

A RAISING TOPIC FOR BREAD CONSUMERS.

As we live in an age of investigation, it would appear that the science of fermentation in good breadmaking is fast becoming one of the lost arts. For the past eight or ten years, the use of yeast fermentation in bread making has been largely supplanted by different chemical compositions, sold under the name of baking powders, all warranted chemically pure, of course. At first but one or two firms monopolized the manufacture of these powders, but as is usual in America, others soon went into the business, until now there is scarcely a local druggist in our Eastern cities, who does not make his own baking powder.

As articles of food are constantly being analyzed by eminent chemists and their component parts fully exposed, it laid within the province of Professor Henry Mott, chemist of the United States Government for the Indian department, to analyze 42 specimens of these powders, and he publishes the result as regards four of the most generally used brands, at the same time reminding the public that the ingeniously attached label "warranted chemically pure," is absolutely without pertinency when considering the wholesomeness of an article, and says, arsenic may be so labeled with affecting in the least its deadly poisonous character.

The best powders, says Professor Mott, are composed of bicarbonate of potash (cream tartar) tartaric acid, carbonate of ammonia, and bicarbonate of soda, held together by a little starch, the injurious powders are composed of alum and bicarbonate of soda, and often contain terra alba, (white earth) insoluble phosphate of lime, etc., etc. The effect of alum when taken internally has been shown to produce dyspepsia, vomiting, griping and inflammation; a single meal of bread thus adulterated, may not so affect the eater, but its constant use will sooner or later weaken and destroy the constitution. Of the specimens of powder examined by Professor Mott, the component parts of the following celebrated and widely used brands are given as follows: Dooley's standard baking powder: burnt alum 26.45 per cent., bicarbonate of soda 24.17 per cent., sesquicarbonate of ammonia 2.31 per cent., cream tartar none, starch 47.07 per cent., total 100. Pataseo baking powder: burnt alum 20.03 per cent., bicarbonate of soda 22.30 per cent., cream tartar none, starch 57.17, total 100. Charm B. powder: burnt alum 30.06, bicarbonate of soda 31.82, cream tartar none, starch 38.12, total 100. Andrews' (Milwaukee) B. powder: burnt alum 22.53, bicarbonate of soda, 21.79, cream tartar none, starch 55.68, total 100. All of the above are war-chemically pure, in the face of the verdict of such eminent chemists and physicians as Carpenter, Dundas, Liebig, Pereira, Parkes, and others, that dangerous results have occurred from the use of burnt alum, even when taken to the extent of ten or twenty grains.

If it whitens the bread it accomplishes that object to the great detriment of its nutritive qualities, and even supposing the component parts of these powders were chemically pure as labelled, and the one part of the composition exactly neutralized the other, leaving the component parts of the flour unchanged in the process of baking, still these yeast powders are wholly composed of mineral and they are taken into the system along with the bread. In connection with this is the fact that the most of the small bread made from yeast powders is eaten in a half raw state, where baked in defective stove ovens, and cannot in consequence be properly insalivated by eaters of weak and debilitated digestive organs, hence the prevalence of that disease, dyspepsia, so common to Americans, more particularly the laboring class, who make bread the leading staple article of diet. Besides, the use of yeast powders is expensive, when taking into consideration that a handful or two of hops scientifically and understandingly managed, with the help of a few potatoes, will make two or three hundred pounds of good wholesome bread, with no mineral in its composition except salt, and compare the expense of yeast powder requiring at least five to 20 cent cans to every 100 lbs. of flour, the difference is apparent.

Not one of these powders could be sold in England, for as

soon as they would come within purview of the *Lancet*, a paper published in the interest of the public at large, exposing fraud in the adulteration of all articles of food, they would be condemned. The only excuse that can be made for the habitual use of these yeast powders is, that bread can be made in a much shorter time, but at the expense of the health of the consumer.

The English have laws for the protection of their citizens against these frauds, why not America? If a few independent scientific journals would take up the subject and inform the public of the real contents of the little tin box, which may be found in almost every kitchen here and elsewhere, it would be the means either to cause the manufacturers to correct their products, or drive them entirely out of the market.

Asking the favor of space for the above subject at your convenience, I am very respectfully,

A. CROLL.
Springville, Feb. 26th, 1879.

Colorado Grit.

The wife of a certain well-known rancher living near this place has got the true grit. Her husband was away on business a whole week, recently, and one day while he was absent the pump gave out. The nearest neighbor lived a long distance, so she hoisted up the pipe herself, and found that the trouble lay in the suction leather, which was too much worn to work properly. Away she went and cut a new one, using the old one for a pattern. On returning, she found that a large hog had fallen into the open well. Nothing daunted, she got a strong rope, made a slip-noose, fished it around the squalling porker, and then, lifting as hard as she could, made the end fast to the curb, thus raising the animal partially out of the water and preventing it from drowning. She then harnessed a horse, hitched him to the rope, and, in less time than it takes to tell it, that hog,

All dripping with freshness, arose from the well.

