

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

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

The Voice

The man with a husky voice is never sanguine. He is a pessimist, and gazes with unexpectant eyes at the progress of events. Quick, sharply defined tones denote the energetic man, the original projector of projects. They characterize the "man of the world," the man of action, not of thought. The slow and hesitating speaker is rarely quick in action. His mental processes are tardy, though the products may be of permanent value.

An Injustice to Children

It is not fair to a child to compare him unfavorably with some little playmate or friend, saying: "Tommy Noddle would not behave so," or "Christie Johnson never acts in that manner." The effect is to make your little boy or girl resentful against Tommy or Christie, and the reproach thus administered seldom tends to the improvement of the child censured.

An elderly woman died some months ago after a long illness. A friend of the family, who made constant kind inquiries, was always denied admission to her room. Flowers and dainty dishes, books and pictures, which this friend sent, were never received in favor and at last some one thought best to ask the reason. "It is not like you," she said, "to be so capricious. Why do you treat Mrs. — in this strange and haughty manner?"

A shade came over the invalid's face. "I have hated her," she replied, "ever since we were six years old, and she was held up to me as an example. It is late to change my opinion now. She may be a saint or a ministering angel, but she need not come to see me, for I will never be able to endure the sight of her."

This, of course, was an extreme case, but something like it, less marked in degree, but equally determinate of character, often happens where unwise parents stir up strife between children. The better plan is to judge and to treat each little child as an individual. Comparisons are always odious when they show one person as a foil to another. No beings are more sensitive to blame than children, and no passion is so cruel as jealousy, yet we hurt this sensitiveness and awaken this jealousy when we tell one of our children that he or she is awkward, or clumsy, or rude, or brusque, as compared to this or that companion. Praises go farther than blame in child-training.—Harper's Bazar.

Benevolence in the Factory

A prince among advertisers, William L. Douglas, President of the W. L. Douglas Shoe Co., Montello, Mass., is not less eminent for practical kindness to the host of people employed by him in the production of the celebrated \$3 shoe. We look naturally to a man of his enterprise for comprehensive and noble benevolence, and we are not disappointed. Adding still another expression of his mainly good feeling towards people who depend on him for a livelihood, he has appointed a well equipped physician as custodian of the health of the work people. Every person employed at the factory commands the doctor's services, either within its walls or, if need be, at his or her own home; and it is within the physician's province, of course, to prescribe absolute rest when this shall appear necessary or desirable. The Douglas doctor exacts no fees from his patients, his engagement being by arrangement with Mr. Douglas, whose claims on the loyal good-feeling of the employes are emphasized by this expression of his bounty.

It ought to be generally known that since December, 1888, the principle of arbitration has been recognized by formal agreement of the W. L. Douglas Shoe Co. with its employes every man in the employment of the firm signing an agreement to submit any disagreement that may arise and not otherwise be settled to the State Board of Arbitration for a decision to bind both parties.

How to Make Dripped Coffee

The coffee pot, dripper and all, should be scalded with boiling water before using. Then put in the upper division one coffee cup full of ground coffee—the coffee should be parched a cinnamon brown and ground rather fine. Pour over the coffee one coffee cup full of boiling water and place the coffee pot where it will keep warm, but not boil. Let it stand until the grounds have entirely absorbed the water, then add another cup of boiling water; when that has dripped through and one cup and a half more of boiling water. This makes three cups of strong, good coffee.

Every year the emperor of Italy receives a present of 10,000 picked Virginia cigars from the emperor of Austria.

Know all women

that there is one rheumatic, neuralgic, sciatic, and all-pain remedy, as harmless as water, and sure as taxes—It is St. Jacobs Oil—used by everybody,—sold everywhere.

Geraldine



CHAPTER I.—Continued.

Cook "Ginger" on one side, then Jerry's golden curls, took them out of view, and some could have wished, for a bonnier Highland laddie. She possessed the blue bright eye and sunny tip of every jaunty ancestor. She could whistle, she could stamp, she could feely execute more than one step of the sword-dance and shanties, she could go through the Highland sing to admiration. It was her habit to respond in the wiliest gaiter to any and every remark, and she was seldom seen without a piece of bog-myrtle, the badge of her clan—in the bosom of her frock.

For her looks, her dress, her speech, or her manners, care she had none. It might have been from an innate sense of superiority, it might have been from sheer pride of birth, or certainty of position, it might have been from the mere headlessness of fifteen—but certain it is that she was never in a hurry to change her position, and she was never in a hurry to change her position, and she was never in a hurry to change her position.

