

CONDEMNED.

Ammonia Baking Powder Must Go.

Bills have been introduced in the New York, Illinois and Minnesota Legislatures compelling the manufacturer of such baking powders to brand on the label in bold type, this powder "Contains ammonia." Physicians and chemists condemn the use of ammonia in baking powders as a crime. Its constant use no matter how small the quantity deranges the stomach, neutralizing the gastric juice and destroying the complexion. It is the small quantities taken every meal that do the mischief.

It is gratifying to know there are pure baking powders to be had on the market and at no greater cost to the consumer than some of these so-called "absolutely pure" ammonia powders.

Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder, the standard pure cream of tartar powder for forty years. Free from the taint of either ammonia or alum. None so pure—None so wholesome.

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.

Climbing the Eiffel Tower.

Two Frenchmen appeared at a linen factory in Jaroslaw, in the Volga, four weeks ago, and told the manufacturer that they were French government commissioners with an order for a cloth case in which to wrap the Eiffel tower in winter. They presented so many sealed documents and letters with the signatures of celebrated Frenchmen that the manufacturer swallowed their marvelous story and agreed to take the huge contract. The "commissioners" required from him \$1,200 as an earnest of his intention to turn out the tower's new clothes, and left him with directions that he should go to Paris at once to communicate further with the city officials and to measure the tower. He went, with several assistants who were to help him determine the details of the undertaking, and thereby spent \$300 more to learn that he had been swindled.—New York Sun.

The Mother Died First.

Tuesday there was a case before Judge Freeman in the probate court of a peculiar kind. Some weeks ago Mrs. Ellen O'Neil died intestate. At about the same time her new born child also died. The question to be decided was whether the mother or the child died first. If the mother died first the child would have inherited her estate, and at the child's death its father would be its heir. If, on the other hand, the child died first, one-half of the estate would go to the brothers and sisters of Mrs. O'Neil, and the other to her husband. Judge Freeman gave his decision, which is that the mother died first. In accordance with this the estate goes to the father.—Hartford Courant.

Summer Wear for Men.

In town the straw hats will be worn with the tropical textures, for the cap would be out of harmony with the urban surroundings. Nor will the sack—with its dressified artificiality—be deemed in chime with the hurly burly of business activity. The waist belt might do, for it does not look so delicate. The flannel shirt is not the overhead garment of city wear, and a stiff collar upon it out of town would be a combination warranting execration by all good men and true. The cheviot shirt in patterns to the taste, and a wide cravat to tone therewith, seems to be the veriest inspiration of summer vogue in Gotham.—Clothing and Furnisher.

Poor, Indeed, but Rich in Dogs.

One of the assessors relates an odd experience in Bucktown, near Indianapolis. He called at the house of an old woman, whose furniture was valued at fifty cents. Under the law he had to place the value at one dollar, which would make her tax a fraction over a cent. As he was about to leave the house he discovered that the old woman was the happy owner of six dogs, on which she was assessed eleven dollars.—Philadelphia Ledger.

A Steady Hand at Eighty.

Mr. Billa Kittredge, the famous penman of this city, has recently received a number of books and a map of the United States from Vice President Morton in acknowledgment of some of Mr. Kittredge's fine work. Mr. Kittredge is soon to write on the back of a postal card the last address delivered by the late Secretary Windom.—Belfast (Me.) Age.

WORKING A HOG.

The Whole Town Caught the Idea When It Was Too Late.

When I entered the village, situated among the hills of New York, at 10 o'clock in the morning, all was peaceful and serene, and the pocket of every man who walked the streets had chink in it. When I left, at 4 p. m., an excited mob had possession of the main street and every other man was dead broke.

About noon a man arrived from the north in a buggy. He said he was a drover and looking for hogs. He bought half a dozen before he ate dinner, and it was astonishing how closely he guessed at their live weight. He was within a pound on four of them and only half a pound more on the others. These had been an attraction for a crowd of idlers, and the general verdict was that the drover was as sharp as a barber's razor. Soon after dinner a farmer looking blue drove a hog into town and staked him out in front of the tavern. As he wanted to sell and the drover wanted to buy, they soon came together.

"Might take him on a pinch, but he's only a nubbins," said the drover as he seized the porker up.

"Nubbins! Why, that pig goes over 300 pounds!" exclaimed the owner.

"Can't stuff me, boy. I've been in the business twenty years."

