California State Analyst.

Royal Baking Powder is Superior to all in Purity and Strength.

"For purity and care in preparation the Royal Baking Powder equals any in the market, and our test shows that it has greater leavening power than any of which we have any knowledge."

W. B. Rising

Prof. Chemistry, University of California,
Analyst California State Board of Health, etc., etc.

No careful housekeeper can afford to use any baking powder but Royal.

New Style of Coon Hunting.

The inhabitants of the mountains west of this place are great coon hunters. Some nights ago Bill Benchoff and Colonel Yingling started out with half a dozen dogs and two boys to carry the pine torches. A coon was raised on the east side of the Monterey, and the dogs chased it down through a deep and rough ravine and up a rocky spur on the west. After a climb of an hour Benchoff and Yingling at last came up with the dogs. They had run the coon into a tree and were snarling and barking around underneath. The boys whirled the torches and Benchoff banged away at what he thought was the coon, but no animal tumbled.

Yingling in the meantime had been tearing paper and trying to ignite a match, but it was damp and would only splutter. Benchoff was deriding him when suddenly a great ball of fire illuminated space. Yingling had succeeded in igniting his match and was emptying a roman candle into the tree.

The first ball struck a branch and burst and the second hit the coon "plumb center." Its fur caught fire and with a yell it came rolling down among the angry dogs. The third ball revealed two more coons in the tree, and Benchoff's rifle dropped one, while Yingling, with the last ball in the candle, hit the limb on which the third coon clung with pitiful terror, and it lost its hold and tumbled into the mouths of the waiting dogs.

They got six more coons that night with the help of Yingling's candles, and now the colonel regularly shoots the romans and Benchoff shoots the gun. They are the most successful coon hunters in all the region.—Gettysburg (Pa.) Sentinel.

Girls in Dry Goods Stores.

"I've made a close study of the working girl," said the superintendent of one of the biggest of the mammoth dry goods stores on Fulton street, "and know her, as a class, to be honorable and self respecting. She earns good wages, too, and as she is prudent and saving often has a modest bank account. Of course my experience does not go beyond the class of girls employed in dry goods stores. I have been in a number of cities in the south and west and am in a position to judge of the moral and intellectual status of the saleswoman as she has appeared to me. The chief characteristic I have noticed in the Brooklyn girl is her independence, not the independence which becomes offensive and unbearable, but the evidence of modest worth and respect which pervades everything she does. Her demeanor is unobtrusive, yet by no means shrinking, and she answers your questions frankly and without hesitation.

"In point of dress the Brooklyn saleswoman is by far the superior of her New York sister. She is always neat and clean, not so much so from necessity as choice. Do I approve of uniformity in dress? Under certain conditions, yes. In big dry goods stores, where saleswomen are apt to be mistaken for patrons, some distinguishing mark is absolutely necessary. I do not approve of what you call a uniform—that is, a kind of livery in which the wearer is made to feel her position—but it is well to have all dressed in dark colors of the same shade."—Brooklyn Eagle.

An Unique Method of Destroying Mice.

Mr. Francis Russel, who for many years was sheriff substitute of Roxburgshire, mentions an extraordinary instance of the increase of mice which occurred a few years ago in the new plantation made by order of the crown in Dean Forest, Gloucester, and in the New Forest, Hants. Various plans were devised for the destruction of the mice—traps were set, poison laid and cats turned out—but nothing appeared to reduce their numbers. It was at last suggested that holes should be dug, into which mice might be enticed, and so accomplish their destruction. Holes were accordingly made about twenty yards apart, and in the proportion of about twelve per acre. These holes were from 18 inches to 20 inches in depth, and 2 feet one way by 1½ feet the other, and were much wider at the bottom, so that the vermin, when once in, could not easily get out again.

In three or four months at least 30,000 mice were caught in this way, and, considering that large numbers were killed in traps, by poison and by animals and birds of prey, it was computed that the destruction of mice in the two forests would probably amount to 200,000.—Pall Mall Budget.

We Charge You Nothing for Our Services.