The roughest paid, the wariest most, and the most worn by weather, called her better than any linen procured from fashionable warehouses; and when compelled to array herself in the latter one day in the week, and present something of a suitable appearance at the local Kirk, truth compels us to say that the transformation was usually striking, and a proof of her ability.

Unacquainted in the spring of the year, she would edge from the side of the road, and the fashion of a red velvet coat, newly made and in at once, she would kick her heels against the boards of the front seat, the delicate bluish kid would all be worn and shabby, to be regarded by its owner with contemptuous disparagement, and mental reference to her own dear, delightful, charming home at home. She would lean back and crush her fine Lehigh hat—well aware that she was doing so—until not all the efforts of her long suffering maid could restore her normal shape or freshness. She would pull off and on her many-buttoned gloves, and spread and twist her fingers in them. She would shrug her shoulders in her pretty caps, as if it were an annoyance and a restraint upon her movements. As for her frock itself, it would be crumpled and creased in every possible direction; and it was only by dint of having a freshly-creased and starched muslin or cambric ready for her to put on every Sunday morning that the irrepressible young lady of the manor could be rendered presentable at all.

And yet, and yet, grandmother as was through it all, with prophetic vision she beheld, through the vista of a few brief years, the hour of triumph when her darling should be proclaimed peerless among beauties, fairest among the fair.

She did not wait. A faint remembrance, bravely started, but ending in thin air, as already described above, was indeed, from time to time, a source of regret, but she would be contented with the thought that she was doing her best, and that she was doing her best.

CHAPTER II.

BY THE MOUNTAIN BURN.

The greatest sweep and belated bell. The young rock walls and plunging falls. The sun-baked stinging heat. The points and the valleys the sun-warm streams. The starlike and saline the ferns and the valleys. Were early known to me?

Very well aware was the observant young dame that this was the case, and being so it surely said something for her that she was another individual, a young girl, so exacting, but altogether inordinate.

She would not see granny if she could help it. She would not disregard granny's hours and comforts if she remembered them; she would not jolly granny—if she could get round her in any way.

In her heart she had a great affection—not altogether unmingled with that pity which lies between youth and maturity—for the poor dear who would not hang on and jump and rave all over the place, gallop on bare-backed pony, pull herself about in the small boat, and fish in the mountain streams, as no doubt granny had done in years gone by.

Poor granny! She should have but few pleasures now, and those of a very lame kind. It must be terrible to be only able to jog along at a languid pace upon the broad back of still old Sandy. Granny was in reality a very vigorous dame at her years, and prided herself upon the manner in which she mounted her sturdy Highland pony, and set off for a rough hill ride. But Jerry would stand sorrowfully by and see, and be almost ashamed of the one spring with which she all upon her own lit a saddle afterwards. Worse still must it be for her poor grandmother, she thought, to have to sit idle in the stern of their pretty sailing boat, encased in rugs and wraps, and taking no part in the hauling-in or letting-out of the sheet, the tacking, and the other manœuvres with which the men were proud to have their little lady think she was rendering assistance.

Poor granny, moreover, had to stay at home when it was wet and misty outside. Now nothing was more exhilarating in Jerry's eyes than being out and abroad in a soaking, blinding drizzle, swept in gusts across the moor-

lands, or lying up from the sea-loch, with a sack of salt spray about it that could be tossed on your line afterwards. It was quite one to shake out her long wet locks to dry in the sun that would by-and-by peep out. And then what shining and glistening of crags and corries, what chirping of rejoicing birds, what freshness of tree and leaf, and, above all, what thundering from the hidden waterfalls which abound on the moors of Inchnarew. Those falls were pretty well known to her in several those belonging to her own grounds, and whose every turn and winding, pool and shallow, she had been acquainted with from early years. Her good granny could never see, never get near enough even to guess at the half of this treasure of beauty and delight.

In consequence, granny was supposed to suffer such loss as rendered her an object of very real compassion and forbearance; and in her tender moments the child would even look with satisfaction on the roof to time for granny which was one day to come, when, in order to give her some enjoyment such as she could appreciate and partake of, she Jerry would sacrifice herself in so far as to follow her poor dear in and out of a whole dreadful London season.

Yes, she meant to do that to go through even with that for her poor dear's sake—granny was always her "poor dear" when in these moods;—and, however hateful and wearisome the whole thing might be, granny should never know how much it cost her.

The resolution helped to save the wifely young conscience many a time when Jerry had been more than usually self-assertive and independent. She was going to be good by-and-by, and for the present she was going to be—let a die. That, at any rate, was too often the practical outcome of a remorseful fit.

