

THE ONE-LADY BRIDE.

A Story Written for This Paper by Grant Allen.

CHAPTER I.

Tom and Jake lived together most amicably in a rough hut in one of the wildest wooded parts of that great frozen tract which we know as the Hudson Bay Company territory. If they ever had stragglers they'd almost forgotten those needless appendages themselves long since, and certainly nobody else on earth had ever heard of them. They were Tom and Jake to one another and to the world besides that world in their case consisting of a few distant neighbors some fifty miles on either side, and the company's agent at Fort Nitchequana, with whom they exchanged their furs, and their clothing and other simple necessities of life in a far northern clearing.

For Tom and Jake were trappers by trade—trappers born and bred in the Hudson Bay land. They had shot and fished almost as soon as they could walk a mile, and knew no other mode of life but that lonely existence in the wild woods, snaring beaver and musquash, and silver fox and wolverine. Forest and snow were all their society. They never made any conversation, direct and natural. When they had nothing to say to each other they held their tongues. And as their life afforded few occasions for general conversation, seldom exchanged a sentence between themselves through the long, cold winter and the short, hot summer, except in so far as it was necessary to give and receive instructions about joint action against some particular foe. Tom and Jake were generally "bar" or a stray northward wandering summer "printer." Save at these rare moments they were mostly mute, going about the two rooms of their bare log hut with their pipes between their lips, and very little else in their mouths or fingers.

Still, in their own way, these two were deeply attached to one another. They loved like brothers, undemonstratively, but none the less truly. When Tom came back from a long hunting expedition he held out his skis for a show in his hand, and said, "Hello, Jake!" and Jake held up his in return, and said "Hello, Tom!" and both of them felt glad to see the other's face, with a profound consciousness that in that simple greeting they had fulfilled all the duties of backwoods politeness, and satisfied the claims of eternal friendship.

Perhaps one reason why they liked one another so much was because each formed the other's entire environment. Tom had no one else to talk to, and Jake had no one else to talk to. They held them so they would have smiled blankly and answered, "Sure!" in profound surprise that they should possess anything on earth that had so fine a name without even suspecting it. They had grown up together from the time that were boys, and no woman had ever come in between to divide their allegiance one to the other. The only female society they ever saw, indeed, was when a party of wandering Indians passed that way to exchange their furs with the whites for spirits or gunpowder. On such occasions Tom and Jake had a rare old frolic with the youngest and prettiest squaws. They organized a moonlight entertainment on the clearing space in front of the hut, and danced to their hearts' content for hours at a stretch with their dusky partners, while the Indian men sat by, smoking their pipes, and looked on impassive, wrapped in their blankets, and in the true Indian style, and in the old way of it all, when Tom and Jake could dance no more, they stood glasses of grog to the tribe all around, and the Indians sang, "He's a jolly good fellow!" to the familiar tune and in the Ojibway language. But with the exception of these primitive festivities once in a twelve-month Tom and Jake never saw a woman's face from year's end to year's end. They lived their own monotonous life alone among the trees and snows, contented to do so because they knew and could conceive no other.

CHAPTER II.

At last, one day an unexpected event took place by common consent in the little household. Tom went on a shopping expedition to Toronto.

For years the pair had been slowly accumulating a goodly stock of Canadian bank-notes, the surplus of their sales over their purchases from the company's agent, and having nothing to do with them in the wild north they found these banknotes had gathered head at last, till Tom and Jake began to feel that was a sin so look upon them as a hoard of gold and being economists enough to have heard of investment, they decided between them that Tom, who was the best speaker, must set off to spend it, or part of it, at Toronto. They were many there, and they had heard tell of which would come in handy for the hut in snow-time. So off Tom set, in bright mid-winter on his trusty snow-shoes, taking advantage of the easy traveling down, and meaning to bring back a hundred pounds over the even road afforded by the snow on a hired sleigh from Barrie or Portage.

He might have gone to Ottawa, to be sure, which was a deal larger town, but there had been told Toronto was a larger town, and if once Tom quitted his native hills to see the world, it was agreed between them he ought to see it with its modern civilization at its highest and best in the streets of a great commercial city.

