## 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 civiliza-tion 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 pharmacoporia.

Medical science in that country has seen 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 be were made of glass, so that it was possible to see just how things went on in his insides. From observation of this extraordi-nary freak it was discovered that cer-

nary freak it was discovered that cer-tain channels ran to each part and ex-tremity 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 treat-ment internally. Ever since then celes-tial doctors have been able to tell just what sort or tills or describing were inwhat sort of pills or decoctions were in-tended for the ware of this or that dis-order. The glass man doubtless suffered from the experiments tried upon him by science, but medical knowledge was benefited inexpressibly.

Probably the Chinese pharmacopacia is more elaborate than that possessed by any other people. Physicians in the Flowery Kingdom mix up together such extraordinary things for remedial pur-poses as we should never dream of. One of their cures for liver complaint is obtained by administering the lossil teeth of various animals, which are known to them as "dragons' teeth." Antelopes' horns, powdered, they believe to be ex-cellent for rheumatism, and glue from the hides of asses is supposed to be an admirable tonic and diurctic. The shell of a certain fresh water turtle made into jelly is a sure thing for 'misery in the joints." A detection from the hedge-hog's hide is excellent for skin diseases, and tigets' bones mixed with hartshorn and tigess bones mixed with barahorn and tigess bones mixed with barahorn 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.

The common people of Cairo resort to the exhibitions of mountebanks who teach camels, assess and dogs to dance. The dancing of the ass is diverting enough. After he has frisked and capered amough. After he has frished 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 amounces 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 out the next day upon the comeliest asses they can find in order to

comeliest asses they can find in order to see a triumphal show, and that the ladies are to entertain their beasts with oats and Nils water. These words are no scomer 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 the ass lowers one leg as if

parking that irer of hand-im to single

Bow to Ask and Have. Us time I should talk to your

How to Ask and Thave.

"Oh: the time I should halk by your mother.

Sweet Mary, says!.

"Oh: don't halk to my mother." says Mary,
Berming to cry.

"For my mother says men are decelvers.

And never, I know, will consent;

Bho says girls in a hurry who marry

At leisuro rejent.

Then, suppose I should talk to your father, Sweet Mary," says I "On! don't talk to my father," says Mary,

"Then how shall I get you my jound, theset Mary?" says I.
"If your father and mother a so which Most sarrier III die."
"On move say the says Mary.
"A way to save you I say. other a specimel.

You'd bester ask inch so contrary -You'd bester ask inch

The many unaboles which have blown up from time to time and the sensawal character of the amateur electrotronal character of the amateur electro-cutions which have taken place in the city have together produced in the minds of the people a well grounded fear I was forcibly struck by a scene in Broadway recently. A crowd had col-lected at the corner of Canal street for some unknown reason, as crowds will, when suddenly there was heard a rumbling noise in the sewer. The firing of a battery of Gatlings could not have dispersed the concourse with greater dis-patch, and in fact several of the people fell over each other in their desire to es-

ape. One excessively stout man attempted to pass between a hydrant and a lamp-post, and, there not being room, met with evidently very painful results. The confusion of panic is sometimes very funny, always providing you are not yourself suffering from it. An innocent wire lying across the sidewalk will turn the stream of travel into the roadway. no matter how muddy it may be, as effectually as a barricade of boxes in the dry goods district.—New York Telegram

It is hard for us, whether we are old or young, to see our best efforts pass un-appreciated; and what older people feel ounger people say. Little Mary, who is only 4 years old,

had a new hat given to her, of which she felt very proud. On the following Sunday she wore it to church, but her asure in the event was greatly lessened the fact that a certain lad on whom her childish affections were just then set appeared not to notice her splendid

Monday morning she saw him going by the house driving a cow, and at once she clambered upon the fence.

"Oh, Ed," she called, "that was me to church yesterday, with a new hat on!"— Youth's Companion.

One Way to Get New Toys The two children of a well known

writer, whose temper is as quick as his heart is generous, are used to receiving armfuls of toys after they have been they have been very good, or their father's mind has been uncommonly calm and unruffled, and as a natural consequence the stock of playthings has One afternoon the mother overheard the curiy haired boy saying to the blond little girl, as they sat on the floor and raced a three legged horse against a wooden cow with two broken horns: "Can't we plague papa some how tonight, Bessie! We really must fix it so's to get a whipping."—New

Unreasonable Corlosity.

York Recorder.

fore a young man marries should learn not to ask foolish ques

"What, my angel," exclaimed What, my ange, excession of a rest from the nonmin to the rest from the free was splendid delighing that see on the kind we don't have these days and the kind we don't have these days and we of the years folks wanted to have a first from time. youthful husband bursting into the kitchen, "doing the cooking yourself! What is if?"

