Royal Yeast Cakes

MAKE BETTER HOME MADE BREAD

Blunders and Blunderers.

Not all the sins of orthography can be laid to the printer. When Horace Greeley saw that he had been made to quote Shakespeare to the effect that "'tis two 'tis fifty; and fifty 'tis 'tis two," thus turning to nonsense Polonius's sage, "'Tis true 'tis pity; and pity 'tis 'tis true," he rushed to the composing room to meet an obdurate Scots printer who recommended him to attend night school and learn to write. To-day the typesetter has the convenient excuse that the machine is to blame. The London Sphere gathers up some of these lapses:

"A friend was complaining to me the other day of his difficulties in making speeches, and I gave him a few of the examples of 'opening' which after a long life of public banquets I had heard at every [illegible] tumult and the [illegible] of thing you [illegible] dawn s[illegible] one particular [illegible] life is that at which [illegible] lands foregather. [illegible] of [illegible] the printers' er[illegible] by [illegible] words [illegible] to." A [illegible] to the fact that Coleridge had no outlets for his spiritual energy was altered into: 'Coleridge had no outlets for his spiritual energy.'

"There is a story of a German printer's wife who surreptitiously altered the [illegible] that the husband should be [illegible] (Herr) hard so as to make him be her (Narr) fool. Perhaps the best of all printers' errors was that in which a printer had to announce to the world that Montmorency Co. expects to [illegible] a commercial [illegible] Canadian' [illegible] that reference [illegible]-scared warrior," which [illegible]tle-scared warriors."

[illegible] is also the case of the index maker to a life of the famous English judge, Lord Eldon. The index had it, "Lord Eldon, his great mind." On turning to the page indicated, we read "Lord Eldon said he had a great mind to commit the attorney for contempt of court."

Remembered Oak.

O that green, enchanted hill
In old England far away,
Crowned by a mighty oak tree
Under which I used to play!

Played with leaf and acorn cup
All alone; watched a white cloud
Through my castle's leafy roof.
Pray, dear oak-thoughts do not crowd!

Oak-thoughts I cannot sing them
Too deep in my heart you hide—
Like that song of long ago
I heard with heart at your side.

An anthem in an oak tree
Played by zephyrs softest touch!
A grateful child remembers
To give homage, owing much.

Days were fair, stout-hearted friend,
Where we sang, where we belong,
And your blessings a glad child,
With your treasures, make my song.

—Ida Crocker Duncan.

His Only Chance.

Candid was the reply given by a caddie of his clan. His master's ball was badly bunkered, and try as he might he couldn't get it out again. At each foozled shot he set his teeth tighter and grew more and more purple in the face, until, after a quarter of an hour's excavation, he stopped and wiped his brow.

"Hang it!" he said, "I've tried all my clubs on this abominable ball. What on earth can I do now?"

"Gie it a swat wi' yer bag," said the lad.

Sun Causes Fire.

The sun shining through a reading-glass in the shop window of Mr. George Harper, optician, Woking, is believed to have been the cause of a fire which destroyed the window display.

Health, after character, is the possession that contributes most to the happiness of all. The Duchess of Atholl.

Minard's Liniment for Colds.

The Price of Life

BY WILLIAM MERRIAM ROUSE.

PART II.

Leblanc and Mme. Larocque both thought that he had gone into the mountains to remain until Saturday, the day of the signing of the contract. No one knew his last-moment decision to make a short preliminary trip.

Yesterday had been Monday, and it would be the following Monday before his wife even would worry, knowing as she did the unexpected delays that a man in the forest often meets.

He had, then, a half pail of water and not a morsel of food for a week. Even in the full power of his usual strength it would have been hard to exist for a week on such rations.

Of course, given strength, he would have charged out of the cabin at an opportune moment, as he had planned the night before, and it would have been strange if Albert Dinelle's finger upon the trigger had not been paralyzed with fear. The cunning devil must know that the prisoner was wounded—how else account for his temerity in attempting the window?

All through that day Gedeon Larocque invented and rejected plans for getting Dinelle into his clutches—within reach of his hands. For, although greatly weakened and unable to stand, he believed that he could master his enemy if once he could lay hold upon him.

Through the day Gedeon had grown somewhat stronger. He had washed his wound with a dampened cloth, and he had permitted himself to drink freely because of his great thirst; but he realized that on the next day he must begin to spare the water, for, in spite of the hopelessness of the outlook, he had no thought of giving up.