Seven weeks Tom was gone, and when he came back again he sat and talked for seven hours with Jake, as Jake would have conceived, his old friend and chum capable of talking. Contact with the world had given Tom far eloquence; he described all the wonders of the crowded town with strange ease of diction, and the railway, the street cars, the electric light, the telephone, the gigantic hotel, where his room had been No. 580, till Jake began to think in his simple soul the traveled man was trying to fool him. Finally Tom raised his head and said, "And, Jake, I'm thinkin' of gettin' married."

Then Jake knew he was really fooling him and answered nothing, but more yast with his head on one side, puffing away doubly at one of the big cigars which Tom had brought back among his purchases from Toronto as a new and fashionable form of tobacco.

However, when Tom saw he was silent on the subject of the girl he had chosen for his future wife that bit by bit Jake's incredulity relaxed, and he began to discover to his profound surprise Tom was really in earnest. At last, when he could doubt the stalling news no longer, he turned and Tom declared and exclaimed in astonishment, "Why, Tom,



"JAKE, I'M THINKIN' OF GETTIN' MARRIED."

man, how could ye ever make bold enough to ask her?"

For though Jake had hardly so much as a white woman's face in all his life, an innate chivalry and masculine modesty within him made him realize at once the full terror and difficulty of that awful ordeal.

Tom looked at the fire and at the new couch—it had run to a couch with a heavily covering and covered slowly: "It was a pull, Jake, but I managed it, however; I spoke up and managed it."

Jake felt in his soul a deeper admiration for Tom's abilities than he ever had before, and he began to think that that silent, untutored man would have spoken up to a woman's heart, and induced her in only five weeks' clear time to promise to marry him!

CHAPTER III.

All through the rest of that winter Tom and Jake were busy with plans for this great revolution in their domestic arrangements—Jake, no less than Tom, and almost even more so, for Tom, so used to respect for a white woman's dignity. He even talked about building a kitchen, distinct from the parlor, as being more appropriate for the lady's use, had not Tom dissuaded him by saying that Lucy, he had heard of, was a very nice girl, but a Christian name alone as Lucy—would only find it an extra fire to light and tend, for, of course, they must have a fire in the living-room anyway. Wood, to be sure, wasn't dear; they would have to get it, but they could get it, and want to give Lucy any extra trouble. Jake smiled grimly to himself at that. Extra trouble, indeed! Before the white lady should dream of lighting the fires herself he'd be up and about—but there, no matter. It would be wiser, and further advised, to keep things tidy in three rooms than in four, and ladies do love to keep things tidy.

At last the preparations were all complete; the little log hut was swept and garnished; the paper on the wall was further adorned by a couple of old London News chromo-lithographs; and Tom set out once more, and once more alone, to make his wedding trip to and from Toronto.

On the day he was due to return, Tom was sitting at a table of beautiful and blissful expectation. Had he made everything right as it ought to be for a lady? Was the bouquet of wild flowers in the mug on the mantelpiece strictly appropriate? Were the pots and pans all brightly scoured enough to meet the eye of a female critic? Would Tom's wife be very contemptuous and very hard on a rough trapper fellow? Was she really as young and pretty as Tom had pretended? He was asking himself these and again and again. Lightful doubt, as he sat there waiting, in his clean flannel shirt and store coat, by the smudge fire, for the advent of the happy pair on their honeymoon.

Tom was sitting at a table of beautiful and blissful expectation. Had he made everything right as it ought to be for a lady? Was the bouquet of wild flowers in the mug on the mantelpiece strictly appropriate? Were the pots and pans all brightly scoured enough to meet the eye of a female critic? Would Tom's wife be very contemptuous and very hard on a rough trapper fellow? Was she really as young and pretty as Tom had pretended? He was asking himself these and again and again. Lightful doubt, as he sat there waiting, in his clean flannel shirt and store coat, by the smudge fire, for the advent of the happy pair on their honeymoon.

