California State Analyst.

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

War Excitement in the Metropolis.

The recent war talk tested the patriotism of the members of the National Guard in this city with flattering results. Several of the retired veterans of the Seventh regiment, for instance, hastened to get themselves enrolled on the active list in order that they might be ready to go to the front with the old regiment if the occasion should require. In a few instances new uniforms were ordered by veterans who had outgrown their old ones.

Another thing that the war talk did was to bring out in full force the "extra" howlers. These noisy tricksters permeated the entire city for several days. They stirred up the down town business sections at noon and startled the people in the residence streets in the evenings. On two or three occasions the papers they sold actually contained some news about the Chilian situation but in the majority of cases there was nothing to justify the harrowing cry of "Extra!" and not infrequently the buyer of an "extra" would find himself in possession of a newspaper one day old for which he paid five times the regular price. Two enterprising shouters went through several usually quiet streets on the west side above Fiftieth street one evening and worked off a few hundred copies of a cheap illustrated paper nearly a month old. They had probably bought the lot at so much per pound, and they sold the papers at five cents a copy.—New York Times.

The longest single telegraph wire span in the world is that across the River Kistnah, between Bezorah and Sectamazon, India. Stretched from one mountain to another, the wire is more than 6,000 feet in length.

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To introduce our Powder, we have determined to distribute among the consumers a number of CASH PRIZES. To the person or club returning us the largest number of certificates on or before June 1, 1894, we will give a cash prize of $100, and to the next largest, numerous other prizes ranging from $5 to $75 IN CASH.

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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

They Were Abreast the Fashion.

It was a town in Texas, and a good many families from the north had settled there; men and women reared amid refinement, who had had some of the edges knocked off it in the rough and tumble life of a new state, but who still recognized the worth of it, acknowledged their lapses somewhat sadly to themselves and were anxious to pick up any of the new wrinkles of polite society.

A wealthy New Yorker, who had a brother-in-law and some investments in the town, went down there one winter, on the way to Mexico, for his health. It was decided to give him a dinner, at which the local Texan gentlefolk could meet the rich visitor and his fashionable wife, who was with him.

The dinner went off with success. The rich man was a jovial fellow and his wife affable. The Texans, however, felt a little nervous lest they should commit some breach of the proprieties, and they watched their guests' manners closely. Now, the rich man was a big eater, not to say a greedy one, and his wife had to watch over his meals on account of his health. He wanted some ice cream, and she protested to him, under her breath, that it would surely make him ill. He insisted, and she dilated on the discomforts of sickness in a Texan town. It was no use. Finally she said: "Well, if you will have it, Henry, put some brandy on it, for pity's sake. That may save you from cramps in your stomach, which your obstinacy richly deserves and the cream is almost sure to give you."

So the rich man poured a liberal dose of brandy over his ice cream, under protest, declaring that the compound was far from a luxury. When he glanced around the table and was about to apologize for his queer taste, he saw people on both sides of the table gravely deluging their ice cream with brandy.—New York Tribune.

Irritating Sensibilities.

"What are you going to do," laughed a young matron, "when you are born with tastes and sensibilities all out of harmony with your income. In our little apartment the thing that jars most upon me is the perpetual presence of the maid. Even if I do not see her, I can always hear her, for she gets the most atrociously squeaky shoes it has ever been my lot to listen to. I have spoken about the matter several times and persuaded her to immerse the soles of one pair in linseed oil all night, only to be met with a firm refusal to repeat the operation when a new pair was necessary. 'Twas the ile, mum, that wore them so quick,' and nothing I can say will change her opinion.

"I might send her away, but I should only get some one to irritate me in some other way. My last maid did not brush her teeth. I told her pleasantly that she ought to brush them every day, and when she said she had lost her brush (I don't suppose she ever had any), I bought one, with a jar of powder, which I presented as delicately as possible. Her teeth were, however, beyond mere brushing, and finally, after some hesitation over the expense, I decided to send her to a dentist for a thorough cleaning of the teeth, after which I hoped brush and powder would keep them presentable.

"But I had miscalculated my material. She refused absolutely to enter a dentist's room, much less sit in his chair. A cousin of her's had had a tooth drawn by one of them 'all unbeknowns' mum, when he said he'd only look at it,' and my persuasions availed nothing. So you see I've given up trying to soften my afflictions and only deplore that I notice them."—Her Point of View in New York Times.

