

University of California.

Your committee have made a very careful examination of the ROYAL BAKING POWDER, and are satisfied that it fulfills all the requirements which the public can make of a baking powder. For purity and care in preparation it equals any in the market, and

Our test shows that it has greater leavening power than any other of which we have any knowledge.

M.B. Rainey
Prof. Chemistry, University of California, and State Analyst.

W. D. Keuzee
Prof. Chemistry, College Pharmacy of the University of California.

All other baking powders contain either alum or ammonia.

THE APOLOGY.

Child not here for his happy find
The rest remains of country love
I sing as well the brook and wind
The green below, the blue above.

Here shall you read of spinning crew,
The chestnut with its downy neck,
Sometimes shall glow the glowing trees,
And Laura's snow without a speck.

The crab that sets the mouth awry,
The chestnut with its downy neck,
The sparrow's nest, the sparrow's nest,
The pool where drowsy cattle drink,
The stock where Colin hides to catch
The milkmaid with her head bowed,
The stag's leap, a poet's match,
That travels up the great blue road:
The cherry when the blackbird holds
Steady his mouthful as he goes,
The glimmer of the sparrow's neck,
The valiant piping of the breeze—
All, all are here, the rustic Muse
Shall sing the pansy and the thush,
Ah, child not if it sometimes comes
The country love, the country love.

—N. H. GAIN.

THE BLACK PEARL.

The harbor of Acapulco is an ideal one for shelter, and after the steamer is once at anchor it is a source of mystery to the passengers who have not been on deck how she ever entered the quiet little bay. The high, blue hills, the tropical green down to the water's edge, along the shore the tiled and thatched houses—among the oldest on the coast—and on the rising ground to the right the ancient fort and military prison—all these make a sight that is a lover of the picturesque with enthusiasm.

The waters about the steamer are thick with the boats and dugouts of the brown women and dirty native boys peddling fruit, shells, pearls and a world of indescribables, all keeping up a constant din of jabbering jargon, that with the hundreds of half naked natives passing from the ship to the lighters discharging cargo, makes an exciting scene, in sharp contrast to the peaceful outlook on the shore beyond.

From the ship the city seems but a collection of small adobe, scattered here and there along the hillside, with an occasional long white building in view. But no sooner has the traveler passed the gates of the custom house than a little city of 100 inhabitants has gathered under the shadow of the hill, with thriving stores through which dark eyed senoritas and men in white linen or bespangled velvet, many of the latter with the flaming sash hanging over the shoulder.

Edmund Warren represented an American house. He had taken the place of the traveler who for years had made the annual visit to the Mexican seaport. He had never seen Acapulco before, nor had Henry Sanford, who accompanied him on this trip. They had only just landed and were standing on the pier, looking at the hotel in time to enjoy a delicious comedia, when they felt an impulse to join the throng which filled the clean paved streets as evening came and night soon followed the footsteps of the straggling day.

Passing down the street leading by the docks, the market and the plaza, just back of the custom house, a small space under sheltering palms opened to view, where night after night the lower classes assembled to watch the fandango. The crowd of dark skinned men and women, all dressed in the garb of the locality, stood in the dim light of the long torches planted here and there among the throng, like ghosts of departed senoritas and caballeros. All were watching the couples dancing the monotonous clog quadrille on the low platform to the music of drum, tambourine and guitar. With hands on hips and heads thrown back, the dancers faced each other on the boards arms' length apart, and the constant stamping of feet and feet and feet, and so effectively as it is evident enough to laymen that ammonia is just a smell. A big, strong smell, to be sure, and able to work, but still a smell. It is not judiciously clever to have harnessed so elusive a thing and make it go on wheels? It is nature's own way. When there is an albedoid effluvia anywhere, it is not man's, she is busy with something and has provided energy which very likely needs supervision.

Nature is enormously effectual, but she will not work for man unless he makes her. She discriminates, but her point of view is not man's. She is a wonderful scavenger, but she is just as ready to carry off a live baby as a dead horse. Everybody knows her method of cleaning the streets. The more colossal the odor the harder she is at it. It is not a smell, it is a smell. It is a smell that is a glad thought that now that some one has found out how to put smells to work we may hope that presently the filth in city streets can be justly regarded as a proper apparatus and made to carry itself away.