"No one wants to stuff. That 'ere hog goes to 210."

"He does, eh? Wish your father had come in. I'd like to make a bet with him. Boy, you ought to have better judgment. That hog won't pull down 180."

"Guess you are off, too," remarked a stranger who had quietly driven up in a buggy. "I've raised hogs all my life, and that boy hasn't five pounds out of his guess."

"Ain't he raised hogs, have you? Ever raise any money?"

"A little."

"Perhaps you'd like to bet on that hog?"

"Perhaps."

"Have you got \$30 as says he goes 300?"

"I have—fifty—a hundred!"

"Then let's chalk. Anybody can blow."

It was a chance to make a dollar, and the citizens improved it. The man in the buggy was an accommodating chap, and somehow or other the farmer boy managed to flip up about a hundred dollars from the hind pocket of his overalls. The citizens stuck by the drover, having abundant proofs of his judgment, and when every man in that town who had a loose dollar or could borrow one had made his bet the hog was driven to the scales and weighed.

"Gentlemen," said the drover just before the weighing, "I was never deceived in my life. This hog won't go to 190 pounds."

"I'll take oven bets that he goes over 300," replied the man in the buggy.

This bluff raked out the last nickel in the crowd, and the hog was driven upon the scales. The record was 211 pounds. He was weighed and reweighed, but the figures stood.

"Well, it's my first error in a hog," said the drover, and all bets were at once handed over. The farmer boy slipped out, the two men drove off in the buggy, and half an hour had elapsed before a church deacon, who had laid his ten with the drover and lost, suddenly declared that it was a put up job to skin the town.

"Durn my buttons if it ain't!" yelled 300 men in chorus, but it was too late. The town had been skinned, and the trio had escaped. All the mob could do was to turn loose and wreck an old vinegar factory and pass a resolution to the effect that liberty was a sham and a delusion.—New York Sun.

Talleyrand's Brevity.

Two autograph letters of Talleyrand have just been sold in Paris. They were written to a lady, the first on the death of her husband: "Dear Madam—Alas! You devoted Talleyrand," and the second, after her remarriage: "Dear Madam—You devoted Talleyrand."—San Francisco Examiner.

Governing Children.

Parents have proudly told me of sickening battles with their children, will sitting against will, till at last the stronger physique gained the mastery, and the child's "will was broken." Such victories are worse than defeats. I have seen a father and his little boy stand pitted against each other, with a look in each face that I could call nothing but hatred; and when I thought of the power of the one and the helplessness of the other I could not but admire the boy's pluck. There should be no such occasions. The parent stands convicted of utter stupidity in finding himself in any such situation.

There are times when it is wiser for the parent to ignore some mood on the child's part. The part of the parent should be in ever seeking the wise opportunity to impress the child with the virtue that is the reverse of some fault it falls into. Children pass through various phases, and some dragon of a fault that one has been worrying over and planning against suddenly vanishes into thin air and is no more. Sometimes one fixes a fault by noticing it too much. It becomes an expression of nervousness. The child repeats a fault through an inability to pass over it. It becomes like a hard word in the spelling book that he has met before. He recognizes the word without knowing its name, and at the same moment remembers his struggles with it, and the painful impression fills him with nervousness, his mind becomes confused and he cannot control his thought. It is wise with a fault, as with the hard word, to let it go to escape it. Omit the hard word; avoid anything to excite the habitual fault. Presently the child forgets the fault. It may be said that injudicious parents often create their children's faults.—Harper's Bazar.

Rapid Transit in New York.

A school inspector who is rather fond of finding fault with the teachers in his department was visiting one of the primary public schools, when the female teacher in charge asked a number of questions the following question, "Now, children, if you had a boat at Buffalo, and wanted to get it out on the ocean as soon as possible, and the distance by canal to salt water was 860 miles, and by the St. Lawrence river 1,122 miles, which would be the shorter way to bring it?" The children were puzzled. This was rather irritating, in the presence of the inspector. "Why, you stupid little things," began the teacher.

"One moment, Miss B—," said the inspector rising. "I have found that teachers do not take enough pains to simplify the questions that they ask of children. It is very important, too, that analogies should be drawn from their personal experience. If more pains were taken in this respect, and an appeal made to the reason of the pupils, not only yourself, Miss B—, but a great many other teachers would succeed much better."

