

Hot Griddle Cakes.

Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder possesses a peculiar merit not approached by that of any other baking powder. It produces the hot buckwheat, Indian or wheat cakes, hot biscuit, doughnuts, waffles or muffins. Any of these tasteful things may be eaten when hot with impunity by persons of the most delicate digestive organs. Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder leavens without fermentation or decomposition. In its preparation none but the purest of cream of tartar, soda, etc. is used, and in such exact equivalents as to always guarantee a perfectly neutral result, thereby giving the natural and sweet flavor peculiar to buckwheat and other flour that may be used, the natural flavor so much desired and appreciated by all. The oldest patrons of Dr. Price's powder tell the story, that they can never get the same results from any other leavening agent, that their griddle cakes, biscuits, etc. are never so light and never taste so sweet or so good as when raised with Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder.

Slain by a Drunkard.

The murder of Fred Garand by Charles Bigly is declared by the local papers to be one of the most fiendish and causeless crimes ever committed in Detroit. The victim—a young married man of much business ability—was assistant manager in a big slaughter house at River and Twenty-first streets. His assassin is a brother of Thomas Bigly, the superintendent of the establishment, but owing to his dissolute habits he was employed only in a minor capacity. Because of a particularly furious and prolonged drunk he was discharged, and the idea slowly took form in his alcohol soaked brain that Garand was responsible therefor. So he went to the office, secured an old brass mounted carbine, with which ugly Texas cattle were killed, and going to the yard shouted to some men with whom Garand was talking:



FRED GARAND.

"Get out of the way, boys; I want to shoot Fred," at the same time aiming the carbine at Garand. The men fell back, but Garand, believing the weapon empty, and supposing that Bigly was joking, laughingly answered, "If you want to kill me, shoot away." The next moment Bigly pulled the trigger. The gun was of 50-caliber, carrying a ball nearly half an inch in diameter. This bullet passed clear through the victim's body, entering the back at the right side near the waist, emerging at the left side just above the hip and lodging in a board fence twenty feet away. Garand was a corpse in ten minutes. Bigly was locked up.

His Body Found in the Sea.

A tragic and mysterious affair is that which marked the end of Henry C. Ogden's earthly career. Mr. Ogden was manager of the silk department of James Talcott & Co., of New York city. One afternoon recently he took boat for his summer residence at Monmouth Beach, or at least he thought to have done so. But he never reached home, and when inquiries were set afoot no one remembered having seen him after he started for the pier. But a passenger on the steamer made a remarkable declaration. He said that he heard a splash, and looking back saw a man struggling in the wake of the vessel. However, he didn't consider it worth while to raise an alarm. Perhaps the man was Mr. Ogden. At any rate, his swollen and disfigured body was recovered from the sea later on. Whether he met his death by violence or accident may never be known.



H. C. OGDEN.

Thrilling Adventure of the Pig. Mr. Enoch W. Jordan, a prominent farmer of Albany, Ga., tells the following snake story: He was walking over his plantation when he came to a sow which had a litter of pigs. He found one of them absent. Going a short distance further he overtook a huge rattlesnake, which he promptly dispatched. He noticed that it seemed very large, and was apparently jorged. Cutting it open, out jumped the missing pig.

THE APPOINTMENT.

The late; the astronomer in his lonely height, Exploring all the dark, descends afar Orbs that like tales of distant splendor are, And morning whitening in the inflates. Like winnowed grain the worlds go by in flight, Or swirl in glistening spaces nebular. He summons one disheveled wandering star: "Return ten centuries hence on such a night." The star will come. It came not by one hour. 'Twas science or false prophetic calculation. Men will have passed, but watchful in the tower Man shall remain in sleepless contemplation; And should all men have perished there in turn, True to their place would watch the star's return. —Prudhomme

A WILD NIGHT RIDE.

