

PROTECT OUR BREAD.

The machinery of the law has not been put to work too speedily against the fraudulent use of ammonia and alum in Baking Powders. Both health and the pocket of the people are demanding protection. The legislatures of New York, Illinois and Minnesota have taken this matter of adulteration up, and especially that of Baking Powders. It will be in the interest of public health when their sale is made a misdemeanor in every State in the UNION, and the penalties of the law are rigidly enforced. There is no article of human food more wickedly adulterated than that of Baking Powder.

Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder is the only pure cream of tartar powder having a general sale that is free from ammonia, alum or taint of any kind of impurity. It makes the sweetest and lightest bread, biscuit and cake that are perfectly digestible whether hot or cold. It costs more to manufacture Dr. Price's than any other baking powder. It is superior to every other known and the standard for forty years.

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 Norwegian Independence Day.

Some of our schoolboys have opportunities to learn history without taking much trouble about it. In a large school there may be pupils of a dozen nationalities—Italian, Spanish, Swedish, Norwegian, French, German, Hebrew, Irish, Finnish, Russian—and each of these has its own national days, as we have ours on the Fourth of July and the Twenty-second of February. An American boy of inquiring mind will naturally want to know what those national days are, and what they commemorate.

Suppose we take the Seventeenth of May for an example, when all the Norwegian children like to be absent and have a good time somewhere. This is the national holiday of the Norwegian people. What happened on that day that the people of Norway should hold it in such honor?

A well informed Norwegian boy will answer that on May 17, 1814, the people of Norway declared their independence. During the Bonaparte wars an attempt was made to unite Norway and Sweden on terms that would have been degrading to Norway, reducing her to the rank of a subject province. The people rose against this threatened indignity, and declared their independence.

It happened that the king of Sweden was Bernadotte, one of the Bonaparte marshals, a man of much ability and some real insight into the nature of things. He proposed to Norway a kind of union that she could accept without loss of self respect, a union under one king, indeed, but also under one constitution, each state being sovereign within itself and each governing itself in all matters, local and domestic.

This constitution expressly declared that Norway should remain forever "free, independent, indivisible and inalienable." The union was, in fact, an application of the federal or home rule principle.

This constitution was adopted Nov. 4, 1814, but the day celebrated and beloved by Norwegians is May 17, when they declared that they would not be joined to Sweden except in an equal and honorable union.—Youth's Companion.

A Somanabolist on a Trestle.

George Wilson, fourteen years old, living in Rockport, had a narrow escape from death at an early hour Tuesday morning. The boy lives with his parents on a farm by the side of the river, about 300 feet from the Nickel Plate trestle bridge, the farm having a roadway leading to the bridge. The boy is subject to sleep walking. Early Thursday morning he got out of bed while in a somnambulant condition and walked down stairs, passed his parents' room, and out on the farm.

He came to the trestle work and started to walk across. Deputy Marshal Stanton happened to be at the other end of the bridge and saw a white figure, small in stature, rapidly approaching. He stepped to one side until the boy had passed, and then started to follow him. Fearing that if he caught hold of him he might be frightened into a fit of sickness, he called him by name several times until the boy awoke. He stood for several minutes wondering where he was and almost fainting with fright. Stanton then walked up to him and the boy recognized him. The bridge is nearly sixty feet in height and there is nothing to walk on but ties.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Justice Loving Rooster.

An incident which caused much amusement and set everybody talking occurred in the court room on a recent afternoon. John Williams, who had been charged on several indictments for burglary, felonious entry, larceny, etc., but was decided not guilty on all but three indictments, pleaded guilty on the indictment for larceny. During the day a rooster was offered in testimony, it being claimed that the prisoner had stolen the bird.

