

A Perfect Baking Powder.

The constant 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 dissapoints. 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.

KNOCKED OUT.

How an Irrepressible, Effervescent, Praying Fiend Was Shut Up.

When the Rev. James Archer took charge of the Lone Zion church he found the congregation thereof in a most demoralized condition. His predecessor, after making some heroic attempts to head off the strayed sheep, had thrown up the sponge and retired in disgust.

"Causes depart, but effects remain," murmured the Rev. James as he surveyed the ghostly array of empty benches to which he had preached his opening sermon. Unfortunately it was the cause as well as the effect that remained in Lone Zion, as he very soon found out, said cause being a large, red faced saint named Bangs, who pursued the calling of a waterer during the week, lazily demanding \$ per cent. a month on all money advanced, but when Sunday came—pronto—what a change! Donning his religion with his Sabbath clothes he proceeded to occupy the front pew in church, till carried away by an excess of fervor he would advance to the chancel rail and furiously bombard heaven with prayers. As the Lord was expected to do all the giving, Brother Bangs generously requested favors not only for the members of the congregation, but for all Jews, pagans, infidels and the sinful world at large. In a word, he prayed both for the favorites and the hind.

Such was the state of affairs when the Rev. Mr. Archer devoted an entire week to parochial visiting, and with tears in his eyes implored the recalcitrant worshipers to return. "No, sir, no," was the invariable reply: "as long as you let that fellow Bangs sit up there in the front pew and run the praying we ain't going to come back. The idea," continued the scoffers indignantly, "the cheek to lead in prayer and ask favors for honest folk. Go and hush Bangs up and then we'll see about coming back."

Bangs, however, refused to be hushed up. Despite the minister's entreaties and exhortations he continued to practice usury and religion with the same fervor and success.

One night during the week a prayer meeting was in order. Much to the Rev. James' surprise quite a number of the disgruntled members attended the services. During the opening hymn a citizen, attracted by the music, strayed in and subsided quietly in a rear pew, where he amused himself staring stupidly around. Never had Brother Bangs been more impressive in his sermons, more fervid in his singing, more plaintive in his prayers than upon this special evening.

Finally in a state of spiritual effervescence he rushed out of his pew, caught hold of the chancel rail, and soared heavenward on the wings of prayer. Sighs, groans and exultant whoops lent dignity and impressiveness to his exhortation. "Oh Lord!" he pleaded, "we pray thee to grant us all good things—we pray thee to lift up our hearts and give us a higher interest in heaven!"—"What!" yelled the horrified man in the back pew. "What! higher interest than 8 per cent. a month! Great Scott, man, that's high enough for heaven, earth, or hell either." Brother Bangs promptly collapsed, and after that evening the Lone Zion congregation saw him no more.—Elvira Miller for Chicago Special Press Bureau.

False Teeth Which Will Grow.

A dentist of Moscow is reported to have discovered a method of supplying the human mouth with false teeth which will grow into the gums as truly as natural ones. Dr. Znosmensky has performed several successful operations on dogs as well as human beings. The teeth are made of gutta percha, porcelain or metal. Holes are made at the root of the false tooth and also upward into the jaw. The tooth is then placed into the cavity. In a short time a soft granulated growth finds its way from the patient's jaw into the holes in the tooth. This growth gradually hardens and holds the tooth in position.

A CHILD'S QUESTION.

My little girl ran in and out,
Useney at her play,
To beg for this and sue for that
In childhood's restless way;
And every favor which she asked
Was one I could not grant;
Twas "No, my dear, it isn't best,"
And "No, my child, I can't."

Till worried, I exclaimed at last,
"I wish you'd stay or go;
I'm tired of so much run about,
And tired of saying so."
My little girl made answer then,
With pretty sweetness,
"If you are tired of saying so,
Why don't you tell me yes?"
—Cincinnati Enquirer.

DESIGNING UNCLE JOHN.

