

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.

Travel in China.

Travel in northern China is accomplished in a cart, a mule litter, or the saddle. The first method is the most uncomfortable but the most rapid, the second the most comfortable but the slowest, the third the most independent but the most uncertain.

The cart used in northern China has two heavy wheels, with wooden axle, no springs, and a body about four feet long, and three broad, over which is a light framework top covered with blue cotton. Two mules driven tandem by a carrier seated on the left shaft take it along at a rate of about three miles an hour, and one can make in it an average of thirty-five miles a day, even over the roughest country. It will carry about three hundred pounds of goods, and one or even two passengers; and the tighter one is squeezed in the more comfortable it will prove, for that, and that alone, will be a protection from the terrible jolting over the rough country roads.

It is told in some old book of travel in the narrative of the mission of Lord Amherst to the court of Peking, if I remember rightly, that one of his attendants died from the effects of the jolting he received during a short journey in one of these carts. But this mode of travel being the most rapid, I adopted it. Several years of experience of cart travel in China had made me bold, so that I did not fear the fate which had overtaken the Amherst mission man. Comfortably wrapped in my wadded Chinese clothes, I squeezed myself into my cart, feeling like a delicate piece of chinaware packed in cotton, and after a hearty farewell to the friends with whom I was staying at Peking, the carters cracked their whips, and with a shout to the mules we were off.—Century.

A Sunday with a Country Doctor.
Sunday is a busy day for the doctor. A good many people put off being sick till Sunday, especially in haying time, and the calls began to come in early. So the narrow buggy went down the road and did not return till late. Sunday school was in session and the children sang:

Day of all the week the best,
Emblem of eternal rest.

A group of young women in white came out into the little burying ground, and through my open window I could hear gossip and laughter, as they picked their way among the gleaming white headstones. Then a party of ladies dressed in deep mourning appeared. Standing apart was a young couple chatting in a sheepish way.

A small girl, with curiosity abnormally developed, pretended to read the inscription on a tombstone near by, while she absorbed the conversation. The cabinet organ was played again, and the children with the older people in the church, sang "He will carry you through." The voice of good Dominic Thompson rolled out in stirring tones as he sought divine guidance and blessing for the beloved children of his flock.—Frank French to Scribner's.

The Thinness of Gold.

Gold hunters, by hammering, can reduce gold leaves to such minute thinness that 250,000 must be laid upon each other to produce the thickness of an inch. Yet each leaf is so perfect and free from holes that one of them laid on any surface, as in gilding, gives the appearance of solid gold. They are so thin that if formed into a book 1,500 would only occupy the space of a single leaf of book paper. A single volume of a gold leaf book one inch in thickness would have as many pages as an entire library of 1,500 volumes of common books, even though the volumes averaged 400 pages each.—St. Louis Republic.

A FACE.

Hope has a tender daybreak in her eyes,
That casts a happy morning on her way.
Her face—it is an image of the day,
As pure and sunny as the summer skies;
And when she smiles a halo round her lies,
Whose light seems born of heaven's most holy rays.
Her lips are sweet as dainty flowers in May,
Yet wear a thoughtfulness that makes them wise.
Oh, shining face! God bless the everywhere;
A little sun by day, by night a star,
To bring bright cheer where pain and sorrow are.
God keep thy gentle forehead free from care,
Thine eyes keep ever from the mist of tears,
To smile a lasting sunshine on thy years.
—Ernest W. Sturtevant in Boston Transcript.

Highway Postal Locomotives.

In the south of France the government postal service is supplemented by the "wagon post" of private contractors, who employ many hundreds of horses in conveying small parcels from town to town, even along the railway lines. This business has become so extensive that several road locomotives have been ordered for it, and are proving very satisfactory. Two of these machines are running between towns seventy miles apart, each making the trip one way nightly at a speed of eight miles an hour. Part of the road is very hilly, with long gradients up to as much as one in eleven. The locomotive, with coal and water, weighs fifteen tons, and the loaded wagon from seven to ten tons, making the average weight of the train twenty-three tons. At 175 pounds pressure the engines give about twelve horse power, and with fair roads use about half a ton of fuel for the round trip of 140 miles. These engines have been running over six months without interruption.—Arkansas Traveler.

