

GOOD LUCK.

Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder is often called the Good-Luck Baking Powder.

Owing to the fact that good luck always attends the use of Dr. Price's, it is not essential to use it the moment it is mixed nor is it required to have the oven always just so, as in the case with ammonia or alum powders. It is not luck after all, but the exact accuracy and care exercised in the preparation and combination of all the ingredients of Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder. Competent chemists are employed to test the strength and purity of each ingredient. Nothing is trusted to chance. Hence; it is always uniform in its work.

House wives never fail to have "good luck" in making most delicious bread, biscuit, pastry and cakes that remain moist and sweet. Only Baking Powder that contains the white of eggs.

Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder is reported by all authorities as free from Ammonia, Alum, or any other adulterant. In fact, the purity of this ideal powder has never been questioned.

A Suggestion for a New Dish.

Only the silly prejudice of people has kept them from appreciating the amount of excellent nourishment to be obtained from grasshopper soup. John the Baptist seems to have preferred them with honey, probably because he could get his honey also wild out of the crevices and small caves in the rocks of the wilderness to which he resorted. Professor Riley, with a band of teachers, in 1873 thoroughly tested the qualities of these creatures during their invasion of Missouri. The report was altogether favorable.

An oyster is fully as objectionable as a grasshopper or a locust, but we have overcome our qualms against the eater of seaweed, why not against the eater of land vegetation? I do not know that we can make a toothsome morsel of May bugs, and so thin down the rascals, but I wish we might. I look at the ragged leaves of my pet trees with anxiety.—Mary E. Spencer in St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Preaching in the Mines.

The gold fever of 1849, which it is difficult for the present generation to appreciate, is well suggested by this incident told by Dr. Charles B. Gillespie in The Century.

Passing up the street I came to a large unfinished frame house, the sashless windows and doorway crowded with a motley crew apparently intent upon something solemn happening within. After a little crowding and pushing I looked over the numberless heads in front and saw—could I believe my eyes!—a preacher, as ragged and as hairy as myself, holding forth to an attentive audience. Though the careless and noisy crowd was surging immediately without all was quiet within.

He spoke well and to the purpose, and warmed every one with his fine and impassioned delivery. He closed with a benediction, but prefaced it by saying, "There will be divine service in this house next Sabbath if in the meantime I hear of no new diggin's!"

A Stage Gag.

When Mrs. Keeley played in "Genevieve" she introduced a gag which has gone all around the world of the stage, and will continue in its course. Mrs. Keeley was playing a boy's part, and wore trousers. Taken before the judge in the play and examined, the official asks in sternest language, "Now, then, where are your accomplices?" To which Mrs. Keeley answered, "I don't wear any. They keep up without." Mrs. Keeley used to say, "Those lines made a wonderful hit, and after a few nights it was superfluous for me to answer the question. The audience did it for me."

San Francisco Argonaut.

To Big for the Door.

Every man has a hobby and Judge Pratt has his. Strange to say, he imagines that he is something of a carpenter and would sooner saw wood—not in the metaphorical sense, however

—than grapple with the mysteries of the law. Once upon a time he undertook to build a boat. It was a good boat, stanch and trim. But there was one trouble with it. It could not be launched without pulling down the house in which it was built.—Brooklyn Eagle.

After the Proposal.

"Before I go," he said, in broken tones, "I have one last request to make of you."

"Yes, Mr. Sampson," said she.

"When you return my presents, please prepay the express charges. I cannot afford to pay any more on your account."—Harper's Bazaar.

A Direful Possibility.

She—I cannot, I must not consent at once. But you will wait, dear, will you not, until matters are more favorable to our union?

He—Wait! never! Shall it be said of you that you married a waster?—Pittsburgh Bulletin.

POWER OF SHORT WORDS.

[The author being asked if one could write as forcibly in monosyllables as in words of length, at once wrote the following lines:]

Think not that strength lies in the big, round word,

Or that the brief and plain must needs be weak;

To whom can this be true who once has heard!

The cry of help—the words that all men speak

When want, or woe, or fear is in the throat;

So that each word is gasped out like a shriek

Pressed from the heart, or as a strange, wild note,

Sung by some fay or fiend! There is a strength

Which dies if stretched too far, or spun too fine,

Which has more height than breadth, more

depth than length.

Let but this force of thought and speech be mine;

And I, he that will may take the sleek, fat

One, the strong, the bold,

Which gives and burns not, though it gleam and shines;

Light but not heat, a flash without a blaze.

Nor is it caught but strength the short word boasts;

It serves far more than wind or storm can tell;

The roar of waves that dash on rock bound coasts;

The crash of tall trees when the wild winds swell;

The roar of guns: the groans of men that die

On blood stained fields; it has a voice as well

For them that far off on their sick beds lie;

For them that weep, for them that mourn the dead;

For them that dance, and laugh, and clap the hand

To joy's quick step, as well as Grief's sad

The sweet, plain words we learn at first keep close;

And though the theme be sad, or gay, or grand;

With each, with all, these may be made to chime,

In thought, or speech, or song, or prose, or rhyme.