At 9 o'clock one September evening in 1876 I took the coach which left Custer City—or Custer village, for the town consisted of twenty or thirty log structures—to go to Sidney, Neb. A coach I suppose it should be called, though on the plains this vehicle, which has the driver's seat on the same level as the passenger's seats, is called a "hack." I had gone to the "Hills" to engage in mining, but after four months of prospecting had decided to open a general supply store at the new town of Deadwood, and was on my way to Omaha to purchase goods for the venture. A tin lamp, fastened in one corner of the "hack," discovered to me two passengers within as I entered and took my seat. One was an old gentleman, apparently weak and ill, for, although it was not a cold night, he was muffled in a coarse, heavy ulster overcoat. Moreover, such of his face as I could see between a gray beard, which almost covered it, and the rim of a slouch hat, was pale and thin, and the eyes looked sunken and unnatural. At least, so they struck me at a cursory glance.

The other passenger was a young fellow of twenty-two or twenty-three years, I judged, decidedly dandified in his dress for that region. He wore a stiff hat and a stand up collar encircled by a neat tie, and had on a dark suit, evidently custom made, which was an unusual "get up" for that region, and one which at once aroused my suspicion, for the only persons I had seen about the mining towns dressed in anything like that fashion were gamblers, a class of men I had made it a point to avoid.

Just before setting out the driver came to the side of the vehicle, thrust in a light Winchester carbine and placed it between my knees.

"I see you didn't have a gun," said he, "and I keep a couple of extra ones for sech."

"That was all. No further explanation was necessary in those days."

I took charge of the weapon, although I was a little expert in its use as I was in handling the Smith & Wesson in my hip pocket, which, indeed, I had never discharged. I knew enough of life in the mines to know that the "bad man with a gun" is usually the man who gets into difficulty rather than the peaceable and unarmed citizen; but a stage ride from Custer to Sidney at that time was a trip not altogether likely to be without its adventures, and for once I regretted my unfamiliarity with "shooting irons."

It occurred to me that if we were "jumped by road agents," as the phrase went, the freebooters of the route would have little to fear from the occupants of the hack, whether they got much money or not. There were usually valuables of some sort in the iron box under the driver's seat.

The young man who sat opposite me had a carbine across his lap, but I fancied he knew even less of its use than I did. As we started he sat without noticing me, twirling a slight moustache and humming a tune. "A fresh gamester, if one at all," I said to myself upon a second look at him.

The old man had no arms in sight. The driver no doubt regarded him as out of the fight in any event.

As we rolled up into Buffalo Gap I had a few words of conversation with my companions. I learned that the elder was an Iowa farmer, who had come out to see what he could do in the new mines, but he had been ill with mountain fever, and afterward attacked by rheumatism, so that he had been forced to abandon his projects and return to the east. He spoke freely, and in the careless English of western men.

The young fellow said he was from New York. "Neh Yawk," he pronounced it. He was, he said, a student of mining engineering, but he did not mention what his business had been in that region; but that was not strange, for we could not talk much. A jolting stage bowling over a rough country at eight miles an hour does not give the best opportunity for conversation.

I soon became sleepy, and leaning back in my corner took some momentary cat naps as the nature of the road permitted. At 11 o'clock we made a brief halt at a temporary stage station, where the driver's four-in-hand team was exchanged for fresh horses.

I peeped out and got a glimpse of the teams, of two men with lanterns, of a low structure of sod or adobe faintly outlined, and of the black side of a pine covered mountain beyond. The night was quite dark, with floating clouds and no moon. It became somewhat lighter as we passed out of the gap a little later, as I noted through a crack in the swaying "dap" opposite.

The young man opposite me lay curled up on his seat, but I could see that his eyes were wide open, and that he was eying me with a sharp, keen glance. My eyes probably responded when they fell upon his, for he straightened up in an alert fashion and leaned toward me.

"Say," he whispered, "do you think that old chap's all right? Strikes me that growling of his was put on. What d'ye think?"

