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WAY WORN.

I sometimes think that it would be best
If the hands that labor were folded o'er
The silent breast in the last sweet rest,
When I think of the friends who have gone before;
Who have crossed o'er the river's rolling tide,
And reached the home on the other side.

It seems so far to the wished for day,
And weary and lonely and lost I roam;
I feel like a child who has lost his way
And is always longing for home, sweet home!
But I say to my yearning heart, "Be still:
We'll go home when it is God's will."

The night is long, but the day will break
When the light of eternity streaming down
On the cross we bear for the Master's sake
Will guide our steps to the promised crown.
A little while and the gate is passed—
Home and heaven and rest at last.

—F. L. Stanton.

BY WORD OF MOUTH.

[The author of this story, Rudyard Kipling, is a young Englishman who has lived most of his life in British India. His stories of that country, written during personal contact with its people and the British army, have recently attracted a great deal of attention both in England and America.]

This tale may be explained by those who know how souls are made, and where the bounds of the possible are put down. I have lived long enough in this country to know that it is best to know nothing, and can only write the story as it happened.

Dumoise was our civil surgeon at Meridki, and we called him "Dormouse," because he was a round little, sleepy little man. He was a good doctor, and never quarreled with any one, not even with our deputy commissioner, who had the manners of a bargee and the tact of a horse. He married a girl as round and as sleepy looking as himself. She was a Miss Hillardyce, daughter of "Squash" Hillardyce of the Berars, who married his chief's daughter by mistake.

A honeymoon in India is seldom more than a week long; but there is nothing to hinder a couple from extending it over two or three years. This is a delightful country for married folk who are wrapped up in one another. They can live absolutely alone and without interruption, just as the Dormice did. These two little people retired from the world after their marriage, and were very happy. They were forced, of course, to give occasional dinners, but they made no friends hereby, and the Station went its own way and forgot them, only saying occasionally that Dormouse was the best of good fellows, though dull. A civil surgeon who never quarrels is a rarity, appreciated as such.

Few people can afford to play Robinson Crusoe anywhere—least of all in India, where we are few in the land, and very much dependent on each other's kind offices. Dumoise was wrong in shutting himself from the world for a year, and he discovered his mistake when an epidemic of typhoid broke out in the station in the heart of the cold weather, and his wife went down. He was a shy little man, and five days were wasted before he realized that Mrs. Dumoise was burning with something worse than simple fever, and three days more passed before he ventured to call on Mrs. Shute, the engineer's wife, and timidly speak about his trouble. Nearly every household in India knows that doctors are very helpless in typhoid. The battle must be fought out between death and the nurses, minute by minute and degree by degree. Mrs. Shute almost boxed Dumoise's ears for what she called his "criminal delay," and went off at once to look after the poor girl. We had seven cases of typhoid in the station that winter, and as the average of death is about one in every five cases, we felt certain that we should have to lose somebody.

But all did their best. The women sat up nursing the women, and the men turned to and tended the bachelors who were down, and we wrestled with those typhoid cases for fifty-six days, and brought them through the valley of the shadow in triumph. But, just when we thought all was over, and were going to give a dance to celebrate the victory, little Mrs. Dumoise got a relapse and died in a week and the station went to the funeral. Dumoise broke down utterly at the brink of the grave, and had to be taken away.

After the death Dumoise crept into his own house and refused to be comforted. He did his duties perfectly, but we all felt that he should go on leave, and the other men of his own service told him so. Dumoise was very thankful for the suggestion—he was thankful for anything in those days—and went to Chini on a walking tour. Chini is some twenty marches from Simla, in the heart of the hills, and the scenery is good if you are in trouble. You pass through big, still, deodar forests, and under big, still cliffs, and over big, still grass downs swelling like a woman's breasts, and the wind across the grass and the rain among the deodars says, "Hush—hush—hush." So little Dumoise was packed off to Chini to wear down his grief with a full plate camera and a rifle. He took also a useless bearer, because the man had been his wife's favorite servant. He was idle and a thief, but Dumoise trusted everything to him.

