

WOMEN'S ROUND TABLE.

(By Andrea Hoff.)

THE CHILD.

Who doesn't love the children best of all? He must be a very surly person indeed!

What, not listen to all their little words with eager interest? Is there any one? I fear to tell you what I think of him.

The poet—the great poet who loved children perhaps best of all said:

The baby by its mother lies bathed in joy,
Glide the hours uncounted,
The sun is its toy,
Shines the peace of all being,
Without cloud in its eyes,
And the sum of the world
In soft miniature lies.

Think of it! he found the whole world in a little child. That was enough to make a poet of him.

And did you know that the child was a poet—yes, each and every one of them.

One day I was passing down a dirty city alley, and in that alley on a door step there was a child.

I looked again and again and there she stood, the little girl, with her face to the sun, smiling, and her hands clasped in prayer.

It was the smile we see when the soul is filled with some sweet truth; so I said: "What is the cause?" and up I trudged to the little child, and there it held in its hand, as proudly as a king would hold a scepter, a little clover blossom.

Tell me not that there ever was a child who did not love nature. Go through the streets of a great city with a few flowers in your hand and the little ragged urchins will follow you saying: "Mister! Mister! Give us a flower." You have had that experience yourself, no doubt.

A little child shall lead us; we are told. Did you ever think of it in your doings and goings and sayings? Did you ever think, in any of your actions, what a child would have done in such a case; what a child would have answered, whether a child would have cared, or been hurt by your word or act. Why, sweet reader! do you know that if your thought, every day, was just a little nearer the youthfulness of the child you would not only be more beautiful, and happier, but that you would live nearer to the original genius that is hidden away deep under your daily life of seeming commonplaces?

"Come let us with the children live," said the immortal German Froelich, who gave his whole life to the little child, and so you see, he was a genius, and is blessing all ages.

The "Child"—what a magic, mysterious word it is! From the dear simple mother, to whom her baby is only a sweet creature, to the philosopher who can't understand it perhaps as well, it is the priest and the prophet, the guide and advisor, the dictator and the ruler.

"God bless the babies every one!" is a needless prayer, for they are the blessers themselves.

THE HELP QUESTION.

The papers are discussing in symposium style the help question. All the great woman pens in the country have taken it and how queerly some of them do argue. Most all of them come to no conclusion whatever, as far as the reader can discover and the suggestions are often old methods that generations have "failed upon."

The "new" thought of better feeling and treatment alone are added.

Co-operative plans have failed time and again, and still some people will argue in their favor. Educated help is the latest—but as Mary Hartwell Chatterton says for the February Chattanooga, "alas for the

mistress, sensible working men are always on the lookout for such girls for wives."

About the most feasible ideal plan that has ever come under my observation is the one presented by Dr. Alice B. Stockham, who is just about to enter her new home "Stockham Park," on the great Sheridan road, north of Chicago. The servant system which accompanies a mansion and "living in style" is enough to make the ordinary housewife hesitate. But not so with the wise philanthropist. For several years she has been "paving the way" to a perfect household by opening her warm heart and her present comfortable home to several lovely young girls, who, alongside their education have been given the responsibility of the house and culinary expenses. They have been her girls, and proud of serving her, and calling her mother. With motherly thoughts she has kept them and guided them into beautiful rounded womanhood, and in justice and love have they been considered. To her all are servants none high and none low, and it would be hard to express the deep feeling of real love her helpers hold for her; the true freedom of friend, ship which exists between "her girls" and herself. The servants at "Stockham Park" will be educated, reduced ladies, strong and self-centered; and you can imagine such a home's hospitality would be delightful to share?

Consolidation of Three Cities into one.

Portland World: On the first Monday in June, the people of Portland, East Portland and Albina, will decide upon the question as to whether the three cities shall be under one corporate government.

The bill providing for the consolidation, carries with it virtually a new charter for Portland, in which there are many and important changes from the present. Among the changes are provisions by which the power of the city council is very materially restricted, and the authority of appointing other officials entirely taken away. The new charter provides for the election of the boards of fire and police commissioners, also the city recorder, assessor, superintendent of streets and others. If the three cities, by a majority vote, favor consolidation, it becomes effective and should Albina or East Portland reject the proposition it only becomes operative over Portland if the charter be adopted. But should Portland reject the charter and consolidation, the whole thing is defeated. There is no doubt but what Portland will adopt consolidation which carries with it the amended charter. The demand is more urgent for the charter than even consolidation. The East side, we think, will also accept the new order of things, yet there is a strong opposition manifested in East Portland and anti-consolidationists in Albina assert positively that they are very largely in the majority. This is a question which will be the leading topic for the metropolis for the next three months, and if consolidation is effected, the next thing will be the general scramble for the city offices which are to be given away by the people. There is fun in store for the tax-payers of Portland this off year. But there is one class of people whose occupation is gone in a great measure, that is, the repeater and vote buyer, as the next election will be conducted on the new law and this class of parasites will not be so important as in the past. The tax-payers of all three cities should investigate the advantages as well as the disadvantages of this proposed combination and not intelligently for the good of all concerned.

TOO LATE.

Long time with patient toil he wrought
In duty's tread-mill round,
The while within his secret thought
A shape of beauty glowed.

He found it in the evening skies,
In moments snatched alone,
When, from the clouds, mysterious eyes
Looked furtive to his own.

And, as the seasons waxed and waned,
Filled with laborious days,
Within the marble block enshrouded
He saw his thought always.

He saw, in white perfection turned,
Each fair and rounded limb,
As the soft th' impressed statue yearned
Himself to come to him.

Yet still his child-like life lay,
And when his heart complained,
He answered: "There will come a day—
I'll put once all is gained."

