

# Delicious.

- BISCUIT.
- MUFFINS.
- WAFFLES.
- CORN BREAD.
- GRIDDLE CAKES.
- DUMPLINGS.
- POT PIES.
- PUDDINGS.
- CAKES.
- DOUGHNUTS.

Can always be made with Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder. And while cakes and biscuit will retain their moisture, they will be found flaky and extremely light and fine grained, not coarse and full of holes as are the biscuit made from ammonia baking powder. Price's Cream Baking Powder produces work that is beyond comparison and yet costs no more than the adulterated ammonia or alum powders. Dr. Price's stands for pure food and good health.

### A LITTLE OVERSENSITIVE.

#### The Simple Remark That Almost Ended a Gentleman's Life in Kentucky.

We were all chatting pleasantly in the smoking compartment of a Michigan Central sleeper the other night, when some one began to rail at what he deemed a prevailing lack of delicacy on the part of American women. He said that the men, as a rule, overestimate the sensitiveness of women and that in their common contact men are more punctilious than those of the opposite sex. A quiet, handsome man who was seated in the corner and had before him remained silent at this knocked the ashes from his cigar and said:

"Gentlemen, I must disagree with the last speaker. The nearest a cry came to being shot was once when a woman misunderstood me from pure oversensitiveness."

"How was that?" every one asked in a breath.

"I had a friend," he said, "not an intimate friend, but something much more than an ordinary acquaintance. The man was named Gardner, and was thoroughly good hearted, but very hot headed and stubborn. Some years ago he married, and after his return from his wedding journey he met me on the street one night and fairly dragged me up to his charming little house and presented me to his wife. She was very gracious. Gardner produced a box of cigars, insisted that I should take one and at the same time lighted one himself, saying that there should be no formality in their house, and that I must drop in at any time, without announcement or formality. I told you that he was pleasant and comfortable. Then, while Gardner sat before the fire and smoked, his wife went to the piano and began to play a nocturne of Chopin. It was a dream to hear her, for she was almost an artist, and I, an enthusiast in music, stepped over and turned the pages for her. When she had finished she began to improvise softly and to tell me of her education and early life. Among other things she said that her parents were very strict in certain matters, and that she had never yet been within a playhouse, much less heard an opera."

"At this, thinking only of her rare appreciation, I said: 'I should like to be with you when you hear your first opera.'"

"At this I thought she stiffened a little, but she played a few chords in silence, then, arising from the piano, pleaded fatigue, excused herself and retired. I don't know why it was, but I felt somewhat uncomfortable, and, resisting the pressing invitation of my host to remain, went home as soon as I could with reasonable tidiness."

"The next day I was kept from my office until nearly noon, and upon reaching it was astonished to find awaiting me a note signed by Gardner, which ran as follows:

"'Sir—I have failed to find you this morning. What do you mean by inviting my wife to attend the theatre without asking my permission?'

"I at once replied:

"'Sir—I have not asked your wife, with or without your permission, to attend the theatre.'"

"To the second missive came the reply:

"'Sir—My wife says that she will go, and I believe her. You would do well to send her a written apology, addressed to me, by 6 o'clock.'"

"Then it all flashed over me, and I wrote, not an apology, but an explanation, and taking advantage of a good business excuse left for New York at a quarter to 4. For you see, all this happened in Kentucky, where they are apt to do their investigating a little too late for comfort."—Detroit Free Press.

### Why the Judge Hurried.

Judge Peters tells the following story, and always laughs as he tells it: Sheriff Brown had been elected in Pendleton county, and had made his son the page or messenger in court. Judge Peters presided at the first term, and in the middle of the forenoon announced a recess of fifteen minutes. He retired to the library and soon became immersed in some legal books, looking up some points of law. When the time mentioned had expired the jury came in, but the judge did not. The Brown boy, who was anxious to have everything go off in good shape under his father's administration, grew nervous, and at last made a bolt for the library. Walking in and pulling out his watch, he tapped the judge upon the shoulder and said: "Come, Mr. Peters, you've got to hurry. Your time is up, and the folks are waiting." The judge "hurried."—Lexington Journal.

### An Unfortunate Spoiled.

An unfortunate spoiled an ancient skeleton, and deprived some museum of a chance to get a fine specimen at Hamilton, O. Mr. Tweedale, who gives his leisure moments to the pastime of bringing the contents of ancient mounds to the light, dug up a giant of old, whose skeleton was indubitable evidence that the person it once belonged to was over seven feet tall. Tweedale, with his arms, was making his way home when he stubbed his toe, and the fall that ensued was disastrous. The rude shock simply pulverized the skeleton. There was nothing left of it but a pile of dust. The deceased giant of a former age, however, had found at least one sincere mourner in the Nineteenth century.—New York Sun.