He would do his utmost to keep life in his body until the last, and he would fight if le bon Dieu gave him the opportunity. In this mind he lay down upon the bunk at nightfall, which came early in the cabin, and hoped for sleep.

He had dozed once and was half awake again when he caught a [illegible] it [illegible] over [illegible] the logs. Instantly his [illegible] flashed to the wound that had been inflicted in his side the night before.

He sat up. His hand reached into his pocket for a match as he moved to the edge of the bunk and waited. The scraping sound became more pronounced.

In spite of his steady nerves the hair at the back of his neck prickled, for he would have sworn that something was moving in his bed, and at the place where his blood had wet the blankets. He scratched the match.

The light struck from the gleaming blade of a heavy hunting knife. Suddenly the knife stabbed viciously out from the wall, caught the fold of a blanket and stabbed again before it vanished.

For an instant Larocque could scarcely believe his eyes; then he guessed that the blade had been inserted, probably bound to the end of a thin stick, between two logs where the chinking had either fallen out or been removed.

So that was the cause of his mysterious wound! As quickly as his condition would permit he knelt beside the bunk and ripped away the board that served as a side piece. This he placed along the crack through which the knife had appeared, and afterward he lighted a candle and inspected the walls in the neighborhood of his sleeping place.

They proved to be sound as to chinking, and after a few moments Larocque retired for the second time—to sleep until dawn awakened him.

This day was like, and yet unlike, the preceding. It was the same in its long monotony, but the incidents were somewhat different. Boule, hungry, whined and paced restlessly; pausing to sniff at the door or to nose his master's hands in sympathy.

In Larocque the longing for food grew greater, and the half dozen small drinks which he allowed himself were less than enough. The tobacco in his pouch began to run low.

Dinelle fired three times, at unexpected moments, but without damage. For the first time in his life Gedeon Larocque knew the suffering of hunger grown into pain.

It was on the third day, Wednesday, the he perceived his single opportunity for life. When the thought first occurred to him he put it away with a shrug, as unworthy of consideration. Impossible he would have called it if he had deigned to put his opinion into words.

But before night of that third day he was not so sure, for the stomach, all-powerful organ, had compelled his attention to the idea. The longing for food possessed him so that he would have given all that he owned, to the last cent, for a ragout made by the skillful hands of his wife. Moreover, he was of a mind to consider as food anything that could be eaten.

"Why not eat the dog?"

That was the question that beat in his brain as his weakness slowly but perceptibly grew, and as the devils of hunger pinched and prodded and jabbed. For a hundred reasons he rejected the thought; and yet it came back always stronger and more persistent than before, crowding into his mind like a snake.

By nightfall of that day he was so torn between his ravening desire for food and his repugnance at the means of obtaining it that he did not even lift his head when the last of Dinelle's bullets splintered its way through the planks over the window. Ordinarily he shouted defiance after each shot so that Dinelle would know he lived and therefore fear to force an entrance.

He had grown feverish, and that night he did not sleep. All through the hours of darkness he dreamed waking dreams of the hideous means by which he might make the life of the dog save his own. That was what it amounted to, he believed, for strength to hold out until Monday would surely mean rescue—and the flesh and blood of Boule would make strength.

Thursday morning Gedeon Larocque arose, despite his thoughts of the night, with a firm determination to spare the life of his dog, even at the cost of his own. Boule's restlessness had disappeared and, as the morning wore on, with no incidents save the entrance of one of Dinelle's bullets, he remained close to his master.

Twice he laid his great, yellow-brown head against the knee of Larocque. From his clumsy puppyhood he had had this single devotion. It would be no worse to eat one's brother, thought Gedeon.

That night the water-pail was empty. By morning the fever of Larocque's wound had increased and he found difficulty in getting up. He looked at the small remaining store of kindling and firewood—that store which he had cherished, enduring cold, despite his resolution not to save his own life with that of the dog.

In the depths of his mind the thought had lurked, and it had held back his hand from making use of the wood for heat. There remained enough to cook with—a bed of coals and a grilled bit of meat. He shuddered and closed his eyes to shut out the sight of Boule.

Life! How he wanted more of it! The final great rebellion against death was raging within him, and he was shaken as with a chill.

He drew his hunting-knife and contemplated it. What, after all, was a dog? The world was full of them. He would not have hesitated to shoot a dog that attacked him or one that killed his chickens.