Now this rooster, like any other sensible bird, kept its mouth shut and behaved very nicely indeed during the trial. But when Judge Bittenger called the prisoner up and passed sentence upon him the rooster could contain himself no longer, and from within his basket prison there came a crowd of delight and exultation. The effect was rather startling as well as amusing. The crowd chuckled with suppressed merriment, and even the stern judge was noticed to relax his countenance a little. The meriment at length subsided and the rooster was voted a dandy. But that historic bird had not yet fully demonstrated his appreciation of the circumstances to his own satisfaction.

Williams was afterward called up to receive sentence on another indictment, and the unsuspecting people were again almost electrified by hearing another hearty crow from the rooster. That bird was evidently glad that the prisoner was sentenced and wanted it understood too.—York (Pa.) Daily.

A Long Line of Doctors.

The numerous friends of Dr. Irving S. Haynes in this region will be glad to know that his name appears in the official announcement of the spring session of the medical department of the University of New York as demonstrator of anatomy, and that he is engaged to deliver one lecture each week during the spring course. Dr. Haynes comes rightfully by his aptitude for the medical profession. His father, Dr. Samuel Haynes, of Saratoga, needs no introduction to the people of this section, having established a good medical reputation many years ago; his uncle, Dr. Thomas S. Haynes, of Lacolle, has long been engaged in the practice of medicine, standing in the front ranks of his profession in the province of Quebec; his grandfather, the late Dr. Thomas Haynes, practiced medicine successfully in Swanton and Westford, Vt., for over forty years, and his great-grandfather, Dr. Thomas Haynes, of Bennington, was with General Amherst's army at the reduction of Fort Ticonderoga in the colonial French war of 1758, and a synopsis memorandum of that war by "Dr. Thomas Haynes, Sen.," is now in the possession of Dr. Samuel Haynes, of Saratoga.—Plattsburgh Republican.

A Consolable Act.

Mrs. Bodie, wife of ex-Governor Bodie, of New Jersey, deserves high rank among the pattern women of the land. Though beset with the cares incident to wealth and social leadership, she finds time for all sorts of small sweet human kindnesses, so delicately done that their value is trebled. Some time ago she bought a book, the authoress of which was blind. After reading it she sent to his writer a letter of warm thanks for the pleasure it had given her, and took the trouble to prick through every word of it, so that the blind woman might read it with her finger tips.—Exchange.

THE "MINE JUMPER."

The Little Christabel mine in Colorado long ago went through a process vulgarly called "petering out." It is now a mere hole in the ground. The half-down shanties and cabins near it have long ago fallen into disuse. Their roofs have fallen in, and it is years since the gulch in which their ruins are was the habitation of men. The entire gulch is deserted now, and the Little Christabel is only a memory to those who once shared in the prosperity it once brought to Fairplay gulch.

A long, narrow pile of decaying logs and parts of a clipboard roof mark the spot where the boarding house was. There are still living many of the men who once gathered around the long, rough pine table that ran the full length of the cabin. One of them told me the story of Miss Millicent.

Miss Millicent Hay was the only woman ever seen at the Little Christabel mine. When Harley Vance, the owner of the mine, advertised in a Denver paper for a cook for his boarding house, Miss Millicent Hay answered the advertisement in person.

She came walking up the trail leading to the camp carrying a little hand sachel and a stout walking stick.

"I have been staying down in Camp Crystal," she said to the surprised Mr. Vance, who had advertised for a man cook, "and I thought the place would just suit me. The stage brought me to the mouth of the gulch and I walked the rest of the way. It isn't more than six miles, is it?"

She was a small but resolute looking woman, with keen gray eyes and a mouth indicating great firmness of character. Her thin brown hair was combed plainly back from a brow beginning to show signs of wrinkles, although she was but 40 years old. "Do you think I couldn't do the work?" she asked. "I am quite strong and I have known nothing but hard work all my life."

She held out her unglowed hands as she spoke. They were rough and wrinkled, with bent fingers and calloused palms.

"You might do the work," said Mr. Vance. "There are only about fifteen boarders and we live in a plain, rough way, and there is a boy to help. But it wouldn't be a pleasant place for a lady to live. There are no women in this gulch."