On his way back from Chini, Dumoise turned aside to Bagi, through the Forest Reserve which is on the spur of Mount Huttoo. Some men who have traveled more than a little say that the march from Kotegarh to Bagi is one of the finest in creation. It runs through dark wet forest, and ends suddenly in bleak, nipped hill side and black rocks. Bagi dak-bungalow is open to all winds and is bitterly cold. Few people go to Bagi. Perhaps that was the reason why Dumoise went there. He halted at 7 in the evening, and his bearer went down the hill side to the village to engage coolies for the next day's march. The sun had set, and the night winds were beginning to croon among the rocks. Dumoise leaned on the railing of the veranda, waiting for his bearer to return. The man came back almost immediately after he had disappeared, and at such a rate that Dumoise fancied he must have crossed a bear. He was running as hard as he could up the face of the hill.

But there was no bear to account for his terror. He raced to the veranda and fell down, the blood spurting from his nose and his face iron gray. Then he gurgled: "I have seen the Memsahib! I have seen the Memsahib!"

"Where?" said Dumoise.

"Down there, walking on the road to the village. She was in a blue dress, and she lifted the veil of her bonnet and said, 'Ram Dass, give my salaams to the Sahib, and tell him that I shall meet him next month at Nuddea.' Then I ran away because I was afraid."

What Dumoise said or did I do not know. Ram Dass declares that he said nothing, but walked up and down the veranda all the cold night, waiting for the Memsahib to come up the hill and stretching out his arms into the dark like a madman. But no Memsahib came, and next day he went on to Simla, cross-questioning the bearer every hour.

Ram Dass could only say that he had met Mrs. Dumoise, and that she had lifted up her veil and given him the message which he had faithfully repeated to Dumoise. To this statement Ram Dass adhered. He did not know where Nuddea was, had no friends at Nuddea, and would most certainly never go to Nuddea, even though his pay were more than doubled.

Nuddea is in Bengal, and has nothing whatever to do with a doctor serving in the Punjab. It must be more than twelve hundred miles from Meridki.

Dumoise went through Simla without halting, and returned to Meridki, there to take over charge from the man who had been officiating for him during his tour. There were some dispensary accounts to be explained, and some recent orders of the surgeon general to be noted, and, altogether, the taking over was a full day's work. In the evening Dumoise told his locum tenens, who was an old friend of his bachelor days, what had happened at Bagi; and the man said that Ram Dass might as well have chosen Tuticorin while he was about it.

At that moment a telegraph peon came in with a telegram from Simla ordering Dumoise not to take over charge at Meridki, but to go at once to Nuddea on special duty. There was a nasty outbreak of cholera at Nuddea, and the Bengal government being shorthanded as usual, had borrowed a surgeon from the Punjab.

Dumoise threw the telegram across the table and said, "Well?"

The other doctor said nothing. It was all that he could say.

Then he remembered that Dumoise had passed through Simla on his way from Bagi, and thus might, possibly, have heard first news of the impending transfer.

He tried to put the question, and he implied suspicion into words, but Dumoise stopped him with: "If I had desired that I should never have come back from Chini. I was shooting there. I wish to live, for I have things to do—but I shall not be sorry."

The other man bowed his head and helped in the twilight to pack up Dumoise's just opened trunks. Ram Dass entered with the lamps.

"Where is the Sahib going?" he asked.

"To Nuddea," said Dumoise softly.

Ram Dass clawed Dumoise's knees and boots and begged him not to go. Ram Dass wept and howled till he was turned out of the room. Then he wrapped up all his belongings, and came back to ask for a character. He was not going to Nuddea to see his Sahib die, and perhaps to die himself.

So Dumoise gave the man his wages and went down to Nuddea alone, the other doctor bidding him good-by as one under sentence of death.

Eleven days later he had joined his Memsahib, and the Bengal government had to borrow a fresh doctor to cope with that epidemic at Nuddea. The first importation lay dead in Choodanga Dak-Bungalow.—Rudyard Kipling.

Irrepressible Statisticians.

France still remains the country most prolific in energetic and irrepressible statisticians. One of the tribe has lately been busily engaged in getting up facts and figures about persons smitten with the mania for collecting all sorts of objects. There are, he informs us, 12,000 collectors of botanical specimens and 20,000 antiquaries. The labors of these people, however, are he thinks lofty and noble compared to those of the beings who stick pins in beetles and love to exhibit the impaled insects in glass cases, or of the silly collectors of 'bus and train tickets.

