

A Perfect Baking Powder.

The constantly growing demand for Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder, the standard cream tartar powder for forty years, is due to two causes.

FIRST—The extreme care exercised by the manufacturers to make it perfectly pure, uniform in quality, and of highest raising power.

SECOND—The recent investigations exposing the fact that certain other brands of baking powder contain ammonia and still others that were found to contain alum. These unscrupulous manufacturers are being found out, and the consumers are giving them a wide berth.

Nothing is left to chance in the manufacture of Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder. Chemists are employed to test every ingredient as to purity and strength. Hence; its marvelous purity and uniformity. Each can is like every other. It never disappoints. **BEST IS ALWAYS THE CHEAPEST.**

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.

The Dominant Race in Siberia.

It was a bad day for eastern Siberia when the Yakouts were crowded up to the Lena by the victorious Tungusi, for they in turn dispossessed the weaker tribes which they found in possession of the country, and established themselves as far eastward as the Kolyma river, on the frontier of Tehuktschi, the most eastern tribe of Asia, whose ultimate boundary is the Arctic ocean and Behring sea. The Yakouts, or Jakuts, have always possessed a higher civilization than is found elsewhere in the same latitude, except in Iceland, Finland and Norway, and by their superior intelligence and force of character they have stamped their impress upon all with whom they have come in contact.

Their is the dominant language from the basin of the Lena to the extreme eastern coast of Siberia. All the Tungusi speak Jakut. Russian is scarcely known in two-thirds of its Asiatic possessions. For centuries the Jakuts have been the common carriers for all the peoples with whom they have had commercial intercourse. "Without the Jakut and his horse," says Middendorf, the eminent naturalist and Siberian explorer, "the Russians would never have been able to penetrate to the sea of Ochotsk, and from thence to the Aleutian chain; but for him they never would have settled on the Kalyma, nor have opened commercial intercourse with the Tehuktschi and the eastern Esquimaux. Before the possession of the Amoor had opened a new road to commerce (1640) thousands of pack horses used annually to go to Ochotsk."—Charles Hallock in New England Magazine.

A Familiar Experience.

Under a fine willow tree I caught a glimpse of a boy making a whistle. I wonder how many of my readers remember the willow whistles they have made? Perchance you recollect how well big brothers or visiting cousins could make them. You can call to mind the old willow tree by the gate, and the square topped post on which you sat, while the good natured boy was astride the fence, and cut, whittled and twirled the bit of wood until a sharp, clear note assured you that your treasure was completed. Then you slid the loose green bark off and on so often that by and by it cracked and wouldn't stay put.

You set to work to make one yourself, for it looked so easy, and you grabbed the big kitchen knife into the stick selected and tried to peel off the "rind." It always came off in two or more pieces and your fingers slid along the white wood, slippery with the sap. Then you gave up and teased some one to make you another. It's the same old story—the same old restless, frolicsome childhood that those who lived in the country can call to mind with half a smile and a little longing.—Toronto Globe.

A Big Brain.

The brain of the maniac homicide, Daley, who killed J. G. C. Kennedy some years ago, and who committed suicide at St. Elizabeth's a few days since, has been examined. It was found to weigh fifty-nine and a quarter ounces, thirteen or fourteen ounces more than the average weight of a man's brain. It was to all appearances in good order, and exhibited no symptoms of disease or malformation, so far as could be told, through a microscopic examination may show some. If an expert should be shown Daley's brain, and not know anything about the man, he would probably regard it as the brain of a very intelligent man.—Washington Post.

To Slaughter the Sparrows.

It is stated that corn meal mixed with strong brine or moistened with salt, dried, exposed to the ravenous appetite of the sparrows, is as sure as electricity, therefore not a cruelty to animals.—Philadelphia Record.

TORTURING LIVE POULTRY.

Is It True That Fowls Are Shipped in Crates That Destroy Health and Life?

The pains and brutal treatment of live cattle en route from the west to New York have often been the subject of comment and even of legislation, but the friend of live poultry has yet to be heard from. The country dealer in live poultry packs (there is no word that better describes the thing done) his geese, ducks, chickens, etc., in crates of the smallest possible height that he can get the fowls into, and each crate is packed until the fowls are as close to each other as dead sardines are in their boxes. Then the crates are stowed in two rows from ten to twelve feet high on a flat car or in an open cattle car, and away they go. When the car reaches the New York terminus it is drilled about on the switches, and finally, after no one knows how many hours of misery on the cars, the fowls are placed on trucks and driven to the consignees at the markets. There the dead are taken from the crates and the living during that day or the next go to the retailers. It is not until after three or four days in that vile prison that the fowl is relieved from its torture by death.

