How Mosile Paintings Are Made.

In order to reproduce a painting in mosaic, says Harper's Weekly, the artists or artisans take a flat sheet of iron of the same size as the painting, The Emizent Brooklyn Divine's Sunsurrounded by a border about an inch high. This receptacle is then filled with plaster, so as to obtain a perfectly flat surface. On this the outlines of the figures are drawn. The plaster is then cut up into small squares, which are to be removed and gradually replaced by as many squares of mosaic of the same size. In the holes left empty when the plaster is taken away a new plaster, made of travertine dust, lime and linseed oil is poured.

After three days this new plaster acquires the necessary consistency, and in this the artist sticks the little colored squares. When all the surface of the plaster is covered with these colored pieces of mosaic, the whole is washed with sand and water uptil it becomes quite smooth. The colored pieces are made of mixtures of different minerals, like arsenic, lead, glass, etc. These minerals are placed in an oven, and the different colors are obtained by the different degrees of heat, and as many as 28,000 various colors can be obtained.

One sun by day, by night ten thousand

A whale develops 145 horse power when it flops it ; tail.

I LOST MY HEARING As a result of catarrh in the head and was deaf a state for over a year. I becan to take Hood's Sarsapa-6 rilla, and found when I had taken three bottles type that my hearing was returning. It is now more than a year and I can hear perfectly well." HERMAN Herman Hicks. ochester, N. Y.

Hood's Sarsa Cures Hood's Pills cure all Liver Ills, Bill

Jaundice. Indigestion, Sick Headache.

······· Do You . lesp Feacefelly ? 'Tired Nature's sweet restorer, balmy He, like the world, his ready visit Upon him that owns that best of beds, the Pilgrim Spring Bed .

Which is made of high'y tempered steel wire, is the PERFECTION of EASE, and will ast a LIFETIME. Avoid all common wire im-tations, for they are like unto

THE PILCRIM CHARMS PEACEFUL SLEEP.



day Sermon.

Subject: "Light in the Evening."

TEXT: "At evening time it shall be light." -Zechariah xiv., 7.

While "night" in all languages is the symbol for gloom and suffering, it is often really cheerful, bright and impressive. I speak not of such nights as come down with no star pouring light from above or silvered wave tossing up light from beneath-murky, hurtling, portentous-but such as you often see when the pomp and magnificence of heaven turn out on night parade, and it seems as though the song which the morn-ing stars began so long ago were chiming yet among the constellations and the sons of God were shouting for ior. of God were shouting for joy.

Such nights the sailor blesses from the forecastle, and the trapper on the vast prairie, and the belated traveler by the road-side, and the soldier from the tent, earthly hosts gazing upon heavenly, and shepherds guarding their flocks afield, while angel bands above them set the silver bells a-ring-ing, "Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace ; good will toward men." What a solemn and glorious thing is night

in the wilderness ! Night among the mountains! Night on the ocean ! Fragrant night among tropical groves ! Flashing night amid arctic severities ! Calm night on Roman campagna! Awful night among the cor-dilleras! Glorious night 'mid sea after a tempest! Thank God for the night! The moon and the stars which rule it are lightouses on the coast toward which, I hope, we are all sailing, and blind mariners are we if with so many beaming, burning, flaming glories to guide us we cannot find our way into the harbor. My text may well suggest that as the natural evening if often luminous so it shall be light in the evening of our sorrows-of old age-of the world's history-of the Christian life. "At eventime it shall be light.

This prophecy will be fulfilled in the evening of Christian sorrow. For a long time it is broad daylight. The sun rides high. innumerable activities go ahead with a thou-sand feet and work with a thousand arms, sand the pickax struck a mine, and the bat-tery made a discovery, and the investment yielded its 20 per cent. and the book came to its twentieth edition, and the farm quad-rupled in value, and the sudden fortune hoisted to high position, and children were hoisted to high position, and enharcen were praised, and friends without number swarmed into the family hive, and prosperity sang in the music and stepped in the dance and glowed in the wine and ate at the banquet, and all the gods of music and ease and gratifleation gathered around this Jupiter holding in his hands so many thunderbolts of

But every sun must set, and the brightest day must have its twilight. Suddenly the sky was overcast. The fountain dried up. The song hushed. The wolf broke into the family fold and carried off the best lamb. A deep howl of woe came crashing down through the joyous symphonies. At one rough twang of the hand of disaster the harp strings all broke. Down went the strong business firm ! Away went long established credit ! Up flew a flock of calumnies ! The new book would not sell. A patent could not be secured for the invention. Stocks sank like lead. The insurance company exploded. "How much," says the sheriff, "will you bid for this plano?" "How much for this library?" "How much for this ploded. for this library?" family picture?

