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Southwest Sentinel.

VOLUME XXII. SILVER CITY, NEW MEXICO, TUESDAY, APRIL 14. 1896. NO. 15

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Office at Bailey's Drug Store; room at Dr. Bailey's residence.
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G. N. WOOD, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon.
Office over Gilbert's Store and at residence.
Calls answered night and day.
SILVER CITY. - - - NEW MEXICO.

Societies.

O. E. S.
Silver City Chapter No. 3, O. E. S. Meets every 1st and 3rd Tuesdays in each month at Masonic Hall.
MAY B. CADDIS, W. M.
MRS. NELLY B. LADY, Sec.

I. O. O. F.
Helen Lodge, No. 7, Rebekah Degree, Meetings—second and fourth Friday nights in each month, at hall of I. S. Tiffany Lodge No. 13.
Mrs. Hattie McCulloch, N. G.
Miss Mamie Holson, Sec.

I. O. O. F.
I. James L. Ridgely Encampment No. 1, meets the 2d and 4th Wednesdays of each month. Visiting patriarchs cordially invited.
St. George Robinson, C. P.
Chas. Bell, Scribe.

I. O. O. F.
I. Isaac S. Tiffany Lodge, No. 13, meets at Odd Fellows Hall, over Bank, Thursday evenings. Members of the order cordially invited to attend.
C. G. Bell, N. G.
C. F. Windridge, Sec.

R. A. M.
Silver City Chapter, No. 2, at Masonic Hall. Regular convocation on 3d Wednesday evening of each month. All companions invited to attend.
E. M. YOUNG, H. P.
PERRY B. LADY, Sec.

A. F. & A. M.
Silver City Lodge, No. 8, meets at Masonic Hall, over Silver City Nat. Bank, the Thursday evening on or before the full moon each month. All visiting brothers invited to attend.
JOHN SPILLER, W. M.
PERRY B. LADY, Sec.

K. OF P.
Meets 2d and 4th Tuesday nights in each month, at Odd Fellows Hall. Visiting knights invited.
ED. WHITE, C. C.
J. J. SHERIDAN, K. R. & S.

A. O. U. W.
Meets on the 1st and 3d Saturday nights in each month, at Masonic Hall. Fellow workmen cordially invited.
A. G. Hood, M. W.
E. M. Young, Rec.

I. O. R. M.
Comanche Tribe No. 4, Silver City, N. M. Meets every 1st and 3rd Monday nights in Red Men Hall,
J. E. WHITE, Sachem.
L. E. BUSH, C. of R.

Churches.

M. E. CHURCH.
Services at the church, Broadway, near the Court House, every Sunday at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday School at 9:45 a. m.
Rev. A. A. Hyde, Pastor.

CHURCH OF THE GOOD SHEPHERD, Episcopal; near Bullard and Ninth. REV. EDWARD S. CHOSS, Rector. Services at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday School at 10 a. m. All are cordially invited.

ST. VINCENT de PAUL CHURCH. Sunday Services—1st Mass 7 o'clock a. m.; 2nd Mass 9:30 a. m.; Benediction, 4 p. m.
ACG. MORIN, Pastor.

Miscellaneous.

WILLIAM F. LORENZ,
Notary Public.
Office at Post Office.
Silver City, - - New Mexico.

JAS. S. JARIEL,
Notary Public,
Office in Silver City National Bank
Silver City, - - New Mexico

JAMES GORBIN,
Real Estate, Mining, Loan and Collection Agent
Office on Main Street,
SILVER CITY, ... NEW MEXICO

Notary Public for Grant county, N. M. Commissioner of Deeds for Arizona Territory. All kinds of real estate handled, and bought and sold on commission.

Official Directory.

FEDERAL.