All the annoyance of looking for a suitable stopping place in San Francisco obviated. Elegant rooms, private bath, in finest hotels to the "cheap but clean" for 50 cents per night. For particulars (free) address

Midwinter Fair Hotel and Boarding Bureau.
No. 14 Post St., San Francisco, Cal.

"August Flower"

Eight doctors treated me for Heart Disease and one for Rheumatism, but did me no good. I could not speak aloud. Everything that I took into the Stomrch distressed me. I could not sleep. I had taken all kinds of medicines. Through a neighbor I got one of your books. I procured a bottle of Green's August Flower and took it. I am to-day stout, hearty and strong and enjoy the best of health. August Flower saved my life and gave me my health. Mrs. Sarah J Cox, Defiance, O.

PISO'S CURE FOR
Consumptives and people who have weak lungs or Asthma, should use Piso's Cure for Consumption. It has cured thousands. It has not injured one. It is not bad to take. It is the best cough syrup. Sold everywhere. 25c.
CONSUMPTION.

FELICITY.

A squalid, hideous town, where streams run black
With vomit of a hundred roaring mills,
Hither occasion calls me, and ev'n here,
All in the sable reek that wantonly
Defames the sunlight and deflowers the morn,
One may at least surmise the sky still blue.
Ev'n here the myriad slaves of the machine
Deem life a boon; and here, in days far sped,
I overheard a kind eyed girl relate
To her companions, how a favoring chance
By some few shillings weekly had increased
The earnings of her household, and she said,
"So now we are happy, having all we wished."
Felicity, indeed! though more it lay
In wanting little than in winning all.

Felicity, indeed! Across the years
To me her tones come back rebuking me,
Spreader of toils to snare the wandering Joy
No guile may capture and no force surprise:
Only by them that never wooed her, won.

Oh, curst with wide desires and spacious dreams,
Too cunningly do ye accumulate
Appliances and means of happiness,
E'er to be happy! Lavish hosts ye make
Elaborate preparation to receive
A shy and simple guest, who, warned of all
The ceremony and circumstance wherewith
Ye mean to entertain her, will not come.
—William Watson in London Spectator.

DISCIPLINE.

During the winter of 1863-4 it was my fortune to be president of one of the court martials of the Army of Northern Virginia. One bleak December morning, while the snow covered the ground and the winds howled around our camp, I left my bivouac fire to attend the session of the court. Winding for miles along uncertain paths I at length arrived at the court ground at Round Oak Church.

Day after day it had been our duty to try the gallant soldiers of that army, charged with violations of military law. But never had I on any previous occasion been greeted with such anxious spectators as on that morning awaited the opening of the court. Case after case was disposed of, and at length the case of "The Confederate States versus Edward Cooper" was called—the charge, desertion. A low murmur rose spontaneously from the battle scarred spectators as a young artilleryman rose from the prisoner's bench and, in response to the question "Guilty, or not guilty?" answered, "Not guilty."

The judge advocate was proceeding to open the prosecution, when the court, observing that the prisoner was unattended by counsel, interposed and said to the accused:

"Who is your counsel?"

"I have no counsel," he replied.

Supposing that it was his intention to represent himself before the court, the judge advocate was directed to proceed. Every charge and specification against the prisoner was sustained. The prisoner was then told to introduce his witnesses.

"I have no witnesses," he replied.

Astonished at the calmness with which he seemed to be submitting to what he regarded as inevitable fate, I said to him:

"Have you no defense? Is it possible you abandoned your comrades and deserted your colors in the presence of an enemy without any reason?"

"There was a reason, but it will not avail me before a military court."

"Perhaps you are mistaken," I replied. "You are charged with the highest crime known to military law, and it is your duty to make known the cause that influenced your actions."

For the first time his manly form trembled and his blue eyes swam in tears. Approaching the president of the court he presented a letter, saying as he did so:

"There, general, is what did it."