Will the grace of God hold one up in such circumstances? What have become of the great multitude of God's children who have been pounded of the flail and crushed under the wheel and trampled under the hoof? Did they lie down in the dust weeping, walling and gnashing their teeth? When the rod of did they strike back? Because they found one bitter cup on the table of God's supply, did they upset the whole table? Did they kneel down at their empty money vault and say. "All my treasures are gone?" Did they stand by the grave of their dead saying: "There never will be a resurrention?" will be a resurrection? Did they bemoan their thwarted plans and "The stocks are down-would God 1 dead?" Did the night of their disaster say, "The s were dead?" some upon them moonless starless, dark and nowling, smothering and choking their lives bowning, shownering and chowning their lives out? No! No! No! At eventime it was light. The swift promises overtook them. The eternal constellations from the circuit about God's throne poured down an infinite luster. Under their shining the billows of trouble took on crests and plumes of gold and jaspar and amethyst and flame. All the trees of life rustled in the midsummer air of trees of life rustled in the midsummer air of God's love. The night blooming assurances of Christ's sympathy filled all the atmos-phere with heaven. The soul at every step seemed to start up irom its feet bright winged joys warbling heavenward. "It is good that I have been afflicted," cries David. "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away." exclaims Lob. "Screenes." the provide the section of the secti "And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes," exclaims John in apocalyptic vision. At eventime it was light. Light from the cross! Right from the promises! Light from the throne! Streaming, joyous, outgushing, everlasting light! The text shall also find fulfilment in the time of old age. It is a grand thing to be young -to have the sight clear and the hear-ing acute and the step elastic and all our pulses marching on to the drumming of a stout heart. Midlife and old age will be de-nied many of us, but youth—we all know what that is. Those wrinkles were not al-ways on your brow. That snow was not always on your brow. That show was not al-ways on your head. That brawny muscle did not always bunch your arm. You have not always worn spectacles. Grave and dignified as you now are, you once went coast-ing down the hillside, or threw off your hat ing down the hillside, or threw off your hat for the race, or sent the bail flying sky high. But youth will not always last. It stays only long enough to give us exuberant spir-its, and broad shoulders for burden carry-ing, and an arm with which to battle our way through difficulties. Life's path if you fellow it long enough will come under frown-ing crag and across trembling causeway. Blessed old age if you let it come naturally. You cannot hide it. You may try to cover the wrinkles, but you cannot cover the wrinkles. If the time has come for you to be old, be not ashamed to be old. The grandest things in all the universe are old. be old, be not ashamed to be old. The grandest things in all the universe are old. Old mountains, old rivers, old seas, old stars and an old eternity. Then do not be ashamed to be old unless you are older than the mountains and older than the stars. How men and women will lie! They say they are 40, but they are 60. They say they are 20, but they are 30. They say they are 60, but they are 80. How some people will lie! Glorious old age if found in the way of righteousness! How beautiful the old age righteousness! How beautiful the old age of Jacob, leaning on the top of his staff, of John Quincy Adams falling with the harness on, of Washington Irving sitting pen in hand amid the scenes himself had made classical, of John Angell James to the last proclaiming the Gosnel to the masses of Birmingham of the Gospei to the masses of Birmingham, of Theodore Frelinghuysen down to feebleness and emaciation devoting his illustrious faculties to the kingdom of God. At evantide it was light ! See that you do honor to the aged. A See that you do honor to the aged. A philosopher stood at the corner of the street day after day saying to the passers by, "Tou will be an old man. You will be an old woman. You will be an old woman." People though the was crazy. I do not think that he was, Smooth the way for that mother's feet—they have not many more steps to take. Steady those tottering limbs—they will soon be at rest. Plow not up that face with any more winkles. Trouble and care have marked it full enough. Thrust no thorn into that old heart. It will soon cease to beat. "The eye that mocketh its father and refuseth to obey its mother, the ravens of the valley shall pick it out, and the young eagles shall eat it." The bright morning and hot noonday of life have passed with many. It is 4 o'clock it is the way passed with many. It is 4 o'clock it is a way at the mark of the way passed with many. It is 4 o'clock it is a way at the mark of the way passed with many. It is 4 o'clock it is a way at the mark of the way passed with many. It is 4 o'clock it is a way at the mark of the mark mark of the mark of t