—Dr. Addison Alexander.

TACKLING A BURGLAR.

'Twas jest about the time we was a weepin' an' a-wailin' an' a-nashin' of our teeth, to speak parabolically, over the disapp'ntment of our hopes, that Miss Petifish popped down on us "like a wolf on the fold," as Jonathan said. (She boxed his years fur it though, and then he pulled off her artificial bang, an' they tussled, an' fit, an' skinned round, an' I'm afear'd lamed the cat fur life by tromping on her left hind laig, afore I had time to ask her to lay off her hat. Miss Petifishes hat, not the cat's.)

But at last, after they galloped round the room fur ten minutes or so, like a couple of colts with the blind staggers, Miss Petifishes breath give out, an' she began to wheeze; an' so finally she hopped down into the big wooden rocker, an' I got a chance to say howdy.

"Wal, I've been tolleable myself," says she, "but Aaron haint been none too well. His constituency wan't never none of the strongest, you know, an' I'm afear'd he's a-goin' to git somethin' serous. He's so powerful narvy, you know. Why, when he's a-copyin' some papers, or a-readin' in his law books, he can't abide the leastest mite of noise, an' I hef to go into the next room to practice on my catarrh. An' mebbe you wouldn't b'lieve it, Belindy," says she, "but if a little comp'ny drops in an' we happen to cut round a little, jest for fun, like me and Mr. Bluegrass here, he's shilly-gits in temper, an' rares an' pitches, an' sometimes he cusses a blue streak, if we run ag'in his elbow, or joggle him. Oh, he's got a powerful temper. Aaron has! I often feel sorry Quinntilly has married such a temperate man, but it's too late to onto the mischief now."

"She tuck you fur a burglar," says I, "an' you ort to be thankful you got off as well as you did."

Miss Petifish sat down on the woodbox an' laughed till she cried; but I sorter suspicion she was a little grain disappointed to think it wan't a burglar, after all.

But no more at present.—Belindy Bluegrass in Saturday night.

in' like she was goin' to a play party, or was gittin' ready for a full dress despatch. Jest think of it!

An' come to look at her, she hadn't put on the dress she wore down, but had slipped on her new pink ten gown she had brung along in case the' was anything going on.

I swan I was mad.

"You kin go or stay," says I, at last, "but I ain't a-goin' to stand here an' be robbed no longer."

I started ag'in.

"I'm a-comin'," says she, "but I can't find a stick of no kind."

"Take the poker," says I.

"Oh, no," says she, "t'wouldn't be per-

lite to hit him with a poker. I'll jest take this feather duster, an' I kin jab him with the end of it."

"Now follow me," says I, "an' keep close."

An' we crepe along, still as mice, to the door, an' I opened it as easy as I could; an', la! there stood the burglar, shore an' sartin, right by the cupboard.

I was powerful skeered, but the thought of Jonathan's wallet give me strength, an' I rushed at him an' hit him on the laigs with the walkin' stick.

"Git out of here," says I, in steriotones, "or I'll call the men folks!"

An' at that moment Liza Ann threw the boot jack and hit me in the small of the back.

It hurt like sixty an' took my breath away for a minute or two, an' afore I got it back ag'in Miss Petifish rushed up an' threw herself into the burglar's arms.

"Oh, oh!" says she, "I'm so skeered!"

An' then—what do you think—the burglar says: "Drat it all—lemme go! Do you want to squash a feller?" An', bless you, if it wan't Jonathan himself!

"I swan to Peter," says he, "if you winnen folks han't passed of loony-ticks, a-whackin' a man an' tumblin' onto him that away! A budly mout as well be killed outright as skeered to death!" says he, as crabbid as Sam Hill.

We all felt mighty skeakin', but I wan't a-goin' to let on.

"What did you come home so soon fur?" says I. "An' how did you git in the kitchen when the door was locked?"

An' then it was his turn to look sheepish.

"It wan't the night fur the meeting, after all," says he, "an' I jest rid over to Seth Soperes an' back, an' I snuck through the siller, so's to not wake you up, an' got me a bite to eat, an' had jest took a mouthful of pie, when thou thumped me on the laig an' Miss Petifish tumbled into my arms an' tried to hug me."

"She tuck you fur a burglar," says I, "an' you ort to be thankful you got off as well as you did."

Miss Petifish sat down on the woodbox an' laughed till she cried; but I sorter suspicion she was a little grain disappointed to think it wan't a burglar, after all.

But no more at present.—Belindy Bluegrass in Saturday night.

Printers' Old Shoes.

No class of men is so fond of old shoes as printers. It isn't that they wear old shoes, for they don't, except when standing at their case. Then they either incase their feet in shoes of the most disreputable character or have one or more pairs of shoes that a ragsman would shift at stuck under their frames in such a position as to attract instantly the attention of all who enter a composing room and who are not of it.