Soon it may come to pass that the farmers will plow their land with the smell of the phosphates they use to fertilize it, and the man that the girl wears on her handkerchief at the theater will be taught to hold her hat instead of being, as now, a mere life vanity and an offense to her neighbor.—Harper's Weekly.

THE STRANGE, BUT TRUE.

We read of strange happenings and events, sometimes, like that of a man who was caught by a revolving wheel and so threatened death and, in fact, his body turned blue from the bruises. A doctor writes of a man who fell from a ladder and was covered with iron. He, the doctor, applied St. Jacobs Oil in the morning, he says, all the blue spots had disappeared. There is another way of feeling in an all over, and that is after the endurance of pain and aches for a long time without relief. Use the great remedy for pain at once; it will cure and change the color of your veins.

—M. L. PAINE IN GOOD HOUSEKEEPING.

THE GRAPEVINE SWING.

Blatantly whistling, with agile swing,
Down the farmer's boy to the grapevine swing
To find his high and low,
Up where the winds the branches blow,
Puffing to the lighty pass
Sprung the boy to the blue eyed grass,
In the shade of the maple tree,
Higher the branches strike his breast,
There at the top of the grapevine swing
Drooping, drooping, softly down,
With a flying glimpse of the distant town,
Swinging lower and still more slow,
Lily rocking in an emerald glow,
A tremulous pause in the vine perfume,
Springing at length where the grass yields,
He follows the men to the hayting field,
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A Wealthy Vagrant.

A ragged and dirty vagrant who gave the name of John Walsh, 44 Hayward street, Brooklyn, was arrested the other day by Policeman McGowan at the corner of Fulton and Cumberland streets in that city. He was charged with loitering and vagrancy.

When the sergeant took stock of the contents of the man's pockets, he nearly fainted with astonishment. First a roll of bills amounting to \$30 was found, then an Emigrant Savings bank book showing deposits of \$2,300 turned up, and lastly the officer took from an inside pocket a book issued by the Provident Savings bank of Jersey City, which gave John Walsh credit for having \$1,000 in the bank's keeping. Then the man himself produced from another pocket a certificate of deposit in an English bank which added \$2,000 to his assets.

In the Butler street court the wealthy vagrant was fined \$5, which he paid with some reluctance from the roll of bills found upon him.—New York Advertiser.

Fighting in the Transvaal.

A novel method of knocking out an enemy's brains is described by a gentleman who was camping some years ago in the Transvaal. Everything had been made snug for the night, and before turning in he was sitting with some of his companions about the fire. Soon an altercation sprang up between two of his attendants, a Mashona and Makololo, who were standing not far off. The object of discussion was a piece of meat they were broiling.

One word led to another, writes the traveler, till both men became extremely angry, and although I did not understand they were doubtless using the common billingsgate that they command. At length both rushed to the wagon. My servant whispered in my ear, "Assagai, boss!" so I sprang up to prevent them from obtaining these weapons, of which an abundant supply was fastened on the outside.

Frustrated in their attempt to arm themselves, they rushed upon each other. I would have interfered but that my countryman quietly said, "Let them fight it out, or you will have no peace." I let them do so.

Immediately they clasped each other and commenced butting their heads together like a pair of sheep. The blows were terrific and sounded almost as loud as a well executed clap of the hands. There was no attempt at boxing, only hitting and so effectively as it is performed that blood began to flow from both of the antagonists' noses. After a lapse of five minutes employed in this kind of exciting work both sat down to recover breath in order to renew the encounter.

Then I interfered, and about half an hour later I saw the combatants sitting at the same fire and chatting to each other most cordially, as if the recent fight had no place even in their memories.

Fights at the Mention of Hood.

The district court is somewhat undecided as to what is the best course to pursue in the case of the State versus William Miller, charged with carrying another colored man named Clark with a knife. The trouble arises from the fact that Juror Oswald is taken with a fit every time blood is mentioned, and the case has to rest until he recovers. The very mention of a wound or the showing of a knife sends him into a fit of shivers, and the attorneys are struggling along in an effort to conduct the case without the use of graphic details. That is practically impossible. The court cannot release the jury and try the case again, as the rule that a juror cannot be tried twice, except in case of a disagreement. The case is a peculiar one.—Memphis Cor. Chicago Herald.