The statistician has also much to say about the scrap book people and the hunters after historical buttons. One of these has a wonderful collection of civil and military specimens, ranging from the time of Louis XIV to our own days, and he spent large sums of money in looking for articles of the kind on the battle-fields where soldiers of the first republic and the first empire had fought.

Another Parisian brought together 20,000 different portraits of the great Napoleon, while a dealer in curiosities has on hand the palettes of all the principal French painters who have flourished in the second half of the present century. The careful statistician has omitted to add to his list the collectors of such trifles as the slippers of "stars" of the ballet, there having been once an old Parisian who had an assortment of these things in his museum.—London Telegraph.

Reducing His Family to Suit.

A certain man, not unknown in this city, tells this story about himself: He went to look at rooms, and after a chat with the landlady, in which he told her he thought he would take them, he asked her if she objected to children. She said no, not particularly, and wanted to know how many he had.

"Oh, about seven," he replied in an offhand way.

"What!" she cried, "Goodness gracious, I couldn't let those in."

"Well," he said reflectively, "I'll go home and kill four of them. I like the rooms very much." The lady was horrified and begged him not to do it, until finally he consented and gave up his hope of ever living in her pleasant rooms.—Providence Telegram.

ONLY TEN YEARS.

Only ten years of joys and tears—
It seems not very long—
Only ten years of hopes and fears
That to my memory throng;
And as you are standing again at my side,
So fair and so young, my bonny bride,
Now breaks from my heart this song:

Only ten years of joys and tears,
Of merry and cloudy weather,
Have blended our lives together, my love,
Have welded our hearts together.

So we'll dream once again of the happy days when
We timidly stood in the morning
With hearts full of love, with the blue skies above,
And roses our garden adorning.
And now you are standing again at my side,
So fair and so young, my bonny bride,
With roses our pathway adorning.

Only ten years of joys and tears,
And the tears into pearls are turning;
Only ten years of hopes and fears,
And now a sweet incense is burning
On the altar of Love, whose diadem
Now shimmers and glistens with many a gem
Of sanctified sorrow and yearning.

Only ten years of joys and tears,
Of merry and cloudy weather,
Have blended our lives together, my love,
Have welded our hearts together.
Only ten years of hopes and fears;
Their passing was fleet,
But their living was sweet
In merry and cloudy weather, my love,
As we've journeyed along together.

—Boston Globe.

THE CLERK'S STORY.

In the fall of 1866 I was employed as a clerk in a general store at a cross roads in southern Indiana. The store, a church and a blacksmith shop, with two residences, made up the buildings, and the families of the merchant and the blacksmith were the only residents. The country about was thickly settled, however, and trade was always good. Before the merchant engaged me he announced that I would have to sleep in the store o' nights, and that unless I had pluck enough to defend the place against marauders he did not want me at any price.

He showed me a shotgun, a revolver and a spring gun, which were used, or on hand to be used, to defend the place, and the windows were protected with stout blinds and the doors by double locks. The close of the war had drifted a bad population into Indiana. The highways were full of tramps, and there were hundreds of men who had determined to make a living by some other means than labor. Several attempts had been made to rob the store, and it had come to that pass that no clerk wanted to sleep there alone.

The merchant seemed satisfied with answers I gave him, and on a certain Monday morning I went to work. The same night a store about four miles away was broken into and robbed and the clerk seriously wounded. Two nights later three horses were stolen in our neighborhood. At the end of a week a farmer who was on his way home from our store was robbed on the highway.

If I had not been a light sleeper from habit these occurrences would have tended to prevent too lengthy dreams as I lay in my little bedroom at the front of the second story. The revolver was always placed under my pillow, and the shotgun stood within reach. The spring gun was set about midway of the lower floor. It was a double barreled shotgun, each barrel containing a big charge of buckshot, and the man who kicked the string and discharged the weapon would never know what hurt him.

It did not seem possible that any one could break into the store without arousing me. There was no door to my room, and after the people in the neighborhood had gone to bed I could hear the slightest noise in the store. I had looked the place over for a weak spot and had failed to find it, but my own confidence came near proving my destruction. I should have told you in describing the store that just over the spot where we set the spring gun was an opening through which we hoisted and lowered such goods as were stored for a time on the second floor. When not in use this opening was covered by a trap door.