It comes. The tasks by duty set
Are ended faithfully,
With throbbing heart he turns to
His long-loved vision free.

Lost is the cunning of his hands;
His dream of years has flown;
And in the dusk of age he stands
Mused with the empty space.

—Lupinus's Magazine.

SHATTERED IDOLS.

A Harsh and Cruel Transition from Romance to Reality.

"My poor Leila! is there nothing I can do for you?" asked Margaret Hammond, pityingly, as she bent over her sick friend.

Both girls were young, but in all other respects no stronger contrast could be imagined.

Leila Norton was a frail little creature, with fluffy yellow hair, a fair complexion and baby-blue eyes. Nature seemed to have designed her to pose as the type of those women whose clinging dependence is so alluring to the protecting tenderness of many men.

Margaret Hammond, on the contrary, had a quick, decided way of moving and speaking, which indicated independence of character and opinions of her own. Her clear gray eyes shined with intellect and soul, while they served to make interesting a rather plain face. She was tall and slender, but not graceful, and her chief beauty was a mass of wavy, dark brown hair.

She was paying a visit to Leila, when the latter became seriously ill, and Margaret at once installed herself as chief nurse.

"Tell me," she repeated, "is there nothing I can do for you?"

Leila turned towards her with eyes like dewy forget-me-nots.

"Oh," she sobbed, "if you would only write to John."

"Certainly, and what shall I say?"

"Oh, I don't know. Say I am sick and I send my love. It is such a pity you don't know John. He is so nice."

Margaret smiled and said: "I believe girls usually admire their own lovers, but what do you mean by 'nice'?" Tell me some of his characteristics, traits."

Leila pouted. "He is not 'characteristic' at all. He is just lovely, and he says the sweetest things about me."

"Of course, but I know about you, and what I am trying to find out is about him."

"And I am trying to tell you, but you won't let me. I don't know how to describe him, and—yes! He is 'characteristic' in one thing, for he will not have his picture taken, so I have none to show you."

"Never mind, I have already painted him to suit myself, and now I am ready to write if you will dictate the letter."

"Oh, make it a note, and you know what to say."

So Margaret wrote as follows:

"MY DEAR MR. LESSING: My friend, Miss Norton, has requested me to inform you of her serious illness, which she attributes to pleurisy of writing to you. We hope she will be better in a few days, when she will speak for herself and express to you more eloquently than I can, the love which she wishes me to send. I sincerely trust your friend, and—"

"MARGARET HAMMOND."

This note was received by Mr. Lessing in a Western city, and the return mail brought Leila a letter overflowing with sympathy and love. Her kind regards to Miss Hammond, and begged that she would be his friend also, and write to him daily during Miss Norton's illness.

Quite a correspondence followed, for the air mail was sure "John" would be unhappy if he did not know the details of each day's convalescence, but in the course of a week or two his letters were fully restored, and after an affectionate farewell, Margaret returned to her own home.

How many changes take place in ten days! Not those changes that death, but the inevitable changes of life. Youth is transformed into maturity, and how many of its loves and friendships are discarded as outgrown garments.

But the friendship of Margaret and Leila was a different sort of love, though the eye of Leila and John has long been a dream of the past.

Leila's heart now throbs with other hopes, and she is soon to be a happy bride. Her plans are now to marry a man who is a successful business man, and who has a large fortune, and she is still the same winning, childlike face and figure.

Margaret has become thinner, a few strands of gray gleam through her dark hair, but her heart is still as true and her love as pure as ever. She has many friends, and is still unmarried.

"Leila," said she one day, "what became of John Lessing?"

"I believe he went far West. How strange his name sounds! I have not thought of him for years, and we were once so devoted to each other. He used to sing such a pretty song about 'Three Girls in a Blue and Tender'—One verse was something like this:

The blue and tender is the roses
Under an amaryllis,
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How can I pass them by?—
And just there he always kissed me. Poor fellow! he felt dreadful when I broke the engagement. He said he could never love again, but here comes the woman! I wonder if he has a letter for me from Clare."

There proved to be one, and Leila was soon absorbed in it that she did not notice Margaret was also reading a letter.

Presently Leila looked up, with a smile of satisfaction, and started with surprise to see the expression of Margaret's face.

"What is it?" she asked.

"Margaret," said Margaret, "this letter is from John Lessing!"

"From John Lessing?"

"Yes, dear Miss Hammond. Forgive the liberty I take in addressing you, but you once saved the part of it, and he has convinced me that you have a warm heart."

"Do you remember that about ten years ago you wrote me a number of bright letters for your friend, Miss Norton?"

"You and she were great friends in those days, and I have often wondered what has become of you. Will you not let me know a little more about you? I have heard so many rumors about you, but I have not been able to find out the truth."

"I have one little girl. I have addressed you by your maiden name, though I am uncertain whether you still bear it. A prompt reply will be appreciated."

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Keep has told us the tale of a mule which, from overfeeding, galloped about and felt, saying to himself: "My mule, surely, was a high-spirited race, and I am his own child in speed and spirit. Next day he was sick and weary; he then exclaimed: 'I must have made a mistake; my father, after all, could have been only an ass. And, after eating a good dinner, may feel extravagantly joyful; but next day I don't mean you to be like me, for I am sure I am sure, grim, his stomach and liver are sluggish, he is morose, dependent, and out of humor. For Indigestion, Biliousness and all derangements of the stomach, liver and bowels, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is an unequalled remedy. Contains no alcohol to injure the system, and cures pimples, blotches, eruptions and all Skin and Scalp Diseases. Scrofulous affections, as Fever-sores, Hip-joint Diseases, Swellings and Tumors, yield to its superior alterative properties. World's Dispensary Medical Association, Manufacturers, Buffalo, N. Y.

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JOHN MOIR, Cashier

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