

Some Advice.

If you are impatient, sit down quietly and talk with Job. If you are just a little strong-headed go and see Moses. If you are getting weak-kneed, take a good look at Elijah. If there is no song in your heart, listen to David. If you are a policy man, read Daniel. If you are getting sordid, spend a while with Isaiah. If you feel chilly, get a beloved disciple to put his arms around you. If your faith is below par, read Saint Paul. If you are getting lazy, watch Saint James. If you are losing sight of the future, climb up the stairs of Revelation and get a glimpse of the Promised Land.

A Cure For Headache.

An excellent and never failing cure for nervous headache, said an apostle of physical culture, is the simple act of walking backward. Just try it some time if you have any doubt about its efficacy after a trial. As soon as you begin to walk backward, there comes a feeling of everything being reversed, and this is followed by relief. Ten minutes is the longest I have ever found necessary to obtain relief. An entry or a long, narrow room makes the best place for suitable promenade. You should walk very slowly, letting the ball of your foot touch the floor first and then the heel—just the way, in fact, that one should, in theory, walk forward, but which, in practice, is so rarely done.

THE SWALLOW.

At play in April skies that spread
Their azure depths above my head
As onward to the woods I sped,
I heard the swallow twitter;
O skater in the fields of air
On steely wings that sweep and dare,
To gain these scenes thy only care,
Nor fear the winds are bitter.

Ah, well I know thy deep-dyed vest,
Thy burnished wing, thy feathered nest,
Thy lyric flight at love's behest,
And all the ways so airy;
Thou art a nursing of the air,
No earthly food makes up thy fare,
But soaring things both frail and rare,—
Fit diet of a fairy.

—John Burroughs, in Harper's for May.

Dear Old Mother.

Honour the dear old mother. Time has scattered the snowy flakes on her brow, plowed deep furrows on her cheek, but is she not beautiful now? The lips are thin and shrunken, but these are the lips that have kissed many a hot tear from the childish cheeks, and they are the sweetest lips in the world. The eye is dim, yet it glows with the soft radiance of holy love which can never fade.

Ah, yes, she is dear old mother. The sands of life are nearly run out, but feeble as she is, she will go further, and reach down lower for you than any one else upon earth. You can not walk into a midnight haunt where she can not see you; you can not enter a prison whose bars will keep her out; you can not mount a scaffold too high for her to reach, that she may kiss and bless you in evidence of her deathless love.

When the world shall despise and forsake you, when it leaves you by the wayside to die, unnoticed, the dear old mother will gather you up in her feeble arms and carry you home and tell you of all your virtues, until you almost forget that your soul is disfigured by vices. Love her tenderly, and cheer her declining years with tender devotion.

"The Secret of it."

"What a very discreet person Mrs. Carson is! She never says the wrong thing in the wrong place."

The words were spoken at an afternoon kettle-drum, just after a lady with kind gentle features had left the room.

"Quite true," answered the mistress of the house, as she creamed and sugared a cup of tea for the speaker. "And yet I remember the time when we all dreaded her quick sharp speeches. They were often clever and always biting."

"What can have produced such a change?" mused Mrs. Warwick, as she stirred her tea thoughtfully.

"I think I can tell you," interrupted a fair-haired girl, coloring timidly as she spoke, "Mrs. Carson once told me that nowadays she never mounts the steps of a friend's house or lays her hand on knocker or bell, without praying; 'Lord keep Thou the door of my lips, that I offend not with my tongue.'"

Long-lived Birds.

An observer mentions the instance of a parrot having lived eighty years; a raven, sixty-nine years; a pair of eagle owls, one of which is sixty-eight and the other fifty-three years old; a Bateleur eagle and a condor in the zoological gardens at Amsterdam, aged fifty-five and fifty-two. An imperial eagle of the age of fifty-six, a golden eagle of forty-six and a sea eagle of forty-two and many birds of the age of forty downward are all recorded.

One reason why so many believe poultry to be unprofitable is that they never even as much as try to make them profitable.

A Girl's Best Counselor is Her Father.

"Trust your father's judgment of your men friends rather than your own at first," writes Helen Watterson Moody to girls, in the Ladies' Home Journal. "The gay, witty, responsive young man who will probably most attract you, will not be the one who will be likely to have his serious consideration and respect. Talk over your men friends with your father, and see what healthy, unemotional, sane 'man-standards' he will set up for you. I really think if a girl could have but one counselor in her love affairs, it would better be her father than any one else. A man's mind is a great tonic to the somewhat diluted intellect of a girl in her first sentimental experiences"

The glass bangles worn by Hindoo women are regarded as sacred. If by an unfortunate accident a bangle is broken, the pieces must be gathered together and kissed three times, in order that the gods may be pacified.

Shrubs growing in a poor soil seldom produce bright, high-colored flowers. Generally the application of manure in liberal quantities will improve their color. Iron fillings and scales collected about a blacksmith's anvil have a tendency to intensify the color of many plants, if dug into the soil about their roots.

In Sumatra if a woman is left a widow immediately after her husband's death she plants a flagstaff at her door, upon which a flag is raised. So long as the flag remains untorn by the wind the etiquette of Sumatra forbids her to marry, but at the first rent, however tiny, she can lay aside her weeds and accept the first offer she has.



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There are imitation baking powders, made from alum and sold cheap, which it is prudent to avoid. Alum in food is poisonous.