

## PARISIAN FRAUDS.

OFFICIAL INVESTIGATION OF ADULTERATION OF FOOD AND DRINK.

The Municipal Chemical Laboratory, and the Promptness of Its Analyses—How an Official Certificate Is Obtained—Convictions.

(Paris Cor. San Francisco Chronicle.)  
M. Leon Say once remarked that there was in France a monde des fraudes, by which I think he meant to express the idea that there is over here a lot of people who avowedly live by fraud and are none the less recognized by their fellow citizens on that account, just as there are circles which society recognizes and honors under the names of monde diplomatique, monde artistique, etc. But there is also a monde de fraudes which lives and grows fat by the adulteration of things that we eat and drink, and who thus not only rob but poison their fellow citizens. Adulterations of this sort were practiced in France from the earliest times, and in one of his books Pliny vehemently condemns the wine merchants of Marseilles for their practice of using aces to strengthen the weak stuff they shipped to the Roman market.

Since Pliny's day things kept on growing worse and worse until finally they reached such a pass that it became necessary to provide means for the protection of the public who were being poisoned, so to speak, on a wholesale scale by all that they ate and drank. After several unsuccessful attempts a municipal chemical laboratory was established, and operations were begun in 1881. Since then it has done a world of good, for every one has the right to take it to a sample of any alimentary substance that he may purchase and have it analyzed.

There are two kinds of analyses—one a "qualitative," absolutely gratuitous; the other, a "quantitative," for which there is a fixed fee of \$2. In the first case the laboratory restricts its report to the quality of the substance; that is, to stating whether it is good or bad, and whether it is or is not injurious to the health. In the second case this report is accompanied with a statement of the various elements out of which the substance analyzed is composed and the proportionate quantities of each.

The modus operandi for procuring one or the other of these official certificates is the same. All one has to do is to take the sample to be analyzed to the nearest commissaire de police, who, after taking down the name and address of the person from whom the article was purchased and paid for it, gives a numbered receipt, and the applicant is told to call in a fortnight for the report. If the analysis is to be merely qualitative, the receipt is printed on white paper; if you have paid your 10 francs for a quantitative analysis, you get a pink receipt. The next morning the prison van carries all the samples received at each police station, along with the rogues arrested over night, to the central station, and the former are turned over to M. Girard and his assistant chemists, who occupy a large room at the back end of one of the courts of the prefecture.

Few people in Paris have any idea of the immense amount of work accomplished in this laboratory, which is mounted in a complete manner. Thirty chemists are kept hard at work all day: twenty charcoal fires are glowing from morning to night under innumerable retorts and strange-shaped vessels of all sizes. Every sample received is examined that same day, and besides these the laboratory has to analyze a great many other things sent in by the prefecture of police, the octrois, the prisons, the hospitals, the military authorities and the suburban municipalities.

A sample comes into the hands of the expert unaccompanied by any other indication than a white or pink label, on which is the same number borne by the receipt held by the depositor. The chemist not only does not know where it came from, but is ignorant as to its nature. His analysis completed, he registers the result in a book. The head of the laboratory then makes out the report of the analysis, which is sent to the commissaire de police for delivery to the depositor, and at the foot of this report is printed the following note: "Any person using the above for the purpose of injuring the reputation of any one will be guilty of the misdemeanor of defamation."

This is the end of the matter if the sample examined is all right, but if any adulteration or fraud of any kind has been discovered in it the head of the laboratory sends two inspectors to the man from whom the article was purchased by the depositor. There are forty-five of these inspectors, and they are all graduates of a medical or pharmaceutical college, or are students in their third year, who have passed prior to their appointment a special examination in chemistry. They are all commissioned as commissaires de police, and have authority to call in the assistance of the police in making such searches as they may deem necessary.

They rarely have occasion to resort to extreme measures, for shopkeepers know better than to make their case worse by a useless resistance, and allow them to take possession of the samples they are in search of, that is, the samples of all the articles which seem to them suspicious-looking. Each sample is divided into two equal parts; these are sealed up and signed by both the commissioners in the presence of the shopkeeper, who then adds his signature. This done they proceed to a summary test of the suspected articles, the result of which is recorded, and everything that the proprietor of the shop sees fit to say in explanation is also taken down in writing. One of the two samples thus obtained is now carefully analyzed at the laboratory and the other is sent with the report of this analysis to the correctional police court.

Here the duties of the laboratory come to an end; its head has no power to institute criminal proceedings against the dishonest shopkeeper; his role consists of dictating to the court that a misdemeanor has, in his opinion, been committed and in furnishing the evidence on which the opinion is based. Unless the shopkeeper has made an avowal, the court now orders another analysis by its own experts of the samples seized and the case follows the ordinary routine; if finally convicted, the accused is punished by an imprisonment of from three months to two years and a fine which cannot exceed 500 francs, and a copy of the sentence is posted up on the door of his shop.