THE PILGRIM OF LOVE.

I saw Love sleeping where the wild bees for Close, close I drew to grasp—the empty of His ahadow flitted o'er the dewy mond, I looked, and only saw a swallow there.

Love whispered to me once, beside the sea, So tender awart his accents to mine our My heart stood still to listen—then, ah me! Only the waves' low planning could I hear

One passed me, singing, in the woodland green— Such wild, glad notes ne'er chanted mortal bird; Long, long I tranked the minutesky unseen. In vam—then knew I it was Love I heard.

Love wrapped me to his heart, one balmy night-That soft carees awake such joy supreme, My southtimmed 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 dreum, a song, a whisper—yet, 'lis true Who follows on shall yet his face behold. —Augusta Clinton Winthrep.

## GRANDPA'S STORY.

"So it seems Pred Hayes has finally jitted Pauny Howe," said Grandpa West, one rainy morning, as he stood shaking off the drops from his great coat on our kitchen

"Yes," replied I, as I filled a pan with

"Yes," replied I, as I filled a pan with ap-ples and prepared to cut them, "and more shame to him, too Brough her clear up to an engagement, and then left town with another girl, and without one word to Fan," "Shame!" revessed good Grandpa West, with an indignant flash from eyes blue and clear as at 2!. "I'll a disgrace to any Chris-tian church to let one of its members go on soott free as he has now."
"But what could have been done!" I in-quired.

quired.
"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," concinded grandpa, meditatively.
"How was that?" inquired I, interested at

ones.
"I wonder if you never heard that story! said be, with a curious glance I understood better afterward. "See here: It's a rainy day, and mother won't becapeching me home. Hand over a huite, and I'll help you with your apples and iell that yarn at the same

Your appearance with the plan, I took another Well pleased with the plan, I took another went on pan, and our fingers flew as grandpa went on with the true and authentic history of Har-

pan, and our lingues 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 lockey. There were a good many old aristoratic families, though, and I tell yes they held their heads high. The very meetir home slips had to be gauged according to the rank of the buyer, and I tell you old Deacon Avery would never heav got the scowl out of his forward if Squire Fage had happened to laid 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 now-days; a clear, fine complexion, with a delicate pink fremtoling up into ber lips, when she was specien to. Her eyes were great timple wells, changing with every thought, and her hair was a soft classiant brown, waving about her face in its own waywers 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 bout its or 20 Harmon Page began to go with ber.

"He was a handsome, high spirited chap, lively and fall of talk, and as different from Morry Avory as two pressors could well be.

lively and full or task, and as different reput Money 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 checks flush at Harmon's witty speeches, till she was really brilliant. And he, with all his proud spirit, always grow strangedy courtle with Mercy.

arman. And se, while all in groun spirit, always gives strangely gootle with Merrey.

"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 consin of Col. Ford's first wife, and came there vicinity from the south.

of Cot. Fort's first wife, and came there visitin' from the south.

"Virginia was called a handsome girl, with her bruncte face, flashing black eyes, and heavy black curis she was never tired of jingling around heaveck. She had a good deal, too, of what you call style, and Amity-ville 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 candile.

"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 feul 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

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 Parks.

notice that Virginia was mighty thick at the Pages.

"The two houses were pretty near together, and she used to run over to Mother Pages on some excuse or other twenty times a day. Ferhaps twent atrange that Harmon begas to be flattered by it. He had as good a turn out as any chap in the place, and he got in the had it of taking Virginia considerable.

siderable.

"You see position's everything in more cases than one, and Virginia was right there handy, while Mercy lived at the top of one of our old fashtoned Connecticut hills, with a dreadful bard road leading to it.

"Whether she knew how much Harmon was taking the other gitti wasn't knows; some thought not. See didn't get out much, except to meetin' that winter, and she had enough of her fathers spauk about her not to be could she saw Harmon feelin' with Virginia Waloust the nouth's.

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 sise could cooped up in that stupid barn of a meeting house.

"Everybody throught 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—be, with his flac eyes and teeth, and size, in a rich crimson bood that set off her dark beauty to person hood that set off her dark beauty to per-

son hood that set off her dark beauty to per-fection.

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

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

round.
"She act up straight and queenly, beside her father as they passed, and seemed not to hear the malicious saily Virginia called out to her.
"We, in the back team, were near enough

"We, in the back team, were near enough to catch the scounful glance she three from those deep eyes, gray as sized that might. "As for Harmon, he turned white to the lips, and for a mile hardly answered the hanter that Virginia kept up. After that he seemed to grow perfectly reckies, laughed and joked louded than any of the rest, and are according that force on a stone wall?

and joked louded 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 bome toward merning, more dend than alive.