5 o'clock! 6 o'clock! The shadows fall longer and thicker and faster. Seven o'clock! 8 o'clock! The sun has dipped below the b) So clock ! The sun has dipped below the horizon. The warmth has gone out of the horizon. The warmth has gone out of the line to clock ! 10 o'clock ! The heavy dues are falling. The activities of life's day are all hushed. It is time to go to bed. Eleven o'clock ! 12 o'clock ! The patriarch sieeps the blessed sleep, the cool sleep, the long sleep. Heaven's messengers of light have kindled bonfres of victory all over the beaven. At executed it is light — light ! heavens. At eventide it is light-light ! My text shall also find fulfillment in the latter days of the church. Only a lew missionaries, a few churches, a few good men, compared with the institutions leprous and

putrefled. It is early yet in the history of everything good. Civilization and Christianity are just getting out of the cradle. The light of martyr stakes flashing all up and down the sky is but the flaming of the morning, but sky is but the flaming of the morning, but when the evening of the world shall come, glory to God's conquering truth, it shall be light. War's sword clanging back in the scabbord: intemperance buried under 10,000 broken decanters; the world's impurity turning its prow heavenward for the benediction, "Bleesed are the pure in heast?" the last "Blessed are the pure in heart;" the last vestige of selfishness submerged in heaven descending charities ; all Caina worshiping Dr. Abeel's Saviour, all Infla believing in Henry Martyn's Bible; aboriginal superst-tion acknowledging David Brainerd's plety. human bondage delivered through Thomas Clarkson's Christianity ; vagrancy coming back from its pollution at the call of Elizabeth Fry's Redeemer; the mountains coming down; the valleys going up, "holiness" in-scribed on horse's bell and silkworm's thread and brown thrasher's wing and shell's tinge and manufacturer's shuttle and chemist's laboratory and king's scepter and Nation's Magna Charta. Not a hospital, for there are no wounds; not an asylum, for there are no orphans : not a prison, for there are no criminals : not an almshouse, for there are no paupers; not a tear, for there are no sor-rows? The long dirge of earth's lamentation has ended in the triumphal march of re-deemed empires, the forest harping it on vine-strung oranches, the water chanting it among the gorges, the thunders drumming It among the hills, the ocean giving it forth with its organs, trade winds touching the

eys and euroclydon's foot on the pedal, I want to see John Howard when the last prisoner is reformed. I want to see Florence Nightingale when the last sabre wound has stopped hurting. I want to see William Penn when the last Indian has been civilized. I want to see John Huss when the last flame of persecution has been extinguished, I want to see John Bunyan after the last pligrim has come to the gate of the Celestial City. Above all, I want to see Jesus after the last saint has his throne and begun to sing hallelujah!

You have watched the calmness and the glory of the evening hour. The laborers have come from the field. The heavens are glow-ing with an indescribable effulgence, as though the sun in departing had forgotten to shut the gate after it. All the beauty of cloud and leaf swims in the lake. For a star in the sky, a star in the water-heaven above and heaven beneath. Not a leaf rustling, or a bee humming, or a grasshopper chirping. Silence in the meadows, silence among the hills

Thus bright and beautiful shall be the evening of the world. The heats of earthly con-flict are cooled. The glory of heaven fills all the scene with love and joy and peace. At eventime it is light-light !

Finally, my text shall find fulfilment at the end of the Christian's life. You know how short a winter's day is, and how little work you can do. Now, my friends, life is a short winter's day. The sun rises at 8 and sets at 4. The birth angel and death angel fly only a little way apart. Baptism and burial are near together. With one hand the mother rocks the cradle, and with the other she touches the grave.