"I care nothing for that," said Miss Millicent. "Men are sometimes kinder than women," she added, with a tinge of bitterness in her voice.

The end of it all was that Miss Millicent was installed as cook in the boarding house. She had evidently come determined to stay, for the stage coach that went rumbling through the gulch next day brought up a little hair covered trunk with "M. H." on the end of it with brass headed nails.

Before a week the boarders began blessing the good angel that sent them Miss Millicent. Such meals as she served had never been seen before at the Little Christabel; and it was wonderful to see the change she brought about in the dirty little boarding house and its contents. Her energy and strength seemed un-failing. She went stepping briskly about, the neatest and sprightliest of housekeepers, singing at her work and smiling on everybody.

At the end of a fortnight every man in camp knew Miss Millicent and had felt the influence a good woman exerts in every community.

Old hats and caps were doffed to her wherever she went. No oaths or rough words were spoken in her presence, and the men who would have dared to offer her an indignity would have "rid on a rail," as my informant said.

For a year Miss Millicent lived at the Little Christabel, and in that time she had won the sincere regard of every man in camp. There had been a great deal of sickness among the men that winter, and some of them owed their lives to Miss Millicent's careful nursing, good food and general good sense in everything pertaining to the care of the sick.

Her own cheerfulness and good health never failed her.

"I don't believe you ever had a sorrow in your life, did you?" asked one of the men one day.

Miss Millicent was standing in the cabin door at the time. The smile on her face vanished as she made reply; she leaned her head wearily against the door frame, her face pale for a moment and her lips quivered as she said slowly:

"Every heart knoweth its own bitterness," then she turned and went to her own little room at the end of the cabin, and the man who had asked the question said:

"Some villain of a man at the bottom of it all, I'll bet; I'd like to help stretch his neck!"

It was no secret that one or two of the men in camp had been suitors for Miss Millicent's hand, and it was known that she had received their proposals with a burst of tears, and had begged them never, as they valued their happiness and hers, never to refer to the subject again.

The camp had been singularly free from the lawless and lawlessness that both distinguish and disgrace most mountain mining camps. Mr. Vance would not allow a saloon within the limits of the mine, and had made it obligatory on the men that they refrain from many things common to the ordinary miner.

The presence of Miss Millicent had had much to do with the unusual good behavior of the men and the good name the Little Christabel wore as a mining camp.

But one day there came a bit of news to the camp that changed the men from good natured, easy going, jovial fellows to angry, determined men.

There lived on a claim near the Little Christabel a man known as Capt. Tom, an honest, hard working and thoroughly good man, very popular with all who knew him, and usually so with the men employed at the Little Christabel.

For two years he had worked hard in poverty and deprivation, developing a claim that was generally believed to be worthless.

But fortune plays strange freaks in mining camps, and Capt. Tom's unpromising mine one day revealed a splendid vein of rich silver ore. He came down to the Little Christabel, jubilant over his good fortune. He returned home to find his claim "jumped" by two or three men, led by a fellow of unsavory reputation known as Doc Grigson.

Grigson and his confederates were in possession of Capt. Tom's two years of labor, and coolly ordered him to "clear out" when he appeared at the door of his own little cabin, the order being emphasized by threats of immediate amputation if he tarried long on the order of his going.

This "mine jumping" process is one I cannot give in detail here. Suffice it to say that

possession is even more than "nine-tenths of the law" when applied to unpatented and unrecorded mining claims.

There was nothing for Capt. Tom to do, alone as he was, but to vacate the premises. This he did, going directly back to the Little Christabel and laying his grievances before his friends there.

Capt. Tom's story of his wrongs created intense excitement at the Little Christabel. A meeting was at once held and a plan of action decided upon.

Miss Millicent was kept in ignorance of this meeting.

"Women don't want to be mixed up with such things—leave a woman like her," said one of the men.

