

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

Yal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

Birth of Great Parents.

The first geographical map of England was made in 1520. Handkerchiefs were first manufactured at Paisley in 1738. The first coinage of money is attributed to Pheidon, king of Argos, in 698 B. C.

The first navigable canal in England was made in 1133, when Henry I. joined the Trent to the Witham.

A Serious Humourist.

My story is a sad one, and won't take long to tell. To an sort of metro I can suit it just as well. You'll understand my misery before the tale is done.

It all began one hapless day—the day I made a pun: And ever since that fatal hour the people do declare That I became a humorist, alas! right then and there. Though to be considered serious I'd give a lot of money, Whatever I may say or do, they will insist it's funny.

I might perhaps have also escaped the direful consequences of my pun, Had I not penned a feeble joke when hardy in my senses. 'Twas printed in a paper of tremendous circulation, And I was dubbed a humorist by all the laughing nation. In vain I tried to prove myself a libelled individual. The fatal truth confronted me—the joke was quite original. Where'er I went there followed me that dread reputation. And every word I spoke aroused uproarious exclamation.

If I remarked in casual tones upon the gloomy weather. The people laughed until they cried, and laughed and cried together: When I gave information of some accident distressing. They roared with merriment exceedingly legible. And when I failed in business, and despairingly held my wife. She, laughing, would I'd never been so funny in my life! I dressed in sombre black, assumed a grim, funeral air. And spoke in woe-enveloped tones, my face distraught with care.

I wept a little when I could, all steep'd in melancholy. But people only laughed again, and whispered, "Ain't he jolly?" In fact, the more that I became a scribbler to address. The more I met the wretched folk that drove me near to madness. Full half my time is spent in declining pressing invitations To humorous banquets and to write for comic publications. And scented notes and letters couched in words as sweet as honey—"Now won't you send your autograph? and please to make it funny."

If I should sink beneath my trials, and leave this mortal sphere. The world would give me credit for the best joke of the year. And doubtless folks who come to gaze upon my monument. Would find it quite impossible to keep their laughter pent.

The useless to deny it now, alas! the mischief's done. And I must be a humorist, tho' an unconscious one. I've only this request to make, which no one can resist. Please call me in my epitaph the Serious Humorist.—Herbert Hall Winslow, in Harper's Magazine.

An Extinct Texas Volcano.

A letter from Brackett, Kinney county, Tex., to the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, says: A visit to the crater of an extinct volcano is something of a novelty in the state of Texas, but an exploring party had that pleasure a few days since. Leaving the town of Brackett about 9:30 o'clock in the morning, they drove over a fairly good road to the Mayaguez ranch, and thence up the Pinto creek toward Pinto, or "Painted," mountain, which is the volcano, or what was an active volcano years ago. There is not much of a road after leaving the creek, but my difficulty is found in pushing through toward the mountain, which looms up in full view. Along the course of the creek there are some noble forest trees, consisting of live oak, hackberry, pecan, and black walnut. The plain between the creek and mountain is covered with a dense growth of thorny bushes, and among them great quantities of cactus stand up in every direction. Near the foot of the mountain peaks are piled up, and the stones and huge masses of scorion or black clinders block the way. Only a short distance up the sides could the carriage be taken, as the way was too rough and the horses were considerably jaded by their exertions.

"The north and south sides of the crater are filled high up with walls of rough stones, as naked now as they were ages ago. The east side of the crater has been blown off bodily and the stones thrown miles away. The distance across the crater is probably over a thousand yards, and as years have passed since it was active, the crater itself has become some little up, though the place whence issued fire and lava is as distinctly marked as if the eruption occurred but yesterday. Black rocks, huge in their proportions, lie in detached masses on the sides of the crater, showing what a mighty power must have been exerted when the flames issued from the heart of the mountain. Altogether it is an immense affair, and well worth the visit of the student of nature.

This volcano belongs essentially to the Mexican group, and was noticed many years ago by Humboldt. The route going and returning looks across many an acre covered with lava and blackened scorion, attesting the volcanic character of the region, though this is frequently relieved by patches of verdure and tracts of practical fertility along the Pinto, as if nature were desirous to compensate for these efforts for the barrenness which surrounds the mountain for many miles. Among the notable features of western Texas the extinct volcano is not the least, and will attract persons who have a desire to extend their knowledge as far as possible into the regions of the dim past. The mountain itself is distant twenty miles from the Avache range, and is worthy of more study than has yet been bestowed upon it. It can be seen for miles around, standing boldly out on the plain. The stones piled up on its summit give it a peculiar appearance, accounting, no doubt, for the name bestowed upon it by the Spaniards when they discovered it. However, the crater might have been quite different from what it is now, and many colors might have been seen.

The Tropical Town of St. Pierre.