I opened the letter, and in a moment my eyes were filled with tears. It was passed from one to another of the court until all had seen it, and those stern warriors, who had passed with Stonewall Jackson through a hundred battles, wept like little children. As soon as I had recovered my self possession I read the letter as the defense of the prisoner. It was in these words:

MY DEAR EDWARD—I have always been proud of you, and since your connection with the Confederate army I have been prouder of you than ever before. I would not have you do anything wrong for the world; but, before God, dear Edward, unless you come home we must die. Last night I was aroused by little Edgar's crying. I called out and said, "What is the matter, Eddie?" and he said, "Oh, mamma, I'm so hungry!" And Lucy, Edward, your darling Lucy, she never complains, but she's growing thinner and thinner every day. And, before God, my dear Edward, unless you come home we must die of starvation.

YOUR MARY.

After reading the letter I turned to the prisoner and said:

"What did you do when you received this letter? Did you apply for a leave of absence to the proper officers?"

"I made application for a furlough and it was rejected; again I made an application and it was rejected; a third time I made application and they refused to grant it. That night as I wandered backward and forward in the camp thinking of my home, with the mild eyes of Lucy looking toward me and the burning words of Mary sinking deep into my brain, I was no longer the Confederate soldier, but I was the father of Lucy and the husband of Mary, and I would have passed those lines if every gun in the battery had fired upon me. I went to my home. Mary ran out to meet me—her angel arms embraced me and she whispered:

"'Oh, Edward, I am so happy! I am so glad you got your furlough!'

"She must have felt me shudder, for she turned as pale as death, and then catching her breath at every word, she said:

"'Have you come without your furlough? Oh, Edward, Edward, go back! Go back! Let me and my children go down together to the grave, but, oh, for heaven's sake, save the honor of your name!'

"I at once returned, and here I am, gentlemen, not brought here by military power, but in obedience to the command of Mary, to abide the sentence of your court."

Every soldier of that court martial felt the force of the prisoner's words. Before them stood in beatific vision the elo[illegible] pleader for a husband's and a father's wrongs, but they had been trained by their great leader, Robert E. Lee, to tread the path of duty though the lightning's flash scorched the ground beneath their feet, and each in turn pronounced the verdict—guilty.

But fortunately for humanity, fortunately for the Confederacy, the proceedings of the court were reviewed by the commanding general, and upon the record was written:

HEADQUARTERS ARMY NORTHERN VIRGINIA.

The finding of the court is approved. The prisoner, Edward Cooper, is pardoned, and will report to his company for duty.

R. E. LEE, General.

During the second battle of Cold Harbor, while shot and shell were falling "like torrents from the mountain cloud," my attention was directed to the fact that one of our batteries was being silenced by the concentrated fire of the Union forces.

When I reached the battery every gun but one had been dismantled, and by it stood a solitary Confederate soldier, with the blood streaming from his side. As he recognized me he elevated his voice above the roar of the battle and said:

"General, I have one shell left. Tell me, have I saved the honor of Mary and Lucy?"

I raised my hat. Once more a Confederate shell went crashing through the Federal ranks, and the hero sank by his gun to rise no more.—General Cullen A. Battle in Drake's Magazine.

Duties of Our Coast Police.

In addition to feeding the hungry, saving the imperiled and guiding the lost, it is also the revenue cutter's duty to suppress mutinies, prevent smuggling, enforce the neutrality laws and the quarantine regulations, protect merchant vessels from piratical attacks, protect wrecked property and guard the timber reserves of the United States against depredations. The constant and frequent inspection of the vast fleet of merchant vessels that trades along our coast forms a very important duty of the service, and one which, if not performed, would be followed by a very general neglect of the customs and navigation laws.

Even with the rigid and constant inspections, from 1,000 to 2,000 violations are detected each year and reported to the proper authorities. It is not alone in the examination of the ship's documents and the ascertaining that she has no smuggled articles on board, that she is engaged in the trade for which she is licensed, that her marine documents are in force, that her regularly authorized captain is in command, etc., that the importance of the boarding duty is most strikingly shown.—Scribner's.

Motions in a Court of Justice.

A rather crude citizen of Seguin, a small town in western Texas, was elected justice of the peace, and the only law book he had was Cushing's Manual. The first case before him was that of a cowboy for stealing a steer. When the case was called the leading lawyer of the town, the Hon. John Ireland by name, was there to defend the prisoner.