I went into the house of one of my parishioners on Thanksgiving day. The lit-tie child of the household was bright and glad, and with it I bounded up and down the hall. Christmas day came, and the light of

"The password." They answer, "We were wanderers from God and deserved to die, but we heard the voice of Jesus." "Aye,

the Christian on earth are illuminated by thoughts of the coming glory? Light in the evening. The medicines may be bitter. The pain may be sharp. The parting may beartranding. Yet light in the evening. all the stars of night sink their anchors of pearl in lake and river and sea, so the waves of Jordan shall be illuminated with the down

flashing of the glory to come. The dying soul looks up at the constellations. "The Lord is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear?" "The Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall lead them to living fountains of water, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes." Close the eyes of the departed one . earth would seem tame to its enchanted vision. Fold the hands ; life's work is ended. Veil the face; it has been transfigured. Mr. Toplady in his dying hour said, "Light." Coming nearer the expiring moment, he exclaimed, with illuminated countenance "Light." In the last instance of his breath ing he lifted up his hands and cried: "Light! Light!" Thank Goi for light in

the evening.

LIGHT MAIR AND CENIUS.

Appearances Would Seem to Indicate That & Species Discovered That Thrive in That They Two Go Together.

It has long been an accepted fact that the great men of this world, in war, fact that the first requisite for political success is that one must be a light-haired or red-haired man. There may seem to be a contradiction in of Mr. Cleveland's Cabinet, barring Mr. Lamont, are dark-haired men; it is merely seeming. No one says they are statesmen and Mr. Croker admits they are not politicians. Up to the time Mr. Cleveland first sat down hard upon the presidential chair only three men of dark complexion had ever filled the office of President of the United States. In the Smithsonian institution in Washington is a collection of tresses clipped from the heads of our rulers. Red and gray hair, yellow and red-brown hair. from Washington to the stout gentleman under whom the presidential chair now creaks, there has been a line of blonde men-twenty light men and three dark men. Major Moses P. Handy, whose whiskers are rufous, says that red hair is the outward and visible sign of genius. Mr. Cleveland sits soft and says nothing, but there is good reason to believe that he looks upon his light stubby mustache as a mascot. The one thing certain is that he must have a mascot concealed about him

somewhere. Were this not so he would be impossible. Just a few of the red Senators are Vest, of Missouri:

The diamond drill is pointed with black lamonds.

We Cure Rupture.

No matter of how long standing. Write for free treatise, testimonials, etc., to S. J. Hollensworth & Co. Owego, Tioga Co., N. Y. Price \$1; by mail, \$1.15.

It is but a base, icnoble mind that mounts no higher than a bird can soar.

Brown's Iron Bitters cures Dyspepsia, Mala-ria, Biliousness and General Debility. Gives strength, aids Dizeston, tones the nerves-crates appetite. The best tonic for Nursing Mothers, weak women and children.

Fear manifested invites danger ; concealed cowards insu t known ones.

Conductor E. D. Loomis, Detroit, Mich., ays: "The effect of Hali's Catarrn Cure is vonderful." Write him about it. Sold by brunches 55c. 84Y6 ; wonderful." \ Druggists, 75c.

> Taik little and well and you will be taken for somebody.

Many persons are broken down from over-work or household cares. Brown's from Bit-ters rebuils the system, ald- direction, re-move excess of bik, and cures milaria. A splendid conic for women and children.

A verse may find him whom a s rmon flies.

Beecham's Pills instead of sloshy minera waters. Beecham's-no others. 25 cts. a box

FISH IN BOILING WATER.

Element.

One of the most remarkable discovries in the shape of a peculiar spestatecraft, or the arts, have all been cies of fish ever made on this contiabdominal men. There have been a gent was that made at Carson City, few exceptions-there always are. Nev., in 1876. At that time both Some one has even pointed out that the Hale & Norcross and the Savage there are exceptions to the rule that mines were down to what is known marriage is a failure. But in general as the "2,200-foot level." When at the thin men are out of it. More that depth a subterranean lake of curious still, according to the New boiling water was tapped. The ac-York Commercial Advertiser, is the cident flooded both mines to the depth of 400 feet. After the water had all been pumped out except that which had gathered in basins and in the inaccessible portions of the the other fact that all the members works, and when the water still had a temperature of 128 degrees-nearly scalding hot - many queer-looking little blood-red fish were taken out. In appearance they resembled goldfish.

