

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.

Curious Chinese Medicines.

The medicines of Caucasian civilization are derived from many a curious origin, but if you want to find funny things utilized as remedies for disease you will discover them in the Chinese pharmacopoeia.

Medical science in that country has been somewhat impeded by the respect which the Chinese pay to a dead body. Worshiping their ancestors as they do, their physicians would never think of cutting up a corpse. Consequently they know nothing of anatomy. Such knowledge on the subject as they pretend to possess is derived, according to their own account, from a man born some centuries ago, who had the misfortune to be of a transparent consistency, physically speaking, as if he were made of glass, so that it was possible to see just how things went on in his insides.

From observation of this extraordinary freak it was discovered that certain channels ran to each part and extremity of a human being, and that by these channels it was possible to convey any remedy that might be necessary to any organ or member requiring treatment internally. Ever since then celestial doctors have been able to tell just what sort of pills or decoctions were intended for the cure of this or that disorder. The glass man doubtless suffered from the experiments tried upon him by science, but medical knowledge was benefited inexpressibly.

Probably the Chinese pharmacopoeia is more elaborate than that possessed by any other people. Physicians in the Flower Kingdom mix up together such extraordinary things for remedial purposes as we should never dream of. One of their cures for liver complaint is obtained by administering the fossil teeth of various animals, which are known to them as "dragons' teeth." Antelopes' horns, powdered, they believe to be excellent for rheumatism, and glue from the hides of asses is supposed to be an admirable tonic and diuretic. The shell of a certain fresh water turtle made into jelly is a sure thing for "misery in the joints." A decoction from the hedgehog's hide is excellent for skin diseases, and tiger bones mixed with harshhorn and terrapin's shell in the shape of a jelly is a first rate tonic in cases of diseases of the bones and of ague.—Washington Star.

Where the Ass Amuses a Crowd.

The common people of Cairo resort to the exhibitions of mountebanks who teach camels, asses and dogs to dance. The dancing of the ass is diverting enough. After he has frisked and capered sufficiently his master tells him that the sultan means to build a great palace, and will have to employ all the asses in carrying mortar, stones and other materials. Upon this the ass falls down with his feet upward, closing his eyes and extending his chest as if he were dead.

The owner loudly bewails his loss, and appeals to the bystanders for alms to make it good. Then, having collected as much as possible, he announces that the ass is not really dead, but being sensible of his master's necessity has played a trick to secure provender.

He commands the ass to rise, but the brute remains motionless in spite of all the blows he can give him. At last he proclaims that by virtue of an edict of the sultan all the handsome ladies are bound to ride on the next day upon the comeliest asses they can find in order to see a triumphal show; and that the ladies are to entertain their beads with oats and Nile water. These words are no sooner pronounced than the ass rises up, prances and leaps for joy.

The master then declares that the ass has been pitched upon by the warden of his street to be deformed and that the ass lowers

one leg as if

marking that driver of hand- to single company, and

THE PILGRIM OF LOVE.

I saw Love sleeping where the wild bees feed.
Close, close I drew to grasp—the empty air;
His shadow flitted o'er the dewy mead,
I looked, and only saw a swallow there.

Love whispered to me once, beside the sea,
So tender sweet his accents to mine ear
My heart stood still to listen—then, ah, no!
Only the waves' low plashing could I hear.

One passed me, singing, in the woodland green—
Such wild, glad notes never chaunted mortal bird;
Long, long I tracked the minstrel's unison
In vain—then knew I it was Love I heard.

Love wrapped me to his heart, one balmy night—
That soft caress awoke such joy supreme,
My soul brimmed over with her new delight;
But morning broke, it was but a dream.

So Love I follow—all the wide world through—
His pilgrim, though but these of him I hold—
A dream, a song, a whisper—yet, 'tis true
Who follows on shall yet his face behold.

GRANDPA'S STORY.

"So it seems Fred Hayes has finally jilted Fanny Howe," said Grandpa West, one morning, as he stood shaking off the drops from his great coat on our kitchen stove.

"Yes," replied I, as I filled a pan with apples and prepared to cut them, "and more shame to him, too. Brought her clear up to an engagement, and then left town with another girl, and without one word to Fanny."

"Shame!" repeated good Grandpa West, with an indignant flash from eyes blue and clear as at 21; "it's a disgrace to any Christian church to let one of its members go on so. Time was when he wouldn't have gone so free as he has now."

"But what could have been done?" I inquired.

"Done? He'd have had the full broadside of church discipline on his shoulders fifty years ago. He ought to be dealt with as Harmon Page was," concluded grandpa, meditatively.

"How was that?" inquired I, interested at once.

"I wonder if you never heard that story?" said he, with a curious glance I understood better afterward. "See here; it's a rainy day, and mother won't be expecting me home. Hand over a knife, and I'll help you with your apples and tell that yarn at the same time."

Well pleased with the plan, I took another pan, and our fingers flew as grandpa went on with the true and authentic history of Harmon Page.