"As there is no counsel for the other side," he said, "I make make a motion that the case be dismissed."

The justice looked over his Manual. "A motion has to be seconded," he said.

"I second the motion," promptly responded the prisoner.

"The motion has been seconded that the case be dismissed," said the court. "All in favor will please say 'aye.'" The prisoner and his attorney voted "aye."

"All opposed will say 'no.'" Nobody voted.

"The motion is carried, and the case is dismissed," repeated the court. "A motion to adjourn is now in order."

The prisoner made the motion, and the court adjourned.—Lancaster Law Review.

A Good Idea.

"When my children were little," said a rather original mother, whose methods, although somewhat eccentric, were in the main excellent, "I taught them what we called an 'emergency catechism,' to which they would answer as glibly as possible, standing in a row and saying it together to the great amusement of those who heard them. Here are some of the questions, and the answers you can easily supply for yourself: 'What would you do if you were lost in New York?' 'What would you do in case of fire?' 'In case of being in a runaway?' 'In case of floating off in a boat?' 'In case of drowning, if any one tried to save you?' and a number of other questions of the same nature."

"Did they ever have cause to apply them?" said one amused listener. "Only once," was the answer, "and that was when a pair of ponies that I was driving ran away. The little dears sat perfectly still just as they had been told, but it might have been sheer fright after all."—New York Tribune.

The G. A. R. Reunion at Indianapolis.

In providing for the entertainment of the Grand Army in September the executive committee has kept in view the fact that Indianapolis needs to spread herself in order to outdo other cities, in certain lines at least. The Indiana parade and reunion will be a spectacle for all old soldiers to go wild over. Filled with the enthusiasm of old times, they can go from the bivouacs of the Hoosier boys to those of the corps in which they themselves served. Indiana veterans will of course hold brigade and regimental reunions. Ohio and other nearby states will do the same. Soldiers from any state who served in regiments brigaded with Indianians will drop in around the campfire to shake the fraternal hand. Aside from those chances to meet old friends there will be the reunions of various armies and special veteran societies. The armies of the Cumberland, the Tennessee, the Potomac, the James, the frontier, the Mississippi ram fleet, the United States sharpshooters, the ex-prisoners of war, the Maimed Soldiers' league and the Marine legion have places and days appointed to meet and sound the rallying cheers so familiar when the gray bearded men of today were beardless boys.

Boston Gets an Egyptian Antique.

The red granite column from the remains of the temple at the site of the Biblical Hanes, in Egypt, procured by the Rev. Dr. W. C. Winslow, of the Egypt exploration fund, from the excavations, has just arrived at the Museum of Fine Arts. The capital is an exquisite palm leaf design, and the total weight is from six to seven tons. Only the British museum has so fine a column among its treasures.—Boston Advertiser.

Entitled to Veneration.

Stranger—So that's the United States steamer Michigan, is it? I don't see any thing so remarkable about her.

Old Settler—You don't, hey? Sir, Lake Michigan was named after that boat.—Chicago Tribune.

His Experience.

She—Do come to Bar Harbor, Cousin Tom. I know a nice girl with lots of money.

Cousin Tom (dejectedly, but firmly)—You don't. Nice girls never have a cent.—Life.

All There Was to It.

Famous Author (discovering his story in magazine)—What did you do to this dialect story?

New Typewriter—Why nothing, except correct the spelling.—Brooklyn Life.

Turning the Tables.

Mrs. Crimsonbeak—The cows are in the corn, John.

Mr. Crimsonbeak—All right, dear. The corn will soon be in the cows.—Yonkers Statesman.

An Invention of the Enemy.

Aunt Sarepta—What is a pianoforte, Joshua?

Uncle Josh—Guess it must be a place for the poor players to hide in.—Truth.

Accounted For.

Newman—Love is blind, they say.

Oldby—Yes. I suppose that's why lovers don't seem to have much use for the gas.—Truth.

Happy Thought.

Mr. Garson—There's going to be a fancy dress hop at our hotel tonight, and I am undecided as to what character to assume.