The question startled me no less than the young fellow's manner, and I was about to make some reply when a gun or pistol shot rang in our ears, followed by a yell either of pain or surprise, and a lurch of the hack threw me forward against my companion's knees.

Either the shot or the yell had started our team, and we went down the bank and into the stream with a lunge. I heard shots—one, two, three—as we splashed through the water. Then more yells, loud and fierce.

My notion of what had happened or what was happening was confused for a moment, and then I saw my comrade—for the light still burned—crawling through to the driver's seat as we went careening up the opposite bank.

A second later he had gathered the lines, which were tied in front, and while he held them with one hand he grasped a rib of the hack with the other. Then he leaped out and glanced back.

Luckily the horses, which were going at a gallop—they were animals which needed no urging—kept to the road, and the cool headed young fellow was not pitched out.

"There's a lot of 'em," he shouted in at me a moment later. "I can just see four or five getting on their horses. They've killed the driver, I guess, and are after us now."

With that he gathered up the long lashed whip, which lay in the boot, and, dropping upon his knees, began yelling and laying the whip upon the team.

In a moment we were going at a fearful pace, and despite the excitement and fright of the moment I noticed that our four horses came to hand and ran with a steady, even gait, which did credit to the young man's driving.

"Get ready for 'em now!" he screamed back at me, "they'll be down on us in a minute. Open the back flap 'n' pour it into 'em with your guns, and when they're empty get mine under the seat!"

He was my captain as well as driver, and I obeyed instinctively, for I certainly had formed no plan of defense or action on my own account.

I managed to unbutton and roll up the leather behind, and peering out, on my knees before the back seat, I saw that we were indeed followed. It was light enough to distinguish objects dimly at a hundred yards, and there were at least five horsemen in our rear, tearing along at the top of their animals' speed. Knowing that they were within rifle shot, I opened fire on them over the seat. I worked the lever of my gun as rapidly as I could, but made a awkward business of it. Presently I got a shell stuck and began trying to get it out. In the meantime our pursuers were gaining with every second.

They were within fifty yards before I could get out my shell, and I was too excited to think of using another gun. Suddenly the light in the hack went out and a hand upon my shoulder jerked me backward. Then a voice yelled in my ear:

"Let me get at them! Load the guns for me 'n' let the team go. We might as well smash as be riddled with bullets. Here—here's two boxes of cartridges."

I dropped back to the other seat and gave places to him. He threw his carbine over the back of the hind seat and began firing.

It seemed to me that a steady stream of fire poured out of the back of the stage, and before I had filled the magazine of my gun his was empty. He snatched mine, however, and thrust his own back to me.

Loading was a awkward business at first, as I had to feel for the feeder; but I managed soon to thrust them into my gun as fast as he could work the lever of his own. The men, whoever and whatever they were, rode up to within twenty five or thirty yards, and spreading out, opened fire on us.

"Keep close down in the bottom!" shouted my comrade as he kept on with his firing.

The "road agents" did not come nearer, evidently fearing too great exposure to the stream of shots from the hack, and my courage rose to something near the level of my companion's. I caught glimpses, as I glanced up now and then, of a plunging horseman, with shadowy, outstretched arm, from which flashed blaze after blaze of light.

All at once we began descending into a gully, and the hack bounced from side to side so violently that it was impossible for us to do anything but cling to the sides of the box.

"It's all right!" rang my companion's voice in my ear, shortly after we had begun the descent; "they've quit. They can't ride along the side of the gulch and darren't follow straight behind. There's a stage ranch below, too. I remember the road."

Sure enough the men had dropped back as the shots had ceased. My cool, brave comrade now clambered over me, and in a way got into the front seat of the junc coach. A moment later I noticed that we were slowing up and running more as Five minutes more and we halted—w left of us—safe and sound.

THE PARENTS ARE LOCKED UP.

Mr. and Mrs. Handcock Accused of Killing Their Eldest Daughter.