But before the rescue of the parent animal, two of her offspring, crowding too close to the curb, probably to sympathize with their mother's distress, lost balance and were now foundering around in the water at the bottom. Instantly the hog was rescued, our heroine set about the recovery of the pigs. She procured a ladder, which, however, was not long enough to reach the bottom of the well. Necessity is the mother of invention, and procuring a fence-rail, she thrust it through the top round, resting both ends on the curb. Then climbing down the hanging ladder she rescued the two pigs, bringing both safely to the surface. This done, she quietly completed the job by putting in the new suction leather, lowering the pipe into the well, closing the curb and pumping water for her week's washing.—*Livermore Herald*.

She Sewed on His Buttons.

Old Blummer is tight-fisted. Several days ago he said to his wife: "Maria, I want you to look over that broadcloth vest of mine and put new buttons on it, 'cause I'm going to a card party to-night."

"But, Ely," answered Mrs. B., "I haven't any buttons to match that vest, and—"

"Thunder!" broke in Blummer, "the idea of a woman keeping house as long as you have an' pretendin' to be out of buttons. By George, I b'lieve you'll ask me for money to buy 'em with next."

That evening Blummer hurried through his supper and began arraying himself for the card party. Presently he called for the broadcloth vest, and Mrs. B., with marvelous promptitude, handed it to him. He took it, hastily unfolded it, and then, as his eye took in the complete appearance, he stood as one transfixed. It was a six-button vest, and there were six buttons on it, and the dazed optic of Blummer observed that the first, or top one, was a tiny shirt button, and the next one was a brass army overcoat-button, with U. S. gleaming upon it, and the third was an oxydized silver affair, and that number four was a horn button, evidently from the back of one of the Puritan fathers' coats, and then came a suspender button, and then

as the dazzled eyes of old Blummer reached the bottom button—a poker chip (found in Blummer's pocket) with two holes punched through it—he gave a snort that made the chandelier jingle. There is, after all, a fine sense of humor about Blummer, and he laughed till he cried. And there won't be any button money grudging in that household hereafter.—*Chicago Tribune*.

Meteorite Stones Catalogued.

Mr. Charles U. Shepard, of New Haven, Conn., writes to the *Journal* for fuller information concerning the alleged meteoric stone of recent notoriety, and expresses an earnest desire to procure a piece of it to add to his large collection. Mr. Shepard has been informed of the facts, or rather the want of the facts in the case. His letter states that he has been for 40 years a diligent student of meteorology, and that he has accumulated the largest collection of meteoric stones in the United States, if not in the world. He forwards a catalogue of his collection, showing the number of stones and the date and locality of their fall. The collection embraces over 500 meteoric stones and meteoric irons. The total weight of the collection is about 1,200 pounds. The largest iron, procured from Colorado, weighs 438 pounds, and the smallest from Otsego County, New York, weighs half an ounce. The largest entire stone, procured from Muskingum County, Ohio, weighs 56 pounds, and the smallest one from Sweden weighs less than 50 grains. The specimens have been gathered from all parts of the world. The catalogue begins with one which fell November 7, 1492, in Alsace, and ends with one which fell February 12, 1875, in Iowa County, Iowa. There are none between 1492 and 1753, but most of the years since the latter date are represented, and some years by several specimens. Nearly every country in the known world is represented in the list. The entire collection is in one of the buildings of Amherst College. Mr. Shepard makes one statement which will surprise most persons. He says, "There have been several instances of deaths occasioned by meteoric stones. Two monks in different places were thus killed in Italy, and two sailors on ship board in Sweden."—*Indianapolis Journal*.

A Hard Sunday.

The head of a boy about ten years old might have been seen sticking through a picket fence on Beaubien street, Sunday evening, as a loud "yahoo!" signal was given to some one in the house. A lad of "thereabouts" finally opened the door and came out and asked:

"Is that you, Jim? What do yer want?"

"I didn't see yer down where we was ridin' on cakes of ice in the slip," replied the other.

"I know ye didn't. This has been the hardest Sunday I ever put in on earth."

"Dad sick?"

"No, dad's in Saginaw, but ma'm got some gold in her front teeth yesterday, and she was bound to go to church to-day if it killed her. I had to run all over and borrow things for her and then stay home and take keer of sis."

"Is it real gold, Jim?"

"I guess so, for she went in the morning, then in the afternoon, then to a lecture, and she's now gettin' ready for the evenin' sermon an' practicin' on showin' her three front teeth. I'm goin' to run away as soon as grass starts!"—*Detroit Free Press*.

PREACH AGAINST THE MORMONS.

—As he was ascending the pulpit steps, one of the elders button-holed him to whisper this additional caution. "The liquor dealer has just come into the church, and he gives us a little sometimes. I wish you would be particular not to allude to the whiskey business or the temperance question." The young minister getting fairly frightened to see the moral ground thus steadily narrowing before him, inquired: "Whom or what shall I preach against then?" The elder's reply came like an air of triumph, "Preach against the Mormons; they haven't got a friend in town."—*Peck's Sun*, Milwaukee, Wis.