Miss Summer—Why don't you sugar coat yourself and go as a pill?—Brooklyn Life.

ENGAGED.

The little bond that links your life to mine
Seems slight and fragile; do you think 'twill hold
And bear the changes of the coming time,
When life is dark and all is bleak and cold?
And do you think that, purified by pain,
We can take up our lives and love again?

Or when, like the inconstant skies of spring,
Our lives are clouded as her sunny air,
And we know pain that summer could not bring,
Will you not find it all too hard to bear?
And when these storms and weary hours have tried us,
Can we live on and let no power divide us?

Then if this little chain, so frail and weak
It trembles when our lives are fair and bright,
Could find a voice and each small link could speak,
Would it not say 'twas frighted of the night?
If it must break and we must humbly bow,
In pity for my weakness, break it now.

But if you think that it can bear the weight
Of fiery trials as they come and go,
We can take heart and boldly meet the fate
That gives impartially of joy and woe;
And be it summer fair or wintry weather,
We can be brave and meet all, love, together.
—Eva MacDonagh.

THE "GIRLS' POLY."

Some of the Advantages of London's Practical Working Girls' Club.

Perhaps the most complete and practically successful working girls' club that has yet been organized is one that has been provided through the generosity of a good man and his devoted wife. It is in London, at the West End, in Langham place, just beyond Regent street, and adjoining the well known Langham hotel. It is commonly known as the "Girls' Poly," to distinguish it from an institution with which it is closely allied, the Young Men's Polytechnic institute, which is universally known among young people in London as the "Poly." The more precise name of the club in question is the "Young Women's institute."

The fees for institute membership are very small—eighteen pence per quarter, or five shillings ($1.25) per year. The establishment is open in all its parts for the benefit of the members, from 6:30 to 10 in the evenings. The membership fee gives free use of sitting rooms, library, reading and music rooms, game rooms, recreation grounds and numerous other advantages, and also entitles the fortunate young women to admission at low tuition rates to an immense range of classes and entertainments.

The purely club features of the place are highly prized by the girls. It is no small thing for them to have a bright, cheerful establishment that they regard as their own, where they may resort in the evenings, and in connection with which they have access to so much that is diverting and instructive. It is needless to emphasize the importance of such a privilege, to any one who knows how the average young workingmen and women of our great cities are obliged to live.

In the refreshment rooms the member may procure her cup of tea and light lunch, at a cost decidedly less than elsewhere. And there is served in the capacious dining room an excellent and substantial dinner, in courses, at sixpence. For fourpence, a very good but less bountiful dinner may be had by the more economical young women of business. These privileges are, of course, limited to members. The institute dining rooms are vastly more pleasant than the cheap restaurants or lunchrooms to which the girls might otherwise be compelled to resort, and the food at the institute is incomparably better in quality and cheaper in price.

All the influences of the place are homelike, wholesome and improving. There seems to be a tacit understanding among the young women who meet in these agreeable quarters that they must be on their best behavior—must "live up to their blue china," so to speak.—Albert Shaw in Scribner's.

Impatient.

Apropos of the difficulty even their fair owners experience in locating ladies' pockets an English paper tells a story of a lady who, arrayed in a new frock, took a hansom the other day and on alighting hunted vainly for the entrance to the pocket where she had confidingly placed her purse. The quest was so unduly prolonged that at last her charioteer, who was not a man of refinement, remarked from his perch, "Now, then, marm, when you've quite done a-scratchin of your back will you pay me my fare?"—Argonaut.

His Inspiration Checked.

"Great Scott!" exclaimed the worried looking man with a tooth marked lead pencil, "can't you keep that baby quiet?"

"I'm doing my best," answered his wife. "He's only laughing."

"I can't help that. It's noise. And I've got to finish this poem about 'What Our Darling Prattler Says' for The Cherub's Own before night or they won't use it."—Washington Star.

No Harm to See.

Mr. Sappy—Do you like men?

She—I don't know. You might bring one around some evening.—Brooklyn Life.

Ready Appreciation.

