DICK RODNEY;

Or, The Adventures of An Eton Boy...

BY JAMES GRANT.

CHAPTER VIII.—(Continued.)

"I remember well when, from a wild forest, I saw before me a long blue ridge. It was the Sierra Leonda—or the Mountain of the Lioness, as the niggers thereabout call it, the highest in North or South America. Glad was I, Master Rodney, to see the flag of old England waving on the fort and in the bay. There was a sloop of war at anchor there, the Active; and when she fired the evening gun you would have thought a whole fleet was saluting, there are so many echoing caves and dents in the mountains and along the shore.

"I soon made my way home to England, but was more laughed at than pitied for my queer figure-head, which frightened some folks, my old mother especially, for she banged the door right in my face, and called for the police when I went to her old bunk at Deptford.

"However, I got used to all that sort of thing; but as folks are so ill-bred and uncharitable ashore, I have left Deptford forever, and keep always afloat, to be out of harm's way. So that's the yarn of how I became tattooed, Master Rodney."

"Pitch the brandy-and-water, Tom," said he, "and now we'll make a start for the brig—noon is past, and the atmosphere cooler than it was."

"Your very good health. Next time we splice the main-brace ashore, I hope it will be in Cuba," said Tom, finishing the contents of my flask and then becoming so jovial that he broke, at once into an old sea-song, the last two verses of which were somewhat to this purpose:

"I learned to splice, to reef and clew,
To drink my grog with the best of the crew,
And tell a merry story;
And though I wasn't very big,
Aloft I'd climb, nor care a fig
To stand by my gun, or dance a jig,
And all for Britain's glory!

"When home I steered again I found
My poor old mother run aground,
And doleful was her story;
She had been cheated by a lawyer elf,
Who married her for her old dad's pelf,
But spent it all, then hanged himself.
Hooray for England's glory!"

Just as Tom concluded this remarkable ditty with tones that made the volcanic grotto to echo to "glory," a voice that made us start exclaimed, close by us:

"There! Ha! Ha! Los Angleros barrachics!"

On hearing this impertinent reflection on our sobriety we both looked up and saw—what the next chapter will tell you.

CHAPTER IX.

Dangerous Company.

Behind us stood eight fellows, five of whom had muskets, and three heavy bludgeons. They were apparently Spanish seafaring men; but whether contrabandistas of the lowest class, a portion of a slaver's crew, or merely drunken brawlers, we could not at first determine. However, they soon made us aware that robbery was their object, and that they were in no way averse to a little homicide if we interfered with their plans in the least.

Some had their coarse, but glossy and intensely black hair confined by nets or cauls; others had only Barcelona handkerchiefs round their heads. The spots of blood upon these, together with several patches and discolored eyes, showed us that these modern Iberians had been fighting among themselves. Their attire, which consisted only of red or blue shirts and dirty canvas trousers, was rather dilapidated; but something of the picturesque was imparted to it by the sashes of glaring red and yellow worsted which girt their waists, and in which they had long knives stuck conspicuously.

By their bearing, their dark glaring eyes, their muscular figures, their bare arms, chest and feet, their bronzed, sallow and ugly visages—and more than all by their rags, which were redolent of garlic and coarse tobacco, it was evident that we had fallen into unpleasant society. Several had silver rings in their ears, and on the bare chest of one I saw a crucifix marked either with ink or gunpowder.

These fellows had come from the inner or back part of the cavern, where they had evidently been observing us for some time before they so suddenly appeared.

"Acqu'ardiente," said one, approvingly, as he applied his fierce, hooked nose to my empty flack, and then pilloged it in his pocket. A second snatched away my courier-bag, and a third appropriated my telescope, which he stuck in his sash.

Taking up a stone which lay at hand, I was about to hurl it at the head of the latter when the muzzle of a cocked musket pointed to my breast, and the butt of another applied roughly to my back, admonished me that discretion was the better part of valor.

"El page de escoba—ha, ha!" (the cabin boy), said one contemptuously, as he examined my attire—a smart blue jacket, with gilt anchor buttons, which Hislop had given me. My portemonnaie, which contained only a few shillings, and my gold watch, a present given to me by my mother when I went to Eton, were soon taken from me. As for poor Tom, he possessed only a brass tobacco-box, a short, black pipe, and one shilling and sixpence; yet he was speedily deprived of them by one who seemed to be the leader of the gang.