> They seemed lively and sportive enough when they were in their native element-boiling water-notwithstanding the fact that they did not even have rudimentary eyes. When the fish were taken out of the hot water and put into buckets of for?" cold water for the purpose of being transported to the surface, they died as quickly as a perch or bass would if plunged into a kettle of water that was scalding hot: not only this, but had been boiled.

ing fish being found in boiling water. does not appear."



KNOWLEDGE

Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many, who live bet-ter than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs.

Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance.

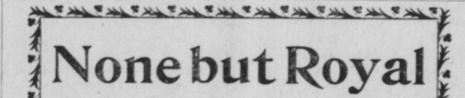
Syrup of Figs is for sale by all druggists in 50c and \$1 bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered.

What, Indeed!

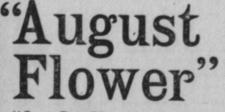
Among authors there are, but few who take the slightest interest in social or political questions. So far as public questions are concerned. they are hardly better informed than Dante Gabriel Rossetti. During the French revolution, one of his friends burst into Rossetti's studio with the incredible news, "Louis Philippe has landed in England." "Has he?" said Rossetti, calm'y; "what has he come

Letting Him Down Easy.

A good example of the extremely courteous in public correspondence was the notice sent to Charles James the skin peeled off exactly as if they Fox that he was no longer a member of the government of George the Eyeless fish are common enough in Third. It read thus: "His gracious all subterranean lakes and rivers, but Majesty has been pleased to issue a this is the only case on record of liv- new commission, in which your name

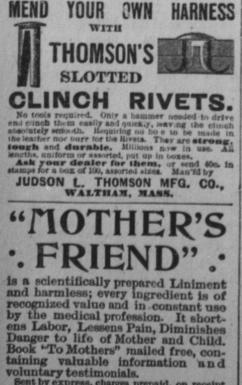






"I am Post Master here and keep a Store. I have kept August Flower for sale for some time. I think it is a splendid medicine." E. A. Bond, P. M., Pavilion Centre, N.Y.

The stomach is the reservoir. If it fails, everything fails. The liver, the kidneys, the lungs, the heart, the head, the blood, the nerves all go wrong. If you feel wrong, look to the stomach first. Put that right at once by using August Flower. It assures a good appetite and a good digestion.



y express, charges prepaid, on receipt \$1.60 per bottle.

ADFIELD REGULATOR CO., Atlanta, Ca. Sold by all druggists

hall. Christmas day came, and the light of that household had perished. We stood, with black book, reading over the grave, "Ashes to ashes, dust to dust."

But I hurl away this darkness. I cannot have you weep. Thanks be unto God, who giveth us the victory, at eventime it shall be light! I have seen many Christians die. I never saw any of them die in darkness. What if the billows of death do rise above What if the billows of death do rise above our girdle, who does not love to bathe? What though other lights do go out in the blast, what do we want of them when all the gates of glory swing open before us, and from a myriad volces, a myriad harps, a myriad thrones, a myriad palaces, there dash upon us, "Hosanna! Hosanna."

'Throw back the shutters and let the sun ne in." said dying Scoville McCollum, one of my Sabbath-school boys. You can see Paul putting on robes and wings of ascension as he exclaims: "I have fought the good fight. I have finished my course. I have kept the faith." Hugh McKail went to one side of the scaffold of martyriom and cried: "Farewell sun, moon and stars : Farewell all earthly delights !" Then went to the other an earthly delights: Then went to the other side of the scaffold and cried: "Welcome, God and Father! Welcome, sweet Jeus Christ, the Mediator of the covenant ' Wel-come death! Welcome glory " A minister of Christ in Philadelphia, dying,

said in his last moments : "I move into the light !" They did not go down doubting and

light !" They did not go down doubting and fearing and shivering, but their battleery rang through all the caverns of the sepul chre and was echoed back from all the thrones of heaven: "O death ! where is thy sting? O grave' where is thy victory?" Sing, my soul, of joys to come. I saw a beautiful being wandering up and down the earth. She touched the aged, and they became young. She touched the aged, and they became rich. I said. "Who is this beautiful being, wandering up and down the earth?" They told me that her name was Death. What a strange thrill of joy when the palsied Christian begins to use his arm again! When the blind Christian begins to again! When the blind Christian begins to see again! When the deaf Christian begins to hear again ! When the poor pligrim puts his feet on such pavement and joins in such company and has a free seat in such a great temple !