by heart for the occasion, "It gives me much pleasure, m'am, to welcome my friend Tom's wife to our humble cottage," stuck in his throat, and refused to deliver itself. All the while as he stood there lowering, and painfully conscious of the conduct of his hands, was that Tom's wife was a vision of glory—a beam of sunlight descended straight upon their house in some happy hour from the seventh heavens. And indeed, to produce the fact, she was a pretty, graceful Canadian girl—a farmer's daughter—one of those delicate girls, with small hard and feet, and a mignonette figure, whom the Anglo-Saxon race in the West-Indian colonies seem to produce by hundreds (before the stock died out of the commonest lines, yet with a type of beauty which in England belongs only to the extremely aristocratic society. Jake was ready to fall down and worship at her feet, and he had to be content with her small white hand and said to him graciously, with a pretty smile, "I'm glad to see you; Tom's told me a great deal about you already," he felt as though he could sink into the ground with relief for his own inability to answer her fitly.

CHAPTER IV.

The lady's advent made a wonderful difference to the little log hut, for Jake, that long, slender, was filled now with grace and poetry. Tom, for his part, secure in his possession of the priceless treasure, didn't seem after the first few months to make so much of her. But to Jake, who could but worship at her feet, she was simply a goddess on earth, a fairy descended to lighten and sweeten the gloom of the forest. Her presence made everything purer and more beautiful. He couldn't imagine how Tom, with the easy carelessness of a matter-of-fact man, could allow that angel to cook and wash for them; for himself, he was always trying to save her trouble, to split her firewood and draw her water, to make up for the lack of society in that trackless forest, to find conversation for her, to see that she had the best of everything slowly away and gave place to the sublime and delightful consciousness of secure friendship. For Mrs. Tom, as he always called her, was gracious enough to admit him to the honors of her confidence, and to talk with him, in terms of perfect equality. The trapper's heart burned within him whenever she gave him a kind word—the only white woman, save his own mother, he had ever known to be really friendly with.

Months after month these three lived on together in their strange household, seldom or never seeing any one from outside; and month after month Jake's admiration and devotion toward the dainty white lady grew more and more profound, and his respect and tender worship of her grew more and more intense. He seemed to think less and less of her—or so Jake fancied—as time went on; to be unworthy of this treasure he had won so easily. "He was rough but kind," Lucy said sometimes, whereas Jake, as he knew in his own heart, and confessed to himself sheepishly, was kind and not rough, never rough to Lucy. He worshipped the very ground on which she trod—he, whose adoration had never been spoiled by the too great familiarity of accomplished possession.

Winter came in, and with it that terrible time of privation for a lone woman in the cold, cold north. Lucy was snowed-up all day in the hut, which Jake tried to make still bright and pleasant for her. He brought in boughs of pine and spruce to decorate the mantelpiece, and red berries of bitter-sweet to put in the vases that now flanked the mirror. But do all he could Lucy's spirits faltered terribly in that long, close time. The color began to fade from her cheeks, and the



"I'M GLAD TO SEE YOU."

drudgery and isolation of that awful life began to tell upon her health, both bodily and mental.

Tom hadn't ought ever to have married her, Jake thought to himself. "She's worlds too good for the likes of us poor hardy trappers."

But Tom considered her just good enough, and not one scrap more than that, and accounted her life about as happy, apparently as most other women's.

Winter wore on, and strange things again happened in the hut. It was soon to have yet another inmate. Against that foreseen contingency it was that the best of the four dogs, all the way to Portage, and on his own hired sleigh brought back in his train a country doctor. It was Jake who laid in a stock of condensed milk for the little one's use, and who the baby washed and first dressed to himself. "Our baby," Jake called it always, with proprietary pride—the finest infant, he was willing to wager a score of skins, in all the square miles of the Hudson Bay Company's territory.

