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ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 WALL ST., NEW-YORK.

Through Santa Clara Wheat

By FRANCIS BRET HARTE

It struck Rose that she had not even thanked the man in the same flash that she remembered something dreadful that he had said. She covered her face with her hands and tried to recall her face.

Mrs. Randolph tapped her shoulder with a mixture of maternal philosophy and discipline, and continued: "Of course it's an upset, and you're confused still. That's nothing. They say, dear, it's perfectly well known that no two people's recollection of these things ever is the same. It's really ridiculous the contradictory stories one hears."

Rose felt that the young man had joined them and was looking at her. In the fear that she should still see some trace of the startled selfish animal in his face she did not dare to raise her eyes to his, but looked at his mother. Randolph was standing then, collected but impatient.

"It's all over now," said Emile in his usual voice, "and except the chimneys and some fallen plaster there's really no damage done. But I'm afraid they've caught it pretty badly at the Mission and at San Francisco in those tall, flashy, rattle trap buildings they're putting up. I've just sent one of the men for news."

Her father was in San Francisco by that time, and she had never once thought of him. In her quick remorse she forgot all else and rose to her feet.

"I must telegraph to my father at once," she said hurriedly; "he is there."

"You had better wait until the messenger returns and hear his news," said Emile. "If the shock was only a slight one in San Francisco your father might not understand you and would be alarmed."

She could see his face now; there was no record of the past expression upon it, but he was watching her eagerly. Mrs. Randolph and Adele had moved away to speak to the servants. Emile drew nearer.

"You surely will not desert us now," he said in a low voice.

"Please don't," she said vaguely; "I'm so worried." And pushing quickly past him she hurriedly rejoined the two women.

They were superintending the erection of a long tent or marquee in the garden, hastily extemporized from the awnings of the veranda and other cloth. Mrs. Randolph explained that although all danger was over there was the possibility of the recurrence of lighter shocks during the day and night, and that they would all feel much more secure and comfortable to camp out for the next twenty-four hours in the open air.

"Only imagine you're picnicking, and you'll enjoy it as much as most people enjoy their holidays. I don't believe there's the slightest real necessity for it, but," she added in a lower voice, "the Irish and Chinese servants are so demoralized now they wouldn't stay indoors with us. It's a common practice here, I believe, for a day or two after the shock, and it gives time to put things to right again and clear up. The old one-story Spanish houses, with walls three feet thick and built round a courtyard or patio were much safer. It's only when the Americans tried to improve upon the old order of things with their pinebeck shams and stucco that Providence interferes like this to punish them."

It was the fact, however, that Rose was more impressed by what seemed to her the absolute indifference of Providence in the matter, and the cool assumption by nature of her ordinary conditions. The sky above their heads was as rigidly blue as ever and as smilingly monotonous; the distant prospect, with its clear, well known silhouettes, had not changed; the crows swung on heavy, deliberate wings over the grain as before and the trade wind was blowing in its quiet persistence.

And yet she knew that something had happened that would never again make her enjoyment of the prospect the same; that nothing would ever be as it was yesterday. I think at first she referred only to the material and larger phenomena, and did not confound this revelation of the insecurity of the universe with her experience of man. Yet the fact also reminded her that the conservative, correct and as she believed, secure condition to which she had been approximating, all her relations were rudely shaken and upset. It really seemed to this simple minded young woman that the revolutionary disturbance of settled conditions might be something in the style of a "divine right" also.

tor from the wheat ranch on horseback and with a clean face. He had just ridden out of the grain on the same side of the chasm as herself.

"But you seem to have got over," she said bluntly.

"Yes, but it was further up the field. I reckoned that the split might be deeper but not so broad in the rock outcrop over there than in the adobe here. I found it so and jumped it."

He looked as if he might—alert, intelligent and self contained. Yet she said nothing. He lingered a moment.

"I'm afraid you must have been badly shaken and a little frightened up there before the chimneys came down."

"No," she was glad to say, briefly and she believed truthfully; "I wasn't frightened. I didn't even know it was an earthquake."

"Ah," he reflected, "that was because you are a stranger. It's odd—they're all like that. I suppose it's because nobody really expects or believes in the unlooked for thing, and yet that's the thing that always happens. And then of course that other affair, which really is serious, startled you the more."

She felt herself ridiculously and angrily blushing. "I don't know what you mean," she said coldly. "What other affair?"

"Why, the well?"

"The well?" she repeated vacantly.

"Yes, the artesian well has stopped. Didn't the major tell you?"

"I haven't seen him yet." "He was away."

"Well, the flow of water has ceased completely. That's what I'm here for. The major sent for me, and I've been to examine it."

"And is that stoppage so very important?" she said dubiously.

It was his turn to look at her wonderingly. "If it's lost entirely it means ruin for the ranch," he said seriously. He wheeled his horse, nodded gravely and trotted off.