With something of the kind in her mind on the present occasion, the fit-fair woman now ran merrily off down to the bridge, where Donald waited, and eagerly hailed by that expectant knight.

"Haste ye, haste ye, Miss Jerry—haste ye. Ye arena a thocht o'er ye. The burnie's doon enough, and ye'll be aye gannin' lower yet. And the sun—it will be the sun that we want, and the sun he will beget himself directly, pointing as he spoke to some of the light here and there breaking out on every side. Haste ye then," exclaimed the rugged archer ardently, and seizing the basket, and slinging it across his shoulders, while his young mistress with equal dispatch took from him her rod, the two suddenly disappeared into the recess of the wood, which at this point approached nearer the Galloway grounds than at any other.

Breath was profuse, and neither wasted it in words. A quarter of an hour's hurried climb brought them to the side of the burn, which could be heard ever more and more distinctly roaring in its tumultuous depths, though in the distance the tumult was rough enough to have soaked and torn any less durable covering than that donated by the prudent little maid, who now fearlessly followed her pioneer over mossy rock and squagmire, until each had slid down the slimy bank, and found themselves in the hollow, beneath a swollen and belovely waterfall.

They were not late. The water had barely subsided sufficiently for sport as their usual critical eyes assured them. A sharp point which should project from the heart of the fall, when the time to fish the pool had not its recess of the wood, which at this point approached nearer the Galloway grounds than at any other.

Donald nodded in silent ecstasy—speech would have been thrown away. Both, however, understood to move a little lower down to where the black depths showed signs of gushing and foaming out in a shallow current to scum its own bed, and then almost simultaneously, each threw a line.

At the very first cast a grossy trout of lumpy proportions, and in excellent humor, as though as ready to be caught as the bar anther was to catch him, positively hooked himself to Jerry's line, and was landed in a trice.

He was but the earnest of the fun to follow.

It was hardly fishing; it seemed all loading, all basing, all reloading, and mute comparing. At length, however, the little girl's tongue could keep silence no longer, and at an untimely moment for she had worked her way to some slight distance from the lad, she let it go. She just landed a fine one.

"Look, look at this, Donald." Donald at the moment was carefully on to the rocks its counterpart.

"Why, yours is still bigger. Oh, I say, isn't it splendid?" shouted his enchanted companion, "isn't it glorious? isn't it?"

"What's your will?" "Eh?" He thought she had something to say, something or him to do, or to do for him.

"Isn't it glorious?" in rising accents. "Eh?" Only those who know the shrill Highland screech can interpret that "Eh!" whose sense Southron meaning would be "No?" "Eh?" screamed the archer, wrinkling up his small, shrewd physiognomy, and putting his hand behind his ear, the better to hear and so comprehend.

"Nothing—nothing—impudently, I only said how splendid it was, and what beauties they are," hastened Miss Jerry back, unable woman-like to resist the last word.

"Eh?" again, at the extreme pitch of Donald's little yelling voice, and Jerry stamped and growled. "Never mind—never mind, I say. Nothing—nothing—nothing," inquiring face was still stretched out for the information which the noise of the waters drowned. "Stupid boy," added she, sotto voce. "Hear that, if you can. Oh, the idiot, he is actually coming over the rock to me. Oh, Donald, you I not stop where you are! Go back go back! I don't want you! Go back, I say—back—back!" waving a peremptory hand.

"Go back!" in a last supreme effort. "Can I tell the boy anything?" inquired a voice almost in her ear. So startling was the gentle sound,

that the effect produced on anyone taken aback by surprise, had this crept up behind, and now almost breathed in her ear.

On the surface the interference was, of course, pardonable. A civil inquiry and offer to help, when it appeared that two of a party were desirous of communicating with each other, and were unable to do so, could hardly be cavilled at; and perhaps the perpetrator of the act was not greatly to blame, in that when the extraordinary and grotesque figure he had addressed whirled round upon him with a gesture that sent her fishing-rod flying over the rocky promontory, and a cry that rose above the roaring of the waters, he merely laughed aloud, and that in her very face. But he caught her by the arm nevertheless, for her foot slipped, and the piece was not one to slip.