We were a thriftless family; we were always in debt; we were badly clothed, badly housed, badly fed, and we children were badly educated, and all owing to Uncle John. We children called him uncle. The real fact is that he was our great uncle, and my father was entitled to the reversion of \$8,000 on his death. It was like the house that Jack built; if it hadn't been for Uncle John and the reversion, my father would have consented to work like the rest of mankind. If he had submitted to the common lot, I should have had a proper education; and, if I had had a proper education, my fate might have been different and happier. My great uncle never did anything for any of us.

My father used to go to see him occasionally; and when he came back he was always depressed for several days. "Uncle John is looking younger than ever; I shall never come into that money, my boy," he would say to me in a melancholy tone. "Low diet and hope deferred, my boy, have made a wreck of me." (He might have added "laziness and whisky and water.") "He'll outlive me, my boy; I'm sure he will. But you've got a fine constitution, and, bad accidents, you'll come into it after all."

And so in due course my father died and I was left an orphan. On his deathbed he gave me my Uncle John's address. "It's all I can do for you, Joseph, my boy," he said, "and it isn't much." And as soon as the breath was out of my father's body the landlord came in and seized the furniture; and I, having no other home in the world, proceeded to seek my only living relative, Uncle John. He received my father once a year, as has been stated; but, though I had never seen him, I knew all about him. "He's all hair and spectacles," my father had said, "and he wears a cap with flaps to it."

Now, some six or seven years prior to my father's death, Uncle John had married his cook. When my father heard of that event he was overjoyed. "That's the last straw, Joseph, my boy," my father had said to me; "that'll settle him. Why, she's a regular horse grenadier." My father was out in his calculations. On his next visit to my Uncle John he declared that the old man was "gaining flesh," and then he quarreled with the horse grenadier. Of course it was over the annual \$5 note, which was all that my father ever succeeded in extracting from his relative. The fact is that it was to the cook's interest to keep Uncle John alive; for besides the \$8,000 that was to come to us on his death there was nothing but his furniture and his savings. As Uncle John's widow the cook's position would be a precarious one; but with one bedridden old man to keep out of \$350 a year, as Uncle John's wife, the cook had a very good bargain.

It was a fine morning in June when I screwed my courage up to the sticking point, and in the interests of my three sisters, whom I had to keep on thirty shillings a week, I determined to call on my Uncle John and try and extract the annual \$5er. My Uncle John's house was in Araminta terrace, Hoxton. I knocked gently at the door, lest I should disturb my bedridden uncle; a slatternly girl opened it on the chain and asked my business.

"I've called to see Mr. Worleybone, my uncle," I replied. As soon as I had said the words a look of terror passed across the girl's face.

"Can't you call in an hour?" said the girl; "the old gentleman's asleep I think."

"If you don't mind, I think I'd like to come in and see my aunt," I replied.

"Mother's out," said the slatternly girl, "but I'll step up and ask the old gentleman."

She didn't let me in though; she left me waiting on the door step and she left the door upon the chain. She wasn't gone long, and when she returned she opened the door slowly enough and, ushering me into a little front parlor, she said: "Will you please to take a chair, and Mr. Worleybone will see you in a minute or two."

I did as I was bid. I sat down and I waited. The houses in the Araminta terrace are little two story dwellings, masterpieces of the jerry builder's art. I could hear a great running about in the floor above and the tramping of heavy footsteps, which, if I hadn't known that Mrs. Worleybone was out, I should have taken for those of my aunt, the horse—dier.

"Will you step up, please," said the slatternly girl, as she flung the door open, and I followed her to the first floor front, my uncle's bedroom.

As I entered the room I detected a strong odor of spirits. The Venetian blinds were drawn down, and, in addition, there were heavy curtains to the window which made the room unpleasantly dark.

"I hope I find you well, Uncle John," I said, walking towards the bed; and a husky voice answered me from the pillows.

"I ain't long for this world, Joseph. Please to take a chair."

Now, for the last ten years, I knew perfectly well that my Uncle John had been in the habit of replying to my father's inquiries after his health in these very words. At first I hadn't been able to see my Uncle John, but as my eyes grew accustomed to the dim religious light of my uncle's bedroom, I perceived that my Uncle John was as my father had described him, a venerable old man, all white hair and spectacles, wearing a flapped cap.

"My sisters sent their duty and respects, sir," I said.

And then my uncle gave a sort of grunt.