Quite a Traveler for a Turtle.

W. E. Hellenbrand, of Oldtown, came into possession of a turtle lately at Pushaw, which bore upon it the evidence of having reached years of discretion and of having been—for a turtle—quite a traveler. It was marked "J. W. Sewall, 1871," and Mr. Sewall remembers that when camping in his boyhood on Pushaw lake he found the turtle near the outlet and cut his name upon its shell. The animal was found a short time ago in the "Thorfare," near Orson Island, some sixteen miles from its former place of capture, showing that it had traveled on the average about a mile each year. Mr. Hellenbrand's son Walter marked it and released it for further adventure.—Bangor (Me.) Commercial.

The Oldest Place in America.

"Do you know the oldest place in all America?" said Gen. John B. Henderson, of St. Louis, to a circle of friends. "I don't mean the oldest town in the country or on the continent, but the land first found on the western hemisphere. No? Well, I thought not. It is Mount Marcy, in the Adirondack mountains. Agassiz and other geologists have figured out that Mount Marcy was the point of land that made its appearance first above the water when the western hemisphere was evolved."—Chicago Herald.

True Happiness.

Mrs. Muggers—I see a prominent society belle is dead. If there ever was a perfectly blissful existence on earth she enjoyed it while she lived.
Mr. Muggers—Because she was a society belle?
Mrs. Muggers—No; because she was engaged twenty-four times and never married.—New York Weekly.

A Rather Doubtful Accomplishment.

Distinguished Foreigner—I understand the United States has built some of the fastest cruisers ever designed.
American—Yes, siree. They can run like a railway train.—New York Weekly.

FORGETTING WRONGS.

Some grave their wrongs on marble, be more just.
Stoop'd down serene and wrote them on the dust:
Trod under foot, the sport of every wind,
Swept from the earth and blotted from his mind.
There, secret in the grave, he bade them lie,
And grieved they could not escape the Almighty's eye.
—Dr. S. Madden.

"MAN OR DEMON."

It is nearly forty years since all Paris was flocking to see Frederic Lemaître in a certain grisly melodrama bearing the above title. Parisian dramatists have always had a leaning to the ghastly in melodrama, and Parisian audiences have encouraged that inclination, as witness "La Tour de Nesle," "L'Hotel de la Tete Noire," and a good many other plays of the grisly order; but this psychological mystery called "Man or Demon" was a new departure in the morbid and the ghastly, and the auditorium of the Ambigu Comique thrilled and shuddered as one man at the performance of the great Frederic. There was a touch of the supernatural in the play. The dramatist and the actor had adapted the old machinery of "Les Pilules du Diable" to tragical uses.

The story of the play was simple; the plot turned upon one ghastly pivot—demonic possession. A physician, a man of science and enlightenment, refined, intellectual, of blameless life and gracious bearing, beloved and respected by the world he adorned, was possessed by devils. In the broad light of day, in the exercise of his profession, in society, he was his own man, all went well with him; but with night and solitude the demon came and took possession of his victim, and impelled him to deeds of blood.

Through the darkened theatre there thrilled a silent horror that held the crowded audience spellbound, as the man of science flung a handful of powder into his crucible, and, in the lurid light that rose around him, was seen the awful change from man to monster. The tall, slim figure of the physician, graceful and elegant in his neat evening dress, swelled to gigantic dimensions, brawny, muscular, the form of a savage Hercules, while the fashionable modern dress changed to the blue blouse and blood red cap of the assassin. The face changed, too; the pale, refined features thickened, the brows grew penthouse-like above the lurid gleam of the malignant eyes; while, with a cry that had nothing in it of humanity, the transformed creature rushed forth to revel in rapine and murder.

Needless to expatiate upon the action of the play. The later scenes reeked with blood, the whole scheme of the drama was baseless and wild; but the glamour of Lemaître's genius held the audience in a state of breathless interest, which flagged not till the fall of the curtain. The play was the greatest success the Ambigu had known for many years.