### POLITICS and the Pedestal.

"Gath." In this case a Hungarian, with an Oriental touch in him, went to work upon this pedestal as if he were building the temple of Jerusalem. There is shown to be latent in the public a deep belief in liberty in its broad and revolutionary nature, such as it was under Lafayette and Jefferson.

Throughout the war Gen. Grant never received a wound.

Evidently Thought It Was a "Case."  
(Jennie June's London Letter.)

The usual transfer from the ship to a tug was made in Southampton bay, and a landing effected with but little trouble and loss of time. On two previous occasions that I had entered England, the small impediments carried by ladies was not examined at all, but they are more particular now, and every bag, satchel and shawl strap was subjected to a rigorous examination for possible dynamite, rather than the contraband whisky and tobacco.

One of the boxes belonging to a lady of our party had been put in her charge for transmission to a friend in London, and she was herself quite ignorant what it contained. On opening it some books and unimportant articles appeared, with wads of newspaper wedged tightly in and about a large square tin box. The metal, however, only appeared in one corner. The box itself was wrapped in several folds of brown paper, and tied and knotted, and knotted and tied, and finally sealing-waxed in a most formidable fashion.

The deputy looked at the processions of clerks and with nothing but the familiar figure in summer, the cigar always to distinguish him from the crowd.

He was usually absorbed in himself, and walked mechanically, though going to work very rapidly.

"What was in it?" No one could tell.

The three men evidently thought it was a "case," but finally one cut the strings with an "England expects," etc., sort of an air, and every one looked curiously to see what the suspected repository contained.

Six packages of Huyler's candy!—that was all. The men looked ashamed and bundled it up again with more haste than care, while a laugh went around the American side of the Southampton custom house.

The Black Stone in the Kaaba.  
(Blackwood's Magazine.)

In the Kaaba, the most ancient and remarkable building of the great mosque at Mecca, is preserved a miraculous stone, with the print of Abraham's feet impressed upon it. It is said by Mohammedan tradition to be the identical stone which served the patriarch as a scaffold when he helped Ishmael to rebuild the Kaaba, which had been originally constructed by Seth, and was afterward destroyed by the deluge. While Abraham stood upon this stone it rose and sank with him as he built the walls of the sacred edifice.

The relic is said to be a fragment of the same gray Mecca stone of which the whole building is constructed, in this respect differing from the famous black stones brought to Abraham and Ishmael by the angel Gabriel, and built into the northeast corner of the exterior wall of the Kaaba, which is generally supposed to be either a meteorite or fragment of volcanic basalt. It is supposed to have been originally a jacinth of dazzling whiteness, but to have been made black as ink by the touch of sinful man, and can only recover its original purity and brilliancy at the day of judgment.

The millions of kisses and touches impressed by the faithful have worn the surface considerably; but, in addition to this, traces of cup-shaped hollows have been observed on it. There can be no doubt that both relics associated with Abraham are of high antiquity, and may possibly have belonged to the prehistoric worship which marked Mecca as a sacred site long before the followers of the prophet had set up their shrine there.

Some Ghastly Experiments.  
(Chicago News.)

Some ghastly and, for all that appears, utterly useless experiments, have lately been made in Paris on the decapitated trunk of Gagny, the murderer, fifteen minutes after its separation from the trunk. The blood of a dog was infused through the carotid artery, and by tickling the nerves of the eyelids became contracted, and movements were visible in the lower jaw. Gamahut's (the murderer of Mme. Ballerich) head was subjected to similar experiments.

But the doctors at Troyes, where Gagny was executed, went still further. Electric currents were applied to the nerves of the face, those of the hands, and other parts of the body, and twenty minutes after death the heart was made to beat. This organ was found clogged with blood, which was attributed to the stoppage of the circulation through sheer fear just at the moment before death, and when the murderer was in sight of its instrument.

Bewildering Figures.  
(Chicago Journal.)

The social problem of why men do not marry has been taken hold of by a St. Louis paper, which, with commendable zeal but rather faulty logic, is arguing itself into various conclusions. A week or so ago it proved that a man's suit, if not down to shoes, could be procured in that city for \$2.87. This ingenious argument was followed up by another bewildering installment of figures which seemed to prove that a lady's complete toilet could be purchased for \$3.35. It now describes at length how two rooms may be comfortably furnished for exactly \$5.55, and insists that the bachelor argument of "I can't afford to get married" has no foundation except in the bachelor mind.

Fertilized by Volcanic Ashes.  
(Scientific Journal.)