"You see," he began, "all this happened fifty years ago, and Amityville wasn't then the slow going, dull little place it is now. It was comparatively new, and was as lively and enterprising as the new places of the west are to-day. There were a good many old aristocratic families, though, and I tell you they held their heads high. My own meetin' house slips had to be gauged according to the rank of the buyer, and I tell you Deacon Avery would never have let the scowl out of his forehead if Squire Page had happened to land a seat in front of his."

"Deacon Avery had a daughter—a quiet, gentle girl, with a slight, graceful figure and a face—well, you don't see such faces nowadays; a clear, fine complexion, with a delicate pink trembling up into her lips, when she was spoken to. Her eyes were great limpid wells, changing with every thought, and her hair was a soft chestnut brown, waving about her face in its own wayward style."

"She was a lovely girl, became a professor young, and was always to be seen in the end of the deacon's pew every Sunday, rain or shine. She'd never had much company, for there was a kind of dignified reserve about her that kept the fellows at a distance. But when she was long about 18 or 20 Harmon Page began to go with her."

"He was a handsome, high spirited chap, lively and full of talk, and as different from Mercy Avery as two persons could well be. But they loved each other; there's no doubt about that. Many's the time I've seen her grand eyes sparkle and pretty cheeks flush at Harmon's witty speeches, till she was really brilliant. And he, with all his proud spirit, always grew strongly gentle with Mercy."

"So, in spite of the rivalry that had always existed between the two families, no one would have disturbed the two, had it not been for Virginia Wake. She was a cousin of Col. Ford's first wife, and came there visitin' from the south."

"Virginia was called a handsome girl, with her brunette face, flashing black eyes, and heavy black curls she was never tired of jingling around her neck. She had a good deal, too, of what you call 'style,' and Amityville folks who didn't know as much of the ways of the world as they do now were completely fascinated with her taking ways. The young fellows in particular hovered around her like moths around a candle."

"All except Harmon Page. He had engaged himself to Mercy, and at first gave the new comer to go-by. The Pages and Fords had a family feud of a good many years' standing, which kept them apart for one thing, and Virginia had plenty of company besides Harmon."

"But I suppose Harmon's indifference piqued the girl, and she snubbed the other boys and exerted all her charms on Harmon."

"She came in the fall, and along about Christmas time, the neighbors began to notice that Virginia was mighty thick at the Pages."

"The two houses were pretty near together, and she used to run over to Mother Page's on some excuse or other twenty times a day. Perhaps 'twas strange that Harmon began to be flattered by it. He had as good a turn out as any chap in the place, and he got in the habit of taking Virginia considerable."

prayer meeting, and after the time of the ride was all settled Harmon, who was the only professor in the party, tried a little to have it changed. But Virginia Wake declared, with a wicked shake of those jingling curls, that she could say her prayers just as well in a sleigh as she could cooped up in that stupid barn of a meeting house.

"Everybody thought afterward she fixed the ride for that night to show Mercy Avery the power she had over Harmon Page."

"Well, the party started from Amityville long about 5 o'clock. They were all in a big two horse load, except Virginia and Harmon. "She had arranged for them to go ahead in his cutter alone, and I'll admit they were a splendid looking couple—she, with his fine eyes and teeth, and she, in a rich crimson hood that set off her dark beauty to perfection."

"Our route—for I was one of the party—lay straight up the hill toward Deacon Avery's. Just as we turned into it, who should we meet but the deacon and Mercy."

"They were late, for the meeting was also appointed for early candle lighting; but Mercy had probably waited awhile for Harmon, who, for a year back, had taken her to Thursday meetin' as regular as the day came round."

"She sat up straight and queenly, beside her father as they passed, and seemed not to bear the malicious sally Virginia called out to her."

"We, in the back team, were near enough to catch the scornful glance she threw from those deep eyes, gray as steel that night."

"As for Harmon, he turned white to the lips, and for a mile hardly answered the banter that Virginia kept up. After that he seemed to grow perfectly reckless, laughed and joked louder than any of the rest, and was so careless that he drove on a stone wall, and we, following, were all upset in a heap together, and had hard work to get tied up so as to make our way home toward morning, more dead than alive."

"It was a sorry day for Harmon Page. He was waited upon by a church committee, headed by Deacon Avery, who denounced his whole conduct toward Mercy as unchristian and highly inconsistent in a church member."

"He didn't have much to say for himself, and they churched him on the spot. He was pretty down in the mouth, but kept up some how, till he saw Mercy Avery."

"He had refused to see Virginia Wake, and that night he went up the familiar hill to Deacon Avery's stone house."

"Mercy herself came to the door, calm and self-possessed as if nothing had happened, and showed him into the sitting room. There was a steady light in her gray eyes, though, that made Harmon tremble, and, without beating about the bush a bit, he came right to the point, and asked if all might be forgiven and forgotten, and they become as good friends as before. He worked himself into a passion, cried, and took on like a child, they said."