"You rascally Jack Spaniard!" said Tom, shaking his clenched fist in the robber's face, "if ever I haul alongside of you elsewhere, look out for squalls!"

At this they all laughed, and seized us by the arms, dragged us into the back part of the cavern or fissure in the rocks, leaving one of their number, armed with a musket, as sentinel, at the entrance, where he lit a paper cigar, and stretching himself on the grassy bank, placed his hands under his head, and proceeded to leisurely smoke in the sunshine.

These proceedings filled us with great alarm; now that they had robbed us of everything save our clothes, what could their object be?

One of them produced two pieces of rope, with which our hands were tied. Dragged by some, and receiving severe blows and bruises from the clenched hands and musket-butts of others—accompanied by the imprecations and coarse laughter of all—we were conveyed through a low-roofed grotto, or natural gallery in the rocks, the echoes of which repeated their voices with a thousand reverberations.

The only light here was by the reflection of the sunshine at the entrance, where the basalt was coated by a white substance, the debris of some old volcanic eruption; for the slope up which we had been ascending at the morning formed a portion of the great Peak. And now we became sensible of a strange sound and a strange odor pervading all the place.

Through a rent in the rocky roof of the grotto there fell a clear, bright stream of sunlight, that revealed the interior of the place toward which our captors dragged us.

On one side there yawned a vast black fissure or chasm, in the somber masses of obsidian and red blocks of lava which composed the floor of that horrid cavern; and from this fissure there ascended, and doubtless still ascends at times, a hot, sulphurous steam, which rendered breathing difficult and induced an inclination to sneeze.

From the depth of that hideous chasm, the profundity of which no mortal eye could measure, and no human being could contemplate without awe and terror, we heard a strange, buzzing sound, as if from the bowels of the inner earth, far—heaven alone knows how far—down below.

In fact, on looking upon the verge of one of those natural spiracles which the natives term "the nostrils," or avenues through which the hot vapors of that tremendous Piton ascend; and the buzzing sound that made our hearts shrink, we acutely knew why. It was caused by some volcanic throe at the bottom of the mountain, whose base is many a mile below the waters of the sea.

The fissure was also twelve feet broad, and across it there lay a plank, forming a species of bridge.

Two of our captors crossed, and then ordered us to follow them.

I followed like one in a dream; but my heart was chilled by a terror so deadly that I had no power or thought of resistance. My first fear was that the plank might be trundled from under our feet, and that we would be launched into the black abyss below; but such was not the object of these Spaniards, as Tom and I were permitted to pass in safety.

The remainder of the thieves followed, and we found ourselves in another grotto, the roof of which was covered by stalactites, that glittered like gothic pendants of alabaster in the light that fell from the upper fissure, which formed a natural window, and through it we could see the thin, white steam ascending and curling in the sunshine.

Now, supposing that they had us in perfect security, our captors proceeded to hold a consultation as to what they should do with us; and imagining that we were both ignorant of their language, or, what is more probable, caring little whether we knew it or not, they canvassed the most terrible resolutions with perfect coolness and freedom of speech.

CHAPTER X.

The Ventana.

Tom Lambourne's face wore somewhat of a blanched hue, through which the stripes of his tattoing seemed blacker than ever. A severe cut on his forehead, from which the blood was oozing, did not add to his personal appearance. He scarcely knew a word of Spanish, but seemed instinctively aware that we had fallen into hands nearly as dangerous as his former acquaintances, the Mussolongos, for he said:

"Master Rodney, I fear we have run our last knot off the log-line, and our sandglass won't run again, unless heaven gives the order to turn. Yet, if I could but get one of these muskets, to have a shot at the rascally cargo-puddlers before it's all over with us, I would be content. As it is, I am all over blood, from clew to earring, and they have well-nigh choked me by shaking a quid down my throat."

"Hush, Tom," said I, for I was listening to a discussion which took place among the Spaniards.

"Do you understand their lingo?"

"A little."

"What are they saying?" he asked, with growing interest.

"I will tell you immediately."

But as they all spoke at once in the sonorous Spanish of the Catalonian coast, mingled with obscure slang and nautical phrases, some time elapsed before I could understand them. Meanwhile, how terrible were the thoughts that filled my mind.