The role of wind in fertilizing the ground is remarkably illustrated by the very fertile valley of Limagne, in Auvergne. The prevalent winds there are west and southwest, and traverse the chain of the Domes, where are vast deposits of volcanic ashes. Much of this dust is thus carried to the Limagne valley, and settles there of itself, or is carried down by rain or snow. As it contains a large amount of phosphoric acid, potash and lime, it is highly fertilizing, and its very fine state favors rapid assimilation. As a result, Limagne is by far the most fertile valley in Europe.

An Instantaneous Change.  
(New York Sun.)

American ladies formerly carried their parasols gracefully and easily while driving, but when the illustrated London papers came over here with the pictures of the princess of Wales and her escort driving about the Irish cities and holding there parasols like flag staffs, an instantaneous change swept over New York and within a month all the women were carrying their parasols as the princess of Wales carried hers, held by both hands stiffly in front of their faces. And it's awful swell, too, don't you think?

To Prevent Mouth-Breathing.  
(Exchange.)

The practice of mouth breathing is condemned by physicians, and articles are being patented which will cause a person addicted to the habit to abandon it. And yet a man named Burke was executed in the early part of this century for trying to cause people to abandon the same practice. Mr. Burke, we believe, used a sticking plaster.

Starch.

The consumption of starch for all purposes in the United States is about 600,000,000 pounds per annum, or an average of three pounds for each person.

## GRANT IN WASHINGTON.

The Cynosure of Curious Eyes—Sauntering Down the Avenue Alone.  
(Philadelphia Times.)

Gen. Grant was the most conspicuous public man who ever lived in Washington. He was known to every man, woman and child in the District before his name became before the people for the presidency. While general of the army his headquarters were at the corner of Seventeenth and F streets. He used to walk to and fro morning and evening along with the procession of clerks and with nothing but his well-worn military cloak in winter and the familiar figure in summer, the cigar always to distinguish him from the crowd.

He was usually absorbed in himself, and walked mechanically, though going to work very rapidly.

While president he was the same sort of man. He loved good horses dearly, and sometimes drove a four-in-hand drag, but he usually walked or took a street car.

In either case he was always the cynosure of many curious eyes. He had evidently become accustomed to this and paid no attention to it as long as people kept out of his way or did not force themselves upon his personal notice. When they did he was annoyed and would turn abruptly upon his heel to escape. He always acted on the street like any other private citizen who wanted to be let alone.

This was so evident that men, big and little, respected it, and the president of the United States could be seen sauntering down the crowded avenue alone.

He was known to have walked from the capitol to the White House on a pleasant day, when the whole city was out without suffering a single interruption.

Yet if he saw men raise their hats to him he never failed to return the salute. During such a walk nearly everybody would stare and turn and stare again at him as he passed. He seemed to walk among crowds to be alone. Of late years he had apparently shaken off much of his taciturnity and when he visited Washington could be seen about the Willard lobby, chatting with friends and listening and laughing at their stories, and telling stories of his own in return. He mistrusted those who wanted to make a show of him, but patiently suffered the tortures of boredom at the greatest receptions ever given at the White House. When he took a notion to attend a dinner party he went, without regard to the customary etiquette of the White House, which prohibits the president from indulging in such things.

His nearest personal friends attribute all his political and financial misfortunes to his obliging disposition and his blind confidence in human nature. He was very fond of Washington, and said he always felt that he was at home when he got here. It was to his encouragement that Washington owes her new condition of things. Shepherd was but the instrument to carry out the extensive system of improvements which have made the national capital the finest city in the world.

After Landing Her Prize.  
(Uncle Bill's New York Letter.)

What nonsense it is for novelists, or anybody else, to describe "the American girl" as though she were a distinct, invariable person. There were hundreds of American girls at this ball, very bright and lovely in the aggregate, but no two alike in body or mind. The similarity began and ended with certain current usages of deportment. The individuality was far more notable. Frivolous? Generally. Slangy? Frequently. Vulgar? Rarely. Beautiful? Yes, to a remarkable degree. Comical? Very often, indeed. For instance, the weary look in the face of one belle struck me as pitiful. She sat so pensively distraught, so sweetly weak, that I asked a mutual friend what was the matter with her.

"She has just become affianced," was the reply.

"And is that so exhausting?" I inquired.

"Yes, under some circumstances," explained my expert informant. "You see, she is not rich, and it was essential that she should get a wealthy husband. The right man fell in her way six months ago. Now you are a fisherman, I believe; you appreciate the mental and physical strain incident to landing a twenty-pound fish with twenty-ounce tackle, and if you will try to imagine the excitement—the doubts, fears, hopes and other emotions—of six minutes of fishing for a valued salmon prolonged into six months of delicate angling for a millionaire, then you can possibly appreciate the collapse of this girl after landing her prize. She has come to the Branch to recuperate."