A dog was not a man. Why, then, should he hesitate to make Boule render him a last service—when that service meant the difference between life and death?

The dog had left him and lay down near the door. Larocque sank painfully to his hands and knees, with the knife between his teeth. Another day and he would be too weak to save his life by this method—even now it would take his last ounce of strength to do what he had to do. And after the thing was done there would be a fire to make.

He dragged himself toward Boule, forcing his eyes to look into those of the dog. They did not waver—Larocque imagined that the animal knew his purpose. It would have been easy for Boule to kill him.

He reached out a hand and grasped the dog by the scruff of the neck, rolling him unresisting on to his side. Gedeon called upon his resolution and poised the knife. Boule looked up once, and closed his eyes.

With a cry that was half a sob, Gedeon Larocque flung his knife across the room. Weakness possessed him in every nerve and muscle, and he sank down with his face buried in the great neck of the dog. He knew that unconsciousness was hovering close to him, and yet he was at peace.

Better to die thus and now than to do the thing which he had lifted his hand to do. So he lay, content with things as they were, while mists swept before his eyes and noises that had no existence in fact sounded in his ears.

After what seemed a long time, Boule moved, gently, and Larocque's head lay upon the bare floor. He felt the rasp of a tongue against his cheek.

Into the far regions where his soul had retired came sounds that were real. They drew him back to consciousness and he turned his head toward the source. Hazily he saw the door of the cabin shivering under the impact of blows.

The bar danced in its sockets. Hope coursed in the veins of Gedeon, and he drew himself to an elbow, believing that a rescue had come. Then a socket broke and the bar leaped half-way across the room. The door swung inward.

Albert Dinelle stood upon the threshold, poised like a cat for flight or attack. The rifle that he held swung slowly until it pointed at the body of Larocque.

Gedeon looked along the barrel and into the triumphant eyes of his enemy. So the coward, encouraged by long silence, had at last mustered courage to attack like a man.

Larocque knew that death was a matter of seconds away, and yet he did not regret his rejection of the one means which would have given him strength to meet this, knife in hand.

While Larocque looked and waited, the face of Dinelle changed. In one on those little fragments of time which the senses cannot measure he swung his rifle to the left, fired and then sank out of sight behind the puff of smoke with Boule's weight upon his chest.

The thud and heave of straining bodies came to Larocque. He heard the rare battle snarls of Boule, and once, just before they ended, a cry that could have come only from a human throat.

He tried to drag himself to the door, to raise his voice to a shout, and failed in both. Through the quiet moments that followed the end of the battle he struggled to gather again his forces.

Then Boule backed into the cabin, dragging after him the pack of Dinelle as he had been taught to fetch the pack of his master. His white teeth worried the canvas until it ripped and the contents spilled upon the floor—bread and cold pork, a flask and a tin of molasses.

But before Gedeon Larocque laid hands upon the life-giving food he flung his arms about the neck of his dog and wept unashamed—not with joy that he had escaped death, but

[illegible] (The End.)

Poor Ventilation Blamed for Colds.

Inadequate ventilation of homes and school rooms is one of the principal causes of severe and dangerous colds among children during the winter season, according to a heating and ventilating expert.

Children should never be permitted to gorge on sweets or deserts. Overloading of tehir stomachs and the resulting disorders of the system are predisposing causes of colds. Uneven heating of living and school rooms is a menace to children's health. A child kept for hours in a stuffy room, and then subjected to a sudden draft, will be chilled and ready to be sick, while he who has spent the time in a room uniformly freshened and heated by a good system of mechanical ventilation will laugh at the cold air outdoors.

The child who has a thoroughly ventilated school room, living room and sleeping room, is provided with the first and greatest safeguards against colds. Up-to-date school rooms are the most scientifically ventilated of all rooms now, when they have a positively controlled mechanical system of ventilation, which brings in fresh outdoor air, warms it, and diffuses it equally. It is unfortunate that this system is not generally in use for children's play-rooms in their homes, as well as in the schools.

The uneven heating of school rooms depending upon window ventilation invites colds. The reason is a lack of control. The school room becomes overheated, the children's pores are opened, and when the window is opened to cool the room the resulting draft of cold air nearly always results in colds.

Princess Catherine Alexandrova Obolensky

A daughter of Tsar Alexander II., who served in the great war hospital at Yalta, in the Crimea.

The True Nature Book.