"Don't you find the room a little dark, Uncle John," I remarked.

"It's on account of my poor eyes," replied my Uncle John, in the hoarse whisper that seemed habitual with him, "that's why I'm forced to wear these green spectacles," he said.

How stupid I was to have forgotten my uncle's weakness of vision.

Then there was a long silence, which was broken by my Uncle John.

"You ain't thinking of marrying, Joseph, are you?" said my uncle.

"Why, bless me, no, uncle," I replied.

"I've only thirty shillings a week, and there are four of us."

"But if she was an heiress, Joseph?" croaked my uncle.

"I'm open to an heiress," I replied.

"That was a likely girl that opened the door for you, Nephew Joseph," said my Uncle John. "I'm very fond of that likely girl," he went on, "and she's an heiress," added my uncle mysteriously, "and she's a sort of a girl as 'ud make any young man happy."

I didn't quite see how the slatternly girl was calculated to make any young man happy, but I remembered that she was my uncle's stepdaughter; so I remarked inaudibly, "She's a spanking young woman, sir."

"She's all that, nephew," croaked out my uncle. "She's the very image of her blessed mother, and look how happy that woman has made me. Don't you think you'd like to walk out with her, Nephew Joseph? Don't you think you'd like to take her to the Crystal Palace?" said the tempter, my uncle.

"One can't afford to take girls to the Crystal Palace, uncle," I replied, "on thirty shillings a week."

"But suppose I was to stand Sam," said my uncle. "Joseph," continued my uncle mysteriously, "she's a n-puttin' or her Sunday clothes. You wait till you see her when she's dressed."

Here was a horrible situation. My uncle was about to propose that I should take the slatternly girl to the Crystal Palace in her Sunday clothes, and all the time I was engaged to Sophia; but I didn't dare to say anything about Sophia to my Uncle John.

"That likely girl that's a dressin' herself for you, Nephew Joseph, in the next room, 'll have 200 golden sufferings the day she marries, and I've been saying her up for you, Nephew Joseph, ever since my wedding day. There's a \$5 note on the mantel for you, Joseph, and there's a sufferin' inside. Take her to the Palace, nephew, and let me hear you've squared it between you when you bring her home. Don't you spare expense, Joseph; treat her to swings and merry-go-rounds, take her on the switchback railway; and mind you travel first class, Joseph, there's nothing fetches a young girl like traveling first class. I was young myself, once, Joseph," added my uncle, with a sigh. "She's a real high stepper is Polly."

There was nothing else for it; I had to express my delight, and as I did so the real high stepper entered the room. I shouldn't have known her. She was appalling—that's the only word for it.

"She's a blessed angel," said my uncle with enthusiasm, "and the very image of her dear mother. Heaven bless you, my children! Don't be later than 9, Joseph. Good-by, children," he said. And then I and the real high stepper started for the Crystal Palace.

I draw a veil over my sufferings at that place of amusement. Polly clung to my arm till I felt as if we were Siamese twins; and she made warm love to me upon the switchback railroad.

"You're the first young man I've ever walked out with," she said to me generously while the fireworks were going on. I was no philanthropist, and I was desperately in love with Sophia; but I couldn't afford to quarrel with my uncle, so I pretended to make love to Polly. I dissembled, and I made it as like the real thing as possible; and when we reached Araminta terrace I felt like the villain of a melodrama. Polly opened the door with a latch key. We went straight up to my uncle's bedroom, where the old gentleman was still lying in state. If possible, his room smelt more strongly than ever of brandy.

"You're very late, Joseph," said my uncle, reprovingly; "but young people will be young people. I was a young person once."

My uncle is getting a little mixed, I thought.

"How did you enjoy yourself, Polly?" croaked my uncle.

"It was just heavenly, mother," cried the girl; and then the cat was out of the bag. Here was Polly's mother masquerading as my Uncle John. Horrible thoughts flashed through my mind. Perhaps they had murdered him and buried him in the coal cellar. I seized the poker. I

shouted "Police!" I rushed up, supposed Uncle John and seized his white beard. It, his venerable white hair, his flapped cap and his spectacles came away in my hand, and I saw a fat, red faced woman, perfectly bald, and with huge phalanx eyebrows of white hair.