"What you young shaver," he cried as he did so, "what I made you jump, did I—eh? By George, it's a grand catching sight of her face, and of a way look around her throat. It's a girl, by all that's wonderful! And a nice pretty girl, too. Well, my lassie, come, come," as a burst of tears now succeeded the first shock of alarm. "Come, come," continued the stranger, patting her on the shoulder, and still laughing at the success of his trick—"no need for all this din. I would not have done it if I had known you were a girl, but after all, there's no harm done. I only meant to make you jump. And I owed you one for being before-hand with me at this pool, the best pool in the stream, or I am mistaken. What business have you two monkeys to spoil the water for me—eh? Little to make like you can't catch the trout yourselves, and you only make a mess of other people's sport. Oh, I say, though—as at the moment his eye fell upon the brimming trout, some-thing ostentatiously opened by Donald, and had drawn near, and had understood enough to perceive that some one was being rated, and that his and his young lady's fishing was, moreover, being disgraced.

"Did you catch all those?" demanded the new comer in accents which told their own tale. "I caught none."

"And here—in this pool?" "The brat nodded again. "Good heavens, what luck! And I'll warrant you have had the best of them, too, you young rascal. And you, too, you Jenny or Maggie, or whatever they call you, you can throw a line as well as he. I saw you from the bank. And I say, what a nice rod!" picking it up—"where did you get that rod? When did it go, lassie?" saying the broad Northern dialect in an unmitigated Southern accent, and eyeing the pretty rod of a make superior to that which he himself held, jealously as he spoke.

There was no sort of response. Miss Campbell of Inchnarew, was for one falling herself fairly caught in her own trap. Granny had told her, what might be the result of her present disguise, and that result had strictly come to pass.

The person making the mistake predicted by the wiser head was clearly a gentleman, and poor Jerry, tearful and sobbing, had all the instincts of a lady. It was dreadful to her to be addressed as she was now being—not that there was anything rude or disagreeable either in the stranger's tone or manner, but it was suddenly coarse and familiar to her upon the ear of a high-born young maiden, accustomed to a certain degree of deference added to courtesy and although a cottage assie, such as she was deemed to be, would probably have found no fault either with the use of the elbow or the link of the chain which accompanied the last injury; it is hard to say which of the two actions the indignant little lady most resented.

Perhaps the swift recollection that she had brought both on herself was worse to bear than all beside. Hitherto she had not spoken, being sufficiently occupied in steadying her still trembling limbs, and checking the tears which do what she would, could not all at once be restrained, but the instant she was in the changing of plain English for broad Scotch was too much, and enabled her, better than anything else could have done, to regain full command of her small self. She now drew hastily away, drew up to her full height, alas the cruel which she did it—and with quivering, passionate lips, strove to assert herself, her rights and her dignity.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Painting.

It is said that the smallest piece of painting in the world has recently been executed by a Flemish artist. It is painted on the smooth side of a grain of common white corn, and pictures a mill and a miller mounting a stairs with a sack of grain on his back. The mill is represented as standing on a terrace, and near it is a horse and cart, while a group of several peasants are shown in the road near by. The picture is beautifully distinct, every object being finished with microscopic fidelity, yet by careful measurement it is shown that the whole painting does not cover a surface of half an inch square.

Worth Remembering.

According to a recent pamphlet by an Italian doctor a sure way of restoring life in cases of strychnine is to hold the patient's tongue firmly. After two other doctors had worked for an hour without result over a young man who was apparently drowned, he thrust a spoon into the patient's mouth, seized the tongue, and worked it violently until the patient gave signs of life.

Water: the horse before you feed him; the water rapidly leaves the stomach and the gastric juices have full play. Water with the food weakens the digestive fluids. His stomach is small, therefore do not let him get too thirsty and drink too much.

You can always tell a spring chick on by its crows.

an onion fine and cut some butter in thin slices. Butter a baking-dish with bread crumbs, put in chopped parsley and a layer of season with salt and pepper and a little chopped onion over it. Another thin layer of bread crumbs, a few bits of parsley, slices of beef as before, with bread crumbs. Pour on stock or gravy and bake in a moderate oven for half an hour longer.

I DON'T CARE

What you do or what you are is for you. You are an article that you can never be used to give you satisfaction. If you are a slave, every person who is not a slave is a slave. Write today and address: D. R. B. B. 3172 Taylor St., Chicago, Ill.

N Society

women often feel the effect of too much gayer balls, theatres, and teas in rapid succession (and then wear out or "run down") by the end of the season. They suffer from nervousness, sleeplessness and irregularities. The smile and good help. It is time to accept help. In Doctor Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It's a medicine which has been discovered and used by a prominent physician for many years in all cases of "nervous complaint" and the nervous disorders which arise from it. The "Prescription" is a powerful uterine tonic and is especially adapted to women who want to regulate and promote the natural functions, builds up, invigorates and cures. Many women suffer from nervous prostration or exhaustion, owing to congestion or disorder of the special functions. The "Prescription" should be quickly got rid of. It is a powerful uterine tonic and is especially adapted to women who want to regulate and promote the natural functions, builds up, invigorates and cures.