A Suggestion Concerning Late Dinners

If we could all see that amusements, that society, the frequent intercourse of friendships, the intellectual meetings of minds are as important to the human well being as any other cultivation, or as any earthly acquisition, we should be willing to set apart some time for society as its due. Now, how is it? We give up the day to two things, work and eating—even the latter not being so much enjoyed as it should be for want of time. The claims of society are crowded into the fag end of the evening. People, by that time, are not in very good trim for society, and especially for another meal. They have little life to give to company, and if, in response to the tender hospitality, they go to a friend's house and eat a fourth meal, they do so with little enjoyment and at the expense of health. All this might be changed without violence to our business or to our reasonable customs.

Take the case of evening parties. Instead of calling them at late hours, in winter, say, let them be held not later than 8 o'clock. Let the supper or dinner, as the case may be, be served as soon as the guests arrive, so that it would take the place of a regular meal. This would only require men and women to abandon their usual avocations an hour earlier than usual. In a word, to take into account social life as a necessity. Assembling at 6, the company could disperse at about the usual time now of gathering together. There are few people who will not agree that this would be a sensible practice.—New York Ledger.

Millions of Red Herring.

The waters of the inlet at this time of the year are fairly alive with red herring. The general belief is that shipping will drive these fish from any waters, but any one standing on the deck of a boat lying in the stream can see millions of them now. Saturday afternoon several boys were observed fishing in the old Indian fashion, and they secured a lot of fish. The Indian method is as follows: Take a slender pole about twenty feet long and drive in on one side a dozen or two of tenpenny nails; then sitting in the bow of the boat, propel it by paddling with the pole. The pole, in passing through the water, catches the fish on the nails. In this way a large quantity may be caught in a short time.—Vancouver Telegram.

YESTERDAY AND TOMORROW.

Joys have three stages, Hoping, Having and Had;
The hands of Hope are empty, and the heart of Having is sad;
For the joy we take, in the taking dies; and the joy we Had is its ghost.
Now, which is the better—the joy unknown, or the joy we have clasped and lost?
—John Boyle O'Reilly.

THE GRAY WOLF.

Here is what was recounted to us by the old Marquis d'Arville after dinner at the house of the Baron des Ravels, Saint-Hubert.

We had started a stag during the day. The marquis was the only one of the guests who had not taken part in the pursuit. He never indulged in the chase. During the entire time of the repast we had talked of little else than the massacre of animals. Even the women interested themselves in the sanguinary and often incredible tales, and the speakers mimicked the attacks and the combats between men and beasts, gesticulating with their arms and conversing in excited tones.

M. d'Arville spoke well, with a certain air of poetry, a trifle sonorous, but full of effect. He had often repeated this history, therefore he spoke fluently, not hesitating to find choice words in which to depict his images.

"Messieurs," he said, "I have never hunted, nor did my father, my grandfather or my great-grandfather. This last was the son of a man who hunted more than all of you. He died in 1764. I will tell you how.

"He was named Jean, was married and was the father of this child, who was my great-grandfather, and he lived with his younger brother, Francois d'Arville, in our chateau in the midst of a forest in Lorraine. Francois d'Arville had remained a bachelor through love of the chase. These two hunted from one year's end to the other, without repose, without stop, without lassitude. They loved nothing else, understood nothing else, talked of nothing else, lived for nothing else than the chase. This terrible, inexorable passion possessed them to the heart, had invaded them entirely, leaving no place for anything else.

"They had prohibited any one from interrupting them during the chase for any purpose whatever. My great-grandfather was born while his father was following a fox, and Jean d'Arville, instead of interrupting the run, swore, 'In the name of the saints, the rascal might better have waited until after the hunt!'

"His brother Francois was even more carried away by this passion than himself. From the time he arose in the morning he went to see the dogs, then the horses, then the shot birds in the immediate vicinity of the chateau, up to the time of leaving to start some larger game. They were known throughout the neighboring country as M. le Marquis and M. le Cadet, the nobles of that day not endeavoring like those of our own time to establish a descending hierarchy in titles; because the son of a marquis is no more a count, nor the son of a viscount a baron than the son of a general is a colonel by birth; but the shabby vanity of our day finds profit in this arrangement. I return to my ancestors.