Thos. B. Catron	Delegate to Congress
W. T. Thornton	Governor
Lorton Miller	Secretary
Thomas Smith	Chief Justice
S. C. Collier, H. B. Hamilton, C. D. Bantz, N. B. Laughlin,	Associates
Charles F. Easley	Surveyor General
Charles M. Shannon	U. S. Collector
J. R. Hamminaway	U. S. District Attorney
Edward C. Hall	U. S. Marshal
W. H. Lewis	Deputy U. S. Marshal
J. W. Plemfor	U. S. Coal Mine Inspector
J. H. Walker, Santa Fe	Register Land Office
Pedro Delgado, Santa Fe	Receiver Land Office
J. D. Bryan, Las Cruces	Register Land Office
R. P. Ackerson, Las Cruces	Receiver Land Office
Richard Young, Roswell	Register Land Office
W. G. Cosgrove, Roswell	Receiver Land Office
W. W. Boyle, Folsom	Register Land Office
H. C. Pickels, Folsom	Receiver Land Office

TERRITORIAL.

J. P. Victory	Solicitor General
J. H. Crist, Santa Fe	District Attorney
R. L. Young, Las Cruces	District Attorney
W. H. Whiteman, Albuquerque	District Attorney
A. H. Harllee, Silver City	District Attorney
M. W. Mills, Springer	District Attorney
A. A. Jones, Las Vegas	District Attorney
George B. Baker, Lincoln	District Attorney
P. Pino	Librarian
H. S. Clancy	Clerk Supreme Court
E. H. Bergmann	Superintendent Penitentiary
Geo. W. Knaebel	Adjutant General
R. J. Palen	Treasurer
Marcelino Garcia	Auditor
Amado Chaves	Supt. Public Instruction
M. S. Hart	Coal Oil Inspector

GRANT COUNTY

And Silver City Paid a Handsome Compliment by the Bureau of Immigration of This Territory.

A Brief Resume of the Work.

The Bureau of Immigration, through its efficient secretary, Max Frost, of Santa Fe, has just issued a handsome handbook of 344 pages, showing the resources, climatology, history, statistics and future prospects of this Territory up to December 15, 1895. The work is embellished with fine engravings of the principal cities, mountains, valleys, mining camps, ranches, fruit farms and the numerous beautiful scenes and pleasure resorts which abound in this salubrious climate and future eldorado of the southwest.

A flattering tribute is paid to Grant County's wealth producing resources, her incomparable sanitary advantages, beautiful scenery, broad ranges, bright, rapid rivers and enterprising people. We are credited with 200,000 head of cattle and numerous flocks of sheep upon our ranges; an annual production of $1,000,000 in gold bullion and $800,000 in silver ore, besides rich mines of lead, copper, opals, turquoise and other rare and valuable gemstones.

We find the following in regard to Silver City:

The county seat is Silver City, situated at the foot of Pinos Altos, in the beautiful Chihuahua valley. All the northern half of the county and parts of Socorro county and Arizona are directly tributary to it, and it outfits dozens of surrounding camps. It lies at the end of a branch line of the Santa Fe road, and enjoys the advantages accruing to every large supply depot. Its banks, court house, hospitals, stores, public schools, hotels and other buildings of a public and semi-public character would do credit to an eastern county seat. Since the opening of the Santa Rita copper mines in 1800 it has been a town site, but the energy of the last decade has done more for its advancement than all the previous years. Situated as it is, surrounded by mills and concentrators, almost in the very center of the mining region, its stability and prosperity are assured. Large business blocks are built or projected, and during the year 1893 about twenty-five business houses and handsome residences were built within the city limits. It has a number of civic and social organizations. Its water-works, lying about two miles from town, assure the city not only of a good and pure supply of water, but, as there is a normal pressure in the fire hydrants of 144 pounds to the inch, immunity from the ravages of that dangerous element is certain. The water is pumped to a high reservoir by powerful machinery. It is taken from a tunnel which drifts across bed rock the full width of the valley. Under anything like ordinary circumstances the supply is more than ample. Building material is very cheap as the surrounding mountains furnish lumber and stones of the best character.