"But law, it didn't move her an atom. She had the genuine old Avery grit, if she was mild mannered, and she told him that, as long as the church had put him out, she, of course, couldn't in conscience take him back."

"He pleaded and entreated until 10 o'clock at night, a late hour in them days, but it didn't make a mite of difference. She wouldn't overlook what the church had considered a gross breach of faith. He went out a crushed man, and from that time his spirit seemed to leave him utterly."

"And what about Virginia Wake?" I interrupted, unobscurely cutting my finger in my eager interest.

"Oh, after the girl had done all the mischief possible, public opinion toward her changed 'main' quick, and she left town in a few days, and was never heard from in these parts again."

"And Harmon Page; what became of him?"

"He never got over the shock. He became silent and melancholy, and finally had to be taken by the Deacon. He grew worse, and the sight of a handsome woman with red cheeks and black curls would always throw him into his most violent tantrums. He died in the asylum at last."

"Now, I think that was real mean," said I, wrathfully winding cotton around my bleeding thumb. "If Mercy Avery hadn't turned him off, his life might not have ended so sadly. I think she ought to have taken him back."

"Ah, ha," said Grandpa West, quizzically; "do you mean that?"

was a iron from front of sound, seconds about 500 letters were mail box at the foot of the elevator. An examination of New York style" of mail box showed: tion of the inside lining of the become loose, and, projecting across, had arrested one letter after another, they had piled up three stories high. Francisco Chronicle.

THE LITTLE LOVERS.

I think she has fallen asleep in the shade
(Sing low, sing low—you'll awake her.)
Oh, she's the loveliest little maid!
And her father's our family heir.

Such beautiful hums and chocolate cakes!
(Sing low, very low—you'll alarm her.)
And oh, such elegant taris he makes
And his name is Joshua Farmer.

And her sweet name is Elinor Jane,
And her step is as light as a feather;
And we meet every day in the blue lane,
And we go to our school together.

And now and then she brings me a bun,
(Sing low or she'll hear what we're saying.)
And after school, when our tasks are done,
In the meadows we're fond of straying.

And I make her a wreath of cowslips there,
As we sit in the blossoming clover,
And then she binds it around her hair
And twines it over and over.

She's ten, I'm six; but I am as tall
As she is, I guess, or nearly.
And I cannot say that I care for her doll;
But oh, I do love her dearly.

We were tired of playing at king and queen,
(Sing low, for we must not awake her.)
And she fell asleep in the grass so green;
And I thought that I wouldn't forsake her.

And when I am grown to a big, tall man,
I mean to be smart and clever,
And then I will marry her if I can,
And we'll live upon taris forever.

—C. P. Cranch in St. Nicholas.

Guards Around Treasures.

Few people who gaze upon the treasures inclosed within the fragile glass cases near the main entrance of the National Museum dream that any material protection guards them from burglars and predatory paws, save that a watch is kept, as a matter of course, by persons in charge. Gold and silver by the hundredweight are there exposed to view, while the intrinsic and historical value of the exhibits mounts up into the millions. Yet all is open, with only thin sheets of crystal between the avaricious visitor and the precious property of the American people.

Let the would-be robber try it then; let him wait, and when he is perfectly certain the guard is not looking, lay hands on so much as one small copper penny of historic date exposed behind the glass. Lo! an alarm rings through the building, and from all sides the attendants flock to the rescue. The thief learns, too late for profitable information, that each copper, silver or gold piece in every case has a separate attachment to the burglar alarm in the building. The accessibility of the costly objects is only apparent; the entire police of Washington is guarding them day and night.

In the same way with the major as well as with the minor treasures in the Smithsonian museum. Gold and silver articles and ornaments, jewels and vases, everything of value, in fact, are guarded in the same way. It is practically an impossibility for anybody to get away with them.—Washington Star.

Tony Changes the Bills.

As I was being shaved by the boss barber in a Sixth avenue shop one afternoon the customer in the next chair alighted and tendered a ten dollar bill to the tonsorial artist.

"Take it to the bootblack outside," said the boss barber. I questioned my shaver about the bootblack's financial standing. He answered: "Tony is well able to change the bill as most of the storekeepers in the neighborhood. He has a good sized bank account—plenty of cash in hand."

Just then the other barber came in with the change. As I passed out I noticed Tony placing the X in a well filled wad.—New York Herald.

They Like Smelts.

A family in West Waldoboro wouldn't give a continental to find a gold mine on their rocky acres; that is, not as long as the smelt swims the briny waters. During the winter this family captures over six tons of smelts. They dispose of their catch in the city markets, and receive from seven to fourteen cents per pound therefor.—Lewiston Journal.

Receipts of the Brooklyn Bridge.

The revenue of the Brooklyn bridge amounts to a million and a quarter a year, derived almost exclusively from fares. The other items of during 1890 were \$82,000 from and \$13,000 from telegraph phone companies. The figure in the year for business is July.—New York Sun.

There is a tract of southern Oregon, 16,000 square miles, sold at \$10 per acre, the nation's estimated taxable timber 600,000,000.