"They were, it appears, huge, long-hairy, violent and vigorous. The younger, even taller than the elder, had a voice so strong that, according to a legend of which he was the hero, all the leaves of the forest trembled when he shouted. And when they leaped into the saddle to depart for the chase it was a superb spectacle to see these two giants bestriding their great horses.

"Now, toward the depth of the winter of this year, 1764, the cold was excessive and the wolves became ferocious. They attacked the belated country people, wandered around the houses at night, howling from the setting to the rising of the sun, and depopulating the stables.

"And soon a weird rumor circulated. They talked of a colossal wolf, with gray hair, almost white, who had eaten two children, devoured a woman's arm, strangled all the watchdogs of the country, and who penetrated without fear into the inclosures to sniff under the doors. All the inhabitants declared that they had heard his snuffle, and that it had made the flames of the lamp flicker. And soon a panic ran through all the province. Nobody dared go out after nightfall. The darkness seemed to be haunted by images of the beast.

"The d'Arville brothers resolved to find this animal and kill it, and they accordingly summoned all the gentlemen of the country to a grand chase. It was in vain. They hunted the forest over and searched the thickets, but did not encounter it. They killed plenty of wolves, but not this one. And each night, after the chase, the animal, as though to avenge itself, attacked some traveler or devoured some cattle, always far from the place where they had been searching for it. At last one night it penetrated the pig stable of the Chateau d'Arville and ate the two finest porkers. The two brothers were inflamed with anger, considering this attack as a bravado from the monster, a direct injury, a defiance. They took all their strong bloodhounds, accustomed to the pursuit of redoubtable beasts, and entered the chase, their hearts provoked to fury.

"From dawn until the hour when the purple sun descended behind the great bare trees, they beat the thickets without finding anything. Finally, both furious and desolate, and astonished that all their skill had been baffled by this wolf, they were walking their horses along a path bordered by bushes, when they were suddenly seized by a sort of mysterious fear.

"'This beast is not an ordinary one,' said the oldest. 'One would almost say that he had human attributes.'

"'We should have a ball blessed by our cousin, the bishop,' said the younger; 'or have some priest pronounce the necessary words.' He ceased speaking.

"'See how red the sun is,' replied Jean. 'The big wolf will do some wickedness this night.'

"He had hardly spoken these words when his horse reared; that of Francois began kicking. A large clump of bushes covered with dead leaves opened in front of them, and a colossal beast, all gray, sprang up and ran off into the woods. Both brothers emitted a sort of joyous grunt, and bending over the chests of their stupid horses they threw them forward with all their strength, rushing them ahead at such a pace, shouting them, urging them on with voice, gesture and spur, that the powerful riders seemed to carry their heavy beasts between their thighs, and to lift them up as though they would fly away with them. They went thus, belly to the ground, breaking through the thickets, crossing the ravines, climbing the hills, descending the glens and sounding the horn with full lungs to attract the attention of their companions and their dogs.

"All of a sudden, in this wild run, my great-great-grandfather dashed his forehead against an enormous branch, which split his skull, and he fell to the ground stone dead. His horse, mad with fright, disappeared in the shadows that enveloped the wood.

"The younger d'Arville stopped short, jumped to the ground, seized his brother in his arms and saw that his brains were pouring from the wound, with his blood. Then he seated himself beside the body, took the red and disfigured head upon his knee and contemplated the immobile face of his elder brother. Little by little a fear invaded him, a singular fear which he had never felt before; the fear of the shadow, the fear of the solitude, fear of the deserted wood, also fear of the fantastic wolf which had killed his brother to venge itself upon them.

"Darkness was falling rapidly, and the sharp cold made the trees crackle. Francois rose up shivering, incapable of remaining there longer, feeling himself almost fainting. One could hear nothing, neither the voices of the dogs, nor the sound of horns; all was silent. And this gloomy silence of freezing night had in it something horrible and strange.