This method of developing a water supply is worthy of a complete and technical description. Space however does not permit this. The water is stopped on the bed rock by sub-drains. The location is in a wide swale or shallow valley leading down from the Pinos Altos towards Silver City. No water whatever runs on the surface. This underdrainage is an important factor in the economic development of the arid west. Silver City is a notable example. Not only has she an ample supply for domestic and sanitary purposes of a large city, not dependent on chance showers, but through her pumping system she is relieved as much as possible from danger of fires.

The court house, the hospitals, the fine blocks that line the business streets, the churches, the commodious and comfortable hotels, of which there are four, give the city a metropolitan air. The salubrious climate makes good the local claim as a sanitarium. Situated at about 6,000 feet elevation, at about 35 degrees 15 seconds north latitude, protected by encircling mountains, all the conditions are perfect for the preservation of health or the restoration of the invalid to sound physical existence. The springs are early and winters mild, while the summers are never torrid. The latitude is the same as that of the northern coast of the Gulf of Mexico, but the heat is tempered by an elevation of more than a mile above the sea. The air is ozonated, and the influence of the pine forests is felt like balsam in every breath. The invalid who settles here will find his interest in life reviving. He will mix with a brainy, cultured populace, and in a short time will find himself discussing business. He will find ground cheap and material plentiful to build a home, to which purpose the universal hospitality of the people impel him, and in a short time he will feel himself a useful member of a growing and thriving community. Silver City has a wonderfully bright future.

Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder
World's Fair Highest Award.

THE WILD GEESE.

The wild geese, flying in the night, behold
Our sunken towns lie underneath a sea
Which heaps them on its billows.
Liberty
They have, but such as those frail barks of old
That crossed unsounded realms to search our world.
To them the night unspeakable is free;
They have the moon and stars for company!
To them no foe but the remorseless cold,
And froth of polar currents darting past,
That have been nigh the world's end lair of storms.
Enormous billows float their fragile forms.
Yea, those frail beings, tossing on the vast
Of wild revolving winds, feel no dismay!
'Tis we who dread the thunder, and not they.
—James H. Morse in Scribner's Magazine.

LITTLE KENTUCKY.

It May Some Day Be Claimed as a Part of Tennessee.

Little Kentucky, as it might be dubbed very appropriately, is located opposite Island No. 10, where Kentucky and Tennessee meet. The river, by gradually cutting out the Kentucky bank, had worn off a narrow strip of land, until one bright morning several people who lived on this side of the line woke up to find themselves on the other side. In other words, the swift current had washed away the neck of earth which made the extreme southwestern corner of this state a part of the commonwealth of Kentucky. The section of territory thus separated from its parent, as it were, is ten miles long and five miles wide—quite a good mouthful to take in at one bite, even for the greedy Mississippi.

Every well posted river man and every person who is acquainted with the geography and topography of this state will understand how such a thing could happen. Right at the state line the river forms a loop about ten miles long. The loop extends up into Fulton county. The swift stream has simply drawn this noose tight and formed an island out of what was formerly a peninsula. Hickman is the closest town of any size to the place where all this landmaking occurred. Darnell, a little hamlet over in Obion county, Tenn., is quite near the spot.

The boundary line between Kentucky and Tennessee has always been rather complicated down about Island No. 10, owing to the peculiar bend in the Mississippi mentioned above. The lakes, bayous and sloughs which bisect that corner of Fulton county in all directions also serve to mix matters. The biting off of such a large strip of soil will add to the general confusion, and the question may arise as to whether Little Kentucky will hereafter belong to the domain of the Volunteer State or still be a part and parcel of the dark and bloody ground.—Paducah News.

Freeman's Sensitiveness.