"Now, children, it is only two blocks to the Third avenue elevated road, but it is eight blocks to the Sixth avenue road. Now if you wanted to get to an elevated road in a hurry to which would you go?" "To the Third avenue road," shouted the children in triumph. "Certainly," said the inspector smiling, "because it is the nearer. Now then, if you had a boat at Buffalo, and wanted to reach the ocean in a hurry, which way would you take it?" The children thought a minute, and then burst out simultaneously, "By the Third avenue road!"—New York Tribune.

Excessively Polite.

It is well to be always polite, but there are times when it is better to be natural than to attempt the elaboration of social courtesies. The safest rule in any case is to be simple and do the obvious thing; this will not only be most sincere, but will often save one from appearing ridiculous.

A gentleman who wished to give pleasure to a young lady of his acquaintance, Miss Mott, arranged a boating party in her honor. The guests were chosen with her approval and everything was done to her liking.

Unfortunately the wind proved treacherous, and about the middle of the day the party found themselves becalmed on a sea which rose and fell in the long ground swell that is sure to prove too much for all but experienced sailors. It was not long before most of the party were ill, Miss Mott being one of the first to succumb. She lay in a wretched heap on the deck of the yacht, refusing to be moved, her hair in disarray and her whole appearance that of unutterable misery.

"I am so sorry that you are ill, Miss Mott," the boat said. "When I wish to give you pleasure again I will not propose a water party."

With a supreme effort Miss Mott raised her ghastly face, about which the hair straggled, wet with the sweat of agony. An attempt at a smile showed itself on her white lips.

"Oh, I am having a perfectly lovely time," she said feebly.

The earnestness with which she spoke was too much for the gravity of her companions and, sick or well, they burst into a laugh, which so overcame Miss Mott that she fell to weeping bitter tears.—Youth's Companion.

An Expensive Luxury.

"Do you expect to go away this summer?"

"Great Scott, no! Can't afford it—been engaged months."—Epoch.

Detecting a Murderer.

Sheriff Thorn, of Calaveras county, put in an appearance at the city prison on Thursday with James W. Smalling. There were handcuffs on Smalling, and he was booked on Captain Stone's register as en route to San Quentin for life. George Holmes, a rancher living half a mile from Berson station, in Calaveras county, disappeared. His absence from the ranch was not noticed for several days. He was twenty-eight years of age and married to a woman of forty, the sister of Smalling.

When a week had passed and Holmes did not show up in the vicinity of his holding inquiries were made, suspicions aroused, and Sheriff Thorn was asked to make a search for the missing man.

Now comes the story told by the sheriff.

"I went to the Holmes ranch," he says, "and looked around the place. There was an abandoned claim with a shaft forty feet deep that first attracted my attention. I noticed that the brush about the mouth of the shaft was disturbed. It was noon, and the sun was shining directly overhead. In my pocket was a small mirror I had purchased in San Francisco. I held the mirror so that it flashed the light into the well. There was a couple of feet of water at the bottom of the shaft. The beams of light reflected from the mirror pierced the dark waters and I saw the face of a man."

"I sent for ropes, and in a few hours Holmes' body was brought to the surface. There was a bullet hole in the back of the head. I worked the case up and proved conclusively that Smalling had lured his brother-in-law to the mouth of the shaft, fired the shot into his head and then pushed him over the brink."—San Francisco Examiner.

Rescuing Stranded Fishes.

In reply to a letter of complaint published in Forest and Stream the United States fish commissioners give an explanation of their apparent neglect of the fish in the upper Mississippi. The complainant says in his letter that while on the river between Dubuque and St. Louis he saw tons of black bass and great northern pike rotting in shallow pools, wherein they had been left by the falling of the river, and asks why the fish commission does not scoop them up and transport them to safer waters.

In 1888, say the commissioners, two cars of the commission were lent to the Illinois commissioners, together with the necessary number of men, for the purpose of rescuing the fish left in the pools along the river. From July 15 to Oct. 5 twenty-six car loads of fish were rescued and transported to Illinois waters. In 1889 two cars were used, and in 1890 three. The fish deposited were from 4 to 14 inches long.

Since then the government has been actively engaged in the work on a large scale, and has rescued many millions of valuable food fishes. The commissioners say that all states subject to any considerable mortality of fish life should take steps immediately to rescue the fish.

An English Blunder.