One fact gave an additional and extraneous interest to the performance. Those who knew the celebrities of the city were able to recognize the curious and startling likeness which Lemaître, in his make up as the physician, had contrived to present to one of the princes of modern science, Marc Avalon, the celebrated chemist—a man who, at something less than 40 years of age, had reached the very pinnacle of professional success, who had given laws to science, and had made discoveries which had advanced the progress of chemical experiment further in his twenty years of labor than his predecessors had done within a century. So striking was the resemblance as to be at once perceived and remarked upon, both at the first performance of the play and in the public press. It was even thought that Marc Avalon would take offense at this appropriation of his outward semblance, and possibly make it the subject of a lawsuit; but the great chemist seemed amused, and even flattered, when he read the comments of the critics upon this particular feature of Lemaître's characterization. He went to see the play; was interested; went again—saw Lemaître in his dressing room, and made various suggestions, which intensified the grim realism of the scene in the laboratory.

It was observed by and by that Avalon was present nearly every night during some period of the performance. He generally occupied one particular avant scene and kept himself perdu; but those few persons who were able to see his face, as he sat in the shadow of the curtain, remarked upon its intent expression and the keen delight he seemed to derive from the actor's masterly embodiment of a most unreal character.

It was during the run of this play that Paris was startled by a series of murders more hideous than any crime that had shocked society during the reign of the citizen-king; murders which bore a horrible resemblance in being to all appearance motiveless, and the work of a monster whose sole desire was to steep himself in the blood of an unoffending victim. Once, twice, thrice, within a period of less than three months was the city horrified by a revolting act of butchery; once in the Rue Ste. Marguerite, where a wretched inhabitant of that human shambles was found stretched in the gutter, weltering in her blood; another in the Rue de la Vieille Lanterne; a third in the Rue des Feves.

Paris and the police of Paris were on the alert, looking for the Chourineur. It was by that grim name the murderer was talked of in those circles where slang is the only language. Day after day the journalists of the gutter announced that the Chourineur had been heard of and conversed with here or there; had eaten or drunk in this or that restaurant, from the Bocher de Cancale to the Chat Noir. The whole flight of canards were on the wing; and every morning and evening there was a new one let fly upon Paris; but those who knew anything at all about the matter knew that, so far, the police were at fault. No trace, no clue, no hint of the Chourineur had yet been obtained. Caulier, the chief of the secret guardians of the public safety, had worked till he was weary; weary of his own false lights and failures; weary of other people's faith and confidence; weary of suggestions of crime, with which the press and the public were so busy; weary of the fact that not a single drop of blood had been shed since the fall of the curtain.

the little marble tables, taking his demitasse after a temperate dinner, and listening idly to the conversations around and about him. He was off duty, resting a jaded brain, yet the old habit of listening and putting two and two together at all times and in all places was so strong upon him that his ear was on the alert unconsciously, and his brain soon awakened to interest in the talk of two men at a table near his own.

They were of the famous species both, one young, one middle aged—men who knew their Paris, evidently.

"Here he comes," said the elder man, looking down the boulevard toward the Grand opera. "I felt sure he would pass us before 8 o'clock; he is there every night."

"Not every night, surely!" said the other.

"I have seen the piece at least half a dozen times, and he was in the theatre every time. Men have told me the same thing. It is a kind of mania—a diseased vanity—I suppose. He likes to see himself on the stage—the central figure, the cynosure of every eye."

The man they spoke of approached and passed toward the theatre. Tall, slim, well dressed, with a light coat over his evening suit, pale, with a fixed look about the eyes, a curious mobility about the mouth.

"He looks harassed and ill," said the young man.

"Overwork, brain pressure," said the elder. "I should not be surprised if I were to hear within the next few months that Marc Avalon had gone off his head."

Caulier rose and followed the great chemist into the theatre, followed him to the door of his avant-scene, and then went round the other side of the house, and got a stall from which he could observe the faces in the shadow of the curtain as well as the lowered lights would allow.