That they suffer real torture is evident on a moment's consideration. It is a pity that the shippers could not be made to realize what the torture is by packing them shoulder to shoulder, in crates so low that their heads must be kept forward, and their chins on their breasts continually; or, to approximate the condition of the fowls accurately, they should be obliged to stand with their backs bent at an angle of 30 degs. People who have tried to sleep with their legs curled up in a railroad seat, and have woken up with the cramp, wishing they could straighten out for just one minute, may form a slight idea of what the fowls suffer during a three days' confinement in a coop.

The fact that a definite per cent., tolerably well known among poultry dealers, of the fowls die from their suffering is also conclusive evidence that the suffering is great.

Further than that, they are kept for a long time without water to drink, while the lower crates in the stocks on the cars become intolerably offensive from the drippings from the upper tiers.

There does not seem to be any adequate remedy for this condition of affairs. The shippers have calculated the losses from death and find that the losses are less than what the increased cost of freight would be were fowls shipped in crates high enough to allow them head room. That the fowl gets the headache and becomes feverish is a fact of no consequence to the shipper, because it does not diminish his profit.

In many markets in the city one can see signs saying that fowls will be killed to order. The buyer has an idea that he can there get fowls in better condition than when he buys the country killed fowls. Very likely he can in some well managed shops, whose proprietors take pains to turn their fowls out in a clean yard to recuperate, but it is almost enough to give a person the typhoid fever to eat a fowl killed out of one of the miserable crates they must travel in when coming to New York. If any one thinks this is overdrawn let him watch a truck load of crates as it arrives at one of the markets some morning.—New York Sun.

Automatic Egg Boiler.

An ingenious little device has just appeared which will put an end to one, at least, of the troubles by which the soul of the housewife is vexed. This consists of the automatic boiler, a little clock which will stand on the range, with its face divided into four spaces of a minute each. Setting the pointer at the minute or fraction which is required, the eggs, contained in a wire basket suspended from a lever connected with the clock, remain in the boiling water the required length of time, when a ratchet is unlatched and the wire basket is lifted out of the water.—Exchange.

An Englishman has bought the contents of the royal castle of Nuremberg, containing the most complete collection of instruments of torture extant.

THROUGH DARKNESS TO DAWN.

A day will span the life of man,
The sunrise is his birth,
And soon, oh soon the sunset comes,
And he returns to earth.
His little day flows swiftly by
And evening comes at last
The day is sinking lower yet—
His day of strength is past.

And in the eventide of life,
Before the sun has set,
The golden clouds of glory come,
Before the night of death,
The tide of life is ebbing fast,
The crimson clouds are gone—
But on the other side of death
There breaks another dawn.

The brilliance of his recent life,
The glory of his day,
The brightly flaming golden clouds
Of sunset fade away
But beyond the veil of death,
Beyond the mystic night,
That brighter sunrise waits him
Yet, in melody and light.

When man has entered on his night,
His sun of glory sets,
Then swiftly rends the mystic mantle
In the halls of death,
The soul has burst the chrysalis,
The night forever gone—
The sunburst of eternity breaks
In the golden dawn!

—Louis S. Amosson in Philadelphia Ledger

A DETECTIVE STORY.

One day, as I returned to police headquarters, after having put in several hours on a till tapping case, I found a queer looking old man awaiting me. He was, I should say, at least 55. He wore a reddish wig, shaved clean, was very precise about his clothing, and was eccentric in speech and action. As he met me, he said:

"Dem it, sir, but you should have more manners than to keep me cooling my heels around a place like this!"
"But I didn't know you were here."
"It was your business to know! Dem it, sir, I am put out with you, sir!"
"Well, I am here, and now what can I do for you?"

"Resign your place here at once!"
"What?"
"Can't you understand the English language? Resign, sir."
"For what reason?"
"That you may engage with me."

He handed me his card, and I saw that his name was Ronald Terry. After a bit he informed me that he was an old bachelor, with plenty of cash, and that he had a scheme on hand which he wished to work out. He offered to engage me for two years at four times the salary I was then receiving, but would not tell me what the work was. After two or three interviews with him and after ascertaining from trustworthy men that he was what he represented himself, I closed with his offer. The day I entered upon his service he said to me:

"You have been in most of the large cities of the United States. Did you ever happen to notice a situation like this: A street about fifty feet wide running off a business street at an angle, but only two blocks long before it ended at a bluff? This short street is built up with brick houses. On the first corner on the right is a drug store. The intersecting street is hardly wider than an alley and is not paved."