But Tom and Jake lived and thrived and the more Jake worshipped and admired the mother, the less and less Tom seemed to think of them. Jake was beginning to get angry with Tom in his heart of hearts for his want of regard for the baby, and he was only she had been his—but there, Jake never permitted himself to think like that—or if he did he read a bit of a chapter in Lucy's book that she'd brought with her, for four hours he read, and that Tom made him come round again with a rush to better and saner views of the matter.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

Power of Man, Beast, and Steam. The working power of a horse is about equal to that of a horse, 3,000; and that of steam horse-power, 4,000. The highest number of foot-tons per inhabitant exerted daily, including hand, horse, and steam power, is in the United Kingdom, being 1,200, and least in Portugal, where it does not exceed 250.

SOME SANITARY ASPECTS OF BREAD-MAKING.

BY CYRUS EDSON, N. Y. C.

(Health Commissioner, New York City.) It is necessary if one would understand the sanitary aspects of bread-making, to fully comprehend the present theory held by scientists of germs and the part played by them in disease. The theory of disease germs is merely the name given to the knowledge had of those germs by medical men, a knowledge which is the result of innumerable experiments. Being this, the old term of a "theory" has become a misnomer. A germ of a disease is a plant so small that I do not know how to express intelligibly to the general reader its lack of size. When this germ is introduced into the blood or tissues of the body, its action appears to be analogous to that which takes place when yeast is added to dough. It attacks certain elements of the blood or tissues, and destroys them, at the same time producing new substances.

But the germs of the greater part of the germ diseases, that is, of the infectious and contagious diseases, will develop or increase in number without being in the body of a human being, provided always you give them the proper conditions. These conditions are to be found in dough which is be-

ing raised with yeast. They are warmth, moisture and the organic matter of the flour on which the germs, after certain changes, feed. It is necessary to remember at this point that yeast is a germ growth, and when introduced into a mixture of glucose or starch, in the presence of warmth and moisture sets up a fermentation. If the mixture be a starchy dough the yeast first changes a portion of the starch into glucose, and then decomposes the glucose by changing it into two new substances, viz., carbonic acid gas and alcohol.

Now the gluten, which is also a constituent of dough and moist starch, affords with the latter, an excellent medium for the development of germ diseases as well as for the yeast germs. The germs of cholera, as of typhoid fever, would, if introduced into dough, find very favorable conditions for their growth.

I do not wish to "pose" as an alarmist, nor am I willing to say there is very much to be feared from the germs of cholera and typhoid fever, and of cholera reaching the stomachs of the people who eat bread which has been raised with yeast. But I have not the slightest cause to doubt that other diseases have been and will be carried about in the bread.

I have met journeymen bakers, suffering from cutaneous diseases, working the dough in the bread trough with naked hands and arms. I have no reason to suppose bakers are less liable to cutaneous diseases than are other men, and I know, as every housewife knows, that raised bread is often covered with long time. This is an exceedingly objectionable thing from the standpoint of a physician, for the reason that the germs of disease which are in the air and dust and on stairways and straps of shoes, are most often collected on the hands. Any person who has ever kneaded dough understands the way in which the dough cleans the hands. This means that any germs which may have found a lodging place on the hands of the baker before he makes up the batch of bread are sure to find their way into the dough, and once there, to find all the conditions necessary for subdivision and growth.

This is equivalent to saying that we must rely on heat to kill these germs, because if almost certain that they will be there. Now, underdone or doughy bread is a form which every man and woman has seen.

It is a belief as old as the hills that underdone bread is unhealthy. This reputation has been earned for it by the experience of countless generations, and no careful mother will wish her children to eat bread that has not been thoroughly baked. The reason given for this recognized unhealthfulness has been that the uncooked yeast dough is very difficult to digest. No one but a physician would be apt to think of disease germs which have not been killed during the process of baking as a cause of the sickness following the use of uncooked yeast bread. Yet this result from this cause is more than probable. I have not the slightest doubt that we trace back some of the cases of illness which we meet in our practice would find that germs collected by the baker from the air, the way into the yeast bread, that the heat has not been sufficient to destroy them, that the uncooked yeast bread has been eaten and with it the colonies of germs, that they have found their way into the blood and that the call for our services which followed has rounded off this sequence of events.

I have already pointed out that the germs of disease are to be found in the air and dust. The longer any substance is kept in contact with the air, the greater the chance that germs will be deposited on it. Bread raised with yeast is worked down or kneaded twice before being baked, and this process may take any where from four hours to a day. The chance of collecting disease germs during this process of raising, and it has two periods of working down or kneading, during each of which it may gather the dirt containing the germs on the baker's hands. As no bread save that raised with yeast goes through this long process of raising and kneading, so no bread save that raised with yeast has so good a chance of gathering germs.

What is meant by "raising" bread is with a few words. The introduction of the yeast into the moist dough and the addition of heat when the pan is placed near the fire produces an enormous growth of the yeast fungi—the yeast "germ," in other words. These fungi effect a destructive fermentation of a portion of the starchy matter of the flour—one of the most valuable nutrient elements in the flour. The fermentation produces carbonic acid gas, and this, having its origin in every little particle of the starch, which is itself everywhere in the flour, pushes aside the particles of the dough to give itself room. This is what is called "raising the bread."

It needs but a glance to see that it is, in its effects on the dough, purely mechanical. The dough, which was before a close-grained mass, is now full of little holes, and when cooked in this condition is what we ordinarily call light. This porous quality of the bread enables the stomach to rapidly and easily digest it, for the gastric juices quickly soak into and attack it from all sides. The fermentation of the dough, however, uses up a portion of the nutrient elements of the loaf. If it be possible, therefore, to produce a light porous loaf without this destruction and without the "kneading" process, which fills the dough with germs and filth, and without the long period during which the raising process goes on,

the gain in food and the gain in the avoidance of the germs is exceedingly plain. But while we can easily see the dangers which attend the use of yeast it is certain that the vesiculating effect produced by the gas on the dough is to the last degree perfect. It is apparent that if we are to substitute any other system of bread making we must have one which will give us, first, mechanical results equally as good, that is, that will produce minute bubbles of carbonic acid gas, and secondly, a porous dough. Now it is in no way difficult to produce carbonic acid gas chemically, but when we are working at bread we must use such chemicals as are perfectly healthful. Fortunately these are not hard to find.

The evils which attend the yeast-made bread are obviated by the use of a properly made, pure and wholesome baking powder in lieu of yeast. Baking powders are composed of an acid and an alkali, which, if properly combined, should when they unite at once destroy themselves and produce carbonic acid gas. A good baking powder does its work while the loaf is in the oven, and, having done it, disappears. But care is imperative in selecting the brand of baking powder to be certain that it is composed of non-injurious chemicals. Powders containing alum or those which are composed from impure ingredients, or those which are not combined in proper proportion or carefully mixed, and which will leave either an acid or an alkali in the bread, must not be used.

It is well to sound a note of warning in this direction, or the change from the objectionable yeast to an impure baking powder will be a case of jumping from the frying pan into the fire.

The best baking powder made is, as shown by analysis, the "Royal." It contains absolutely nothing but cream of tartar and soda, refined to a chemical purity, which when combined under the influence of heat and moisture produce carbonic acid gas, and having done this, disappear. Its use avoids the long period during which the yeast-made dough must stand in order that the starch may ferment, and there is also no kneading necessary.

The two materials used in the Royal, cream of tartar and soda, are perfectly harmless, even when eaten. But they are combined in exact compensating weights, so that when chemical action begins between them they practically disappear, the substance of both having been taken up to form the carbonic acid gas. More than this, the proper method of using the powder involves the most thorough mixing with the flour. The proper quantity being taken, it is mixed with the flour and stirred around in it. The mixture is then sifted several times, and this insures that in every particle of the flour there shall be a few particles of the powder. The salt and milk or water being added, the dough is made up as quickly as possible, and molded into loaves.

These are placed in the oven and baked. But the very moment the warmth and moisture attack the mix-

ture of cream of tartar and soda, these two ingredients chemically combine, and carbonic acid or leavening gas is evolved. The consequence may be seen at a glance; the bread is raised during the time the oven is in the oven, and this is the most perfect of all conceivable methods of raising it.

Here, then, there is no chance for germs of disease to get into the dough and thence into the stomach; more than that, the bread is necessarily as sweet as possible, there having been no time in which it could sour. This involves the fact that the bread so made will keep longer, as it is less likely to be contaminated by the germs that effect the souring process.

It will be strange if the crowds of visitors to the World's Fair do not greatly increase the number of contagious diseases, which we will have to treat. Under these circumstances it is not folly of follies to open a single channel through which these germs may reach us? Is it not the part of wisdom to watch with the greatest care that we eat and drink, and to see that the food and drink we eat and drink are absolutely pure? Those who eat bread or biscuits or rolls made at home with Royal baking powder may be sure they have absolutely stopped one channel through which disease may reach them.

As Good as a Seashore Cottage. "Are you going to the seashore this summer?" Jones asked of Brown. "No not exactly," said Brown, "but we're not to accomplish the same result without going from home at all. 'What do you mean?' 'Why, it's this way: You see, when a person who means to take a cottage at the seashore he, of course, gets a poor sort of shanty, because we can't afford a large, finely finished and well-furnished house. You know the sort of place the usual summer cottage is, when you go to the seashore. It is not only a shanty, but it is a shanty of the result in another way. We're going to move up into the attic for the summer. 'Move up into the attic?'"

"Why, certainly. It is unfinished, just like a seashore cottage. The sun beats down on the shingles and raises the temperature of the air in the attic every sunny summer day. That's just like a seashore cottage, too. When it rains the water doesn't beat through our roof, to be sure, as it does through the roofs of the seashore cottages, but we can remedy that by putting a few holes through the shingles here and there, and getting the roof mended in the fall. It will smell a little stuffy, but that is eminently like a seashore cottage. We shall keep a clothes basket full of unwashed clam shells standing in the corner to produce a realistic effect. On the whole we shall be ever so much more comfortable in our own accustomed garret than we would be at the seaside, and we shall have this inestimable advantage, that when we get sick of it we can simply move right down into our own comfortable home, whereas if we were at the shore and paying a high price for a cottage we should feel bound to stick it out to the bitter end. Oh, I tell you it is a great scheme!"—Boston Transcript.

Wonderful Helen Keller. Helen Keller, the wonderful, deaf, dumb, and blind girl, who has been taught so much despite her triple affliction has been visiting Frank Graham Bell, in Washington. She has lately taken up the study of French, and already has a good knowledge of the language. In a letter to a friend she once wrote: "I am always delighted when any one writes me a beautiful thought which I can treasure in my memory forever. It is because my books are so full of the riches of which Mr. Ruskin speaks that I love them so dearly. I did not realize until I began to write the sketches that precious common things which are so often mentioned in our books have been to me, and

how blessed every way of raising it, and now I am happier than ever because I do realize the happiness that has come to me." This was written two years ago, when she was but 17 years old.

A Georgia Marriage Ceremony. A justice of the peace in Sandersville, Ga., being called upon to perform a marriage ceremony, is accused of conducting it in a most unorthodox manner. "By the authority of Georgia, which is some of the States of the Empire State of the South; by the fields of cotton that lie sprouting in snowy whiteness around us; by the nose of the snoring dog; and the gourd vine whose tendrils will shade the entrance to your parlor; by the watermelon whose sweetness fills the heart with joy; by the heavens and the presence of these witnesses, I pronounce you man and wife."

Blocked by Bees. A locomotive at Huntington, Pa., drove stopped travel on the road until the farmer owning the invaders appeared and effected their removal.

REPERIENCE toribus by disappointment and failure.



"DISEASE GERMS FOUND THEIR WAY INTO THE YEAST BREAD."

the gain in food and the gain in the avoidance of the germs is exceedingly plain. But while we can easily see the dangers which attend the use of yeast it is certain that the vesiculating effect produced by the gas on the dough is to the last degree perfect. It is apparent that if we are to substitute any other system of bread making we must have one which will give us, first, mechanical results equally as good, that is, that will produce minute bubbles of carbonic acid gas, and secondly, a porous dough. Now it is in no way difficult to produce carbonic acid gas chemically, but when we are working at bread we must use such chemicals as are perfectly healthful. Fortunately these are not hard to find.

The evils which attend the yeast-made bread are obviated by the use of a properly made, pure and wholesome baking powder in lieu of yeast. Baking powders are composed of an acid and an alkali, which, if properly combined, should when they unite at once destroy themselves and produce carbonic acid gas. A good baking powder does its work while the loaf is in the oven, and, having done it, disappears. But care is imperative in selecting the brand of baking powder to be certain that it is composed of non-injurious chemicals. Powders containing alum or those which are composed from impure ingredients, or those which are not combined in proper proportion or carefully mixed, and which will leave either an acid or an alkali in the bread, must not be used.

It is well to sound a note of warning in this direction, or the change from the objectionable yeast to an impure baking powder will be a case of jumping from the frying pan into the fire.

The best baking powder made is, as shown by analysis, the "Royal." It contains absolutely nothing but cream of tartar and soda, refined to a chemical purity, which when combined under the influence of heat and moisture produce carbonic acid gas, and having done this, disappear. Its use avoids the long period during which the yeast-made dough must stand in order that the starch may ferment, and there is also no kneading necessary.

The two materials used in the Royal, cream of tartar and soda, are perfectly harmless, even when eaten. But they are combined in exact compensating weights, so that when chemical action begins between them they practically disappear, the substance of both having been taken up to form the carbonic acid gas. More than this, the proper method of using the powder involves the most thorough mixing with the flour. The proper quantity being taken, it is mixed with the flour and stirred around in it. The mixture is then sifted several times, and this insures that in every particle of the flour there shall be a few particles of the powder. The salt and milk or water being added, the dough is made up as quickly as possible, and molded into loaves.

These are placed in the oven and baked. But the very moment the warmth and moisture attack the mix-

ture of cream of tartar and soda, these two ingredients chemically combine, and carbonic acid or leavening gas is evolved. The consequence may be seen at a glance; the bread is raised during the time the oven is in the oven, and this is the most perfect of all conceivable methods of raising it.

Here, then, there is no chance for germs of disease to get into the dough and thence into the stomach; more than that, the bread is necessarily as sweet as possible, there having been no time in which it could sour. This involves the fact that the bread so made will keep longer, as it is less likely to be contaminated by the germs that effect the souring process.

It will be strange if the crowds of visitors to the World's Fair do not greatly increase the number of contagious diseases, which we will have to treat. Under these circumstances it is not folly of follies to open a single channel through which these germs may reach us? Is it not the part of wisdom to watch with the greatest care that we eat and drink, and to see that the food and drink we eat and drink are absolutely pure? Those who eat bread or biscuits or rolls made at home with Royal baking powder may be sure they have absolutely stopped one channel through which disease may reach them.

Wonderful Helen Keller. Helen Keller, the wonderful, deaf, dumb, and blind girl, who has been taught so much despite her triple affliction has been visiting Frank Graham Bell, in Washington. She has lately taken up the study of French, and already has a good knowledge of the language. In a letter to a friend she once wrote: "I am always delighted when any one writes me a beautiful thought which I can treasure in my memory forever. It is because my books are so full of the riches of which Mr. Ruskin speaks that I love them so dearly. I did not realize until I began to write the sketches that precious common things which are so often mentioned in our books have been to me, and

how blessed every way of raising it, and now I am happier than ever because I do realize the happiness that has come to me." This was written two years ago, when she was but 17 years old.

A Georgia Marriage Ceremony. A justice of the peace in Sandersville, Ga., being called upon to perform a marriage ceremony, is accused of conducting it in a most unorthodox manner. "By the authority of Georgia, which is some of the States of the Empire State of the South; by the fields of cotton that lie sprouting in snowy whiteness around us; by the nose of the snoring dog; and the gourd vine whose tendrils will shade the entrance to your parlor; by the watermelon whose sweetness fills the heart with joy; by the heavens and the presence of these witnesses, I pronounce you man and wife."

Blocked by Bees. A locomotive at Huntington, Pa., drove stopped travel on the road until the farmer owning the invaders appeared and effected their removal.

REPERIENCE toribus by disappointment and failure.