MUSCLE AND VIGOR—A DIFFERENCE Many muscular men seem to be vigorous because they are vigorous in their physical strength. Muscle does not imply vigor. In fact, it is not difficult of proof that athletes do not live as long nor enjoy as good health as the average individual who is vigorous—that is to say, whose digestion and sleep are unimpaired, whose nerves are tranquil, and who has no organic tendency to disease. These qualities of vigor are conferred upon those liberally weak, on few than upon those who are vigorous. Vigor is a thorough, systematic course of Hasting's Stomach Bitters, the leading tonic, blood, indigestion, and constipation, and the best of all. It will not endow you with the muscle of a boxer, but it will infuse energy into your system and cause you to feel the best health and performance of its functions. It cures all forms of indigestion, rheumatic and kidney complaints, and overcomes dyspepsia, constipation, liver trouble and nervousness.

Lord Forgives—I can always tell an American by what he drinks. William Aust—But he drinks anything he can get. Lord Forgives—That's the way I feel.

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The mystery about "the letter that never came" has been solved. It was never sent.

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We Have High Opinion

Of Hood's Sarsaparilla at our house and with good reason. For eight years I was troubled with rheumatism and all the remedies failed to help me except Hood's Sarsaparilla. Like many others I have not taken it steadily only when the pain came on, but it has always given me relief. For years past I was troubled with quinsy. Since taking Hood's Sarsaparilla I have not had a single attack. When any of my family are taken sick they resort to Hood's Sarsaparilla. I might write several more testimonials.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures Hood's Pills are purely vegetable, and do not purge, pain or grip. Sold by all druggists.

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Kitchen Steam Is Bad. Specialists on throat diseases are beginning to take unusual interest in culinary methods. They advise a kitchen quarantine on wash days and boiled dinner days, giving as a reason that the steam from boiling clothes and pickled meats that require much heat produces many illnesses of the respiratory organs and aggravates slight or chronic diseases of the nose, throat and lungs. Patients are advised to vacate apartments having dark or ill ventilated kitchens, and to keep all babies and ailing children out of the kitchen when cooking is going on.—Exchange.

A Dangerous Witness. "You can take the witness," said the prosecuting attorney in a trial before a Texas court to the defendant's lawyer. The witness happened to be a good looking girl.

"Judge," exclaimed a young man in the back part of the room, standing up on a seat, with one hand under his coat-tail; "don't let him talk! That witness has been engaged to me for more'n three years, and if he takes her that is going to be trouble right here."—Texas Sitings.

The Modern Plow. The principle of the modern plow was laid down by Thomas Jefferson. A plow consists of two wedges—a cutting and a lifting wedge—and Jefferson discovered and enunciated the proportions of each, and the relation each bore to the other. Before his day no two smiths made plows alike; now they are made in accordance with a mathematical formula.—Exchange.

An Orange Seventy-five Years Old. Benjamin Hubbard of Wells has an orange that is 75 years old. It was found among the valuables of an uncle who died in the West Indies in 1818, and from the associations connected with it has been treasured by the family—a cutting and a grafting, being now about the size of a hen's egg.—York Courant.

Crimson-bent—Hear Mr. Union has been given up by the doctors. Mr. Yens—He can't be a pretty sick man. "On the contrary, he is perfectly well or the doctors would never give him up!"—Boston Transcript.

In Worcester, England, is a stone erected over the grave of a departed auctioneer of that city on which "Gone" is inscribed. In a Sussex graveyard, in addition to the initials of the deceased and the date of death, a stone has been inscribed in large letters the words "He Was."

A queer deed has been recorded in the register's office at Port Huron, Mich. A father deeded his farm to his son for the consideration of a yearly payment of \$24 cash, 25 bushels of potatoes, 4 barrels of flour and 200 pounds of pork.

A whistle that can be heard a distance of 25 miles has been constructed in Reading for a Philadelphia car manufactory. The cylinder of this formidable steam trumpet is 18 inches in diameter.

One of the largest wire cables ever made has been completed by a Liverpool firm. The rope has a continuous length of 4 1/2 miles and weighs over 25 tons.

In most churches of England a ring is kept so that embarrassment may be spared in case of forgetfulness of the parties concerned.

An armless boy of Middletown, Conn., named William Myleherst, has completed the painting of a wagon. His feet did the work.

IT IS USELESS TO REGRET. We've done the best we could, my dear. There's nothing to regret. We've taught the children many traxia. On which our hearts were set. And if against our old time days We've never regret, my dear, That we have done our best.

There's many a plan that's come to naught. There's many a light gone out. And disappointments, griefs and cares Have led us to our present state. And many a sad mistake we've made Through life, and many a tear We've done the very best we could— 'Tis useless to regret.

For out of evil good has come, And out of darkness light, And all wronging in this world Some day will be set right. And though we have not reached the height Attained by others yet, We've done the best we could, my dear— 'Tis useless to regret.