"Ain't you ashamed of yourself, young rascalion, to treat your great aunt in this way, and me a lone widow? Oh, Mr. Joseph," cried the woman, as she bounced out of bed and flung herself upon her knees. "Worleybone's been dead these three months, and we ain't provided for, and I was doing my best for Polly, which is my daughter, being my bounden duty. Oh, Mr. Joseph, spare the widow and her orphan child!" "Down on your narrow bones!" cried the frightened woman to her daughter; "if it hadn't been for you, you busy, he'd never have found me out; and Miss Polly, the high stepper, dropped on her knees at her mother's side."

Of course I forgave them; of course I came into the \$8,000; of course I married Sophia, and equally of course I have never said a word to her of the fearful day at the Crystal Palace with the high stepping Polly, or my subsequent terrific adventure at Araminta terrace, Hoxton.—St. James Budget.

The Maelstrom Is a Reality.

So many marvelous tales have been told of the Norwegian maelstrom that several writers, even of geography works, have pronounced it entirely mythical. But the whirlpool is a reality, and from surveys has become well known. It is on the Norway coast to the south of the Lofoden isles, and runs between a small island called Maskenes and a rocky islet. The depth of the water in the straits is about 120 feet, while just outside a 1,300 foot line will scarcely touch bottom, and the strong currents rushing in and out of the fiords create not only the maelstrom, or mill stream, but numbers of other whirlpools that render navigation exceedingly dangerous.

The strait of the maelstrom is perfectly calm at ebb or at flood tide, but with the rising or the falling of the tide, or when a high wind is blowing or a storm raging, the waters driven in from the ocean find their way out again through the strait with such mighty violence that no ship can pass through the eddies. There is little downward suction, as is commonly supposed, the danger being that the vessel will become unmanageable and be driven on the rocks. It is said that whales have been found in the vicinity with their heads completely crushed in, having been caught in the current and dashed against the cliffs. The Norwegian government has surveyed the maelstrom and warned all navigators against its dangers.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Particulars Concerning Snow Storms.

"Snow!" said a man with a turned down fold in his left ear to a quiet passenger who sat beside him; "you don't call this snow? Ever been out in Colorado? No? Well, spring before last we had a snowfall in Denver—28th of April it was—and the street cars ran in tunnels through the city for four months. Weather! Why, you don't have enough to send flies on a vacation. That's the place—coldest winter you ever heard of, and hottest summer right on top of it. Sudden change middle of May, and the ground was cracked with the heat by the 1st of June."

"But what became of the snow?"

"Packed. Heat melted it on top and water froze on the way down. Tavia a bad winter to cut ice on account of the snowstorms, and the railroad company made a fortune in July selling hunks of the tunnel to butchers and saloon keepers."

"My friend," said the quiet passenger, as his eyes grew moist, "I've got a boy at home who has tried every business under the sun and succeeded in none of them. Will you try and teach him your trade?"

"What d'ye mean?" asked the man with the reference ear.

"I'd like to have him learn to lie," replied the quiet passenger. "If he can equal you I'll buy him a phonograph and set him up in the museum business."

But the weather critic had reached his station.—Brooklyn Eagle.

The Secret of One Man's Success.

A young man who lives on the heights, who is famed for the good taste which he invariably displays in his dress, was asked the other day if there was any secret in the absolute correctness with which he always enveloped himself. He hesitated a moment, but finally replied, "Certainly there is, my dear fellow, but if I tell you, you know, you mustn't give it away. It is just this way. When I determine to buy me a new hat I don't go to my hatter's and allow myself to be led into ordering something I don't want. Oh, dear, no. I take a stroll the avenue and examine all the hats are worth considering. I always let the men who are just my size, and I see a man who has a hat on that suits me I march down to the hatter's with the image of that particular hat indelibly impressed on my mind, and insist upon getting one just like it."

"I follow out the same plan with all of my clothes. So that when I enter a tailor's shop I know exactly what I want and never think of ordering until I have found the exact thing, but when once found I order at once. So that while have the reputation among my tradesmen of being very particular, it is because I know."