One incident of Freeman's early life preserved by Mr. Stephens is thoroughly characteristic. Before he was of age he was in love, and as soon as he reached 21 he offered marriage and was accepted. Some opposition from Freeman's own kinsfolk seemed the only hindrance to a happy union. But another was created by the sensitiveness of Freeman's own conscience. "He had expectations of a sufficient income, but it was partly derived from coal mines, and the shocking disclosures recently made respecting the treatment of colliers made him doubt whether he could conscientiously draw an income from that branch of industry until the system was reformed." There we see the same temper at work which in later days made Freeman throw up a pleasant and lucrative connection with The Saturday Review because he disapproved of its foreign politics. His standard of right and wrong might sometimes be perverse, his judgments hastily formed, but seldom has any man lived to whom the call of duty, once made clear, was more absolutely imperative, in defiance of any pleas of convenience or of usage. His action was always in purpose the embodiment of George Eliot's fine lines:

Nay, falter not. 'Tis an assured good
To seek the noblest; 'tis your only good
Now you have seen it, for that higher vision
Poisons all meaner choice for evermore.
—Quarterly Review.

People Who Eat Hair.

It is difficult to imagine people eating hair, but there are many, especially girls and young women, who do so, as experience proves. Doctors conducting post mortem examinations have been surprised to find a large quantity of hair in the stomach of the deceased person.

Not long ago an English medical man found as much as four pounds of hair in the stomach of a woman about 30 years old, and similar cases have been officially reported from various parts of the world.

Dr. Swaim lately performed an operation for tumor, when, to his astonishment, the cause of complaint was a mass of hair weighing between four and five pounds.

In this case the patient confessed that she had contracted a habit of biting off the ends of her hair, just as some bite their finger nails.—Pearson's Weekly.

How Fast the Earth Moves.

Everybody knows that the earth makes one complete revolution on its axis once in each 24 hours. But few, however, have any idea of the high rate of speed at which such an immense ball must turn in order to accomplish the feat of making one revolution in a day and a night. A graphic idea of the terrific pace which the old earth keeps up year after year may be had by comparing its speed to that of a cannon ball fired from a modern high pressure gun. The highest velocity ever attained by such a missile has been estimated at 1,026 feet per second, which is equal to a mile in 3 2-10 seconds. The earth, in making one complete revolution in the short space of 24 hours, must turn with a velocity almost exactly equal to that of the cannon ball. In short, its rate of speed at the equator is exactly 1,307 feet per second. This is equal to a mile every 3 6-10 seconds, 17 miles a minute.—St. Louis Republic.

Queen Mim.

Queen Mim of Korea was greatly disliked by her subjects. The husband, who was entirely under her influence, did exactly what she wished, and never prevented her from getting money from the people by any possible means. She sold every office in the government to the highest bidder and compelled their purchase. When people preferred not to buy an office because the price was higher than they could pay, the offending person was put in prison and his money taken from him. She had a force of private detectives scattered through the country, and any one complaining of the queen or disapproving of her methods was imprisoned without family or friends being notified. She lived in constant terror of assassination, and took endless precautions to prevent it. She sat up all night in one of her several bedrooms and no one but her intimates knew when she slept.

Under one bedroom there was a trapdoor, with steps leading to a room below, where she always kept on guard 40 couriers and a vehicle, in case she wished to escape from the palace at a moment's notice. Queen Mim surrounded herself with fortune tellers and made continual sacrifices to gods of all kinds. The sincerity of her motives is doubtful, when it is known that she installed a prophetess and made the king, Tli Rhee, believe that he must obey her, having first given orders as to what the prophesy should be.—Philadelphia Ledger.

An Indignant Old Lady.

The car stopped, and on climbed an elaborately dressed lady, followed by a nurse girl bearing a small boy in her arms. The lady looked entirely too young to be the boy's mother and was dressed in style becoming rather a young girl. In addition she paid no attention whatever to the infant and nurse, who took a seat behind her, and the spectators on the car began to think that they had been deceived in imagining that there was any relation between them. Presently she raised her daintily gloved hand and signaled the conductor to stop. Then she stepped gracefully off and made her way to the curb. Looking back indifferently, she said:

"Jane, bring the boy!"