"I think you will find something very like it in almost any city, excepting the bluff. It is not unusual for streets to come in that way."

"But the bluff. If the short street does not end at a bluff our search will be useless."

"We shall have to go from town to town until we find it."

"Exactly, and we start to-morrow. Be at my hotel at 8 o'clock in the morning. I shall lay out our route, and whenever we arrive in a city you will do the searching. That's what I have hired you for."

From the foregoing you will be prepared to believe that I thought him "light in the head," as the expression goes, if no worse. However, as he had the money and was his own master, and as he was paying me a big salary, it was not my business to find fault. I soon discovered that he had his own peculiar ideas in the most trifling matters. For instance, I was not to know him when on the train. I must, if possible, take the front end of the car, while he took the rear. At the hotel I must, if such an arrangement were possible, sleep on the floor above him. Any business between us must be done as formally as if we had never met.

At our first stopping place he planned to stay just so many days. I was to cover only so much of the city per day. A queer duck you will think him, but I couldn't record the tenth of his strange doings and sayings.

We went directly to Portland, Me., to begin our search, and although I could have covered the city in two days he planned that we should stay sixteen. Therefore, after the first two days, I had nothing to do but loaf around. On the seventh day he sent his card to my room with a request that I call upon him on a matter of business, and when I entered he asked:

"Well, what progress in your search?"
"I can find no such street here, sir."
"Very well; I give you nine more days in which to make sure."

I spent the nine days in fishing and sailing, and we went from Portland to Augusta. We put in six days there, and then went to Montgomery, Vt. We took each state in rotation, visiting every city above 10,000 population in each state, and by the time we were through with the state of New York the first year was up. Every day found Mr. Terry the same queer, quaint specimen of humanity. The same formality was observed, and once, in a railroad smash-up, when I ventured to address him to inquire if he had been hurt, he looked at me with a cold stare and replied:

"Dem it, sir, you must have mistaken me for some one else!"
We were well along in the second year, and were in Wilmington, Del., when I met an old friend from the west and told him what a wildgoose chase I was on. He looked at the diagram for a few minutes and then said:

"You'll strike this in Cincinnati. I could guide you to the exact spot."
He went fishing into his baggage and found an old map of Cincinnati, and in

five minutes we had located the spot. I sent my card up to Mr. Terry, and followed it to inform him of my discovery, but he sat down on me with:

"Dem it, man, if you are tired of my ways and wages, you can quit! I told you at the outset that I should run this thing myself!"
And to prove that he meant to, he planned a route which did not permit us to reach Cincinnati for nearly four months. He gave me to understand, on arriving there, that we should remain thirty-one days; and, although I could have found "B" street in an hour, I knew Mr. Terry too well to object to his plans. On the second day I went over the street. It was ancient and rather queer, but no more so than many others. It was tenanted by a poor but respectable class of people.

Naturally enough, I had always had a great curiosity to know why my queer employer wanted to find this street, and so, day in and day out, I pursued my investigations. I asked every resident for information of Terry, but no one had ever heard of him. The last house on the left hand side was chock up against the bluff. One standing on the high hill, of which Cincinnati has so many, could have dropped a stone down upon the roof of this house, which was old and untenanted. I inspected it outside and in, and saw from its condition that it had been unoccupied for years. It was a frame, and the floors were about gone, the plastering all off, and the doors and much of the partitions had been carried away for fuel. It struck me that this old house held the key to the mystery, but though I searched high and low I could find nothing.

On the morning of the thirty-first day Mr. Terry sent for me and inquired if I had found the street. This was the only time he had spoken to me since our arrival. I replied that I had, and he then said:

"You will go to your room, lock yourself in, and remain until I send for you." I did nothing of the kind. I skipped out, reached "B" street, posted myself in the hallway of a tenement, and an hour later saw Mr. Terry appear. He went straight to the old house, was inside for half an hour, and then came out with a package in his hand. I took it to be a package of papers wrapped in oil-skin. He walked off without a glance to the right or left, and I took a short cut and reached the hotel first. After dinner he sent for me and said:

"Our search is ended. You have been faithful and sensible. Here is the balance of your salary for the second year, and here is \$1,000 extra. Good-by, sir."
"But won't you enlighten?"
"Dem it, sir, good-by," he interrupted, and I picked up my money and went, and to this day have never got at the bottom facts.—New York Sun.