Toward evening on the tenth day of my clerkship I hoisted up a lot of pails and tubs, and had just finished when trade became so brisk that I was called to wait upon customers. Later on I saw that I had left the trap door open, and I said to myself that I would let it go until I went to bed. The store had the only burglar proof safe for miles around, and it was customary for the farmer who had a hundred dollars or so to leave it with us. He received an envelope in which to enclose it, and he could take out or put in as he liked. On this evening four or five farmers came in to deposit, and as I afterward figured up we had about $1,300 in the safe.

There were two strange faces in the crowd that evening. One belonged to a roughly dressed, evil eyed man, who announced himself as a drover, and the other as a professional tramp. I gave the latter a piece of tobacco and some crackers and cheese, and he soon went away, and we were so busy up to 9 o'clock that I did not give the drover much attention. When we came to shut up the store he had gone from my mind altogether. We counted up the cash, made some charges in the day book, and it was about 10 o'clock when the merchant left. I was tired, and I took a candle and made the circuit of the store, set the spring gun and went to bed. I had to pass within six feet of the trap door as I went to my room, but I did not see it. It was a rather chilly night in October, and we had no fires yet, and as I got under the blankets the warmth was so grateful that I soon fell asleep.

It was the first night I had gone to bed without thinking of robbers and wondering how I should act in case they came in. I did not know when I fell asleep. I suddenly found myself half upright in bed, and there was an echo in the store, as if the fall of something had aroused me. It was 1 o'clock, and I had been asleep almost three hours. Leaning on my elbow I strained my ears to catch the slightest sound, and after a minute I heard a movement down stairs. While I could not say what it was, a sort of instinct told me that it was made by some human being.

Everything on the street was as silent as the grave. My window curtain was up, and I could see that the sky had thickened and was very black. I did not wait for the noise to be repeated. I was just as sure that some one was in the store as if I had already seen him, and I crept softly out of bed, drew on my trousers and moved out into the big room, having the revolver in my hand. There was no door at the head of the stair. I intended to go there and listen down the stairway.

As I was moving across the room, which was then pretty clear of goods as far as the trap door, I suddenly recollected this opening and changed my course to reach it. It was terribly dark in the room, and one unfamiliar with the place would not have dared to move a foot. Half way to the trap I got down on hands and knees, and as I reached the opening I settled down on my stomach. There was a dim light down stairs. That settled the fact that some one was in the store. After a minute I heard whispers, then the movement of feet, then a certain sound which located the intruders to a foot. They were at the safe in the front of the store.

I drew myself forward and looked down the opening. I could see a lighted candle and two or three dark figures at the safe, and I could hear the combination being worked. My first thought was to drop my hand down and open fire in their direction, but I remembered that we had so many articles hanging up that no bullet had a chance of hitting the men. I was wondering what to do, when I heard one of the men whisper:

"It's all d——d nonsense. We might work here a week and not hit it."

"But I told you to bring the tools and you wouldn't," protested another.

"Oh, dry up!" put in a third voice. "What we want to do is to go up and bring that counter hopper down, and make him open the box."

"I'll give the cussed thing a few more trials," said the first man, and I heard him working away again. My eyes could not have told me the number of robbers, but my ears had. There were three of them, and they were no doubt desperate and determined men. They spoke of bringing me down to open the safe, as if no resistance was anticipated or taken into account. Indeed, they might well reason that they had me at their mercy. The rain was now falling, the night was very dark, and a pistol shot in the store could not have been heard in either of the dwellings.

If they had reflected that I might be armed they would have offset it with the fact that I was a boy of 18, with a girl's face and probably a girl's nerve. I don't deny that I was a bit rattled, and that my lip would quiver in spite of me, but I was at the same time fully determined to protect the store if it cost me my life. How to get at the fellows was what bothered me, but that trouble was soon solved.

"There," whispered the man at the combination as he let go of it, "I won't fool here another minute. That kid knows the combination, and we can make him work it. Come on."

They were coming up stairs. The best place for me would be at the head of the stairway. The stairs had a half turn in them, and I would fire upon the first man who came within range. I heard the men coming back to the stairway and my nerve gave way. It wasn't from cowardice, but the knowledge that I was to kill a human being upset me. I decided to retreat to my room, and if they persisted in coming that far I would shoot. The trio had rubbers on their feet, but they came up stairs without trying very hard to prevent making a noise.