We are ashore in St. Pierre, the quaintest, queerest, and the prettiest withal among the West Indian cities; all stone-built and stone-flagged, with very narrow streets, wooden awnings, iron balconies, and peaked roofs of red tile pierced by gabled dormers. Most of the buildings are painted in a clear pale yellow tone, which contrasts delightfully with the burning blue ribbon of tropical sky above, and no street is absolutely level. Nearly all of them climb hills, descend into hollows, curve, twist, describe sudden and amazing angles. There is everywhere a continuous chain of running water, pouring through the deep gutters contrived between the paved thoroughfares and the absurd little sidewalks varying in width from one to three feet. The architecture is very odd; it is seventeenth-century, probably, and it recalls to mind one of the great deals of that characterizing the antiquated French quarter of New Orleans. But one must imagine New Orleans idealized by artistic conception, made intensely tropical, and projected audaciously upon the side of a huge volcanic hill. All the tints, the forms, the vistas, would seem to have been especially selected or designed for aquatelle studies, just to please the whim of some extravagant artist. No ruin was ever more picturesque than these living streets in their perfect solidity and undilapidated quaintness. The windows are frameless openings without glass; some have iron bars; all have heavy wooden shutters with movable slats, through which light and air can enter as through Venetian blinds. These are usually painted green or bright bluish-gray.—Lafayette Hearn, in Harper's Magazine.

The Chigger.

"When I was down on the mosquito coast in Central America, I found the country there as earthly paradise but for one thing. There was no snakes that I saw, no tarantulas, no wasps, no poisonous enemy of man but one, and that one was the chigger. I think I know more about the chigger than any man in America. One day I felt a slight pain in the second toe of my right foot. I thought it was an ingrowing nail. The pain was at the right corner of the nail and I paid little attention to it. In a day or two the toe had swelled to double its size and I became alarmed. I took all sorts of medical advice, and finally I became convinced that I had accumulated a chigger which is an insect about as big as the point of a pin, which works its way into the foot, usually near a toe-nail. As soon as it finds a lodgment it lays a countless number of eggs, each of which turns out a chigger which bores further in and lays more eggs, all in a few hours. Each of these new chiggers repeats the family programme and lays thousands of eggs, so that if the sufferer is not very careful he can easily lose a toe, a foot, or even a leg. The multiplication of the chigger is something almost incredible, and when it once has found a secure location the pain is like nothing except a continual spasm of toothache. It was three months before I could get the chigger out of my foot, and four months before I could wear a shoe. Talk about wasps, or spiders, or snakes! I would readily back the chigger to do more real execution in a given time than any enemy which man has yet been able to find in the whole line of animated nature."—Col. Pat Donan of Dakota.

Genuine Mosquitoes.

One of the pests of life in South America is the ubiquitous mosquito, which there attains such an enormous size and venom that its victims are numbered by the scores. Not long ago a herd of valuable cattle taken from the United States to a ranch upon the Magdalena river became so desperate under the attack of the mosquitoes that they broke from their stalls, jumped into the water, and all were drowned. Passengers intending to make the voyage usually provide themselves with protection in the shape of mosquito bars, head nets, and thick gloves, and when on deck are compelled to lie in their hammocks with their wrists and pantaloons around their ankles. Even these precautions are not always effective. Large as the insects are they seem to have the power to creep through the smallest crevice, and it is necessary to change one's clothing four or five times a day on their account. Day and night they give the sensitive-skinned travelers no rest. I have been solemnly assured that very often when they have attacked a boat and driven its captain and crew below they have broken the windows of the cabin by plunging in swarms against them and have attempted to burst in the doors. Although this may be something on the exaggeration it is nevertheless true that horses and cattle, after the most frightful sufferings, have died from mosquito bites on board the vessels.—Letter in Philadelphia Times.

Carvings in Redwood.

There has just been finished by a wood-carver in this city a group representing the baptism of the Savior, which is intended for the baptistry of St. Vincent's church at Vallejo. The carving is of California redwood, and is executed at a cost of \$1,000. St. John is represented as standing on land. Jesus is in the water with his feet covered by it and his head bowed down. St. John pours the water on his head from a shell held in his right hand. In his left is a cross. The color of the water, land, and other parts of the group requiring dyes has been made to look natural with paints. A dove representing the Holy Ghost is overhead. The carver says that he has found redwood well adapted for this class of work. It is soft and can be easily carved, and besides it does not split or become otherwise damaged by exposure like other cheap woods. He is the first one that has put redwood to this use.—San Francisco Bulletin.

They Painted the Church.

A church in Jersey City was painting. Instead of squandering funds on professional painters the trustees of this church are going to economize by getting some of the church members to help them. Most of these good people have never handled a paint-brush. That will make little difference. They are going to lay the paint on with all their might. A firm of dealers in paint will supply at a generous discount the needed pigments. When the brethren meet at the church all armed with paint brushes of various sizes and patterns, there will be such a picnic as is seldom seen.