The boy evidently did not want to come. He clung to the seat in spite of the nurse, whereat the fin de siecle mother called:

"Boy—boy—come along!"

And the old lady on the back seat sniffed indignantly and said:

"Well, I reckon that's one of these new women. She didn't even know her child's name!"—Washington Post.

One Way of Finding a Scotsman.

It is related of a successful Glasgow merchant that, sightseeing in Paris once, he lost his way. For a considerable time he wandered about trying to get back to his hotel. The hours went by. He never could speak French, and his Glasgow English only brought a smile and a shake of the head.

"Oh, for a body wi' a guid Scotch tongue in his head!" he sighed.

Then came a "happy thought." By signs he bought a basket, measure and berries of a trim Frenchwoman, and, shouldering the stock, went along the street shouting:

"Fine grossets, a bawbee the pint; fine grossets, a bawbee the pint."

The crowd laughed at the mad Briton, but the familiar cry soon brought some Scotsmen on the scene, and the merchant was able to retire from business and smoke his pipe in the bosom of his family, thankful that he had found real Scotsmen in his hour of need.—Glasgow Exchange.

President Hayes and the Farmer.

President Hayes had for one of his Ohio neighbors a testy old fellow who kept a small truck farm. During Mr. Hayes' four years in the White House, on one of his visits home, he passed this old man's farm and found him planting potatoes. The president, being somewhat of a farmer himself, noticed some eccentricity in his neighbor's style of planting, and after a little chat called attention to it. The old man defended his method, and finally Mr. Hayes said as he started along, "Well, I don't think you will get the best kind of a crop if you plant in that manner." The farmer rested his elbows on the fence. "They ain't neither one of us above havin fault found with us," he said, "but if you jest go on presidentin the United States your way and I go on plantin 'taters my way I guess we won't be no wuss off in the end."—San Francisco Chronicle.

An Oddity In Moonshining.

The astronomer royal for Scotland states that when the moon is half full its brilliancy is not nearly one-half as great as when it is quite full. He attributes the brightness of the full moon and the lack of brightness in the half moon to the variations in the reflected sunshine, which are due to the ruggedness of the moon's surface. The high peaks and immense chasms on the moon's surface are constantly at cross purposes in their mode of reflecting light. The bright streaks which the telescope proves to emanate from the craters and chasms are largely invisible under cross light, but are brilliantly illuminated when the sun shines full up on them.

Ballard's Snow Liniment.

This Liniment is different in composition from any other liniment on the market. It is a scientific discovery which results in it being the most penetrating Liniment ever known. There are numerous white imitations, which may be recommended because they pay the seller a greater profit. Beware of these and demand Ballard's Snow Liniment. It positively cures Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sprains, Bruises, Wounds, Cuts, Sciatic and Inflammatory Rheumatism, Burns, Scalds, Sore Feet, Contracted Muscles, Stiff Joints, Old Sores, Pain in Back, Barb Wire Cuts, Sore Chest or Throat, and is especially beneficial in Paralysis. Sold by W. C. Porterfield. 2

The Melon Didn't Count.

The memoirs of General Marbot upon the first French empire relate that, on the occasion of a very formal distribution of rewards made by Napoleon before Ratisbon, an old grenadier came forward and demanded somewhat sharply, to the astonishment of all, a cross of the Legion of Honor.

"But what have you done?" said Napoleon.

"Why, sire," said the soldier, "it was I who, in the desert of Yafa, when it was terribly hot and you were parched with thirst, brought you a watermelon."

"Thank you," said Napoleon, "but a watermelon for a general is not worth a cross of the Legion of Honor."

The grenadier flew into a violent rage. "Well, then," he shouted, "I suppose that the seven wounds that I got at Arcola and at Lodi and at Austerlitz and at Friedland go for nothing, eh? My 11 campaigns in Italy, in Egypt, in Austria, in Prussia, and in Poland you don't count I suppose?"