That idea of this prince of science being on the verge of lunacy had started a curious train of thought in the brain of the skilled detective. He had some time since made up his mind that the murders of the Rue Ste. Marguerite, the Rue de la Vieille Lanterne and the Rue des Feves were the work of the same hand, and that the hand of a homicidal maniac; but it had never occurred to him that these ghastly, motiveless, insane murders might be the reproduction of something shown upon the stage of a Parisian theatre. To-night, for the first time, he, the busy workman, whose hours were gold, saw the grisly play which all the idlers of Paris had been gloating upon for the last four or five months, and he also saw, or believed that he saw, the germ and suggestion of those strange and bloody assassinations which had convulsed the city.

Such a play, acting upon the prepared mind of an unrevealed lunatic, might inspire a sudden sanguinary impulse, an itching eagerness to taste those sensations and emotions depicted in all their hideousness by the actor. That which was appalling and revolting to sane minds might exercise a morbid fascination upon the insane. The higher the education and the greater the refinement, the deeper might be the descent into crime.

The detective hung about the vestibule till he saw Marc Avalon leave the theatre, and was able to keep him in sight without appearing to follow him. An elderly man, who looked like a doctor, accosted the savant as he went out, and the two men walked along the boulevard together in the clear, mild night as far as Tortoni's, where they went in. Caulier had followed close enough to be able to overhear their conversation, which was upon indifferent subjects. The chemist's friend remarked upon his looking ill and weary, and remonstrated with him for over eagerness in his scientific experiments.

"You are trying to get a quart of water into a pint bottle," he said; "nobody ever succeeded in doing that yet. Take care you don't burst the bottle. There are very few men of your age who have made as great a mark upon the century as you have. Can't you be content to rest upon your laurels?"

"I am not overworking my brain," Avalon answered, doggedly. "You talk to me as if I were an incipient lunatic. Do you see any signs of overwork about me?"

"Yes, several—hurry, pallor, dry lips and a tendency to laugh at things that make other men serious. I am talking to you as your old friend, and with perfect frankness."

"My dear Pignon, this is the common cry when a man devotes himself to his profession and succeeds a little better than his fellow workers. Overstrain, brain work, incipient madness! That is what his friends say about him. Kindly meant, no doubt, but arrant twaddle!"

They went into the cafe, came out again in a quarter of an hour, when Avalon hailed a cab.

The detective followed him in another. The fly deposited him at his own house in the Rue St. Guillaume. Caulier drove to the end of the street, dismissed his cab and went back to Marc Avalon's doorway on foot. The house in which the chemist lived was a fine old mansion in a quadrangular court, dull, dignified, respectable. It was a moonless night, and the courtyard was black as Erebus at this hour, save for one lamp which burned dimly over the porte cochere. There was plenty of cover for the detective.

He saw the light of a lamp travel slowly through two rooms upon the second floor and finally settled in a third room.

The external Venetian shutters were closed, but there were no curtains drawn within, and the lamplight shone betwixt the wooden bars.

M. Caulier took up his position in the embrasure of a doorway leading to the office, an obscure doorway in a corner of the great, grave house, as if he meant to stay there half the night. A curious waste of power, one might suppose, this night watch in the Rue St. Guillaume, but of late Caulier had been wasting much power in hunting wild-o'-the-wisps across the morass of Paris, and one might think it as good an application of his power as was Caulier's to watch the windows of Marc Avalon.

floor grew dark. This time the light not travel from room to room; it was extinguished on the spot.

"The man of science has gone to bed," said Caulier, with a touch of disappointment. "I may go home and get a supper."

He waited some minutes notwithstanding, and, looking up presently, he gave a cry of triumphant surprise.

"Dieu de Dieu! I have hit it this time!" he muttered.

There was a light shining through the shutters of those three upper windows—a light more vivid than the shine of the domestic lamp, a fiery crimson glow, such as he had seen in the theatre three hours ago, in the famous laboratory scene. It lasted three or four minutes, and then came darkness again.

This time Caulier had no idea of going home to supper. He waited for the expected opening of door or window.