Guide—I have brought you to this point, miss, in order that your first view of the great Manufactures building may enable you to grasp in some measure its stately, magnificent, yet simple, grandeur.

Young Woman (in wheeled chair)—Oh, isn't it nice!—Chicago Tribune.

Fitting.

"I want to get a professional nurse," said the man whose wife rather enjoys being ill.

"What for?" asked his friend, the doctor.

"For a professional invalid," said the man, with a wan, faraway smile.—Vogue.

An Insuperably Fatal Obstacle.

"I don't believe the detectives will catch him."

"Why not?"

"They claim to have a clew."—Truth.

THREE ON A BENCH.

The Boy Had a Future, the Crook a Past; the Vagrant Had Nothing.

It was 3 o'clock in the morning. The electric lights were still blazing in the silence of Madison square. A number of shabby figures slumbered or moved about on the seats beneath the trees of the park. On a bench beside the little fountain sat a group that arrested my attention. Three figures were reclining here with their heads and shoulders almost touching one another. One was but little more than a boy. A bundle done up in a calico handkerchief was in his hand. His sunburned face and his sturdy shoulders gave evidence that he was from the country—probably a farmhand who had trudged in to try his luck in the city. His boots were covered with red clay. He was leaning against a thin figure clad in somewhat shabby garments.

This man possessed a dark and sinister countenance. He was restless, and his hands, which were thin and white, twitched nervously in his sleep. His lips moved spasmodically. His was an evil conscience. There was plainly a shady side to his past life. Here were deceit and honesty side by side. Next to the dark man slumbered a very old and decrepit one. He was clad in a linen duster. A battered gray hat sat on his head, and his toes were peeping out from the tips of his worn shoes. The face of this old fellow was seamed with deep and careworn wrinkles. His hair and beard were snowy white. He was possessed of a palsy that made him tremble constantly as he lay dozing. It was youth, manhood and old age—typical of life.

These three reclined here in a stolen sleep. A park policeman came gliding along from the distance through the twilight of the trees. He crept along like a gray ghost on the lookout for those weary souls who were transgressing the law by surreptitious slumber. His eye lighted with satisfaction as he beheld the three figures on the bench. "You see that seedy fellow in the middle?" he whispered. "That's Tony McElroy, who cracked three safes over in Jersey City last summer. I spotted him at once by his mug. He just come out of the pen last Tuesday."

The officer seized the crook by the collar and shook him till his teeth rattled. The noise awakened the boy, who grasped the situation at once. Seizing his bundle he skurried like a rabbit across the grass toward Twenty-third street. Once feeling himself safe he stretched his limbs and began to whistle cheerfully. The crook arose and stood in sullen silence a few moments until the policeman pushed him on. He thrust his hands into his pockets, humped up his shoulders and shambled up the avenue. The old vagrant tottered to his feet. He was dazed, and it took him quite awhile to collect his senses. He shuffled across the square with bowed head. He scanned the buildings and the streets about him with a hopeless, helpless glance that was pathetic to see. Then he, too, vanished in the gray of breaking dawn.

The boy had a life of hope before him the crook had a past behind him, but the old vagrant had neither past nor future.—New York Recorder.

A Legend About Lacemaking.

Lacemaking is by no means so old an industry as most persons suppose. There is no proof that it existed previously to the fifteenth century, and the oldest known painting in which it appears is a portrait of a lady in the academy at Venice, painted by Caspaccio, who died about 1523. The legend concerning the origin of the art is as follows: A young fisherman of the Adriatic was betrothed to a young and beautiful girl of one of the isles of the lagoon. Industrious as she was beautiful, the girl made a new net for her lover, who took it with him, on board his boat. The first time he cast it into the sea he dragged therefrom an exquisite petrified wrack grass which he hastened to present to his fiancee. But war breaking out the fisherman was pressed into the service of the Venetian navy. The poor girl wept at the departure of her lover and contemplated his last gift to her. But while absorbed in following the intricate tracery of the wrack grass she began to twist and plait the threads weighted with small beads which hung around her net. Little by little she wrought an imitation of the petrification, and thus was created the bobbin lace.—Washington Star.