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

"He didn't have much to say for himself, and they churched him on the spot. He was

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

"He had refused to see Virginia Wake, and that night he went up the familiar hill to bescen 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 hee gray eyes, though, that made Harmon treable, and, without besting about the bush a bit, he came right to the point, and akeld if all might be forgiven and forgotica, and they become as good friends as before. He worked himself into a passion, cried, and took on like a child, they said.

"But low it digit move her an atom.

into a passes, they said.

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

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

"And what about Virginia Wake!" I interrupted, unsome only entiting my finger in my eager interest.

"Ob, after the girl had done all the mischiler resistic, rubble coming toward her

"Oh, after the girl har done all the line-chief possible, public opinion toward her changed manin quick, and she left town in a few days, and was never heard from in these parts again."

"And Harmon Page; what became of

"He never got over the shock. He became "He never got over the shock. He became silent and metanetody, and finally had to be taken to the Retreat. He gree worse, and the sight of a handsome woman with red checks and black caris would always throw him into his most vision tantrums. He died in the saylum at last."

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

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

"do you mean that?"
"Certainly," said I, with dignity, "why shouldn't I?"

shouldn't If"

"Oh, nothing," he replied, "only if she had, Harmon Page would have been your grandfather instead of me."

"My grandfather—why then," said I, in some confusion, "Mercy Avery must be"

"Mercy West, your grandmother," said grandjas, chuckling me under my chin, "Confess now that 'all's well that ends well,"

"I suppose so," said I reluctantly.—Lizzie M. Whittlessy in New England Magazine.

Why the Letters Never Came

Why the Letters Never Came.

If there is any man in the city who is particularly proud of the Ploof building is Admiral Cornelius (Connor. A source of great satisfaction to this gentleman were the mailing facilities of the building. It is only necessary to drop a letter in at the lift story when, "In New York style," as O'Connor says, "it is taken out at the ground floor by the carrier." A gentleman in one of the upper stories is in the labit of mailing checks to New York every week. Some time ago he received a telegram from New York asking why a certain check which ought to have been mailed four weeks had not arrived. The local man telegraphed that the check had been sent as nound, and, fearing that comething was wrong, stopped payment. Not long afterward he was again informed that the usual check had not appeared. In the meantime complaints were getting common in the Flood building that letters sent from there were not edivered.

One day recently the gentlemanly sender of checks, whose faith in the eighty foot high mail box had never wavered, dropped his letters in the mail box, and had the curiouity to look into it. To his surprise the box seemed to be full to the top. Thinking its strange that so meets not mather should leave the tailding in one hay, he mentioned the fact to some of his nestablers, and an examination was called in the attendant of each the labour two.

was a from tron war of sound seconds about 500 letters we was a fron fron sort of sound, seconds about 500 letters were, mail box at the foot of the elev-over the floor. An examination of York style of mail box showed tion of the inside lining of the became loose, and, projecting across had arrested one letter after anotathey had piled up three stories high Francisco Chronicle.

## THE LITTLE LOVERS.

I think she has fallen asteep in the shads (Sing low, sing low - you'll awake her.) Oh, she's the lovellest little maid: And her father's our family ladler.

Such beautiful burs and chocolate cakes Sing low, very low-you'll slarm her.) And oh, such elegant tarts 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 blac lane, And we go to our school beyelver.

And now and then she brings me a bun-oling low or she il 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 thers, As we sit in the blossoming elever, And then she binds it around her bair 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 elever.
And then I will marry her if I can,
And we'll live upon tarts 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 burglarious and predatory paws, save course, by persons in charge. Gold and silver by the hundredweight are there exposed to view, while the in-trinsic and historical value of the exhibits mounts up into the millions. 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 ft 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

In the same way with the major as well as with the minor treasures in the Smithsonian museum. Gold and silver articles and ornaments, jowels and vases, everything of value, in fact, are guarded in the same way. It is practi-cally 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 an-plenty of each in hand."

Just then the other barber came if with the change. As I passed out I re-ticed Tony placing the X in a well fill-wad.—New York Herald.

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

Receipts of the Brooklyn Bridg The revenue of the Brooklyn br amounts to a million and a quartlars a year, derived almost exc from fares. The other items of during 1890 were \$82,000 from and \$13,000 from telegrapt phone companies. The fig in the year for business is July.-New York Sun

There is a truct onthern Oregon 16,000 square mi the nations. able timber