"If these fellows murdered and cast us into that awful chasm, the deed would never be known; until the day of doom our fate and our remains could no more be traced than the smoke that melts into the sky. Even if we escaped unhurt, but were detained so long that the brig sailed without us, what could be our condition, penniless, forlorn and unknown, in that foreign island? But this was a minor evil.

Then I burned to avenge the lawless treatment to which we were subjected, and the blows and bruises their cowardly hands had dealt so freely.

"Companeros," I heard one say, "one of these fellows is tattooed and would sell very well to the South American planters with the rest that will soon be under hatches. He is worth keeping, if he cannot ransom himself; as for the other—"

"El muchaco!" (the boy) said they, glancing at me.

"Si—el page de escabo—if he is allowed to return, a complaint may find its way to the senor alcalde, whose alguazils may come and borrow our topsails and anchor for a time; whereas, if we have him where the others went yesterday—"

"Where?"

"Into the ventana, hombre!" was the fierce response; "and then no more will be heard of the affair."

My blood grew cold at these words, and I scarcely knew what followed, till the first man who spoke came forward and addressed us.

"Inglesos," said he, "we have decided that one of you, after swearing not to reveal our hiding place, shall return within four hours, bearing a fitting ransom for both, else, so surely as the clock strikes, he who is left behind goes into the ventana of the mountain, where never did the longest sea line find a bottom—not that I suppose any man would ever ask enough to try. Santos! do you hear?" he added, striking his musket-butt sharply on the rocks, when perceiving that Tom was ignorant of all he said, and that I was stupefied by it.

"Si, senor," said I, and translated it to Tom Lambourne, who twirled his tarry hat on his forefinger, stuck his quid in his cheep, slapped his thigh vigorously, and gave other nautical manifestations of extreme surprise and discomposure.

"Ransom, Master Rodney?" he reiterated, "in the name of old Davy, who would ransom a poor Jack like me?"

"The whole crew would table their month's wages on the capstan head—aye, in a moment, Tom," I replied, with confidence.

"I'm sure they would, and the captain and Master Hislop, too, for the matter o' that, rather than poor shipmates should come to harm; but—"

"As for me," said I, with growing confidence, "I am, as you said, senores, only the page de escoba."

(To be continued.)

FORTIFIED MONASTERY.

Where the Monks Showed Contempt for British Attacks.

Russia holds the strongest fortified institution in the world, says the New York Herald. It is the monastery of Solovetsk, and if any military experts desire points as to the best method of protecting vital spots, they can do no better than pay a visit to this abode of monks and take a few lessons in practical defense from the practical brethren who live there. Granite boulders form the chief protection. They are arranged in a formidable circle completely enclosing the monastery. At no point in the solid wall could the attack of an enemy make an impression. The huge rocks make a line nearly a mile in circumference. It was during a period of the Crimean war that the strength of the fortifications was tested and proved. The walls and the towers held huge guns, and the men behind the guns knew their business, which was to pour a fire into the British White Sea squadron. The monastery, which consists of six churches, held a valuable store of precious stones and statuary. The monks did not remain inside during the shelling of their home, but coolly walked around the ledges of the granite walls to show their indifference to the work of the attacking forces. The monastery is a noted place, and it is estimated that the yearly number of pilgrims visiting it amounts to 10,000. Monks man the steamers which carry these crowds of men and women anxious to see the fortifications and the relics in the churches.

QUEER USE OF BIBLES.

It Arises Because the Book Is Generally Well Printed.

"Here is something I wish to inquire about," said an elderly gentleman, as he entered the establishment of a dealer in artists' materials and held out a tiny booklet. "I bought some gold leaf of you a few days ago, and on turning the sheets of paper between the leaves I discovered that they contained portions of the scriptures and seemed to have been cut from a part of the Bible." "So they were," answered the dealer; "but there is nothing so extraordinary about that fact when you understand it. It was English gold leaf you bought, and that, as a regular matter of business, is packed in little books made up of pages of the Bible cut to the requisite size and stitched together. No profanation is intended, but the practice of packing the material in this way is well established. The Bible is selected for the purpose because, as a general thing, the type is more evenly set and the printing finer and better executed than in other books. Printed paper has always been in general use for packing the sheets of gold. The slight indentations made by the type serve to keep them more firmly in place. They slip when packed between plain sheets. The Book of Common Prayer is also employed for the same purpose and for the same reason. Gold leaf books are made up from the sheets in which they leave the press and before they are folded."

Speed of the Frigate Bird.