"Tut, tut, tut!" exclaimed the emperor. "How you do get excited when you come to the essential point of the whole matter! I make you now a chevalier of the Legion of Honor for your wounds and your campaigns, but don't tell me any more about your watermelon!"

John's Demise.

Mr. L., a good natured German, was the prosperous proprietor of a considerable clothing business in a country town. He had in his employ one John S., whom he had advanced from cashboy to head clerk and who had for many years been an attache of the store. Since his promotion John had several times asked for a raise in his salary, and each time his request had been granted. One morning John again appeared at the old merchant's desk with another request for an increase of $10 per month. "Vy, Shon," said Mr. L., "I dink I bays you pooty vell alretty. Vat for I bays you any more?" "Well," replied John confidently, "I am your principal help here. I have worked you up to a large trade. I know every detail of the business, and indeed I think you could not get along without me." "Is dot so!" exclaimed the German. "Mein Gott, Shon, vot vood I do suppose you vas to die?" "Well," hesitated John, "I suppose you would have to get along without me then." The old man took several whiffs from his big pipe and said nothing. At last he gravely remarked, "Vell, Shon, I guess you petter gonsider yourself dead."—Business Journal.

The Moon.

In the opinion of Professor Asaph Hall, as recently expressed, the problem of the physical constitution of the moon is one that yet remains to be solved. Of the "craters," scattered all over her surface, the volcanic theory of formation fails, he thinks, to be satisfactory. Another notion to which he refers is that, ages ago, the moon was surrounded by swarms of "moonlets," which eventually were precipitated upon the moon's surface, forming the craters now seen. Thus, the Mare Imbrium was created by the impact of a huge moonlet, 90 miles in diameter, which, in striking, was raised to such a high temperature as to melt its substance. An immense hole or crater being formed where it struck, the molten material of the moonlet spread in every direction for a vast distance, partly filling up other craters; fragments flew to distances of a thousand miles, scoring out deep furrows, one of the latter, as now seen, being 187 miles long, 10 to 35 miles broad, and with a depth of 11,000 feet.

Sir Henry Ponsonby.

The London Globe tells a story illustrating the happy way in which the late Sir Henry Ponsonby parried indiscreet questions. "Is it true," asked a German journalist, who was being shown over the Indian room at Osborne, "that Princess —— is to be married to Prince ——?" Sir Henry eyed the correspondent curiously, and, with a quiet smile replied, "I have not seen the engagement announced." "But," urged the Teuton, "I have heard it on excellent authority." "In that case," replied Sir Henry, with crushing civility, "you have no need of further information on the subject."

Henry Clay's Escape.

Fatalities resulting from "blowing out the gas" are generally considered as due to rusticity and ignorance, but the Philadelphia Record is responsible for the statement that Henry Clay was once in danger of his life from the same cause.

Mayor Swift of Philadelphia and Henry Clay were very intimate friends, and several times during the mayor's administration the eminent Kentuckian came to visit him. On one of these occasions Mr. Clay nearly lost his life.

During the first night of Mr. Clay's visit the mayor noticed an unusual odor of gas in the house, and on investigation it was found that Mr. Clay had retired without having turned off the gas.

The new illuminating agent had been lately introduced, and it is not improbable that Mr. Clay blew out the light in ignorance of the proper method of extinguishing it. Certain it is that had Mayor Swift not made his timely discovery, Mr. Clay's brilliant career would have been prematurely cut off.

In the Future.

We have the bicycle, and the tricycle, and the carriage driven by a kerosene lamp. Keely declares that he will drive a steamer across the Atlantic with force generated from a glass of ice water, and Maxim assures us that the flying machine is close at hand. Maxim is in earnest, however, but Keely is a practical joker. So the world wags along, and by and by we shall have ice cream saloons a mile up in the air for the hot August days. What a pity we can't imitate Methuselah, or even Old Parr, and personally observe the glorious changes that will come in the near future!—New York Herald.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder
ABSOLUTELY PURE

IMPURE FOODS.