The Shillelah.

The shillelah is not a mere stick picked up for a few pence or cut casually out of the common hedge. Like the Arab mare, its grows to maturity under the fostering care of its owner.

The shillelah, like the poet, is born, not made. Like the poet, too, it is a choice plant, and its growth is slow. Among 10,000 blackthorn shoots, perhaps not more than one is destined to become famous, but one of the 10,000 appears of singular fitness. As soon as discovered it is marked and dedicated for future service. Everything that might hinder its development is removed, and any offshoot of the main stem is skillfully cut off. With constant care it grows thick and strong upon a bulbous root that can be shaped into a handle.—McClure's Magazine.

A Forcible Way of Putting It.

A nautical term comes with a kind of a shock in art criticism, but there was a certain pertinency in the remark of the good mayor of Gloucester, Mass., who said, speaking of the picture of a predecessor in his office, that it was a pretty good likeness, but with a man of his style of features a profile view would never be as effective as though it were taken a little more "head on."—New York Times.

A New Message.

It was not without meaning that the hilts of some swords were put into the metal of the Columbian Liberty bell, which is to ring in the victories of peace and international brotherhood. "A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another," is the inscription around its rim.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Hunting Bears in Maine.

"Charles Smith, the Jackson bear hunter," said a trapper, "followed a track through the snow some winters ago and finally it disappeared in a ledge. He was bound not to give it up that way, so he made him a torch, and taking it in one hand and his single shot rifle in the other he entered the den. He wasn't long in spotting a pair of eyes in advance of him and he fired. Retreating until he was satisfied the bear must be dead he again entered, but there the eyes were, apparently as before. Again he fired, and when he next entered the cave he found he had killed two bears and both big ones."—Lewiston Journal.

A Woman's Revenge.

Husband—Mercy on us! Where did you get this set of Royal Worcester china?

Wife (calmly)—I bought it.

Husband—Bought it? Great snakes! Why did you buy such ruinously expensive ware?

Wife (with suppressed emotion)—I had to buy it to match that nicked saltcellar you got at Joblott's for ten cents and gave me for a present.—New York Weekly.

A HERALD OF THE INFANT YEAR.

Clip the last thirty years or more from the century, and the segment will represent the term of the unbounded popularity of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. The opening of the year 1894 will be signalized by the appearance of a fresh Almanac of the Bitters, in which the uses, derivation and action of this world-famous medicine will be lucidly set forth. Everybody should read it. The calendar and astronomical calculations to be found in this brochure are always astonishingly accurate, and the statistics, illustrations, humor and other reading matter rich in interest and full of profit. The Hostetter Company of Pittsburg, Pa., publish it themselves. They employ more than sixty hands in the mechanical work, and more than eleven months in the year are consumed in its preparation. It can be obtained, without cost, of all druggists and country dealers, and is printed in English, German, French, Welsh, Norwegian, Swedish, Holland, Bohemian and Spanish.

For the buyer a hundred eyes are too few; for the seller one is enough.

A GOOD PHYSICIAN.

He is the best physician who takes advantage of any remedy that offers the right kind of relief. Some medicines relieve, but for the moment only. Their ultimate effect is to increase the suffering.

ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS are a universal favorite with good physicians, and are always recommended by them for local pains of every kind. In all cases of lame or weak back, stiffness of the joints, rheumatism, indigestion, kidney trouble, they are by far the best external remedy. Not only do ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS relieve pain, but they have no after ill effects. They are GOOD, ONLY GOOD, THOROUGHLY GOOD.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS rectify the secretions.

A contemporary says that "Lilinokalani ought to blush." She can't.

HOITT'S SCHOOL FOR BOYS,

Millbrae, San Mateo county, Cal., prepares boys for university or business. Graduates admitted to the State and Stanford Universities without examination. Next term begins January 2 1894. Send for catalogue. Ira G. Hoitt, Ph. D., Master.

Paysloe (during a heated dispute over his little bill)—Do you think I'd tell a lie for 10 cents? Cigarsell—Yes, or three for a quarter.

ASTHMA SUFFERERS

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