Hungry men no more to hunger ; thirsty men no more to thirst : weeping men no more to weep : dying men no more to die. Gather up all sweet words, all jubflant expressions, all rapturous exclamations. Bring them to me, and I will pour them upon this stupend-ous theme of the soul's disenthraliment! Ob, the joy of the spirit as it shall mount up toward the throne of God shouting : Free Free! Your eye has gazed upon the garat-ture of earth and heaven, out the eye hath not seen it. Your eye has caught harmonie

uncounted and indescribable—caught them from harp's trill and bird's carol and water-fall's dash and ocean's doxology, but the ear

fall's dash and ocean's doxology, but the ear hath not heard it. How did those blessed ones get up into the light? What hammer knocked off their chains? What loom wove their robes o. light? Who gave them wings? Ah, eternity is not long enough to tell it; serapnim have not capacity enough to realize it—the mar-vels of redeeming love' Let the palms wave, let the crowns glitter; let the anthems as-cend, let the trees of Lobanon clap their hands—they cannot tell the half of it Archangel before the throne, thou failest Sing on, praise on, ye hosts of the glorified. And if with your songs you cannot express it, then let all the myriads of the saved units in the exclamation, "Jesus! Jesus! Jesus ! There will be a password at the gate of

Blackburn, of Kentucky: Don Cameron, of Pennsylvania; and Brice, of New York and Ohio. Senator Frye, of Maine, is a blonde.

Governor Flower has red hairs in the little whiskers that lie like parenthesis marks on either side of his good-natured face. Blue-eyed "Billy" Sheehan, the Lieutenant Governor, is a man of light complexion. So is Senator Murphy.

Strange Relies Come to Light.

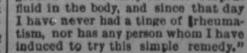
A remarkable discovery has just been niade in one of the attics of the museum of the Louvre. Paris, where for mauy years a pile of card-board boxes containing various unclassified objects has awaited the investigations of the official staff. Among this flotsam and jetsam of the lumber-room is a green cartoon, bearing no external marks to distinguish it from the others, much less to indicate that it served as a sort of urn for part, at least, of the mortal relics of the royal personages. When this insignificantooking casket was opened the first premonitory symptom of what was coming consisted of a whiff of that peculiar odor which clings even to the bones of Kings. Then a yellow sheet of paper was perceived, inscribed with the following inventory of the melancholy specimens that it half concealed: A shoulder-blade of Hugh Capet, a thigh-bone of Charles V., a shin-bone of Charles VI., sundry verte-bræ of Charles VII., a shin-bone of Francis I., more vertebræ of Charles IX., a rib of Phillippe Le Bel, ditto of Louis

XII., the lower jaw-bone of Catherine de Medicis, a jaw-bone of Anne of Austria, shin-bone of Cardinal de Retz.

Opposite to each name is inscribed the death of its possessor, and also a day (not always the same) of the month of October, 1793. This last piece of information supplies a clue to the whole mystery, and, as the paper is pronounced by experts to belong without doubt to the period referred to, affords convincing proof of the genuine character of the re-mains. The box has, in the course of unknown migrations, received rather rough usage, for several osseous fragments are scattered on the bottom .--[Chicago Herald.

Cheaper Than Doctors' Bills.

Said one William Ladd in St. Louis recently: "For years I was a suf-ferer from rheumatism. I tried every known remedy. At last I received some relief from the application of electricity. This gave me an idea. and I resolved to utilize the electricity that is in every man's body. and give it a chance to get out. had my boots made with copper wire running the length of the sole and drawn through the center of the heel. so that its end is exposed to the ground or pavement, thus making a ground wire to carry off the surplus



Baking Powder is absolutely pure. No other equals it, or approaches it in leavening, strength, purity, or wholesomeness. (See U. S. Gov't Reports.) No other is made from cream of tartar specially refined for it and chemically pure. No other makes such light, sweet, finely-flavored, and wholesome food. No other will maintain its strength without loss until used, or will make bread or cake that will keep fresh so long, or that can be eaten hot with impunity, even by dyspeptics. No other is so economical.

If you want the Best Food, **Royal Baking Powder** is indispensable.

