

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

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

A DREAM.

I dreamt that over the winter world
The winter winds were sighing,
And into the orioles' empty nests
The flakes of snow were flying.
The vines along the garden wall
With crystal ice were gleaming,
And in the garden dull and bare
The summer flowers were dreaming.
The snow lay deep over withered grass,
The skies were cold and gray,
And slowly the dreary night came on
To end the happy day.

I woke, I awoke in the orchard boughs
A hundred birds were singing,
And in the birch trees' pleasant shade
The orioles' nests were swarming.
Along the river, tall and green,
I saw the willows growing,
And daisies petals white as snow
Among the grasses showing.
The flowers held the sunshine bright,
The breezes were at play,
And swiftly the dreamy night came on
To end the happy day.

The Pumps of the Egyptian.
A representative piece of mechanism occurs frequently on the sculptures of early Egypt. It has the appearance of and is generally believed to be that of a portable pump. The hydraulic screw is also attributed to this people, but their main reliance seems always to have been the Shadoof, seen everywhere along the banks of the Nile, an invention so simple and so well adapted to their needs that it remains today substantially the same as it has through all the centuries since history began.

The same may be said regarding the chain pump. In China, an invention of the origin of which antedates the Christian era. This simple machine, which seems never to have been improved upon, is in such common use that every agricultural laborer is in possession of one. Where irrigation is conducted on a larger scale the chain pump is made proportionately larger and moved by a very simple tread wheel, and still larger ones are operated by yoking a buffalo or other animal to a suitable driving machine.

The application of steam to raising water is of uncertain origin. Long before the Christian era certain applications of fire to vessels containing water, by which effects were produced calculated to astonish ignorant worshippers, were practiced by the priests of Egypt, Greece and Rome, but their knowledge seems never to have been turned into any channel of secular usefulness.—Engineering Magazine.

We Owe the Hat to Asia.
We owe the hat to Asia, for it was in that country that the art of felting wool was first known, and from the most remote periods the art was carried on by the orientals. In India, China, Burmah and Siam hats are made of straw, of rattan, of bamboo, of pith, of the leaf of the Tallport palm and of a large variety of grasses. The Japanese made their hats of paper. The modern hat can be traced back to the petasus worn by the ancient Romans when on a journey, and hats with brims were also used by the earlier Greeks.

It was not until after the Roman conquest that the use of hats began in England. A "hatte of beaver," about the middle of the twelfth century, was worn by one of the nobles of the land. Fraisor describes hats and plumes which were worn at Edward's court in 1349, when the Garter order was instituted. The merchant in Chaucer's "Cantebury Tales" had "on his head a Flaunders beaver hat," and from that period onward there is frequent mention of "felt hattes."—Washington Star.

No Law Against Removing a Dead Body.
"Where in the world," asked the lawyer who volunteered information without a retaining fee, "did people—especially people in the country—get the idea that one cannot touch or remove a body until the coroner has arrived? That is almost a general belief in the country, and there never was a more ridiculous and absurd piece of nonsense than this. I have seen a body lie in everybody's way because the people thereabout thought that it was unlawful to touch it. This foolish tradition amounts almost to a superstition, and you may be sure no coroner takes the trouble to enlighten stupid ignorance upon the subject. The coroner is only too willing to aggrandize his influence and power, and therefore rather encourages than discourages this silly superstition."—New York Tribune.

Bending the Knee to Foreigners.
A clever New York woman of assured social position frankly admitted to a horrified Frenchman of rank that nothing of a lower grade than the imperial or republican head of a great nation, in his representative capacity, could win from her a bend of the knee. The princelets, male and female, were but everyday folk in her eyes, quite without social "divinity," and to them she refused to make obeisance. The lady's distinction is self respecting and truly American, and as a rule of conduct it is commended as an antidote for the indiscriminate courtesy craze.—Vogue.

The consumption of tea in England during 1892 reached the highest point ever touched since its use has been generally diffused among the masses, the total quantity used being 307,000,000 pounds.

The largest spider of the world is the miscal of Central America, which, with legs extended, is sometimes 15 inches in diameter. It preys upon birds and lizards.

THREE ON A BENCH.

The Boy Had a Future, the Crook a Past; the Vagrant Had Nothing.
It was 3 o'clock in the morning. The electric lights were still blazing in the silence of Madison square. A number of shabby figures slumbered or moved about on the seats beneath the trees of the park. On a bench beside the little fountain sat a group that arrested my attention. Three figures were reclining here with their heads and shoulders almost touching one another. One was but little more than a boy. A bundle done up in a calico handkerchief was in his hand. His sunburned face and his sturdy shoulders gave evidence that he was from the country—probably a farmhand who had trudged in to try his luck in the city. His boots were covered with red clay. He was leaning against a thin figure clad in somewhat shabby garments.