He Didn't Want 'Em.  
(Exchange.)

The Springfield Republican records the following incident as happening at Westfield: "While the members of a professional baseball team who recently visited the town were cooling their heels on the curbstones in front of the Wilmarth hotel after supper an honest old farmer happened along, and, seeing the lot of sunburned young men, stopped and asked if any of them wanted a twenty-pounds fish with twenty-ounce tackle. 'One dollar and a half a day and board ye,' said the honest yeoman. 'Pooh! we get a good deal more than that playing ball an hour or two a day.' 'What! air ye ball players? Well, I wouldn't give a peck of nubbin partrials for the whole grit of ye,' was the disgusted reply of the farmer as he moved on."

Giving the Patient a Chance.  
(Texas Tribune.)

A student, who had been studying for several years in the medical department of the University of Texas, endeavored to pass the examination requisite to his obtaining his diploma. One of the professors gave him a hypothetical case, and the student asked him:

"What would you do in a case of that kind, if the patient got worse?"

"I would do nothing," replied the student, "I would just wait until next day, and see how he was coming on then. He might improve, you know. I'd give him a chance."

Renewing His Patent.  
(Chicago Times.)

Lucian Hopson, of Texas, when the late war began, invented and had patented by the Confederate government a projectile which was used with some success in Charleston harbor against the Union vessels. After the war the patent of course was worthless. Recently Hopson filed an application for a patent for the same projectile, and a few days ago a letter was sent to him from the interior department informing him that his application had been granted.

Type-Written Love Letters.  
(Exchange.)

The long-headed lover writes all his amatory epistles with a type writer now. Not only does he save time and avoid difficulties which autograph manuscript involves, but by a judicious use of carbon paper and blanks where proper names occur, he can make four or five girls happy by a single struggle with the machine.

Mr. Christian Zelle, aged sixty-three years, of Carondelet, St. Louis, Missouri, had a chronic ulcer on her leg which had been running for forty-three years. To use her own language, she had "tried all the doctors," but without perceptible benefit. Two of the most noted of this city advised her, as the only alternative from death, to have the leg amputated below the knee. She was troubled with an intolerable itching sensation, which only gave way to a distracting pain, which made death her daily wish. She could not sleep or rest. On March 21, this year, she commenced using Dr. Hartman's PERUNA, and to-day the leg is entirely healed, and the thankful old lady says she has slept more during the last three months than she did in the previous forty-three years.

Miss Alice Brady, of East St. Louis, Illinois, suffered from catarrhal ophthalmia for five years. On April 27 she began treatment under Dr. Hartman. For a year before she was a patient of two of the best known oculists of this city, but they signally failed to help her. After one month under Dr. Hartman and his PERUNA, her eyes have almost entirely healed, and, according to her own statement, he has done more for her in this short space of time than the oculists did in the previous whole year. PERUNA, of course, did it.

Miss Annie Baker, First Avenue, Milwaukee, writes: "I take great pleasure in recommending PERUNA. For years I have suffered from Asthma. I was induced to try PERUNA. It promptly relieved the paroxysms, and its continued use renders their recurrence less and less frequent. I am confident it will cure me completely."

Walker Brothers, druggists, Batavia, O., write: "Dr. S. B. HARTMAN, Columbus, O. Dear Sir: Some two weeks ago I had a very peculiar case, and after a few questions were answered, I came to the conclusion it was catarrhal of the stomach of the worst kind, of ten years' standing. The patient had consulted every physician far and near. I persuaded her to try your PERUNA and MANALIN. She had been having spasms every three or four days, and the fifth dose kept them off, and they have not returned since."

W. M. Griffith, Ashland, Ky., writes: "The large chronic ulcers of fifteen months' standing, are entirely healed. The swelling, pain and itching have all subsided, the leg is healed, and I am perfectly well. PERUNA is a wonderful remedy."

PERUNA is sold by all druggists. Price \$1.00 per bottle, six bottles \$5.00. If you cannot get it from your druggist, we will send it on receipt of regular price. We prefer you buy it from your druggist, but if he hasn't it do not be persuaded to try something else, but order from us at once as directed. S. B. HARTMAN & Co., Columbus, Ohio.

## CALL

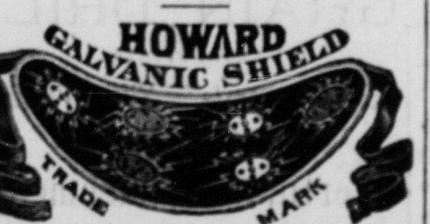
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I hereby certify that the following testimonials are a true and exact copy as given by me by the parties whose names are attached thereto.

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