Canada is just now agitated over a murder mystery as sensational as any of those that have appalled the people of the United States in recent times. The scene of the tragedy was Fairbank, a village not far from Toronto. A year ago Edward T. Hand-



EDWARD T. HANDCOCK.

cock, postmaster and merchant at Seaton, started a branch store there and placed his eldest daughter in charge. The father, mother and their children spent part of the time in one town and part in the other, going back and forth as inclination or business moved them.

The other morning Mrs. Handcock and her twelve-year-old son started for Seaton, leaving Mr. Handcock and Sophia at Fairbank. Just before noon the former ran from the store and called to some neighbors to come over, saying that Sophia was hurt. The women who responded to the appeal found the girl face downward on the dining room floor. The blood flowed freely from a horrible wound in her head and there was a trail of gore leading to the trapdoor of the cellar twelve feet away. Sophia died that night. The doctors who were summoned declared that her skull had been smashed with a hammer, and the coroner's jury, the foreman of which is pastor of the church attended by Handcock, returned a verdict of murder against some person unknown. The father made the following statement:

"I entered the house shortly after my wife left for Seaton village, expecting to find my accustomed cup of tea ready. It was not, and seeing my daughter busy I went out again to my hoeing in the garden. I went into the house again. I cannot tell how long I was absent, and nearly fell over the prostrate body of my girl. The room was rather dark, the blinds being down, and thinking she had fainted I got a basin of water with which to bathe her head. As soon as I lifted her head I was horrified to discover a ragged hole in it, and that it was covered with blood. I immediately summoned assistance. I cannot imagine how my daughter came to her death, except that she must have struck her head against the uplifted trapdoor while she was walking toward it, probably carrying a pail of butter in her hand."

Detectives took up the case. They learned that Sophia, who was twenty-two years old and engaged to be married, had \$1,000 insurance on her life and owned the Fairbank store. They also discovered that her father needed exactly \$1,000 to satisfy the importunate demands of some Toronto creditors. Then they talked to little Daniel Handcock and learned that his parents would...

king and of king was the German known to the res Syla," and the C is now the object sympathy and dip. He fell deeply in rescu, a lady in wai mother, and "Carmen, their union, but the king of state say no. He n



QUEEN ELIZABETH—II
one of his own rank or forfeit to the succession. It is really Ferdinand. The young lady way worthy of him, and the ple would be delighted to see commoner, but klug and dare that it is his duty to new kingdom by a royal allia way to some one who will.

Brazilian Servants.

The servants of Brazil are very high priced, and very hard to get. They are very costly of having to work to become a stern reality in the consider it rather a favor, than a fact quite a commendation, to do as any price. A cook, for instance, a good one either, who comes at his in the morning, cooks your breakfast between half past 6 and a 7 at night, after cooking dinner, etc. gets, from seventy to eighty milrea. I. e., at present rate of exchange, about \$35 to \$40. He does not wash his dishes, would leave the place in an instant if ask to do it. None of the servants sleep in the house where they work. They come in the morning, and leave at night by 8 o'clock the very latest. They are much given stealing, and, if detected, do not feel slightest shame, but rather upbraid the ter, and act as if he had interfered with of their prerogatives.—New York Lads

Needed Legislation.

She had gone away and left I gun stuck on the back of the sol perhaps unfortunate that her saw it. It was certainly grotesque, carefully dig out its inside, fill up with red pepper, carefully— and put the gun back little short of calamity call just at that moment in she had put the gun back again. He could not resist meonor. He does not even why she danced and shrieked, out of the room. There is no the bill now upon the legislature, for the killing of all boys bef of said it should go through Traveler.

Renounced Caucasian Civility

According to the New York W-cadde Hearn, the well known novel written to a friend that he has been fessor in a college in the interior of married a fair Japanese and reman white man's world and all that app there. It is said...

in the fisher of the a brief Hear ther city to