Mme. Patti's Tresses Create a Furor.

Mme. Patti's sudden transformation from brunette to blonde may be taken as an indication of the coming hair dressing fashions. Dark hair has been declared impossible by the Messrs. Toupet, who arrange the modes of the season's coiffures, and it therefore behooves all who are possessed of dark tresses and desire to be "in the fashion" to follow Mme. Patti's example and convert themselves without further delay into possession of fair hair. Natural blondes will have the advantage, so far as expense and comfort are concerned; but in the matter of appearance they will be no better off than those who have changed color to suit the requirements of the hour, for wig making has been brought to such perfection as to defy the closest inspection. Consequently artificial hair will be very much adopted this season and if we desire to follow in the train of the exacting goddess of fashion we shall have to submit to the uncomfortable, unpleasant and unnatural arrangement of loading our heads with other people's hair.—London Lady's Pictorial.

Naming of Vessels.

The naming of vessels of the navy is regulated by law. Vessels of the first class are required to be named after states, those of the second after rivers, those of the third after the principal cities and towns, and those of the fourth as the president may direct. The law is not always observed as closely as it ought to be, but in the main it governs naval nomenclature today. The first act bearing on this subject was passed in 1819, and was subsequently amended by that of 1858, to bring it in harmony with the changes wrought by steam navigation.—Boston Transcript.

A Veteran's Children at Prayer.

A veteran of the late war died not long ago from the effects of his army experience, leaving two children, one of them a boy in his infancy. This little fellow, the other day, wanted to play prayer meeting, and opened the same by beginning, "Our Father, who fought in heaven." "That isn't right," said his sister. "Yes it is," persisted the young prattler; "I'm sure, that's what they say in Sunday school." It was evident that the child had a confused idea in his mind as to the father who fought on earth and the "Father which art in heaven."—Boston Transcript.

Human Hair Market.

The largest supply of human hair comes from Switzerland and Germany, and especially from the French provinces. The country fairs are attended by agents of merchants in London, Paris and Vienna. Only at intervals, however, is a prize like a perfect suit of golden hair obtained; and it is said that there are orders ahead in the shops of Paris and London for all the golden hair that can be obtained in the next five years. When a stock of hair is collected by agents it is assorted, washed and cleaned. Then each hair is drawn through the eye of a needle and polished.—Once a Week.

A Pretty Electrical Experiment.

Make a room quite dark, then take an ordinary feather duster and dust any gilt picture frame you may have, applying the brush quickly, when little sparks of electricity as brilliant as diamonds will fly off the frame, sometimes as far as three inches from the corners.—Good Housekeeping.

STEELE MACKAYE'S TABLE.

He Had Some Difficulty in Getting the Aged Carpenter to Make It.

Steele Mackaye, the dramatist, can tell a good story as well as write a good play. At Wormley's he was relating some of his experiences in the little village of Concord, N. C., where he spent some time.

"I wanted a table made," he began, "and was directed to the village carpenter. He was an aged man, and when I finally found him he was leisurely engaged in the manufacture of a coffin. It looked as if he had been at work upon the coffin for a week. I asked him if he could make me a table. He 'allowed' that he could when he 'got at it.' And when will you get at it?" I asked. "Suddenly he parried my direct question with another. 'What kind of a table do you want?' he asked me, with the air of a man who has got the enemy cornered."

"I described the table, and the old man again fell into deep thought. At last, when I showed some impatience, he told me to come again next week."

"A week later I reminded him about my table. Yes, he remembered the conversation, but he really did not think he could go to work upon it until he had seen some of his relatives. He did not exactly know whom he had to see, nor where they lived, but he was positive that they had to be seen before my table could be begun. Besides this he hadn't any lumber."

"Where can I get the lumber?" I asked in desperation. Well, he thought it could be obtained at the mill. And where was the mill? Twelve miles away. So I mounted my horse and started for the mill. I found it after a long search. It was a dilapidated affair, and the saw was half way through a log. But the saw was rusty, a sign that it had not been in use for a week. A woman came out of a house nearby and answered my shouts. I told her that I wanted to see the owner of the mill."

"What do you want to see him for?" she drawled. "I told her about the lumber which I needed, and her husband came out. He was a long, lean, lank fellow, and he was sucking a yam. All during his conversation he sucked this yam and spoke in slow, deliberate sentences. He finally concluded that he did not care to take the trouble to cut the lumber, and I rode twelve miles back to town."