This man possessed a dark and sinister countenance. He was restless, and his hands, which were thin and white, twitched nervously in his sleep. His lips moved spasmodically. He was an evil conscience. There was plainly a shady side to his past life. Here were deceit and honesty side by side. Next to the dark man slumbered a very old and decrepit one. He was clad in a linen duster. A battered gray hat sat on his head, and his toes were peeping out from the tips of his worn shoes. The face of this old fellow was seamed with deep and car-worn wrinkles. His hair and beard were snowy white. He was possessed of a palsy that made him tremble constantly as he lay dozing. It was youth, manhood and old age—typical of life.

These three reclined here in a stolen sleep. A park policeman came gliding along from the distance through the twilight of the trees. He crept along like a gray ghost on the lookout for those weary souls who were transgressing the law by surreptitious slumber. His eye, lighted with satisfaction as he beheld the three figures on the bench, "You see that seedy fellow in the middle?" he whispered. "That's Tony McElroy, who cracked three safes over in Jersey City last summer. I spotted him at once by his tunc. He just come out of the pen last Tuesday."

The officer seized the crook by the collar and shook him till his teeth rattled. The noise awakened the boy, who grasped the situation at once. Seizing his bundle he scurried like a rabbit across the grass toward Twenty-third street. Once feeling himself safe he stretched his limbs and began to whistle cheerfully. The crook arose and stood in sullen silence a few moments until the policeman pushed him on. He thrust his hands into his pockets, bumped up his shoulders and stumbled up the avenue. The old vagrant tottered to his feet. He was dazed, and it took him quite awhile to collect his senses. He shuffled across the square with bowed head. He scanned the buildings and the streets about him with a hopeless, helpless glance that was pathetic to see. Then he, too, vanished in the gray of breaking dawn.

The boy had a life of hope before him, the crook had a past behind him, but the old vagrant had neither past nor future.—New York Recorder.

A Legend About Lace-making.
Lace-making is by no means so old an industry as most persons suppose. There is no proof that it existed previously to the fifteenth century, and the oldest known painting in which it appears is a portrait of a lady in the academy at Venice, painted by Caspaccio, who died about 1523. The legend concerning the origin of the art is as follows: A young fisherman of the Adriatic was betrothed to a young and beautiful girl of one of the isles of the lagoon. Industrious as she was beautiful, the girl made a new net for her lover, who took it with him on board his boat. The first time he cast it into the sea he dragged therefrom an exquisite petrified wrack grass which he hastened to present to his fiancée. But war breaking out the fisherman was pressed into the service of the Venetian navy. The poor girl wept at the departure of her lover and contemplated his last gift to her. But while absorbed in following the intricate tracery of the wrack grass she began to twist and plait the threads weighted with small beads which hang around her net. Little by little she wrought an imitation of the petrification, and thus was created the bobbin lace.—Washington Star.

The Atlantic Ocean.
The area of the Atlantic is about 30,000,000 square miles, less than half the area of the Pacific and between one-sixth and one-seventh of the total surface area of the world. It would form a circle 6,180 miles in diameter, which is rather more than double the distance from Liverpool to New York.

Its depth is much better known than that of the Pacific and averages more than 2,000 fathoms, probably about 14,000 feet, or about 2½ miles. The height of Mont Blanc is about three miles.

The cubic contents are therefore nearly 80,000,000 cubic miles, so that the Atlantic could be contained bodily in the Pacific nearly three times. The number of cubic feet is 117 followed by 17 ciphers, a number that would be ticked off by our million clocks in 370,000 years. Its weight is 325,000 billion tons, and the number of gallons in it is 73 trillions. A sphere to hold the Atlantic would have to be 523½ miles in diameter.

A Large Cross in an English Church.
The largest cross in any church in the country is the "Great Cross," which the Duke of Newcastle presented to the Church of St. Edmund, Eborac. It is an enormous crucifix, the cross of which is over 25 feet in height, and hangs suspended from the chancel screen. The cross itself is colored dead olive green, and the arms have terminals of flower-de-luce and Tudor roses. The central figure is painted and gilt, while on either side stand presentations of St. John the Divine and the Virgin as "the Mater Dolorosa." The idea of the work has been chiefly borrowed from the roof crosses to be seen still at St. Peter's, Louvain, and at Oplinter in Brabant.—London Tit-Bits.

In Kentucky Jurors Must Be Able to Read.
Circuit Judge Green in a murder trial at Williamstown decided that not being able to read disqualified a person from sitting on a jury. It is the first time the question has been raised we believe. Section 225 of the criminal code provides: "The court shall, on motion of either party, and before argument to the jury, instruct the jury on the law applicable to the case, which shall always be given in writing." Congressman Dickerson made the point that each juror should be able to read the instructions himself, and if he could not do this he was disqualified. The judge sustained the objection.—Greenup (Ky.) Gazette.

To Stimulate the Salivary Glands.
If there is a lack of saliva, or that of proper quality, it is often best to eat some hard kind of bread, as thin, hard, Scotch oatmeal bread, bread crusts, rusks, etc., very slowly and thus naturally increase the amount and quality of the saliva.—Exchange.

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