It came presently; a window on the ground floor was cautiously lifted and a man stepped out into the courtyard—a man wearing a blue blouse and a red cap, a ruffianly looking brute, with big, protruding teeth, like the fangs of a wild beast, and long, coarse black hair, like the hair of a wild beast.

This brutal figure crept stealthily across the yard and out of the porte cochere, Caulier following more stealthily; for in the walk of the blouse there was the over-acted caution of the novice, in the walk of the detective there was the subtlety of the man accustomed to hunt his fellow men.

"This is Blueblouse, whom we have heard of from one lot; this is Redcap, who has been seen by another lot. This is the man."

He followed that creeping figure, slouching across the road, doubling, winding, his hand clutching something in his breast. Caulier followed him from the Rue St. Guillaume to the Quai des Grands Augustins, across one of the bridges to the Cite, from the Cite by another bridge to the region of the markets, never lost sight of him, yet on the way contrived to call in at a station of night police and to enlist a couple of policemen in the chase. The three contrived to keep Blueblouse in sight, wind and double as he might; watched him as he accosted a night wanderer in a dark alley, and saw her fly from him, scared at that grim face and pattering teeth under the red cap. They followed him through the intricacies of a labyrinth of squalid streets which has long disappeared; saw him stop to speak to a woman, more wretched perhaps than she who had fled from him half an hour before—saw him bend to speak to her as if in friendliness, then with a sudden clutch fasten one livid hand upon her throat, while the other hand was thrust into his breast.

Quick as they were to spring upon him, they were not an instant too soon. Another second and that long knife would have done its deadly work, as it had done three before in the streets of Paris. The Chourineur, the murderer of the Rue Ste. Marguerite, the Rue de la Vieille Lanterne and the Rue des Feves, was found. Yes, this was the solution of the mystery. Homicidal mania, the fatal outcome of a brain wrecked by overwork, day labor and night labor—the too ardent thirst for knowledge, the too keen ambition to achieve. It had needed but a spark to fire the brain, and the spark had been found in the suggestion of the drama at the Ambigu. Marc Avalon had watched and brooded over the play till it had become reality to him, and he had yielded to the irresistible impulse that drove him to act out the idea in his own person.

He died before the end of the year in a state lunatic asylum. In searching his laboratory the police found more than one set of fangs, carved in ivory, which the chemist had laboriously fashioned in imitation of the actor's hideous make-up. It was discovered, too, that he had carried his experiments with the magnesium light, then little known, far beyond the mechanism of the theatre; but confessions made by him later to the doctors of the asylum revealed that he had firmly believed in his possession of occult knowledge by which he was able to assume biblical attributes and diabolical

Cost of Living Abroad.
In England house rent, clothing, and nearly all the commodities of life are cheaper than they are in America. Hotel charges, admission to theatres and railway traveling are exceptions—unless you travel third class. There is talk of abolishing the second class and give people their choice only between first and third. As it is, many of the first class carriages run empty and only cumber the trains. For high charges in French restaurants and hotels there is good reason. New York does not appreciate the great advantages it enjoys in its abundant and cheap market supplies. In Paris three francs per pound (sixty cents) is charged for the same quality of beef-steak which we buy in New York for thirty cents. Good coffee in Paris costs the same price per pound, three francs.

They grow some fruits in France and England that we don't raise in the north, but on the whole the fruits of these two countries will not compare in abundance and flavor with those produced even in our northern states only, and as for grapes and peaches their best specimens are grown under glass, but it must be admitted that no grapes in the world equal for size and beauty the English hot house grapes. English hot house peaches are pretty to the eye, but they lack the juiciness and rich flavor of the American peach and their cost is very great. The nights in England and France are too rainy for the favorable production of fine fruits in the open air. Retail dealers over there instead of selling vegetables and fruit in our rough and tumble way, by the bushel, sell by the very magnificently arranged and well-lit display cases, and large quantities of the same.

A French writer states that of the Sovereigns of Europe—the countries over which he rules he belongs to a family that have its origin in that country.

Letter.

Letter.