"FEMALE WEAKNESS."

Dr. WILLIAM HOOPER, of Belleville, Ill., writes: "I had been suffering from female weakness for some time. I had tried many remedies, but I had heard of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. I bought a bottle and took it. In a few days I felt better, and in a few weeks I was completely cured. I can now do my work for my family as usual."



KNOWLEDGE

bring comfort and improvement and to personal enjoyment when they use. The many, who live better than others and enjoy life more, with an expenditure, by more promptly using the world's best products, are evidence of physical being, will attest to the value to health of the pure liquid nature principles embraced in the Syrup of Figs. Its excellence is due to its presenting the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly medicinal properties of a perfect laxative; effectually cleansing the system, relieving colds, headaches and fevers, permanently curing constipation. Has given satisfaction to millions and has the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidney, Liver and Bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from any objectionable substance. Syrup of Figs is for sale by all drug stores in 50c and \$1 bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co., whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered.

W. L. DOUGLAS

33 SHOE IS THE BEST TO WEAR. \$5. GORDVAN. \$4. NEW FINE CALF KANSAS. \$3.50 POLICE, 3 SOLES. \$2.50 WORKINGMEN. EXTRA FINE. \$2.25 BOYS SHOES. LADIES. \$3.25. BEST DONOLA. SEND FOR CATALOGUE. W. L. DOUGLAS, BROCKTON, MASS.

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The Crown Prince of Prussia

Crown Prince Frederick of Prussia is now in his twelfth year. He is so far advanced in his studies and so mature for his age that Emperor William is thinking of giving him an establishment of his own, with a separate retinue of servants, in order that he may early learn to govern. The crown prince is a remarkably bright lad, and is said by an English visitor to the place to speak our language fluently and talk it, not only rapidly, but well.

The man who has calves to carry through the winter should have bran or crushed oats on which to feed them.

Bitter milk may be caused by moldy fodder. Saltpeper—a teaspoonful to six quarts—stirred in the milk will relieve it of its bitterness. Rawweed also causes bitter milk.—Farmer's Voice.

How's This!

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O. We the undersigned have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligation made by their firm. West & Taylor, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

WALTING, KINNAN & MARVIN Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75c per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free.

An exchange says that if a cow gets choked with an apple or potato, holding up its head and breaking an egg in its mouth is a sure cure. The same remedy is recommended for horses under similar circumstances.

JAYNES EXPECTORANT is both a palliative and curative in all Lung Complaints, Bronchitis, &c. It is a standard remedy for Coughs and Colds, and needs only a trial to prove its worth.

The great thing in this world is not so much where we stand as in what direction we are moving. To reach the port of heaven we must sail sometimes with the wind and sometimes against it, but we must sail and not drift or lie at anchor.

Piso's Cure for Consumption is an especially good medicine for Croup.—Mrs. M. R. Arent, Jonesboro, Texas, May 1st, 1891.

Did you ever brush pie crust over with the white of an egg before putting in the fruit? It will keep it from becoming "soggy."

Mrs. Winslow's SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. The bottle.

Did you ever notice the difference between old and new flour when used for pastry? The old is always preferred.

I Had Salt Rheum

On my hands for six years. I consulted different physicians and took different medicines, but did not realize relief from any of the treatment. I suffered terribly, and finally gave up, discouraged.



Noticing the good Hood's Sarsaparilla was accomplishing, I purchased a supply. When I had taken a fourth of a bottle I noticed a decided change of feeling in my hands. I continued faithfully with Hood's Sarsaparilla, and to the surprise of the neighbors and myself, my affliction was soon perfectly cured. Since then I have taken Hood's Sarsaparilla every spring to keep my system in good order. I give it to my children also with benefit to their health. Mrs. J. S. Whiteside, Aledo, Illinois.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

Hood's Pills are purely vegetable. 25c.

Burlington Route

NEW SHORT LINE

TO SPOKANE

J. FRANCIS, Gen'l Pass' Agent, OMAHA, NEB. N. N. U. No. 311-48. York, Neb. WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS please say you saw the advertisement in this paper.

Know all women

that there is one rheumatic, neuralgic, sciatic, and all-pain remedy, as harmless as water, and sure as taxes—It is St. Jacobs Oil—used by everybody,—sold everywhere.