LIVELY FIGHT WITH A SHARK.

Unreeling Experience With a Man Eater by a Man Who Was Fishing.

William Miller, an attorney of Denison, Tex., had an experience with a shark while fishing at Rockport in the Gulf. "I hired a small sailboat," said Mr. Miller in relating his unpleasant experience, "and was out some distance from land when I baited my hook and cast it out. I used a new clothesline 100 to 150 feet long for a cord, and the hook was quite large, probably six to seven inches long.

"I felt a jerk, and in an instant the line was under the boat's rudder. I asked the boatman to reverse the sail in order that the line could be cleared. I was told that the fish was not big, but as the boom swung around it caught me on the back between the shoulders. I was tumbled overboard head foremost in the water, some 40 to 50 feet deep. As I struck the water the fish that I had caught, a man eating shark, laid hold of me with its mouth open to the throat. I was fearful, and I felt myself jerked rapidly down toward the bottom of the sea.

"In my fall I did not relax my hold on the line, and as soon as I realized my position I knew that my life depended on my ability to hold on to the cord. The struggle I know was not long, but to me it seemed like an age. The cord was fastened to a beam in the boat, and inch by inch I gained on my antagonist, and as soon as I appeared on the surface the boatman came to my assistance. The shark was then cut off from my leg and my body was entirely out of the water, and even then it did not let go until the boatman knocked it off with an oar. When I was safely on the inside, however, we pulled for the shore, and as my hook was securely fastened in the mouth of the shark no trouble was experienced in landing the fish. It was between 5 and 6 feet long."—Chicago Post.

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A Veteran's Call on the President.

"I am 90 years old and was here in the days of Webster and Calhoun. I simply called to see the president and pay my respects."

This was the statement made to the doorkeeper at the White House recently by an old man whose hair was snow white, whose form was bent with age, but whose step was firm as that of any of the callers who throng the way.

The venerable visitor was ex-Senator Bradbury of Maine. He was not readily recognized by the doorkeeper, so he was requested to wait out in the corridor until some of the senators and representatives who thronged the cabinet room had been disposed of by the president. The mistake was afterward corrected, and Mr. Bradbury was invited to take a more comfortable and excited seat in the cabinet room. He made himself known to ex-Representative Dunnell of Minnesota, who in turn introduced him to several congressmen, who listened interestedly to his recollections of congressional life many years ago.—Washington Letter.

Odors as Motors.

It is reported that ammonia is to furnish the coming street car motor. Now, the chemists may not admit it, but it is evident enough to laymen that ammonia is just a smell. A big, strong smell, to be sure, and able to work, but still a smell. It is not judiciously clever to have harnessed so elusive a thing and make it go on wheels? It is nature's own way. When there is an albedoid effluvia anywhere, it is not man's, she is busy with something and has provided energy which very likely needs supervision.

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A New Class of Compounds.

The "nitro metals" are a new class of compounds discovered by Salabater and Senderens. They have found that reduced copper absorbs, in the cold, the vapors of nitrogen peroxide, heat being disengaged during the process. The product is a maroon colored compound, the composition of which is represented by the formula CuNO₂. This is nitro-copper. A similar compound has been obtained with cobalt.—New York Journal.

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THE BRITISH GROWING THIEF.

Is the spending power of the British people diminishing, or are we, as a nation, learning the painful lesson of thrift in little things? It is a remarkable fact in connection with the holiday season that at a large place in London entertainment the receipts in the reform department on Easter Monday were lower than in previous years by about 20 per cent. The demeanor of the visitors to this establishment left nothing to be desired. They were orderly, sober and in every way well behaved. Yet, for some reason or other, they or their families did not appear to stand in as much need of solid and liquid nourishment as in times gone by. This falling off, it may be remarked, was not only or chiefly in alcoholic drinks. It extended to every article of the non-indulgent cup of tea and the harmless, necessary sandwich.—London Telegraph.

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