The one who came first had the candle, and as he got to the head of the stairs I saw a knife in his other hand. They made no delay in approaching my room, and with a great effort I braced myself for what I saw must happen. They could not see me until within three or four feet of the door, and their first intimation that I was out of bed was when they heard me call out:

"Stop, or I'll shoot!"

I had them covered with the weapon, and for fifteen seconds there was a dead silence. Then they got a plan. The man with the candle dashed it on the floor, and I suppose they meant to rush in on me in the dark, but I checkmated it by opening fire. They then either meant to retreat down stairs or toward the rear of the floor, for I saw the three together moving off, and fired at their dim figures. Three seconds later there was a great shout of horror, followed by the tremendous report of the double barreled spring gun, and then there was absolute silence.

I think I stood in the door shaking like a leaf for fully three minutes before the silence was broken by a groan. Then it came to me that the robbers had fallen through the open door upon the cord leading to the gun. I struck a match, lighted my own candle, and going to the opening saw three bodies lying below. Running back to the bedroom to recharge my revolver, I then went down stairs to investigate.

It was as I suspected. The three had pitched down together. The top of one's head had been blown off by the shot, a second had a hole in his chest as big as your fist, while the third, who was responsible for the groans, was severely wounded in both legs. It was three months before he could be put on trial, and he then got four years in prison. The whole thing was a put up job. The "drover" was a Chicago burglar called "Clawhammer Dick," and he had hidden himself in the store that night, and then let his pals in by the back door. They had a horse and wagon in the rear of the building, and the plan was to rob the store of goods as well as to get at the money in the safe. A bit of carelessness on my part not only saved the store and probably my life, but wiped out a very desperate gang.—Boston Commercial Bulletin.

The Ball Player.

Bobby—Do you like your new house?

Little Johnnie—Yes. It has a vacant lot next door.—Epoch.

A Slight Error.

When Sir John Herschell was defending the science of astronomy in view of a mistake of nearly 4,000,000 of miles in estimating the distance of the sun the correction was shown to apply to an error of observation so small as to be equivalent to the apparent breadth of a human hair at a distance of 125 feet.—St. Louis Republic.

Politeness.

It is polite to avoid practical jokes. It is polite when you have offended any one or hurt his feelings in any way to apologize for it as clearly as possible, without reservation or excuse, since the more vulgar a man is the more does he obscure and degrade an apology by self justification. It is polite to express an interest in or admiration of that which is dear to others.

It is sometimes more polite to accept a gift or a courtesy, especially from humble people, than to refuse it; and it is polite to show the utmost kindness and courtesy to those who have been reduced by adversity. And it is something more than polite to interpose and shield another person from mortification, wounded self respect and loss of dignity.—Jean Johnson in Jenness-Miller Magazine.

Everybody knows scrofula to be a disease of the blood, and Hood's Sarsaparilla is the best remedy for all blood diseases.

Worry is a good friend to the grave-digger.

Love has no strap around the pocket-book.

There's nothing very pleasant about hawking and spitting, these nations mean catarrh and call for the use of Old Saul's Catarrh Cure, a valuable remedy. Price 25c. Sold everywhere.

The real need of a sick baby is not so much medicine as it is something to "assist nature." Many things are recommended, but the best known remedy for the ailments of young children is Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup. Price only 25c a bottle.

Love knots should be tied with a single bean.

Dip the pen of the tongue in the ink of the heart.

Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy.

Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy, a marvelous cure for Catarrh, Diphtheria, Canker Mouth, and Head-Ache. With each bottle there is an ingenious Nasal Injector for the more successful treatment of these complaints without extra charge. Price 50 cents. Sold at Biery's or Thomas' drugstore.

Make money and money will make you.

Never abridge the usual hours of sleep.

Answer This Question.

Why do so many people we see around us seem to prefer to suffer and be made miserable by Indigestion, Constipation, Dizziness, Loss of Appetite, Coming Up of the Food, Yellow Skin, when for 75 cents we will sell them Shiloh's System Vitalizer, guaranteed to cure them. Sold at Biery's or Thomas' drugstore.

It is better to live rich than to die rich.

Love is like a silk shirt with burrs in it.

He Yelled Kemp's Balsam.