There was an amusing literary blunder in the leading article of an "evening contemporary" recently. It was a communistic robbing of Peter to pay Paul, which was the more astonishing in such an unexceptionably Tory quarter. Ridiculing American proposals to amalgamate with any portion of the British empire, and patriotically disparaging American claims to glory as compared with English, the writer proceeds to quote, or, rather, misquote:

G mother of a mighty line,
Be proud of those strong sons of thine
Who wrenched their rights from thee.

"So," he explains, "sang one of America's bards." Needless to say, it was not one of America's bards at all who sang "so"—or nearly so—for the first line should run:

Strong mother of a lion line,

It was a bard no more American and no less English than Lord Tennyson. The lines, as corrected, occur in the poem, "England and America in 1792" (p. 66, in Macmillan edition of 1885). It is quite proper and patriotic, of course, to object to give America Canada; but why hasten to present her with Tennyson? I wonder what his lordship would say to it?—Pall Mall Gazette.

Steering by Electricity.

The excellent electrical device for giving an alarm when a ship deviates from her course, which was the subject of a recent invention, is being adopted on a large number of American ships. The compass card carries a light wire electrically connected with a metallic cup at the center containing a few drops of mercury. This wire is bent over the edge of the compass, and as long as the ship maintains its course the wire remains out of contact with either of two metallic stops placed at a certain distance on either side of the bent end of the wire. Should, however, the vessel depart from its course the wire fixed to the card is brought into contact with one or other of the stops, closing the circuit, and ringing a bell in the captain's cabin or the navigator's room.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Put to Sleep by Lightning.

A strange case is attracting attention at Anna, O. Ella Ragan was sitting in a doorway during a thunder storm one week ago, when lightning struck some object in the yard, and she fell asleep, and has not since. She can't breathe and a Cor. S.

THE BACHELOR'S EGGS.

He Tried to Get Them Boiled Soft.

They Came Out Stone Hard.

A Scranton bachelor, who boards at one of the hotels and rooms outside, got so tired eating stale eggs a while ago that he thought he would see if he couldn't change the programme a little. So he bought three dozen new laid eggs and took them to his lodgings, and when he went to tea that night he carried a couple of the eggs in his pocket and told the pleasant faced waiter girl to have them boiled soft. They came back as hard as rocks, and the bachelor bouncer declared that no one in that kitchen knew enough to boil an egg. The handsome waiter girl said she was sorry that the cook hadn't done as she had ordered her to, and she volunteered to have two other eggs boiled soft, but the bachelor told her she needn't. The next morning he took two more eggs over to the hotel and gave special directions as to how they should be boiled, and he had to swear when he opened them, for they were as hard as baseballs.

At supper that night he took three eggs, got another girl to take his orders, and gave the same directions. Result: Three eggs as unyielding as bullets. The bachelor said he guessed it was time for him to change his boarding place, and he uttered other unpleasant remarks regarding the interior management of the culinary department of the house. But he was on hand the next morning, and he had three nice large fresh eggs in his pocket. Calling his favorite waiter girl, he said:

"Now, I want you to open these eggs, drop them in hot water and poach them very soft, and, my dear, I want you to stand by them and see that they are cooked right."

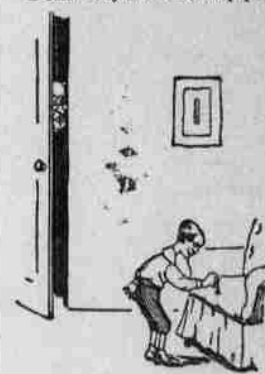
She said she would and away she went, but in a minute or so she returned looking sad, and with the three eggs in six halves on a dish.

"I am sorry, sir," she said, and her light soprano voice trembled, "but these eggs were already boiled as hard as they could be when I broke them," and she placed them on the table in front of the irate bachelor.

He smelled a rat right away, and he left the table at once and started out to verify his suspicions. His investigations were finished by the middle of the forenoon, and what he found out was this: A married friend of his, who lived in the house where the bachelor had his lodgings, is a practical joker of the first order. He had taken all of the eggs to his kitchen, boiled them as hard as he could, and then placed them back in the bachelor's basket.

"It's all right," said the bachelor to another friend, "but I'll lay for him with a trick that'll make him hate himself like Satan for a year and a half."—New York Sun.

A Smart Boy and His Grandpa.



Mrs. Romero, with...