Some of the Many Things We Eat That Are Adulterated.

A recent report of the dairy food commissioner of Pennsylvania names so many food products which are adulterated as to raise a query as to what is not adulterated. Among the many impure things sold are allspice, which often is mainly composed of ground and roasted cocoanut shells; baking powder; beef, wine and iron prepared as a tonic; butter, buckwheat flour, candy, catchup, cider, cheese, cinnamon, cloves—the latter made almost entirely from ground cocoanut shells, the odor and taste of cloves being scarcely perceptible; coffee—consisting chiefly of coffee screenings or damaged coffee, but sold at a high price as a pure article; fresh "Java" made from wheat and barley hulls, roasted with sugar and containing no coffee; codfish not codfish at all—merely cheap dried fish; cream of tartar adulterated with flour; flaxseed adulterated with starch; fruit "butters," such as apple butter, peach butter, etc., very seldom pure, being adulterated with starch waste and salicylic acid; the same is true of grated pineapples; ginger adulterated with ash, rice hulls, rice flour and cayenne pepper; lard; maple sirup, made from commercial glucose thinned with about 20 per cent of water; mixed spices; orange juice, lemon oil, lemon phosphate, molasses, mustard, olive oil, pepper, vinegar, vanilla extract, all kinds of preserves, extract of strawberries and tea.

To add to the deception a few apple seeds are scattered through the so called fruit jams, or timothy or other seeds are added to the mixture to represent raspberry, strawberry, etc. The production of artificial colors is particularly common in confections. Indigo, tumeric, annotto, logwood and cochineal are used in great quantities, and are probably not harmful; arsenic, copper and leads are very deleterious, but are not now used as much as in former times, before sanitary officials made such persistent attacks on them. Milk and milk products are often colored. Annotto is very commonly used by dairymen to give a rich yellow color. In itself annotto is probably harmless, but it produces deceptive results.—New York Post.

ODD BILLIARD FACTS.

Making a Table In a Day—The Balls Seasoned In Incubators.

A billiard table can be built in 24 hours if carte blanche is given to the manufacturer, but he prefers to have time to get the right effects from one month to six. The wood needs to be seasoned for a period of nearly seven years. Rich, deep Spanish mahogany is used, pollard oak, ebony and satin wood.

Tables are not always covered in green. Blue is sometimes used and a pure olive green. The late Prince Leopold was the first to make use of the latter color, and olive green is known today in the billiard world as Prince Leopold's color.

The balls must be well seasoned before they are used for play. Manufacturers have incubators in which to store them that they may undergo the drying process. Some incubators will hold fully 3,000 balls. When they are first made, they are "green." Solid ivory is the only satisfactory material of which to make them; "artificial balls" (those made of composition) are much heavier and do not wear well. English makers, to give the red balls a perfect color, steep them in a decoction that is sometimes described as the "guardsman's bath." This is extracted from the old coats of Tommy Atkins, and for billiard balls it is the finest scarlet dye known.—New York World.

Speaking From Experience.

Little Nan of four summers, considering it her duty to entertain a lady who is waiting for mamma, enters into conversation.

Nan—Have you any little girls?

The Caller—Yes, I have two.

Nan—D-do you ever have to whip 'em?

The Caller—I'm afraid I have to sometimes.

Nan—What do you whip 'em with?

The Caller (amused)—Oh, when they've been very naughty, I take my slipper.

Nan (most feelingly as mamma enters)—Y-yo-you ought to take a hair-brush. My mamma does, and it hurts awfully.—Pittsburg Bulletin.

A vagabond was originally only a traveler or person who went from place to place with or without a definite object.

The Story Told of Maunis Heatherton.