A novel method of plowing was that recently adopted by a colored man in North Carolina. His steer refused to work when hitched to the plow, and thereupon he hitched it to a cart and fastened the plow behind the cart. He proceeded to plow with the steer without any further trouble.

### CITY WINDOWS.

Through many an evening, while my spirit glows,  
And the poplars sigh and the willows bow,  
A keener sense of solitude than they know  
Who dwell on dreary hills or houseless plains,  
I roam long streets where dubious dimness reigns,  
Where bright inscrutable windows calmly glow,  
And with mysterious pleasure, as I go,  
Shape weird conjecture from the illumined panes:  
In your room two amorous hearts may thrill;  
Some fiery quaver here may grow apace;  
There may some vigilant mother pale and still,  
Dead in sleep a boy over a wasted face;  
And here a nurse, by some bel may spill  
The deadly colorless drop that leaves no trace  
—Edgar Fawcett.

### MICKEY FINN'S BASS.

"Mickey, hav' ye th' wurruims?" said Mr. Finn.  
"I hav' a tommy can full of wurruims an' four big grasshoppers in a bottle, an' tin grubs that I found in a rottin' board, an' six crickets an' two cockroaches as black as coal an' as big as your thumb, an' a burble bee—shure I pulled out his stinger with th' tweezers."

"Ah, hout on, sonny. Faux ve hav' enough of bait 't catch all th' fish in Jacob's Valley. Bring all them things in here till we have a look at them."  
Then Mickey had brought all his bottles and boxes into the kitchen and placed them on the table. They presented quite a formidable array. The crickets were confined in a cigar box, and when he lifted the lid to permit his father to have a glance at the bait, the crickets jumped out upon the floor, and the tame crow showed a liking for crickets which it never before had exhibited. The worms proved to be of the night walker order. Mickey had caught them by the aid of a lantern as they crawled through the grass of Stumpy field the previous evening. The burble bee escaped when little Mike took the cork out of the bottle, and flew away to the clover field near by. Said Mr. Finn:

"Ye may as well pull up one o' them bone poles in th' yard an' fasten yer line to it, an' so ye'll be ready for th' mornin', for we'll be startin' again th' toime th' sun is up."

Early next morning, while yet the grass was drenched with dew, little Mike and his father started up the Old Point road. Mickey was heavily freighted. He carried on one arm a large wicker basket, which contained two cigar boxes and various bottles containing bait, both solid and liquid. The latter was for his father's exclusive use. One of the cigar boxes was filled with a varied assortment of fishing tackle, including a number of rusty screws for sinkers, codfish hooks stuck into a cork, an old chalk line, five soda water bottle corks and a number of other articles which the boy in his ignorance deemed necessary for fishing in a country brook.

After leaving the Old Point road the way led down a little lane where a brown thrush sang a solo in a tree and a golden oriole flitted across the lane and uttered liquid notes. Under the tree where the oriole sang in a field filled with corks of new mown hay there bubbled a little spring. The water came up through the sand at the bottom of the spring and shifted it like drops of quicksilver. Lying down at full length the fisherman put their mouths down to this living spring and drank deep draughts. This was nature's own champagne. There was life in the water. The sun had kissed the spring, and the sweet scent of hay stole into the air. Somehow Mickey didn't appreciate the water as much as his father did. He said he would rather have a glass of root beer any time.

When the brook was reached the sun had gained its meridian, but its rays could not penetrate the dense foliage on the banks overlooking the water. In these cool pools swam sunfish with golden scales, and brook bass which resembled bars of burnished silver as they flashed their gleaming sides in the sunlight. Mickey was so eager to drop the line in the water that he could scarcely put a worm on his hook. At last the tackle was all ready, when a six inch trout, looking almost translucent in the clear water, came swimming up the stream. It stopped almost opposite where the boy stood, lazily fanning its dorsal and ventral fins. Said Mickey, with parted lips and bated breath:

"Keep still, dad! Wait till you see me haul 'em out!"

Slowly the hook sank beneath the surface, and the worm, in all its squirming, juicy plumpness, rested on the sand before the nose of the trout. The two held their breath and awaited developments. The trout slowly backed away from the worm for a distance of one foot, then it moved forward and smelt of the bait. There was a moment of intense suspense, and Mickey's pole shook as though it had the palsy. Then the trout darted like a beam of sunshine into a shadowy place beneath the bank. Mickey's disappointment was great, but he choked it down, and said with almost a sob in his voice:

"Dad, I almost had 'em!"