Many sailors believe that the frigate bird can start at daybreak with the trade winds from the coast of Africa and roost the same night on the American shore. Whether this is a fact or not has yet to be determined, but it is certain that the bird is the swiftest of winged creatures, and is able to fly under favorable conditions two hundred miles an hour.

Overlooked.

Mrs. Beeswick—I can't see why those people next door don't take a hint. They're always sending over to borrow something. If we did the same, they might have an excuse, but we've never got anything from them yet. Mr. Beeswick—My dear, you are mistaken. Didn't we get the measles from them?

NEW HIDE-AND-SEEK.

WESTERN GAME FOR BOYS AND PONIES.

Hard Runs and High Jumps—The Interest That Horses Took in the Sport—Riders Often Left in Creeks or Hanging from Boughs.

One of the games boys played on horse-back in California in my day was hide-and-seek. It was exciting sport, says the New York Commercial Advertiser. As I recall incidents of the game they seem to me now to have been dangerous, but that is a mature view, which never occurred to us then.

Our favorite place for the fun was on the edge of a neglected park, with a creek running through it, and another crossed a field nearby. Both of these were hard jumps, especially for some of the ponies. But there were several good jumps, five or six over three or four board fences, two over hedges, and fallen trees were innumerable. The great advantage of this place, however, was a perfectly straight road along the side of the park. We measured off a distance of about 300 yards down the road from the nearest bunch of woods. For this distance there was no obstacle except on one side, a fence too huge to take. It was the home-stretch to the line we drew with our spurs across the road, and many were the hot races down it.

For the game was to pick a boy to be "It." Usually the fastest horse decided that point. The boy who rode him had to count 100 or 200 to give the others time to scatter off into the woods, across the creeks and down any of the many side roads, paths, trails out of sight. Since everything was clear off east of the home mark, all the riders went off to the west before they left the main, straight road. After that they could ride any distance in any direction.

But they did not go far, for the purpose of each boy was to get back either undetected to the home mark, or if seen, to ride across this line before "it" did, and he tried to ride cautiously after us, slipping along on his horse at a walk, while he peered into the woods and high brush to catch a glimpse of boy or horse. When he saw one he called the rider's name and rode for home, unless the fellow caught gave in to save the horse's wind. And if "it" called a boy from a position between home and the hiding place, this usually happened. This wasn't easy to do, however, for the lay of the land was such that the outs could work around, moving north or south from the main road and then eastward, while "it" had to hunt sometimes half a mile from home and far off on one side or the other.

Then when he was off the road beating up after the sound of horses one way, he would catch the rattle of hoofs from the other way or see a flying pony and would have to put back for a race to home base. It was a disgrace to let more than one or two riders in without a contest. Well-mounted men liked to be "it" so as to make high records, and of course the variety of animals was very great.

All the horses, however, learned the game and enjoyed it. Indeed, it was their interest in the sport that made it dangerous, for often when a rider would not see "it" coming, the horse would, and at the familiar call would dash for home regardless of low boughs and trees close together. It was a common occurrence for a pony to get home safe, but without his mount, so common that it was a point long unsettled whether this should count safe or not. Sometimes we would agree before a game that it should, sometimes that it should not. "It" had to be a good horseman, for his horse, put on the alert by his cautious movements, would listen and watch, and at the slightest sound of running hoofs would whirl and dart off at full speed. Fences were taken by horses with unready riders, creeks received boys who could not keep up with their horses, and brush and the limbs of trees often kept them back, suspended till help came.

HE PAID THE PRICE.

Papa Managed to Maintain His Gravity in His Son's Presence.

An old-school gentleman who lives in the upper part of the city called his son into the library the other evening, locked the door and had a few words with the youth, says the Detroit Free Press. "William," began the father, in a grieved tone, "I hear a story about you that brings the blush of same to my cheek. I can scarcely bring myself to believe it. I have no word against the young lady whose name has been given such unenviable prominence, though I do think there are other young women who would make life more pleasant for a husband." "I agree with you perfectly, sir." "Then, sir, what did you mean by fighting over her with that young lumpkin? His engagement to her is now announced, and one of the most surprising things to me is that he could get the best of you in such an unworthy way of settling your rivalry." "Best of me?" echoed the youth, with flashing eyes; "they took him home in an ambulance, and I don't look wrecked, do I?" "It's passing strange. You trounced him, and yet he gets the girl." "You don't understand it, father. In the zeal of rivalry we both went with her so long that is was the manly thing for one of us to marry her, and the fellow that was whipped had to make the sacrifice." The old-school gentlemen managed to maintain his gravity till the youth was hurriedly dismissed, and then laughed till he shed tears and had stitches on both sides.