I yell "Take Kemp's Balsam, the best cough cure." I always do when I hear a man cough, and I can't help it. It saved me and it will cure you. I was threatened with pneumonia last winter and it broke it up. It helps the children out when their throats are sore, cures their coughs, and tastes so good. The first dose helps you. So writes A. R. Arnold, engineer on the West Shore Ry., at Canajoharie, N. Y.

Hold fast that which is good.

Two of a trade can never agree.

Miles' Nerve and Liver Pills.

An important discovery. They act on the liver, stomach and bowels through the nerves. A new principle. They speedily cure biliousness, bad taste, torpid liver, piles and constipation Splendid for men, women and children. Smallest, mildest, surest. 30 doses for 25 cents. Samples free at T. D. Thomas and W. F. Bierys Drug Store.

Leave your business behind you when you go to your home.

Pain and dread attend the use of most catarrh remedies. Liquids and snuffs are unpleasant as well as dangerous. Ely's Cream Balm is safe, pleasant, easily applied into the nostrils, and a sure cure. It cleanses the nasal passages and heals the inflamed membrane, giving relief at once. Price 50c.

Believe not half you hear, and repeat not half you believe.

A Sensible Man

Would use Kemp's Balsam for the Throat and Lungs. It is curing more cases of Coughs, Colds Asthma, Bronchitis, Croup and all Throat and Lung Troubles than any other medicine. The proprietor has authorized any druggist to give you a Sample Bottle Free to convince you of the merit of this great remedy. Large Bottles 50c and $1.

The one who is willing to be kind can always be busy.

A Yankee Sheriff Frightened.

A well known sheriff, who lives in Maine, had been given up to die with what his physician called Consumption, a friend advised the sheriff to try Pan-Tina Cough Consumption Cure; recovery soon followed, much to the surprise of the doctor, who now prescribes it for Coughs, Cold and Consumption. Price 25 and 50 cents. Trial bottles free at Thoma's Drug Store.

Unselfish love is the only thing that can be truly great.

A chair 120 years old is in use in an office in Spring City, Penn., and it is said to be just as good as when it was bought.

The Pulpit and the Stage.

Rev. F. M. Shrout, Pastor United Brethren Church, Blue Mound, Kan., says: "I feel it my duty to tell what wonders Dr. King's New Discovery has done for me. My lungs were badly diseased, and my parishioners thought I could live only a few weeks. I took five bottles of Dr. King's New Discovery and am sound and well, gaining 26 lbs. in weight.

Arthur Love, Manager Love's Funny Folks Combination, writes: "After a thorough trial and convincing evidence, I am confident Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, beats 'em all, and cures when everything else fails. The greatest kindness I can do my many thousand friends is to urge them to try it." Free trial bottles at REBER'S Drug Store. Regular sizes 50c. and $1.00.

The man who travels down hill makes rapid progress.

The St. Gothard tunnel, in the Alps, is twice as long as the Hoosac—over nine miles.

Be Your Own Doctor.

It won't cost you one half as much. Do not delay. Sent three two-cent stamps for postage, and we will send you Dr. Kaufman's great work, fine colored plates from life, on diseases, its causes and home cure. Address, A. P. Ordway & Co., Boston, Mass.

Love speaks the mother tongue of everybody.

The word boss comes from the low Dutch, and has the same meaning as in English.

The fountain of perpetual youth was one of the dreams of antiquity. It has been well-nigh realizied in Ayer's Sarsaparilla, which purifies the blood, gives vitality to all the bodily functions, and thus restores to age much of the vigor and freshness of youth.

The Prince of Wales has cut himself down to three cigars a day and ten cigarettes.

They All Failed

The following letter from Mr. W. A. Thomson, of Columbus, Wis., is peculiarly interesting: "My wife," says he, "has been treated for her head, stomach and nervous prostration by three doctors in New York, two in Chicago, one in Philadelphia, one in Cincinnati, and at the large institute in Buffalo for 16 months. They all failed. But one bottle of Dr. Miles' Restorative Nervine helped her wonderfully." This should be used in all headaches, backaches, changes of life, nervous disturbances, fits, rheumatism, etc. Ask at T. D. Thomas' and W. F. Biery's drug store for a free trial bottle and Dr. Miles' new book on the Nerves and Heart.

Gold can be pounded 1800 times thinner than printing paper. One ounce of it will cover 146 square feet.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—U. S. Gov't Report, Aug. 17, 1889.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE