

THE WEEKLY RECORDER.

FIFTEENTH YEAR

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HOME FIRST—THE WORLD AFTERWARDS.

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A RISING TIDE.

BY SARAH DOUDNEY.

The west wind clears the morning,
The sea shines silver-gray;
The night was long, but fresh and strong
Awakes the breezy day;

Like smoke that flies across the lift,

The clouds are faint and thin; :
And near and far along the bar,
The tide comes creeping in.

The dreams of midnight showed me
A life of loneliness;

A life that knows no more

The bright waves soft caress;

The morning broke, the vision fled—
With dawn new hopes begin;

The light is sweet, and my feet
The tide comes rolling in.

Over the bare, black bowlders
The ocean sweeps and swells;

Oh, waters wide, ye come to ride

Dull stones and empty shells;

I hear the waves up their voice

With low, triumphant din;

Sad dreams depart—rest, dooming heart,
The tide comes foaming in.

THE LITTLE SLIPPER.

A LOVE STORY OF OLD VIRGINIA.

"What a Cinderella slipper!" exclaimed Philip Wharton, a young physician boarding at the village inn at Nortonville, as he rescued with the point of his cane from a muddy pool, at the foot of a rock beside the ruins of an old mill, a diminutive shoe of bronze kid, ornamented on the toe with a coquettish rosette of velvet and red on one side as though the foot it once encased had been wrenched from it with violence, leaving the pretty toy to perish in its loneliness.

The old mill with its great water-wheel now resting from its long day of labor, was covered with moss, and flowers of every hue gathered about the place. Anemones and forget-me-nots, lilies turning their spotted face to the sun, and great clusters of cardinal flowers brightened the scene with their wonderful abundance of bloom, and Philip seated on the margin of the little, rippling mill stream, removed from his prize the little spots of mud that disfigured its beauty, while his busy thoughts pictured to him the personality of the sylph who had left it there. "Surely," he thought, "a tiny foot fitting such a slipper as this could belong to no other than a symmetrical formed young creature replete with many graces, her face dimpled and rosy with the softness of velvety blue eyes, and her hair rippling like glints of sunshine." He imagined her standing beside the old mill wheel, he broad hat having fallen back upon her cheeks flushed and her lips pouting as the mud-imbued slipper refused to return to its allegiance, when, alas, for his day dream a spotted, shitting snake glided out from some tall grass at his feet, and restored to him his scattered sensibilities. He hid away the little slipper in the breast pocket of his coat, and with a bouquet of flowers in his hand returned to his lodgings at the Eagle Hotel in the village.

He was met on the plaza by the landlady, Mrs. Blake, who cried out as soon as she saw him:

"Oh, Doctor, we have been looking for you everywhere! Here is little Missy crying out in awful pain, and her mother is anxious to have you come to her as quickly as possible."

"Little Missy? Who is little Missy, Mrs. Blake, and what is the matter with her?"

"Don't you remember the lady and her daughter who came here last week? The daughter has broken her ankle, I believe. Do hurry and go to her. Oh, don't stop to dress!" she cried out to him, as he was ascending the stairs. "She won't take any notice of your appearance—she is much too bad for that!"

Having disposed of his flowers and performed the necessary ablutions, Philip hastened to his new patient. At the threshold of the room, No. 10, he was met by the mother, who, with tears in her eyes, begged him to do something for her daughter who was suffering torture from a sprained ankle. She had been doing everything she could think of to relieve the pain, as the odor of camphor and hartshorn testified, but without success. "Ettie is always in trouble," the mother continued. "In defiance of all I can say to her, she will wander alone in the woods and clamber about the rocks. It is a great wonder she has never been seriously hurt before."

In a moment the delicate ankle was shrinking and trembling in Philip's hands. It was greatly inflamed and rapidly swelling. Through the assistance of Mrs. Blake, an embrocation was speedily obtained, and when the injured parts were well bathed and swathed in linen bandages, the tortured sufferer was relieved.

Philip now ventured to cast a glance at his young patient who was reclining on her couch, but nothing was visible save long, rich locks of wavy black hair that partly obscured her face and flowed over the pillow.

Philip was certain this girl could not be his Cinderella of the morning, for so long had his imagination dwelt on the innumerable charms of his ideal blonde that he had actually fallen in love with her and could not give her up. Those flowing black tresses could only belong to a brunette with laughing, rougish black eyes and numberless coquettish airs and graces. No; this helpless girl before him could not, should not be his little lady of the evening.

Philip combed with her request, as the carriage was large, the lady was invited to ride with them and was lifted into it. A warm greeting passed between the friends, but Philip was rendered almost speechless by the appearance before him of the very picture his imagination had portrayed as he sat by the mill-stream with the tiny slipper in his hand. Here was the sylph-like form with the dimpled, rosy face, the soft blue eyes, the rippling, sunny hair—yes, and the tiny feet also.

Philip drove along scarcely sensible of who he was doing until he came to the old mill, where they all alighted to gather the beautiful wild flowers. As white blossoms predominated in the bouquets the ladies were forming, Ettie, looking up into Philip's face, cried out with pretty eagerness:

"There are cardinal flowers growing down by the old mill wheel; will you gather some for me? They are just what we require to mingle with the pale blossoms." She laughed as she added, turning toward her friend; "I had an experience down there, Ettie, that I would not like repeated. Reaching for some of those very flowers my foot slipped, and I fell with violence against the rock and sprained my ankle. Dr. Wharton from Baltimore

The village of Nortonville, delightfully situated among the mountains of Virginia, was generally filled with visitors during the summer months. There were attractive walks and rides in its immediate vicinity, and although the hotels were quite primitive they were celebrated for the excellence of their accommodations. Miss Ettie Gilbert had lately recovered from an

attack of fever, and, remaining still, free from the effects of her illness, had been brought to this mountain resort that the salubrity of the air might restore her to her usual good health. As the more fashionable house, the Globe, was filled to overflowing, Mrs. Gilbert was very glad to obtain such excellent rooms at the Eagle, the only objection being that the friends they were to meet were staying at the other house.

On the same evening on which Philip had been summoned to his new patient he went out upon the balcony to enjoy a cigar in the starlight and dream of the possibilities arising from the possession of the little slipper nestled in his pocket. He seated himself in his usual place, not seeing that he was in the immediate vicinity of the windows of No. 10 until the voice of Mrs. Gilbert made him sensible of it, as that lady exclaimed:

"Oh, that detestable cigar! Shall I close the window, Ettie? I am afraid the odor will make you faint."

"On the contrary I like it," answered the girl.

"I suppose it must be that young doctor. I'm worried almost to death about your ankle, for he may not treat it properly. I don't believe he ever had a patient in his life before."

"He was very gentle, mamma, and did me a world of good. What terrible pain I was in until he relieved me."

"Any old woman could have done the same thing," answered Mrs. Gilbert.

"Then why in mercy's name did not you and Mrs. Blake do it? Oh, mamma, don't undervalue the service I rendered me."

"I don't like his brusque manner. He has evidently never been used to good society. Just think how he came to us this morning—in a linen blouse with uncombed hair."

"That was Mrs. Blake's fault. She begged him not to stop to dress before he came to me, and I like him all the better for it. I cannot endure the prim men you like, mamma; I shall look at my young doctor to-morrow, and now I am going to sleep, so good-night, dear."

Philip having finished his cigar, retired to his room not much flattered by the conversation he had chance to overhear.

Ettie Gilbert was a beautiful girl, Philip was delighted with her companionhip, but he could not gain favor with her mother. When his professional visits gilded into unprofessional ones, when the cardiot, the oboe, readings from poetical as well as prose writers and bouquets of wild flowers followed in quick succession, Mrs. Gilbert became seriously alarmed and spoke her mind to her daughter. She did not think it proper that a young man wearing lace coats should be intimate with her pretty Ettie—a poor doctor, too, and belonging to such a village as Nortonville! Philip laughed through his hand as he helped her from the carriage and at once attributed it to the right cause. Taking his hand she led him into her mother's parlor and, as they sat together on the sofa, told him how grateful she was for all his kind attentions to her and that she hoped the arrival of Charley Ardmore, with whom he was to stop to dress before he came to me, and I like him all the better for it. I cannot endure the prim men you like, mamma; I shall look at my young doctor to-morrow, and now I am going to sleep, so good-night, dear."

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Editor and Proprietor.

Albert F. Sholl is the authorized collector and outside business manager of the READER. He will receive for money due and account made by him will be duly honored by this office.

The charges of immorality preferred against Gov. Cleveland may not be true, but they are backed with an uncomfortable array of dates and names of interested parties. They are certainly serious charges for a man who aspires to be president.

The RECORDER has no interest either directly or indirectly in any other printing office. Our facilities are ample for all kinds of work, in fact the RECORDER is the largest and best equipped printing establishment in Montgomery county with one exception.

If Conshohocken is to be represented at the county centennial it is time some action was taken. A good way would be to call a public meeting, and see what can be done. If the people took hold of the thing in earnest they could make a splendid display.

The discovery of some petrified hams at the Montgomery county almshouse opens a fine theme for Philadelphia reporters. They can run a clue away back. They might find that the hams were chiseled out of the sold rock by prehistoric savages who soaked them in water and made sandwiches out of them. There is nothing that can baffle a Philadelphia reporter. By all means let them tackle the stone hams.

Another phase of the May affair is a controversy which has arisen between the State Anatomical Board and Coroner Aiken. We regret to say that the Coroner has acted with ill advised impetuosity, and his letter to Prof. Mears is not a very dignified communication for an official of Montgomery county. It sounds more like the language of the gutter than an official recognition of a plain business like communication of a recognized organization of the State.

An order called the "Black Knights of Malta" is being organized in Norristown. If it wants an initiation that will make the hair stand on end it should copy after the black nights of Conshohocken. Our emblems are two feet of mud, a stray old car or two, unlighted street lamps, small mountain ridges left by gas and water companies with here and there a mortar bed and brick pile. The time of meeting is generally when the almanac masquerades a moonlight night behind a thunder storm.

Some time ago the authorities of Conshohocken notified the Reading and Pennsylvania railroads to put in crossings at Cherry street and to station flagmen at that point. As quickly as possible the Reading complied with the request, acknowledged the receipt of the communication by return mail and following up the work in a few days. So far the Pennsylvania has treated the matter with silent contempt. By a mistake of those engineering they also placed a switch and switch light right on the crossing. Perhaps the new road may expect to gain friends by this manner of treating the public, but the probability is that they will be mistaken.

As people become better read and more enlightened their taste become more sensitive and caricaturing loses its force, in fact grows repulsive for there is a vulgarity above which the popular caricaturist is unable to rise. Pictures, it is true, often express more than volumes, but this is mostly to persons of limited reading. To the cultivated pictures must be good, and the higher the cultivation the higher the appreciation for art. Some years ago the productions of Mr. Nast's pencil were hailed with pleasure. There was a freshness and malicious fearlessness that pleased and his drawings were considered funny and provoked a laugh. The same hand retains its cutting but its productions have fallen to mere vulgar, personal caricaturing—scandal done up in art that would be represented as libel in letter press.

There is not a bit of humor in holding up the prominent and esteemed leaders of America's thought and government to senseless ridicule. This familiarity with personages whose positions entitle them to respect is almost as demoralizing as the police gazette. We may differ with some of Mr. Tilden's views, but we violate decency when we make jest of his physical infirmities and picture him in his coffin; we may not be favorable to Mr. Blaine, but there is neither humor or decency in picturing him as a montebank putting on a clean shirt. But to this the caricatures of the day have fallen. Mr. Keppler, of *Puck*, a weak imitator of Mr. Nast's style of personality, goes further and gives color to his pictures to make them still more disgusting. He goes still further and with his pen ridicules religion with the same ease and expression that the commonest outcast does with his polluted tongue. Neither of these artists would dare to go back home and ridicule the public personages of their native country. It would not be healthy to put a shirt on the Emperor or pack Bismarck in an Egyptian coffin. It is only in free America that such things are permitted. But it is to be hoped that they will be excluded from the family circle, for there is hardly any more pernicious literature that can be placed in the hands of young people than the caricaturing press of to-day.

Persons in Conshohocken who are cured of the grave have less cure of Asthma, Lung disease and Nervous debility. Their names can be had at our office.

Hop's Sarsaparilla is made of roots, herbs and berries. It gives tone to the body and makes the weak strong. Sold by druggists.

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LOCAL NEWS:

SUIT FOR DAMAGES.—Thomas Holland, of Conshohocken, a few days ago captured an English sparrow which is perfectly white. He is having the bird stuffed.

SUIT FOR DAMAGES.—Nelson B. Campbell, of West Conshohocken, intends to bring suit against the county for damages. While working at the bridge over Gulf Creek a falling wall mashed his leg so badly that it had to be amputated.

BAZAR.—Extensive preparations are being made for a bazaar and supper to be given by the St. Luke M. E. Church, of Bryn Mawr, on the 21st and 22nd of August. The ladies in charge are determined that it shall be a first class entertainment.

PLEASANT SURPRISE.—Mr. and Mrs. Charles Moylan, of Conshohocken, were agreeably surprised on Saturday evening by a visit from about twenty couples, most of whom were from Philadelphia. The evening was spent in a very pleasant manner.

STONE HAMS.—An old well was opened at the almshouse a few days ago in the bottom of which were found a large number of hams which had turned to a substance resembling sandstone. They are supposed to have been buried there about eight years ago.

SOME SUNFLOWERS.—E. L. Schrack, of Bellington, has a sunflower stalk which is eleven feet and ten inches in height and has on it sixty-one flowers and buds. He also has another stalk which is twelve feet and one inch high and seven inches in circumference.

ANOTHER RESERVOIR.—The proprietors of Devon Inn, Easttown, have just erected another reservoir to hold water for the use of the hotel. It is 30 feet long, 10 feet wide, 7 feet deep and holds 10,000 gallons of water. The bottom of the reservoir is of slate and is covered with Cape May gravel.

LODGE VISIT.—The Odd Fellows of West Conshohocken are preparing for a gala time this afternoon and evening. Cincinnati Lodge of Philadelphia will visit Goliad Lodge. A game of base ball will be played in the afternoon and in the evening an entertainment will be given in the lodge room.

SLIGHT FIRE.—On Sunday evening a can of oil exploded in Messrs. J. Wood & Bro's rolling mill and set fire to the coal box. An alarm was sounded but the fire was extinguished before any damage was done. The oil was used for filling the lamps and is supposed to have ignited from a spark from one of the furnaces.

LARGE EXCURSION.—The excursion of the Conshohocken Methodist Sunday School to Zieber's Grove last Saturday was probably one of the largest that ever left here. At about nine o'clock a special train of nine crowded cars left for the grove and many persons left in later trains. There were about seven hundred people on the ground.

SUICIDE.—Mrs. Ephraim Scheffy, of Schwenksville, awoke about four o'clock on Monday morning and prepared breakfast for her two sons who work in a brickyard. She then went to the attic and hung herself to the rafters while her husband was sleeping in the room below. She was subject to melancholy and one time attempted to poison herself. The deceased leaves a husband and five children.

TOOK A HOODER.—John T. Morrison of Conshohocken, on Saturday evening started to ride on his bicycle to Bryn Mawr. In descending a hill near Brookfield farm he struck a guiley and rider and machine were piled up in a confused mass. Mr. Morrison was insensible for awhile. He was considerably cut about the face and bruised on other parts of his body. His bicycle was also somewhat damaged.

REBUILDING.—John S. Hippel has received the contract and has commenced rebuilding the portion of H. C. Jones & Co's mill recently destroyed by fire. The only things that can again be used are the walls, as the floor and other woodwork was ruined. The insurance which is divided among ten companies has been adjusted at \$1250, on the contents and \$1124 on the building, owned by Messrs. Alan Wood & Co.

POWDER EXPLOSION.—Last Saturday Bernard Shallow, living in Plymouth township, met with a serious accident at O'Brien's stone quarry. He had set off a blast, and soon after went back to pour powder in a crack, when it came in contact, as is supposed, with some sparks of fire which remained, and the can exploded, badly burning Shallow about the face and upper part of the body. One eye was entirely blown out of the socket and the other so cut as to destroy the sight.

CANDIDATES.—The list of Democratic aspirants for office grows larger slowly. Those now announced are as follows: For County Commissioner, Thomas McCullly, of Lower Merion; Isaiah B. Houpt, of Norristown; Patrick Sheridan, of Bridgeport; John Brierly, of Norriton. For Register of Wills, Albert Heffenstein, of Norristown; Henry Sollday, of Moreland; Charles Durham, of Norristown. For Clerk of Courts, Harry C. Smith, of Norristown; Edward Schall, of Norristown.

A FATAL BASE BALL ACCIDENT.—Charles Grennor, aged about eight years, son of John Grennor, of Conshohocken, died on Tuesday from the effects of being struck on the head with a base ball bat. On Friday afternoon he was watching a game in progress on the meadows. He was among a number who were warned not to get too close to the players. While the game was progressing the bat slipped from the hands of one of the players and struck young Grennor between the eyes. He was knocked down but immediately sprang up which led to the belief at first that he was not much hurt. It was soon found that his injuries were of a serious character and he was taken home. Early on Sunday morning the poor little sufferer grew rapidly worse and all hopes of his recovery were given up. The afflicted parents have the sympathies of the

people.

PERSONAL.—Mr. Joseph E. Thropp, of Elgin Hill, is lying quite sick at his residence. For some days he has been confined to his bed and his friends are somewhat alarmed at his condition.

A NOVEL FEATURE.—Charles H. Marple, of Plymouth, is preparing a model of a lime kiln to be exhibited in the county centennial parade. It will be in complete working order and will show the process of burning lime.

TOOLS STOLEN.—Last Saturday night thieves broke into one of the new houses of Croxon & Wood's row on Seventh avenue and stole all the carpenter tools stored there belonging to Alexander Martin. This is the second loss of the kind Mr. Martin has met with this summer.

MALICIOUS MISCHIEF.—On Sunday a number of boys broke into some new houses which William Hallowell is building on Eighth avenue. They broke a number of panes of glass and committed other depredations. The boys were arrested and brought before Justice Smith who released them on payment of the damages done and the costs of suit.

P. O. S. OF A.—The nineteenth annual convention of the State Camp of Penna. Patriotic Order Sons of America, will convene in the hall of the House of Representatives at Harrisburg, on Tuesday morning next. Camp No. 121, of Conshohocken, will be represented in the convention by Charles A. Ramsey and R. T. S. Hallowell.

FALL OF HAY.—On Thursday Mr. J. Hagey Yocom, of Lower Merion, came to Conshohocken with a load of hay. Just after he crossed over the Pennsylvania railroad bridge on Fayette street the hind axle broke off near the hub and dumped the load in the middle of the street. While another wagon was being procured every horse that came along made for the pile of hay with open mouthed amazement, evidently thinking that some philanthropist had done with it as she pleased, all laws to the contrary notwithstanding. For information relative to her, wish to speak with Dr. F. W. Wood & Son, who communicate with her. The inquiry was held in the house May occupied. His wife was of course one of the witnesses, and the inquest over it, was not deemed imminent upon any one that Mrs. May had been married to. Please remember that Mrs. May, the subject of the above, is the wife of an unscrupulous and unkind man who would inflict any harm on her. I hope you will do what you can for her.

A PATENT FISH HOOK.—A valuable improvement on the fish hook has just been invented by a practical angler. About midway up the shank of the hook he places a small cross bar, which serves three purposes. First it prevents the fish from swallowing the hook; second, it increases the chances of capture for the reason that when a fish strikes his nose against a projection he involuntarily closes his mouth, and so is securely caught; and third, it prevents the bait from slipping up the hook.

THE NEW SCHOOL HOUSE.—The directors of the public schools of Lower Merion, convinced of the importance of a forward movement in education, have resolved to establish a graded school in Merion Square, the highest branch of which shall be the High School of the section, including the Square, Mt. Pleasant and Fairview schools. The present house is to be removed and a new and more commodious one, with all the modern improvements, will occupy the site. It will be one story with 3 rooms; the walls will be pointed stone, and the roof of slate; the cost \$7,100. The builder is Richard Dead, and the committee consists of Messrs. Thos. McCullly, Charles Humphreys and R. Hamilton.

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P. O. S. OF A.—The nineteenth annual convention of the State Camp of Penna. Patriotic Order Sons of America, will convene in the hall of the House of Representatives at Harrisburg, on Tuesday morning next. Camp No. 121, of Conshohocken, will be represented in the convention by Charles A. Ramsey and R. T. S. Hallowell.

FALL OF HAY.—On Thursday Mr. J. Hagey Yocom, of Lower Merion, came to Conshohocken with a load of hay. Just after he crossed over the Pennsylvania railroad bridge on Fayette street the hind axle broke off near the hub and dumped the load in the middle of the street. While another wagon was being procured every horse that came along made for the pile of hay with open mouthed amazement, evidently thinking that some philanthropist had done with it as she pleased, all laws to the contrary notwithstanding. For information relative to her, wish to speak with Dr. F. W. Wood & Son, who communicate with her. The inquiry was held in the house May occupied. His wife was of course one of the witnesses, and the inquest over it, was not deemed imminent upon any one that Mrs. May had been married to. Please remember that Mrs. May, the subject of the above, is the wife of an unscrupulous and unkind man who would inflict any harm on her. I hope you will do what you can for her.

A PATENT FISH HOOK.—A valuable improvement on the fish hook has just been invented by a practical angler. About midway up the shank of the hook he places a small cross bar, which serves three purposes. First it prevents the fish from swallowing the hook; second, it increases the chances of capture for the reason that when a fish strikes his nose against a projection he involuntarily closes his mouth, and so is securely caught; and third, it prevents the bait from slipping up the hook.

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NEWSPAPER ADVERTISING.

The science of advertising is comparatively a new thing. It is only within a limited number of years that business men have given much attention to advertising, but they are now daily learning more and more about it. There was a time when business houses entrusted their matter almost entirely to agents or subordinates, but in most cases this has gone by, and merchants are finding out that what is worth doing at all is worth doing well, and that the discrimination as to good and worthless advertising is too nice a question to be treated lightly or carelessly. So too they are finding out about the true value of advertising. One paper is not just as good as another even though the circulation may be equal. Different kinds of business require different mediums, designed to reach different classes of purchasers. Those advertisers who are getting away ahead of their fellows are men who make a study of their advertising. They compare the various mediums offering, and select those best adapted to their needs. They do the business direct with the publishers, in most cases at the same prices for which agents could have it done, and in some at even lower rates. There are, however, a great many who do not comprehend what is included in successful advertising. There are some men who say advertising does not pay them, and that they do not want to advertise. As to the latter, they do not mean what they say, for there is not a dealer who sells goods of any kind, who does not want and need to advertise, and have people come and buy. They may say they don't want to advertise, but all the time they are working and striving for and always disirous of accomplishing the results that successful advertising secures. As to the paying, if they do the advertising right it always pays, while if they do it wrong they might just as well pour water in a rat hole. A large and growing class of men are coming to regard advertising as one of the necessary expenses of their business, just the same as rent and clerk hire, and when they get to that point and give the subject the care and thought which they devote to the other branches of their business they are going to make a success of it. Then they will discover that a judicious use of printers' ink is about the best fertilizer they can apply to the fields of business. The successful dealer of the future is going to be the man who studies and comprehends what is included in successful advertising and who applies it to his business. He will secure and make use of such means as will bring himself, his place of business or his goods into a favorable light before those who are in need of such service as he offers, and who will be likely to come and buy of him. This is the secret of the whole business.

THE TOMB OF RACHEL.

Singularly enough, this is one of the places in Palestine where the traditions of Jews, Moslems and Christians agree, and where the veneration of all is bestowed. Undoubtedly it is the spot where Rachel was overtaken by her last illness when she and Jacob were journeying Southward from Bethel, and where Benjamin first opened his eyes to look upon this great world. The building is a modern, white, square structure, with a domed roof of coarse plaster, and the pillar which Jacob sorrowfully set up to mark the sight has long since passed away; but the spot is faithfully cherished in the heart of all. The tomb lies at the point where the Bethlehem and Hebron roads unite. Bethlehem is in sight to the left and only one mile distant. How near Rachel was to a good halting place where her life went out, and that of Israel's favorite son, after Joseph was kindled! —*Salt Lake Tribune.*

KITCHEN ECONOMY.
INTERESTING TESTS MADE BY THE GOVERNMENT CHEMIST.
Dr. Edward G. Love, the Analytical Chemist for the U. S. Government, has made some interesting experiments as to the comparative values of baking powders. Dr. Love's tests were made to determine what was the most economical to use, and their capacity lies in their leavening power, tests were directed solely to ascertain the available gas of each powder. Dr. Love's report gives the following:

Name of Strength: Cubic Inch Gas Baking powders, with each ounce Powder.
"Royal" (absolutely pure).....127.4
"Baker's" (phosphate).....127.2
"Bakers" (phosphate) fresh.....127.2
"Rumford's" (phosphate) old.....127.2
"Bakers" (phosphate) old.....127.2
"Royal" (Soda).....127.2
"Bedhead's".....117.0
"Amazon" (soda).....119.5
"Cleveland's" (short weight 2/4 ounce).....119.5
"Foam".....119.5
"Graz".....119.5
"Dr. Price's" (soda).....102.6
"Fowler's" (soda).....102.6
"Lewis'" (Compound).....97.5
"Congress" yeast.....97.2
"Dr. Andrus & Co.".....97.2
"Hecker's".....92.5
"Hill's".....84.2
"Hicks'".....84.2
"Hill's".....84.2
*In his report the Government Chemist says:

"I regard all alum powders as very unwholesome. Proprietary Tartaric Acid powders liberate their gas freely in process of baking, or under varying climatic changes suffer deterioration."

Dr. H. A. Mott, the former Government Chemist, after a careful and elaborate examination of the various Baking Powders of commerce, reported to the Government in favor of the Royal Brand.

The following extract from the Lowell Daily Courier, speaks well of an article made by the Government Chemist, and shows how growth in use, and doing much good. This is no patent "medicine," but a preparation of the best known ingredients, and its effect is said to be very marked. The testimonials which they give are not from physicians, but from laymen, and the preparation embodies the same qualities or produces similar results. It is delicious to eat, and the best known anti-intoxicant, Price \$60 and \$1 DISCOX & CO., New York.

For sale by druggists everywhere, price 50 cents.

\$2.00 FOR 50 CENTS.
SELLERSVILLE, PA., September 24, 1883.
National Manufacturing Co.

Dear Sirs:

I was so bad off with swelling feet, that I had to change my shoes every day, and ready was ashamed to mingle in society. One day read your circular, and at once concluded that you had the medicine, and to my delight found that you sold it at 50 cents a pound, and gave \$200 for what bottle of Neutraline did you. You may publish this for humanity's sake.

Gratefully yours, H. B. NACE,
Sellersville, Bucks Co., Penna.

Beecher's Bad Hair.

For two weeks in the year Henry Ward Beecher can't get away from the sun, and when he takes his vacation and enters the onset of the hay-fever. A man with hay fever is a terrible sight, and to my delight that you sold it at 50 cents a pound, and gave \$200 for what bottle of Neutraline did you. You may publish this for humanity's sake.

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