The Extreme of Unconventional.

All night the red wine flowed! Wassail! Morning dawned upon a wild scene of revelry. Some were singing bacchanalian songs; others danced grotesquely; while still others, and these were drunkest of all, picked their teeth!—Detroit Journal.

Falsehood is often rocked by truth, but she soon outgrows her cradle and discards her nurse.—Colton.

STRANGEST BRIDGE IN THE WORLD.

Many and strange were the things seen by the French expedition of Bonvalot de Bonchamps in Africa, but nothing stranger than the bridge of vines over the Omo river in Abyssinia, which is pictured in L'Illustration, from a photograph taken by a member of the party. In most parts of Africa bridges are undreamed of; big rivers are crossed by rafts and little canoes, and of course the variety of animals was very great.

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sion plan, hung from big cables made of twister creepers; from these depend the uprights bearing the floor supports. The roadway is very narrow, for no one ever travels across the hills except with caravans of porters bearing trade goods. The skill with which the bridge is built is something marvelous. The Bonvalot de Bonchamps party set out from Djibouti, on the Red sea, and traveled across the Somali desert and the Abyssinian hills to join Marchand at Fashoda, which he reached from the west coast. Thus they planned to throw a strip of French soil right across the dark continent. It reached the head waters of the Sobat and went boating merrily down the river; but meanwhile the British gunboats reached the junction of the Sobat with the White Nile, and the expedition is now toiling back to Djibouti. The road going out is a good deal longer than it was going in.

Locomotor Ataxia & Paralysis Can be Cured.

These extreme nervous disorders were treated with wonderful success by the discoverer of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, previous to his discovery being offered to the public generally. This remedy is the only known specific in many diseases that, until recent years, were pronounced incurable. Here is the proof:

James Crocket, a sturdy old Scotchman living in Detroit, Mich, at 68 Montcalm St., was cured of Locomotor Ataxia by these pills. For many years he has been a chief engineer of one of those big passenger palace steamers plying upon the great lakes. This is a position of great responsibility and the anxiety causes a great nervous strain. Mr. Crocket says: "For fifteen years I watched the big engines and boilers without a single accident, and only noticed that I was getting nervous. Suddenly without warning I was taken, and was prostrated. I had the best of physicians but grew gradually worse. At a council of doctors, they said I had nervous prostration, and had destroyed my whole nervous system and would never recover. For three years I was unable to move from my bed. The doctor said I had locomotor ataxia, and would never be able to walk again.

"The pains and suffering I experienced during those years are almost indescribable. The friends that came to see me did me good-bye when they left me and I was given up. The doctors said nothing more could be done. My wife kept reading to me, articles about Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. We finally decided to try them. The first box gave me relief. I continued to use them for about two years before I could get strength enough to walk. I am nearly seventy-five years old and there is not a man in this city that can kick higher or walk further than I can and to-day I owe my present good health to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People for they saved my life."—*Detroit Evening News.*

The Genuine are sold only in Packages Like This

DR WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS FOR PALE PEOPLE THE GREAT Blood Builder and Nerve Tonic

50 cents per box at all druggists or sent direct by mail

Address the DR. WILLIAMS MEDICINE COMPANY, Schenectady, N.Y.

BOYCOTT OF ROYAL ORIGIN.

Started by Belgium's Queen Against Lace Made by Machinery.

The stamp of royal approval has been placed upon the boycott, that engine so often employed with effect in bloodless warfare. Queen Marie Henriette of Belgium, seeing danger to many thousands of her people in the introduction of machines for making lace, wrote to her sister queens throughout Europe and received their co-operation in a movement to boycott the product of such machines. Since the advent of lacemaking machinery the number of lacemakers in Belgium and northern France has decreased by about 40,000, and many of these workers have been unable to secure employment. Queen Marie therefore took the matter up and has met with no inconsiderable degree of success. Her majesty is one of the most accomplished women in Europe. Queen Marie Henriette is the daughter of the late Archduke Joseph of Austria. She is the mother of Princess Stephanie of Austria. The pope has recognized her with the Golden Rose of Virtue, the highest regard he could bestow upon her. She is noted for her fondness for horses, which she shows by giving equestrian entertainments. She is also an enthusiastic musician and plays the harp and piano like a professional. Some of her paintings are worthy of the Paris salon. Two years ago she is said to have attempted suicide because of the profligacy of her husband, King Leopold.