Everything about the new composing room of The Times is in the most admirable condition, except the shoes. The old shoes that disfigured the old frames in the old composing room ornament the new composing room. When the printers marched upstairs, cases in hand, they marched down again and returned, shoes in hand. They liked the new room, with its white walls, its lofty ceiling, its abundance of light and air.

There was absolutely nothing in common between it and old shoes, yet the printers took great care that not a single old shoe should be deserted, and the new composing room of The Times contains just as many old shoes as did the old composing room in its palmy days.

The printer likes comfort during the hours of toil. Old shoes mean comfort to him in the fullest sense.—Printers' Ink.

German Discipline in Penal Institutions.

The lash has never been abolished as a means of discipline in penal institutions of Germany. Generally they use a thong twenty inches long, fastened to a handle a yard-long. The lash is thickest at the end. The thickness varies according to the provinces. But the smallest lashes are two inches thick. Only in Saxony are the dimensions fixed by law, and as neither one-half nor one-sixth would give either son an even lot they had a fierce dispute over the division. A venerable sheik rode up just as the quarrel was at its height, and to compose their differences dismounted and generously offered to add his mare to the fifteen belonging to the estate, agreeing that each should take his allotted share from the whole sixteen, only stipulating that his should be the last selected. The addition made an easy solution of the difficulty. The first then took eight as his half of the sixteen, the next took four for his quarter, the third took two for his eighth, and the fourth took one for his sixteenth. As this quade but fifteen the sheik mounted his mare and rode away. The Arab boys regarded it as a miracle, and exclaimed that Allah had given a horse to the sheik for his generous interference. In spite of this oft told tale the problem still survives and annually puzzles hundreds of our countrymen.

JUGGLING WITH FRACTIONS.

A more recent problem which we have already answered several times, but which is repeated every week from some quarter, is the division of one fraction by another. The original question which we answered several years ago was:

"What is the quotient of two-thirds divided by one-half?" The unthinking person would say that as the half of two-thirds is one-third, this must be the solution of the problem, but Daboll will easily refute it.

The quotient of 2-3 divided by $\frac{1}{2}$ is 1-1-3; that is, $\frac{1}{2}$ will go in 2-3 one and one-third times. The last form of the problem, received as we write this, is to find the quotient of 1 divided by $\frac{1}{2}$, two partners in a leading banking house, having disputed, as they say, all one day over the result, the senior maintaining that 1 divided by $\frac{1}{2}$ is $\frac{1}{2}$, and defying any one to refute it. We answer that when 1 is divided by $\frac{1}{2}$ the quotient is 2; that is, $\frac{1}{2}$ will be found two times in 1. If 6 be divided by $\frac{1}{2}$ the answer is 12; that is, there are twelve halves in six. We should beg pardon of our readers for repeating these demonstrations if it were not for the character and magnitude of the disputes which occur every day concerning them.

We have reserved for the last of the puzzles the century question, which will never be laid to rest, we believe, as long as the world stands. We printed 250 proofs of a former answer, and they have all been distributed to parties who have quarreled over it. A writer whose initials are E. E. B. asks us in a letter just to hand whether the Twentieth century begins with Jan. 1, 1900, or Jan.

SOME ANCIENT PUZZLES.

THEY SEEM TO BE INVESTED WITH A VIGOROUS IMMORTALITY.

Reviving a Conundrum Which Was Satisfactorily Solved Forty Years Ago—Tricks That Are Played with Numerals—Interesting Problems in Arithmetic.

There are certain problems, chiefly arithmetical, ended with a vigorous immortality. No matter how often the solution is printed, or how widely an exhaustive answer is published, the question comes up again, before the ink is fairly dried, to the lips of hundreds who have not seen the reply, or who either cannot understand it or will not accept it. There are several of these which we have printed so often, but which still keep coming, that to save further time we struck off a hundred proofs of each, and mailed one to the inquirers in succession without comment. These proofs are exhausted, and we have accumulated from a score or more of correspondents the same old questions, with urgent requests for a fresh solution. We notice that The Brooklyn Eagle has been struggling with one of these. The editor who has charge of that department is very clever, and we think he is playing a little with his inquisitor.

The original question sent to us forty years ago and involving the same point submitted to The Eagle was, how to find the product of 219 19s. 1d. 3f. multiplied by itself. Of course if the parts of the pounds were stated as fractions, and the pounds as whole numbers, then 19 959-960ths could be multiplied by itself. But money of account has not two dimensions. If a table is 4 feet wide and 4 feet long, then $4 \times 4 = 16$ feet, and we have the number of square feet on the surface. Five times five pounds are £25, but five pounds times five pounds is meaningless, as money does not measure itself in that fashion.

Twice two children are four children, but twice children two children has no meaning. So "nineteen pounds, nineteen shillings, eleven pence, three farthings" is utter nonsense.

TRROUBLESOME MILLS.

The next puzzle on the list, and one which comes the oftener to our desk, in some form of a problem which