"And did you ever get the table?" asked the reporter, who listened to the story.

"Down by the railroad was a factory," said Mr. Mackaye. "Nobody in the town had mentioned it, although fifty people had told me of the aged and work-deferring carpenter. I found the factory by accident, gave my order for the table, and had it delivered to me within twenty-four hours.—Washington Post.

A Railway Mistake.

A man went to a certain railway station in New Jersey to buy a ticket for a small village named Morrow, where a station had been opened only a few days previously.

"Does this train go to Morrow?" asked the man, coming up to the office in a great hurry, and pointing to a train on the track with steam up and every indication of a speedy departure.

"No; it goes today," replied the ticket agent, curiously. "He thought the man was 'trying to be funny,' as the saying goes."

"But," rejoined the man, who was in a great hurry, "does it go to Morrow today?"
"No, it goes yesterday, the week after next," said the agent sarcastically, now sure that the inquirer was trying to make game of him.

"You don't understand me," cried the man, getting very much excited as the engine gave a warning toot; "I want to go to Morrow."

"Well, then," said the agent sternly, "why don't you go tomorrow, and not come fooling around here today? Step aside, please, and let that lady approach the window."

"My dear sir," exclaimed the bewildered inquirer, "it is important that I should be in Morrow today, and if the train stops there, or if there is no train to Morrow today!"
At this critical juncture, when there was some danger that the mutual misunderstanding would drive both men frantic, an old official happened along and straightened out matters in less than a minute.

The agent apologized, the man got his ticket, and the train started for Morrow today.—Youth's Companion.

The Boy with a Bottle.

A boy about ten years old was going up Second avenue with a quart bottle in his hand labelled "Black ink" in big letters, and he was handing it so carelessly that a fat man, coming down the avenue, stopped him to say:

"That's just exactly like a boy! Why on earth don't you carry that bottle as you ought to?"

"I am!"

"No, you ain't! You are just aching to have it drop on the sidewalk and spatter all over some one!"

"I guess I know how to carry a bottle!" growled the boy as he swung it around.

"No, you don't, nor no other boy! What are you doing now? If you let that bottle drop and get me with ink I'll cane you!"

"Who's 'in' any bottle drop?"

"You are!"

"I hain't neither! I guess I can play catch with a bottle without killin' anybody!"

"Look out!"

"There hain't nuttin' to be alarmed about. Anybody can toss up a bottle and catch!"

"I knew it—I knew it!" shouted the fussy man, as the bottle came down with a smash and he jumped half way across the street. "Boy, you ought to be licked 'til you couldn't get home. I told you!"

But eight or ten people were laughing at him. It was an empty bottle which the boy had let fall.—New York World.

The Restaurateur's Device.

One of the newest of the swell restaurateurs in town has hit upon a novel way of securing high class customers. His plan is to ask the rich men and gourmets who dine at his place what dishes they are especially fond of and in what way they have them prepared at home. He then has his chef make the dishes, and he calls them after the customers who recommend them, as if, for the sake of example, he should stew crabs in cream and call the dish "crabs a la Cransney Depew," or as if he should put a crusty of baked powdered cheese on stewed cauliflower and should name it "cauliflower a la Colonel Fellows."

It takes in nine cases out of ten. Men who like good living nearly all have a knowledge of cooking and are proud to have it recognized.—New York Sun.

A Despairing Cry.

Antonie (sympathizingly)—What's the matter, Bobby dear?

Bobby (sobbing)—Mamma whipped me. I jus' wish I'd a been born a orphan!—Kate Field's Washington.

AN IMPORTANT BILL.

The Royal Baking Powder Condensed in the New York Legislature.

Last Monday Mr. Kelly introduced the following bill in the assembly. A careful reading of it will show that it is a very important one:

AN ACT to prevent the use of poisonous and injurious ingredients in baking powders.

WHEREAS, Baking Powders manufactured in this state, known as the "ROYAL" alum and other Baking Powders are advertised for sale as absolutely pure; and,

WHEREAS, Official examination shows them to contain ammonia and other injurious ingredients; therefore This People of the State of New York, represented in Senate and Assembly, do enact as follows:

Section 1. Every can or package of baking powder containing ammonia offered for sale in this State shall have a conspicuous label thereon with the words, "Contains Ammonia," printed thereon in plain type, not smaller than great primer, and any person who shall sell, or have or offer for sale, any such can or package of baking powder without such label thereon, shall be guilty of misdemeanor.