Soon after supper that evening the men began leaving the cabin on various pretenses, and in a short time Miss Millicent was alone. This was an unusual proceeding on the part of the men, but Miss Millicent was wholly unsuspecting of its import.

An hour later, while sitting before the fire mending a coat belonging to one of the men, Miss Millicent suddenly threw aside her work and said:

"There! if I haven't entirely forgotten to give Mr. Vance that list of things I want from down in Crystal City, and he's going to start for there before breakfast in the morning and breakfast at the stage office, I'll just run down to the shaft house and hand the list to Tom Dolan, and he can give it to Mr. Vance in the morning."

Tom Dolan was the engineer of the Little Christabel. The shaft house was but a short distance from the boarding house. Throwing a shawl over her head Miss Millicent went out hurriedly, stepping lightly down the trail made in the deep snow. The night was cloudless and made wondrous fair by a full moon and thousands of shining stars.

She reached the shaft house door. The engineer and another man, unaware of her approach, were talking. A name they spoke caused her to stop suddenly, with her hand to her heart and a strange look in her face.

"I feel sure it is Silas Hoyer," the engineer was saying. "He changes his name 'bout every camp he goes to, and I reckon 'Doc Grigson' suited him 'bout as well as any other name while he was here."

"Well, he won't change it again very soon," said the other man with a short laugh. "The next time the roll's called he'll answer up to his own name, I'm thinking."

"Hoyer may be his real name," the engineer said. "He swore it was when I knowed him two years ago over in Paradise Gulch. But he was a scoundrel there and just got away with his neck. I knowed him soon as I see him down in Crystal City one day last fall. But I never told anybody his name wasn't Grigson. Where did you say the boys intended fixing him?"

"Down the gulch here 'bout two miles, at that place where the big boulder is that they call 'Hanging Rock.' I reckon they'll make short work of him."

"Oh, sure," said the engineer with a laugh, "they'll hang him, as he deserves, without hardly time for his prayers."

The other man glanced carelessly at his watch and said:

"And it's almost time they went at it. Ten o'clock was the hour agreed on, and it's after nine now."

Neither of them heard the half-suppressed cry of the woman standing just outside of the engine room door. Could they have seen her face in the moonlight they would have seen it drawn and old and ghastly in its terror and agony. Her limbs trembled under her, and her bloodless lips moved in silent prayer.

For a moment she stood so, and then, still praying for courage and strength, she ran silently but with all speed down the trail leading from the camp and toward the gulch. The trail was rough, and she stumbled and fell again and again. She ran with all speed when she could do so, and the fear that she might be too late caused her heart to almost stop its furious beating.

She could see the Hanging Rock ahead of her some moments before she reached it. Dark forms were moving around, going to and from the mighty rock, and the pines a few yards from it.

The light of one or two lanterns flashed in the dark depths of the forest. She heard the shouts of the men as they assembled from all directions, fiendish shouts they seemed to her.

When near enough to make her voice heard it rang out in loud, sharp tones of entreaty and command:

"Wait! wait! wait!"

A moment later she stood in their midst, gasping for breath, white and terrified.

"It is I," she said; "Miss Millicent."

"Yes," said one of the men gravely, "but what do you want here? This is no place for a woman."

Her answer was:

"Where is he—that man?"

"What man?" said one of the men evasively.

"The man whose life you were going to take here to-night!"

A groan from the edge of the pines came in reply to her words. She ran toward the spot from whence the sound came, the men seeking to detain her. Among a little group of men there stood one, trembling and ghastly, a rope already around his neck and the other end of it thrown over the branches of a tree. The man was moaning and protesting pitifully.

Going close to him she said in a choked and fearful voice:

"Let him go."

There was a murmur of disapproval and refusal among the men.

"Come, come, Miss Millicent, this is no place for you," said one of the men. "Let me help you back to the camp."

"No," she said, going close to the trembling culprit, and laying her hand on his arm. He grasped her hand and said hoarsely:

"Save me, woman, whoever you are; save me if you can."