Tyranny.

A Southern planter went to New Orleans several months after Gen. Butler had taken the reins in his hand and acquired a reputation for "tyranny." So says Every Where, which thus continues the story: One of the first things he saw was the placards of a gentleman's furnishing store posted on the walls and fences: "Get your shirts at Moody's." The planter saw it again and again, and mused deeply upon it. "It's another of Butler's orders," he said to himself. "He's probably a partner in the concern, and what he says goes: so I suppose it's best to submit. I don't need any shirts, and it's a shame to be compelled to buy 'em now; but I don't want any more trouble." He accordingly went to Moody's and bought half a dozen shirts, on compulsion.

Time is money, so 'tis said, and yet lots of fools throw away money to kill time.

The good measures of the vegetable dealer should always come out on top.

Getting Even.

It is not always easy to punish a boor without losing one's temper, but a London paper tells how a boat-load of sailors, on shore-leave from a man-o-war, did it good-naturedly and without violence. As they journeyed up the roadway into the Cornish village, a gentleman's wagonette passed. One of the tars thoughtlessly jumped on the step behind. "Git ort there!" shouted the coachman, and being a churlish sort of fellow, he lashed the sailor viciously across the face with his whip. That was enough. In an instant the other eleven blues had closed round and stopped the trap, the toll-way. He made in command, "Tention!" cried he, and "tention there was. "Dismount the gun!" he shouted, and it seemed as if every bluejacket carried a whole carpenter's outfit. In three minutes they had taken the wagonette into 172 pieces, and that without so much as scratching one bit of paint or loking a solitary screw. They laid them all out nearly on the stony road, and the boatswain's mate, after inspecting the job, cried, "Good! Dismiss!"

The rehabilitation of the Baltimore and Ohio South Western Railway will begin as soon as the frost is out of the ground in the spring. Just before the line went into the hands of Receivers Harmon and Robinson a large quantity of material was purchased. This will be immediately delivered and used to the best advantage. Forty thousand tons of 85-pound steel rails have been purchased, and enough will be on hand on March 1st, to enable the receivers to begin laying it at five different points on the line. Each mile of track will be carefully rebalasted and placed in first-class condition. It will take 101,000 pairs of continuous rail joints for the forty thousand tons of rail. The two thousand standard box cars and five hundred steel coal cars recently ordered will be delivered in March. Additional motive power, in the shape of forty compound freight engines, weighing 156,000 pounds, and five ten-wheel, compound passenger engines, weighing 125,000 pounds is now being built by the Baldwin Locomotive Works. It is expected that by the time the property is reorganized and becomes the southwestern division of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad that it will be in a physical condition fully equal to the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad.

The department of agricultural statistician estimates 675,148,700 bushels as the 1898 wheat crop; corn, 1,924,184,-600; oats, 748,000,000; potatoes, 202,306,-338. Present winter wheat area is 2,311,968 acres more than in 1897.

A woman with a low, sweet voice always wears a low hat in the theater.

G. W. Kent, of Albion, has purchased the Vassar Times.

Cakes Without Eggs.

Observing housekeepers quickly learn that **Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder** is far superior to all other brands from the fact that its use always insures the finest, daintiest and most wholesome pastry, and if they wish to be economical they can dispense entirely with eggs and use a much less quantity of butter for shortening purposes. The advantage is not alone the saving effected, but the avoiding of trouble and the frequent difficulty in securing eggs that are fresh.

Cakes of every kind from the informal Griddle to the stately Bride Cake can be made with

Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder

thus insuring their being light and delicious. When used in Griddle Cakes they can be produced in the shortest space of time and are always tender and delicious, and may be eaten hot with impunity by dyspeptics and persons with weak digestions. Cakes of other kinds made with Dr. Price's remain moist and sweet for a much longer time than if any other baking powder is used.

Nothing so decisively settles the superiority of Dr. Price's over all other baking powders as the bestowal upon it of the Highest Medal and Diploma by the World's Columbian Exposition (Chicago, '93) and the Special Gold Medal and Diploma by the California Midwinter International Exposition (San Francisco, '94).