A church in Kansas tried this home-made method of painting last summer. The brethren who laid on the paint were so liberal with it that it was not thoroughly dry for several weeks. The backs of the pews were not cushioned, so it seemed good to the amateur painters to adorn the backboards with a coat of white. This was laid on so thickly as to be glossy, and was much admired until the first Sunday, when the people who sat in the pews leaned against the backs of the cushions. The paint-brushes were disfigured by the marks of the Sunday clothes which were pressed against them. The Sunday clothes were spoiled by the paint which they took from the pews. The congregation, however, was presented two remarkable spectacles—one from behind, the other from before. The rear view gave the idea of a white-washed flock of worshippers. From the front the faces of the pious of home-made painting had a disconcerted and sorrowful look, as if just let loose from a funeral. The pastor escaped the baptism of pigment, as nobody had thought of painting the cushioned back of the pulpit sofa.—New York Press.

Dust-Sifters of Peking.

Gold, silver, and other metals, etc., are often found in the most unlikely places. Last year I noticed persons digging in the stream that flows in the most close to the Chien Men, in search of gold. The situation was explained by the contiguity of the gold-shops, as the sweepings of such places are thrown into the moat. There are in Peking a band of some three hundred men who follow, during the winter months, a business which consists in brushing up the dry dust of our streets, sifting or fanning it, and make a decent living of 20 cents a day on an average. By far the largest quantity of metal found in, or taken from, the form of dust, pellets, nails, etc., which is sold at 4 large Peking cash per catty.

Next to iron they find copper, silver, gold, and precious stones. The latter are almost valueless, being crushed by the carts. After scraping together and winnowing three or four small basket shovels (po-chi) they will secure about a handful of iron debris. They then deposit a bag which they carry around their waists, and on returning home they use a loadstone to extract all the iron, and afterward submit the remainder to a washing process, when the silver, the main article sought, is at once seen. On these occasions there is, therefore, an army of these metal-gatherers making \$60 daily, and this, multiplied by four months, gives over \$7,000. Here is an almost unknown trade proving sufficiently lucrative. The number of these men is over all the city—on the cart as well as on the foot-passenger thoroughfares.—North China Daily News.

A MESSAGE.

It was a curious story, and since you have all told some experience of your own, to help the time along this rainy day, I don't mind if I tell it. It happened ten years ago, and soon after my husband died.

I was left very poor, and I was very thankful when my uncle John wrote to me that if I would come to London, he would give me a home and steady wages to help him in his shop. He was a widower, and had a nursery in the suburbs and a shop in town. It was not a very big shop nor a very large nursery but he had a reputation for cultivating rare choice flowers, and his business was with rich people, who would pay any price for something that was not common.

I had not been long with him before he began to depend upon me to fill his best orders, for I had a natural gift for arranging flowers, and my baskets and bouquets were much admired.

So, one morning when he said to me: "I want you to go to No. —, Oscar street, to dress a room for a funeral. It is a big order. Old Mrs. Holwell is dead, and there will be no end of swell people there."

I went on the car, and the wagon with the flowers was there to meet me. While I was busy about the coffin the coffin was brought down, and a lady came to me.

"Can you arrange the flowers in the coffin? I can't bear to look at a corpse," she said.

"Yes, ma'am," I said, and she went. Ninevah the Great.

Ninevah was 15 miles long, 8 wide, and 40 around, with a wall 100 feet high and thick enough for three chariots abreast. Babylon was 50 miles within the walls, which were 87 feet thick and 850 high, with 100 brazen gates. The temple of Diana, at Ephesus, was 420 feet to the support of the roof. It was 100 years in building. The largest of the pyramids is 461 feet high, and 653 feet on the sides; its base covers 11 acres. The stones are about thirty feet in length, and the layers are 380. It employed 35,000 men in building. The labyrinth, in Egypt, contains 300 chambers and 250 halls. Thebes, in Egypt, presents ruins 27 miles around. Athens was 25 miles around and contained 250,000 citizens and 400,000 slaves. The temple of Delphos was so rich in donations that it was plundered of \$500,000, and Nero carried away from it 200 statues. The walls of Rome were 13 miles around.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Mrs. Blunt—I can't abide that Smith woman; I believe I actually hate her. Mr. Goode—But, my dear Mrs. Blunt, you ought not to feel so. Don't tell us to love our enemies? "O, yes, it is all very well to say love your enemies; but how can one love them when one's enemies have been to one's dearest friends?"—Boston Transcript.

Moses Meyers, of Athens, Ga., has received a novel gift from the sea. The gift consisted of about six ounces of white sand in a linen bag, and was sent all the way from Palestine. It is said to be the belief of certain Hebrews that this sand, if placed under the head of a corpse insures the return of the spirit to Jerusalem.

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