We've tried to live like honest folks, To do our duty well, Against evil things to take our stand, In goodness to excel. So judge yourself not harshly, dear, Nor at misfortune fret. We've done the best we could, and so 'Tis useless to regret.

She Followed His Lead. There were seats enough for all except one young man, whose party of two pairs sat down near the door. It was the high spirits of this group doubtless that prompted the suggestion by one of them that the standing young man should sit in the lap of his young woman for greater comfort. This he promptly did, and not being repulsed sat there with great content to himself.

At Rhode street a young Irish girl boarded the car. It was evident to every one that she was recently landed, well intentioned and little informed. She stood at the door a minute and looked bewildered up and down the filled seats. Then her eye fell upon a young man sitting at ease in a young woman's lap. She started forward, and before any one had the slightest idea of her intention she seated herself respectfully but firmly on the lap of the other young man.

It was hard to tell which was the funniest, the agitation of the young man, the calm of the young woman or the hysterical laughter of the colored girl in the corner, who explained to the passengers between her palms: "She thinks dem as comes first sits on de seats, an dem as comes next sits on de people."

Which was evidently just what she did think until the conductor came to the rescue.—New York Recorder.

A Remarkable Bridge. It is reported from Denver that a natural bridge formed by a tree of agatized wood, spanning a canyon 45 feet wide, has been found in Chaco Canyon park in Arizona. It is supposed that the tree had at some remote time fallen, when it became imbedded in the silt of some great inland sea or mighty water overflow. The silt became in time sandstone, and the wood gradually passed through the stages of mineralization, until now it is a wonderful tree of solid agate. Again, in after years, water has washed and eaten away the sandstone until a canyon 45 feet in width has been formed, the flintlike substances of the agatized wood having resisted the erosion of the waterflow.—Yankee Blade.

The Pineapple on Charles II's Table. The first mention made of the delicious tropical fruit, the pineapple, may be found in Evelyn's diary, wherein he writes that it was brought from Barbadoes, and was esteemed a rare luxury at the table of Charles II.—Harper's Bazar.

Now generally it's above the school house and what more appropriate than that the boys should be taught to defend it?—EX-President Harrison

Bishop Scott Academy, Portland, Or., is a military school under government control. Scientific, commercial, classical. Catalogue on request. Spring term begins February 6.

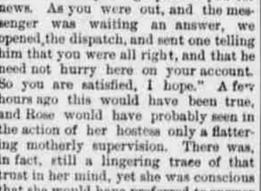


It was the young inventor from the wheat ranch.

In her desire to be alone and to evade the now significant attention of Emile she took advantage of the bustle that followed the hurried transfer of furniture and articles from the house to escape through the garden to the outlying fields. Striking into one of the dusty lanes that she remembered, she wandered on for half an hour until her progress and meditation were suddenly arrested. She had come upon a long chasm or crack in the soil, fully twenty feet wide and as many in depth, crossing her path at right angles. She did not remember having seen it before; the track of wheels went up to its precipitous edge, she could see the track repeated on the other side, but the hiatus remained, unbridged and uncovered. It was not there yesterday. She glanced right and left; the fissure seemed to extend like a neat or ditch from the distant road to the upland between her and the great wheat valley below, from which she was shut off.

An odd sense of being in some way a prisoner confronted her. She drew back with an impatient start, and perhaps her first real sense of indignation. A voice behind her, which she at once recognized, scarcely restored her calmness. "You can't get across there, miss."

She turned. It was the young inventor.



TO BE CONTINUED

A Postal Tube Across the English Channel. The proposed plan for the postal tube between France and England is to suspend two tubes, each about three feet in diameter, by means of steel cables thrown across the channel, 130 feet above the level of the water. These cables are to be fixed to pillars whose foundations will be the rocky bottom of the channel, each pillar 80 yards from the fellow. If the plan as proposed is consummated, miniature trains, each carrying 500 pounds of mail matter, will run through the tubes.—Yankee Blade.

A Hint for the Busy Man. A large German tramp steamed into port this morning, with the yellow flag flying at the masthead, causing quite a commotion along the city front. She proved to be the Roungins from Hong-Kong. There was no sickness on board in spite of the yellow flag, and the Captain told Dr. Lawlor he only hoisted it to keep the rumormongers away from the ship. His case succeeded, for not a rumormonger within half a mile of the vessel.—San Francisco Examiner.

Johnnie Wain's Whistling. The story is told of the incorrigible small boy who, having been warned against whistling, was seen by his mother one day shortly after he had just made acquaintance with some persimmons. "You Johnnie," cried the mother, noting the familiar pucker of her son's lips, "quit that whistling." Whereat Johnnie, in pain and fear, gasped out: "Whistle! Huh! I guess I'm poisoned."—New York Evening Sun.