"He seized the colossal frame of Jean in his hands, lifted it up and laid it across the saddle, in order to carry it back to the chateau. Then he slowly started to return, his mind wandering as if he were tipsy and pursued by horrible and startling images. Suddenly in his pathway through the night a monstrous form passed.

"It was the beast.

"A shock of fright agitated the hunter; something cold, like a drop of water, glided along his loins, and, like a friar haunted by the devil, he made the sign of the cross. He was distracted by this sudden reappearance of the frightful wanderer. But his eyes fell upon the inert corpse lying before him, and his fear immediately changing into choler, he shook with rage. Then he spurred his horse and dashed after the wolf. He followed it through the copse, through ravines and through the forest, traversing woods which he no longer recognized, his eye fixed upon the gray spot which flew before him in the night. His horse also seemed animated by an unknown force and ardor. He galloped straight ahead with outstretched neck, the head and feet of the dead man across the saddle dashing against trees and rocks. The brambles tore the hair of the corpse, the forehead battered the enormous tree trunks, spattering them with blood, the spurs ripped the bark to tatters.

"Suddenly the animal and its pursuer emerged from the forest and rushed into a valley just as the moon appeared above the mountains. This valley was closed on all sides by immense rocks, without possible egress, and the wolf found itself driven into a corner. Francois then emitted a howl of joy, the echoes of which were repeated like a roll of thunder, and jumped from his horse, cutlass in hand. The bristling beast waited with rounded back, its eyes gleaming like two stars. But before offering battle the hunter lifted his brother down, seated him on a rock, and supporting by means of stones his head, which was hardly more than a patch of blood, he cried into his ears, as though he was speaking to a deaf person:

"'Look, Jean; look there!'

"Then he threw himself upon the monster. He felt strong enough to overthrow a mountain, to grind the stones in his hands. The beast would have bitten him and tried to dash at his stomach, but Francois had seized it by the throat, without even the aid of his weapon, and slowly strangled it, listening to the stoppage of the breathing in its throat and the beating of its heart. And he laughed wildly, closing tighter and tighter his powerful grip and crying in a delirium of joy:

"'Look, Jean; look!'

"All resistance ceased; the body of the wolf became limp. It was dead. Then Francois took it up in his arms, carried it and threw it at his brother's feet, repeating in a tender voice:

"'Thine, thine, thine, my little Jean; there it is!'

"Then placing the two cadavers across his saddle, one upon the other, he set out on his way back. He returned to the chateau laughing and crying like Gargantua at the birth of Bantagruel, emitting cries of triumph, stamping with joy in recounting the death of the animal, groaning and tearing his beard in telling that of his brother. And often in after years, when he spoke of that day, he declared with tears in his eyes:

"'If only poor Jean could have seen me strangle the brute, I am sure he would have died contented.'

"The widow of my great-great-grandfather inspired her orphan son with a horror of the chase which has been transmitted from father to son down to myself."

The Marquis d'Arville was silent. Some one asked:

"This history is a legend, is it not?"

"I swear to you that it is true from one end to the other," he responded.

Then a woman said in a soft, little voice:

"It is a fine thing to have such passions."—Translated from the French by Guy de Maupassant for the Boston Herald.

Queer Names for Towns.

Pennsylvania has twelve towns or postoffices with very peculiar names, viz. Stumptown, Bullskin, Shintown, Jugtown, Puckerty Sin, Sis, Scrubgrass, Hers, Man's Choice, Maiden's Choice and Bird in Hand.

North Carolina comes in a good second with Wolfscrape, Snake Bite, Quewhiffle, Gap Civil and Shoe Heel.

Maryland has Slabtown, Pompey Smash and Johnny Cake.

Canada has Medicine Hat, Moose Jaw and Pollywog.

Ohio has Slick, Rattlesnake and Killbuck.

Nebraska has a Rawhide, Minnesota a Purgatory and Wisconsin a Topside.—St. Louis Republic.

Rare Presence of Mind.

At the corner of Fifteenth street and New York avenue a man released a cage of rats to be killed by dogs. One of the rats ran under the skirts of a lady standing on the corner. Instead of fainting or screaming she slightly raised her garments and gently shook the rat to the ground, after which she calmly resumed a car. The rat was killed. The incident was witnessed by an interested crowd.—Washington Post.

A HERALD OF THE INFANT YEAR.

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