Section 2. This act shall take effect July 1, 1891.—New York Press, April 13, 1891.

The Mustard Crime.

Nature in her abundant, ever dotting thoughtfulness has so provided that there grows a forest, a fell and a field a certain branching plant with dainty yellow blossoms, from the rich fruitage of which is wrought a condiment, piquant, permeating and fascinating to the good liver. It is this which brings sometimes the epicurean tear, beside which that dropped by some peril at the gate of Paradise is but as phosphorus is to flame. The name of this fair plant is mustard, and its blessing is prepared or marred in different ways.

Enter the restaurant, order the pink boiled ham or red roast beef and call for mustard, and note what comes to you. Pitiful it is to say, but three times out of four the more or less pampulent mental putsy beside your plate a lilliputian vessel containing a brownish substance appearing to the taste a combination of burnt flour and doubtful vinegar. You raise your voice in earnest protest, and are informed that you have been served with genuine French or German mustard, as the case may be, and that there is none other in the house. You make the best of a lurching situation which may not be improved and try to use the lifeless stuff and fail, and no white stone may mark the memory of the stomach's feast. Your palate has been to the play, and the performance has been found lacking.

There is a mustard, the pure, golden powder of the fiery seed, which is like an appetizer and an inspiration. It is the very soul, the other half, the very doppel ganger of certain things we eat. It is known vulgarly as English mustard, and is the condiment of heroes and of patriots.—Chicago Tribune.

A Mother Bird's Trial.

While the east side of Broadway, just below Fulton street, was filled with people the other forenoon a pretty little incident caused a blockade of pedestrians.

A mother sparrow, flying over the street with one of her young in her bill, dropped the wee bird in the thoroughfare near the curb and flew frightened to a high window seat.

An alert messenger boy picked up the feathered mite, and while he held it kindly in his hand the mother bird chirped in distress.

"Take the bird into the churchyard," said a sensible man in the throng, pointing to St. Paul's. His suggestion was acted upon by the boy, who cuddled the bird in his palms and scooted, followed by a dozen other urchins.

When the young sparrow was laid in the grass of the churchyard the mother took wing from her perch. Her flight was watched with interest and satisfaction, for she descended to the spot where her young was nestled.—New York Herald.

A Yankee "Swapper."

A New London expressman is about as good a specimen of Connecticut Yankee as has recently come to light. He recently ran across a useless old harness which he didn't want, and so he traded it with a colored man for a watch. He then sold the watch to a man for \$9.50, to be paid in installments. He got four dollars of it, when the man went "broke," couldn't pay any more and gave up the watch. The conditions were that if he couldn't pay the full amount he would forfeit what was already paid, so the expressman had the watch and the four dollars. In a little while a man came along who owned a sulky that he didn't want, and who was glad to trade it off for the watch. The expressman accommodated him, and considers it the best bargain of the lot. At this rate of progress it won't be long before that sulky will be worked by easy stages into a house and lot.—New London (Conn.) Telegraph.

At in a Bank.

It is not often that an art gallery is found in a bank. Persons who visit the Lincoln National bank in Forty-second street, however, will see a number of fine oil paintings—some of them quite large—hanging upon the walls. They are the works of Albert Bierstadt, some twenty in number, which were deposited with the bank a year or so ago for safe keeping. A full length oil portrait of Abraham Lincoln, by Marshall, has been added to this art collection. The Hon. Thomas L. James, the president of the bank, has an eye for the beautiful as well as a genius for finance, and he wants his patrons to enjoy with him all of the good things that he can get hold of.—New York Times.

Friday Superstitions.

Friday, called of old "Black Friday," has been the day of ill omen since the Christ was crucified thereon. Criminals are always hung on that day. Friday night dreams are looked for to come true; and many really sensible people will not begin a journey, a piece of work, or any undertaking whatsoever on Friday, fearing some disastrous result on account of its luckless repute.—Detroit Free Press.

A Market Naturalist.

Fair Customer—Those last oysters you sold me tasted fishy.

Dealer—I'm very sorry, mum; but fact is, mum, oysters are very sociable creatures, mum, and spends most of their time, gallowatin' around with fishes.—Good News.

The Next Question to be Discussed by the Brooklyn Women's Club is,

"How Much Time Can We, in Justice to Ourselves and Our Homes, Give to Outside Matters?" If the husbands were allowed to take part in this discussion it would soon be settled.