She took a lantern from the ground and held it up to her white face. She threw the shawl back from her head, and said:

"Don't you know me, Silas?"

He lifted his bowed head quickly, gave one glance at her face and covered his own guilty face with his hands, crying out:

"Milly! Millicent!"

The men looked on in amazement; an angry murmur of disapproval was heard when the man spoke Miss Millicent's name in tones that seemed menacing.

She turned toward them and said slowly and distinctly with painful effort:

"Let him go. He is my husband."

There was dead silence for a moment. Then the leader of the mob stepped softly into the moonlight and started in silence down the gulch in the direction of Little Christabel.

One by one the men followed him in silence. In ten minutes Millicent was alone with her husband. He turned toward her and said in a choked and broken voice:

"Millicent."

"Well, Silas."

She held out one hand toward him. He grasped it in both his own and fell on his knees before her with her trembling hand held to his lips.

An hour later they came forth from the shadows of the forest and walked down the trail in the moonlight, and were seen no more in Fairplay Gulch.

The outgoing stage took up a man and a woman passenger next day, ten miles from Hanging Rock.

"They was mighty sober passengers," said the stage driver afterward. "Both on 'em looked as if they'd cried all night, and they hadn't much to say; but they seemed mighty friendly with each other. He called her 'Milly,' an' she called him 'Silas.' I think they was bound for Denver, and expected to go farther on west from there."

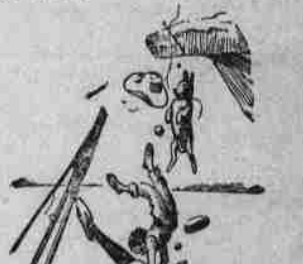
They were heard of no more at the Little Christabel, but years afterward Harley Vance, while traveling in California, came across a pretty little house hidden away on a ranch in a most beautiful mountain valley. The occupants were a man and woman he had heard of as models of industry and excellence.

"I never opened my head about it to them or to anybody," he said afterward, "but that woman was our Milly and that husband of hers we all thought too worthless to live."—Zenas Duns in Detroit Free Press.

Hope Dashed to Earth.



"Now I can work—do something," says the gifted amateur, "as none of those infernal boys are about."



Ought to Learn by Experience. A clerk in one of the departments in Washington has discovered that "soldiers in the late war were killed in their first, third and fifth battles more than in any other." After a soldier is killed in three battles he ought to have experience enough to escape death in all the subsequent engagements.—Norristown Herald.

A New Breed. Dog fancier—Yes, indeed, I have all kinds of dogs here. Is there any particular breed you wish? Old Lady (who reads the papers)—Oh, anything that's fashionable. Lemme see an ocean greyhound.—New York Weekly.

A Great Improvement. John was in business in the city and one day his parents, who lived on a farm in Massachusetts, received a letter from him written by his type writer. "Land sakes!" exclaimed the old lady, "how John has improved in his writin'."—Judge.

Esauir Work. Old Gentleman—I suppose you get tired going up so many times in a day, boy! Elevator boy—Yes, sir; but then you know I rest coming down.—Judge.

Slightly Mixed. "George has just been sent to Yale for four years." "Oh, well, I wouldn't worry if he bo-haves well perhaps they'll let him out in three years."—Detroit News.

Not Happily Expressed. Mrs. Smithington—Oh! Mr. Tibkin, you are always so kind in coming to see me off. Little Tibkin—Not at all, it is always a pleasure.—Fun.

Sweets with the fitter. "Come talk a walk, Julia." "No, can't. You see my wife's not well, and I'm going to the theatre."—Fliegende Blätter.

Shellfish Luncheas. The latest Maine industry is the putting up in glass jars of "bivalvular cold luncheas." These luncheas are made up of mussels, clams, periwinkles or winckles, and razor shell, all shellfish highly prized and valued for food properties, prepared and put up in spiced white vinegar in different manners to suit the tastes of all lovers of shellfish.—Boston Herald.