SHORT AND SHARP.

Young swell: "I should like to have my mustache dyed." Polite barber. "Certainly; did you bring it with you?"

A pupil in one of our public school recently revised an old saying found in his grammar, as follows: "It is better to give than to receive—a thrashing."

Mrs. Partington again.—"Poor man!" said the old lady; "and so he's really gone at last? Ninety-eight, was he? Dear, dear! to think how that if he'd lived two years more he'd have been a centurion."

"Why are you looking at me so intently, Alice?" said Theodore. "I was gazing at vacancy," replied Alice, dreamily; and yet there is a twinkle about her mouth that shows her appraisal of the young man.—*Boston Transcript*.

Mr. Emerson says that "every man takes care that his neighbor should not cheat him, but a day comes when he takes care that he does not cheat his neighbor." True, and it is a curious coincidence that his neighbor's funeral always comes off on the same day.—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

A Massachusetts woman was so jealous of her husband's first wife that when he died she refused to allow him to be buried beside her. She remarked to the undertaker at the funeral, "I ain't a going to have that woman a-leaning on Jim's arm at the resurrection-day if I kin help it, you bet."—*Andrew's Bazar*.

"Darn a fool," says Harking, who was vexed, to his wife. "So mote it be," said Mrs. H., flourishing a darning needle; "whereabouts are you worn out?" Harkins said some people are too smart to live long, and he was too awfully angry when his wife congratulated him on his prospects for a long life. Oh, the tongues of these women!

A lady taking tea at a small company, being very fond of hot rolls, was asked to have another. "Really, I cannot," she modestly replied; "I don't know how many I have eaten already." "I do," unexpectedly cried a juvenile upstart, whose mother had allowed him a seat at the table. "You have eaten eight; I've been counting!"

A Providence youngster, fond of visiting museums, of a speculative turn of mind, and very affectionate, startled his mother the other day by remarking that if she died he would stuff her so that he could sit in her lap all the time. He afterward added, "When I die, if I don't go where you are, I'll come back and die over again."

Every boy in the United States is informed at an early age that he is eligible for President of this great Republic. It would be a great deal better if this ideal were not so deeply implanted that it becomes fixed, for then the rush of young men into politics would be less, and we should have fewer scoundrels holding office.—*New York Telegram*.

"How much do you ask for that goose?" inquired a customer of a market woman. "Seven shillings for the two," replied the woman. "But I want only one," said the customer. "I can't help it," answered the woman; "I ain't to sell one without the other. To my certain knowledge them 'ere geese have been together for mor'n thirteen years, and I aint a goin' to be so unfeelin' as to separate 'em now."

A lady of fashion, with a pug dog and a husband, entered the train at Paddington the other day. There were in the carriage but two persons, a well-known professor and his wife; yet the lady of fashion coveted, not indeed his chair, but his seat. "I wish to sit by the window, sir," she said imperiously, and he had to move accordingly. "No, sir; that won't do," she said, as he merely took the next seat. "I can't have a stranger sitting close by me. My husband must sit where you are." Again the professor moved; but his wife fired up and protested. "The lady is too exacting," she said aloud, "you should not have humored her." What does it matter, my dear," he replied, "for such a little way? She must be getting out at the next station." Now, the next station was Hanwell, Lunatic Asylum Place.—*Gentleman's Magazine*.

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NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that a meeting of the citizens of Hennefersville Irrigating District will be held in the school-house, on the 29th day of March, A. D., 1879, at 7 o'clock p.m., for the purpose of electing officers by ballot, and levy a tax to further complete said canal. By order of the Trustees of Hennefersville.

T. H. STEPHENS,
LEHI HENNEFER,
JOHN PASKETT,
Trustees.
WILLIAM H. BATCHELOR,
Secretary.

Hennefersville, March 15th, 1879.

NOTICE

I hereby given that I have entered the SW 1/4 Sec. 10 and N 1/4, SW 1/4 Sec. 15, and E 1/4 Sec. 9, and E 1/4 NE 1/4 Sec. 16, Township 25, South of Range 2 West, for Townsite of Monroe, Sevier Co., U. T., and all persons claiming to own lots or parcels of land in said townsite, are required to file their declaratory statements therewith the Probate Clerk within six months from date hereof as provided by law.

GEO. W. BEAN, Probate Judge,
Richfield, Sevier Co., March 7th, 1879. w8m

NOTICE

I hereby given that I have entered the SW 1/4 Sec. 4 and SW 1/4 Sec. 26, and NW 1/4 and NE 1/4 of SW 1/4 and W 1/4, NE 1/4 Sec. 35 Township 23, South of Range 2 West, for Townsite of Glenwood, Sevier County, U. T., and all persons claiming to own lots or parcels of land in said townsite are required to file their declaratory statements therewith, with the Probate Clerk, within six months from date hereof, as provided by law.

GEO. W. BEAN, Probate Judge,
Richfield, Sevier County, March 7, 1879
w3m

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