If books about Nature are to live, they must not be descriptions written at the moment of rapture; they must be books writen as the result of observation. . . . Wordsworth said that poetry was emotion recollected in tranquillity. I will not discuss how far this is true of poetry, but I think it is true for books on Nature. These should be the result of long observation, much feeling and tranquility, and then the effect upon the reader is one of calm and contemplation, and brings that sense of leisure and repose for which, in these days, we are more and more grateful.—Viscount Grey of Falloden.

The Y.W.C.A.

If the Y.W.C.A. had not been organized, it would have been necessary to form some other society to undertake a service which is essential under modern city conditions. It is not too much to say that no great community could have in its midst such great numbers of young women, most of them without family association, contributing to its economic life and to its higher activities, without some such agency to give them social, recreational and educational opportunities, as well as to help them in such matters as employment.—New York Times.

"Oh, well," said the painter as he fell off the scaffold with a bucket of paint in each hand, "I'm going down with flying colors, anyway."

The only flag in the British Empire that never comes down except to be replaced by a new one is that which flies over the Residency at Lucknow, India, day and night. Tennyson wrote a poem on the incident of which it is a reminder of the Indian Mutiny.

Unvarying Quality

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Fidelity.

Touch but with gentlest finger the
crystal that circles the Mariner's Guide—
To the East and the West how it
drifts, and trembles, and
searches on every side!
But it comes to its rest, and its light
fance poises only one self-same
way
Since ever a ship spread her marvellous sea-wings, or plunged her
swan-breast through the spray—
For North points the needle!

Ye look not alone for the sign of the
lode-star; the lode-stone, too,
lendeth cheer;
Yet one in the heavens is established
forever, and one is compelled
through the sphere.
What! and ye chide not the fluttering
magnet that seemeth to fly its
troth,
Yet even now is again recording its
fealty's silent oath—
As North points the needle!

—From "The Selected Poems of Edith M. Thomas."

Varied Thrush.

In the Pacific Coast regions extending from Yakutut Bay, Alaska, to Humboldt County, California, lives a beautiful bird known as the Varied Thrush. It is about the size of a robin, and is often called the Alaska Robin. But it is a shyer, more exquisite bird than the robin. According to leading ornithologists, it is not found in other parts of America.

It is at once distinguished by its lovely orange-brown breast, and the black stripe or necklace crossing the lower part of its throat. The upper parts are dark, bluish slate. The sides of the head are black, bordered above by a brown streak.

When the snows begin to all in the mountains, the Varied Thrushes forsake the deeper woods for the lower, more open places. They frequently come into the outer districts of Seattle looking for food. After a heavy storm of snow one may see them hopping about looking for berries, peering under leaves, and even pecking at frost-bitten apples in the trees. Although extremely shy in the solitudes of their mountain homes they quickly become friendly where they find food.

The song of this bird is a single, sustained note, beginning as a pianissimo, swelling into full tone of desonant power and sweetness, and tapering into nothingess. One who is following a trail through the dark-forested mountain slopes hears this song coming regularly from different directions. It sounds like a vibrating bell tone ringing from the temple towers of tall firs, and drifting down the fragrant stillness of forest aisles. It is uttered in different keys.

One who visits the northwest woods a good deal soon learns to listen for this serene note and can detect its intoned delicacy when the ordinary visitor may need to listen long and sharply to hear it at all. Through the misty beauty of the dawn, amid the noontide stillness of a sun-warmed gap in a grove of fir, or spruce or cedar, or down the darkening loveliness of coming night, floats this mysterious, wistful iterated music telling of remote solitudes and mountain wilderness.

A New Insect Pest.

An entirely new American insect pest, a beetle from Japan, has been reported in New York and New Jersey.

Men, it will come to this—Petticoats for those balloon pants.

"IDEAL Fashions" by Jane Bell Stone

AN ATTRACTIVE FROCK.

Particularly graceful is this moire frock pictured here. The font opens in a deep V and the turn-back fronts form revers displaying a vestee, while the collar may be worn buttoned at the throat as illustrated, or left open. The skirt is plain at the front and back and fulness is achieved by means of graceful flared side-sections. The long dart-fitted sleeves have flared cuffs placed a short distance above the lower edge. No. 1439 is for ladies and misses and is in sizes 16, 18 years, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust. Size 36 requires 3⅞ yards 39-inch material. Width at lower edge about 76 inches. 20 cents.

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