Maunis Heatherton, a 90-year-old citizen of Greenup, Ky., was once carried off by a panther and was little the worse for it. His father lived on Grassy creek 56 years ago. One evening, while he was absent on a hunt, a huge panther bounded into the yard, and, catching Maunis, then 4 years old, in its teeth, disappeared in the forest. When Mr. Heatherton came home an hour later, his wife, who had just recovered from the faint into which she had fallen when the beast seized her child, told him what had happened, and, following the brute, he found it lying asleep on a sunny hillside with the babe under its paw and shot it dead, rescuing his son, who was but slightly injured.—New Orleans Picayune.

THE OLDEST OBELISK.

It Stands on the Banks of the Nile Not Far From Cairo.

The oldest of all the obelisks is the beautiful one of rosy granite which stands alone among the green fields on the banks of the Nile not far from Cairo. It is the gravestone of a great city which has vanished and left only this relic behind. That city was Bethshemes of Scripture, the famous On, which is memorable to all Bible readers as the residence of the priest of On, Potipherah, whose daughter Asenath Joseph married. The Greeks called it Heliopolis, the city of the sun, because there the worship of the sun had its chief center and its most sacred shrine. It was the seat of the most ancient university in the world, to which youthful students came from all parts of the world to learn the occult wisdom which the priests of On alone could teach.

Thales, Solon, Endoxus, Pythagoras and Plato all studied there; perhaps Moses too. It was also the birthplace of the sacred literature of Egypt, where were written on papyrus leaves the original chapter of the oldest book in the world, generally known as "The Book of the Dead," giving a most striking account of the conflicts and triumphs of the life after death, a whole copy or fragment of which every Egyptian, rich or poor, wished to have buried with him in his coffin, and portions of which are found inscribed on every mummy case and on the walls of every tomb. In front of one of the principal temples of the sun in this magnificent city stood, along with a companion long since destroyed, the solitary obelisk which we now behold on the spot. It alone has survived the wreck of all the glory of the place. It was constructed by Usertesen I, who is supposed to have reigned 2800 B. C., and has outlived all the dynastic changes of the land and still stands where it originally stood nearly 47 centuries ago. What appears of its shaft above ground is 68 feet in height, but its base is buried in the mud of the Nile, and year after year the inundation of the river deposits its film of soil around its foot and buries it still deeper in its sacred grave.—Pall Mall Gazette.

LONDON'S GREAT PARK.

The Hum of the Metropolis Penetrates It With Ever Varying Cadence.

The greatest attraction of Hyde park is one which Londoners and most visitors fail to discover and appreciate. It is a unique and subtle charm whose meaning only those can know who have fallen under its spell. Hyde park, be it remembered, is the only great plot of verdure in the world set in the very center of a great city. Boston Common is but a garden compared with it, Central park may soon be hemmed in by New York's teeming millions, but not yet. Hyde park is a grateful refuge of silence in the midst of turmoil. Only upon its outer borders does the restless mob infringe. Within, away from Rotten row, away from carriage drive and fashionable promenade, there is always rest, tranquillity, silence—no, not silence, but in its place the thing which is the mysterious charm of the spot.

Find a seat upon a bench in the midst of the wide, sweeping, open green where the eye sees only grass and trees, with no sign of the vast city on any side. Sit for a few moments and listen—listen, and there will come to your ears the most wonderful sound in all the world. It is the voice of London—an ever changing, inarticulate, pregnant soliloquy. One day it will be the gentle murmur of a sea shell. Again it is the harsh grinding of the mill of the gods crushing human grain beneath its upper and nether millstones. The mighty but distant reverberation is sometimes a triumphant harmony, sometimes a minor note, melancholy and despairing. The myriad tongued voice which comes from the east is sullen, protesting, enduring; that from the west is a careless chorus of pleasure and prosperity; that from the north is a hopeful strain of patient progress; that from the south is a cadence of struggle and sorrow, and the whole is a symphony of human life, majestic, inspiring, infinitely pathetic.

Nowhere save in this spot does the greatness of London impress itself upon me.—Boston Transcript.

A Starter.

"Now, Charles, let us make a list of your debts."

"One moment, dear uncle, till I have filled up your tumbler."—London Tit-Bits.

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