"Yes," replied his father; "but you didn't have any salt on his tail that time, me lad; try agin'."

Then Mickey's father lay down upon the grass on the banks of the stream and went to sleep. He had just entered the borders of dreamland when he was awakened by a shout which echoed like a fire alarm in the valley. He sat up and listened. Again he heard the shout and distinguished these words:

"Dad, I got a bite!"

Mickey's father plunged into the underbrush and forced his way through the overhanging branches of the trees to the place where the sound came from. He had not gone twenty feet, however, before a cry so jubilant, so full of triumph, so instinct with the passion of possession, came to him that he knew at once something important had occurred. Looking through the aisles of the wood he saw Mickey lying upon the trunk of a big tree which projected out over the stream. In order to maintain his position he had to hang on with one hand and with the other he held his rod. Again he cried in agitated tones:

"Golly, dad, my dober's under."

"Pull up, sonny! Pull up!"

Mickey did pull up, and dangling from the end of his line was a brook bass about five inches long. But Mickey was in such a position that he could not land his fish. And so he hugged the tree and palpitated and perspired and managed to lift his fish just so far out of the water that its tail touched the swirling current.

The picture was such a pleasing one to Mickey's father that he stood hidden by the foliage and watched his boy's dilemma for at least two minutes before he went to the rescue. Then he slid down the bank and held Mickey so that he could land the fish himself, which was accomplished in a very careful manner for fear that it might escape. But when it lay upon the grass and gasped for its native

element there was no touch of pity in Mickey's heart; only a look of triumph in his eyes, only an holding of the fingers until he could clasp his prize. For fear that the fish might get away Mickey put it in his trousers pocket, where it remained securely for five hours.

What a day that was! Crummed full of joy. In the afternoon, when the sun shone down upon the meadow with its fervent heat, Mickey made several excursions after grasshoppers. For he found that the fish refused to take worms, and his grubs had long since been exhausted. Mr. Finn did not fish himself, but sat upon the bank of the stream smoking his pipe and contemplating the beauties of nature. He also gave expression during the day to several philosophic reflections, such as, "Musha, if I had all th' ground I could see wid me two eyes, divil a shovel would I ham, an' we'd kape a cow!"

Just as the twilight was coming on little Mike landed an eel as large as a head pencil. He insisted on taking it home in spite of his father's protests. When they left the stream the total catch for the day amounted to one five inch brook bass, one small eel and a little mud turtle, which Mickey intended to add to his menagerie. He said he had hopes of "Tachin' th' mud turtle to do tricks."

When they arrived at home the brook bass was taken from Mickey's pocket. The scales were shaken upon it, and with the help of his father's old razor, the scales were removed from the fish upon the washstand in the back yard. After the head had been removed and the tail cut off very little of the fish remained. But Mrs. Finn said she didn't care for fish, and so she prepared the frying pan to receive what was left of the brook bass for her son.

In the meantime the billy goat had been wandering around the back yard in an inquisitive way. As this animal had never shown any desire for fish, Mickey paid no attention to the goat. The fish lay upon a plate near the kitchen door, and little Mike stepped inside to get some salt with which to sprinkle the toothsome delicacy. When he came out with the salt cellar in his hand the fish was gone. The plate remained, however, and little Mike looked under the bench and peered around the corner of the shanty.

Then he went inside and asked his mother if she had seen anything of the fish. Mrs. Finn replied that she had not, and her motherly soul yearned over the boy as she saw the tears in his eyes. Then a thought suddenly came to Mrs. Finn. Leading her son to the door she pointed with the index finger of her right hand to the billy goat, who was quietly assimilating an imitation tomato from the outside of a tomato can. Leading over her boy she whispered in his ear:

"Me darlin', if ye'll git th' ax an' split open that billy ye'll find your little fish inside iv him. Th' bast!"—Evening Sun.

### Editor Dana in His Office.

The editor's work day begins about 11 o'clock. His routine does not differ greatly from that of any other New York editor-in-chief, except that he has, perhaps, a more close supervision of his editorial page. It is very seldom that anything is printed there which he does not first carefully read. He is also a careful reader of newspapers, and he clips a great deal of the miscellany that is used in the Sun. He does not write much with his pen, but dictates editorials to his stenographer. Although he does not leave the office before 5 o'clock, he is not now a hard worker. He is systematic and accomplishes a great deal, but it is not a "grind." His workshop is on the north-west corner of the building, on the third floor. One enters it after passing across one corner of the "city room"—where reporters and editors are assembled in a rather miscellaneous manner—thence through the library, and so into the presence of "the chief," as the boys call him. 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