PERSONALITY OF THE MAN WHO WROTE "THE BRIDGE OF THE GODS"

FREDERIC HOMER BALCH

ASPIRED TO BECOME THE WALTER SCOTT OF OREGON-HIS UNTIMELY DEATH

FTER having read that delightful, Tabor he attended school for six months romance of Indian Oregon, "The Oregon claims him as a native son. So right that the admirers of Oregon liter- her. He ever after attributed to this Oregon classic. His death occurred before he was 20 years of age, when he was standing on the threshold of a great literary career for which his talents gave

Frederic Homer Balch was born at Lebanon, Linn County, Oregon, December 14, 1881. His parents were both ploneers, He was a boy of great ambition. At a very early age he learned to read and write; also at a very early age he resolved to win fame, no matter what it cost. Afterwards, referring to this resolution, he wrote in his journal:"It may have been a boyish fancy then, but it grew into a burning thirst in after years. Stories of war used to faccinate me. My ancestors have been soldlers for more than 100 years, and I was proud of my Welsh blood-the blood of the old Britons, a line more purely noble and English than Norman and Baxon. My ancestors were free men of England before the Saxons had heard of the 'White Cliffs,' or the Normans had salled the Baltic."

When Frederic was about 10 years of age, the family moved east of the Caecades to the Klickitat Valley, Washington, and lived there four years. "There," to quote again from his journal, "I rode on horseback over the prairies after stock and read all the books I could get, though the frontier libraries were very scanty. Half the education I have I owe to the ceaseless reading and re-reading of Mncaulny." Milton was one of his boyhood favorites, also "Nicholas Nickleby" and "Jane Eyre." At this time he was constantly writing essays historical and otherwine, and as he afterwards expressed it

wrote them almost by the bushel." Young Balch's father encouraged his lit erary ambitions, and gave him time for his writing; his life was one long dream of future fame. The family again changed their residence, moving down to Mount Tabor and remaining there two years. Here as elsewhere to become an eminent author seemed the dominant idea. At this time he gave special attention to poetry

On account of the mother's health the Bridge of the Gods," the inquiry is Eaich family again went forth to seek a naturally made, who is F. H. Balch? It home. This time they settled in a little may be a surprise to many to know that town called Lyle, in Eastern Washington. on the Columbia River. An older halflittle has been known heretofore of the sister and her two children came to Lyle and hought a small form near by. This lines and interesting personality of sister being a widow it naturally fell to intense and interesting personality of sister, being a widow, it naturally fell to Frederic Homer Baleh that it seems but the lot of Frederic to make his home with ature should learn something relative to ter the molding of his entire character, the talented young author who wrote this Her goodness and wisdom must have been Oregon classic. His death occurred before great, as his after life showed such singleness of purpose and pureness of heart. All this while Frederic was still dreaming dreams and soaring into ambitious thought. But like was not always sunshine, for he was obliged to go into the world and do whatever presented itself in the way of work, The O. R. & N. Co. was then building its line up the Columbia, and this gave the opportunity for labor; so Frederic Balch shoveled sand and handled rock among the lowest class of humanity. Even while engaged in this manual occupation, his mind was filled with romantic thoughts and he completed an Indian tale, entitled "Wallulah. name was afterwards used for the beroine of "The Bridge of the Gods," parts of which he later submitted to one of the first literary critics in the Northwest at that time, Judge Mathew P. Deady, who gave it great praise. However, the manuscript was not accepted by the publishers This romance was afterwards destroyed on account of the strain of infidelity that ran through it, which was at variance with his later convictions, For six years he was rent and torn by

a battle between his avowed infidelity and a secret self-questioning as to the truths of Christianity. Then came the final struggle that involves the lives of so many young men: Religion vs non-religion, but becoming convinced of the falsity of his infidel beliefs, truth was vindicated and Christianity accepted.

After a time the conviction came to him that he must give up his cherished literary aspirations and obey a command to enter the ministry. The struggle was intense as he then felt that he was casting aside forever the great, overwhelming ambition of his life. After the final decision was made in favor of the ministry, and fearing lest the new work at times would prove discouraging and his literary ambi-tion would lure him again into forbidden paths, he decided to deatroy the manu-script of "Wallulah." Its destruction was painful to all the family. His sister clung to him, begging him not to destroy it and trying to save some of it from the flames But unfalteringly and with the look on his face that one might fancy was on the face



FREDERIC H. BALCH

times by the flickering light of pine knots in the open fireplace of a pioneer home, toiling hopefully toward the goal of the young author's ambition. Eight such years were thus represented in the comple-tion of this historical romance.

About this time came the form of the half-sister whose sympathy had been such an inspiring companionship and stimulus for the higher and loftler aspirations of life. In the year 1885 Mr. Balch entered upon his pastorate in Hood River Valley as a home missionary of the First Congreof Cecil Grey, his hero of "The Bridge of gational Church. For the first two years the Goda" when he turned his back on his work in his chosen field paid him \$1. New England and civilization to become his duties were arguous and various. He his duties were arduous and various. He and historical sketches. While at Mount | a mindonary to the Indians, the minister rode all over the valley to minister to

completed the work of sacrifice. Night his scattered flock and to hold church after night he studied and wrote, many services. He also served as paster of a services. He also served as pastor of a Congregational Church at White Salmon, Wash., just across the Columbia. His zeal was so great that he would send a hay wagon into Hood River, four miles away, to give his church members and friends opportunity to attend his church services. He succeeded in having a frame church building erected, in which divine service is still held. It is a neat little white church, on the edge of a wood, in the heart of the valley, and stands as a monument to his good work. His old home is opposite.

But against all discouragements Mr. Baich felt the crying need of religious work on the frontier, and never wavered a moment from the determination that

had come to rule his life, but he threw himself into his speaking, riding and missionary work with the utmost zeal, spending almost all his days on horse-back and his nights in preaching. This close attention to his pastoral duties, the long rides, the exposures, keeping ap-pointments through drenching rains and blinding snow storms, bore the usual fruits of over-taxation by undermining his health, so that presently he was obliged to give up some of his most arduoun labors.

This gave him leisure to divide his time between the church work he retained and his dearly loved but long-denied literary field. In resuming his work in the paths of literature again he did so with a twofold motive, hoping not only to assist in the uplifting of mankind with pure and lofty thoughts, but also to preserve for future generations the metimes beautiful and strange traditions of Indian Oregon, which he was so well prepared to portray. At different periods of his life he had given a great deal of time to studying the Indians, their cue-toms, habits, language and legends. This had been an absorbing study from his boyhood. Often had he gone many miles to talk with some old Indian, both in

Oregon and adjoining states.

About this time he went to British Columbia on a vacation and there commenced "The Bridge of the Gods," this Indian legend having appealed to his vivid imagination for years. Finding that he needed the advantage of a theological course, and his health demanding a change, in 1889 he entered the Pacific Theological Seminary in Onkland, Cal. While there he revised "The Bridge of the Gods" and placed the manuscript in the hands of his publishers. Mr. Balch remained in the seminary almost two years. His health now completely broke down from an attack of la grippe. He returned to Hood River Valley March, 1891; but, not regaining the sired strength, by the advice of his physician he went to the Good Samaritan Hospital. After being there the short space of two weeks, on June 3 he peacefully passed away. His remains were taken to his old home at Lyle, Wash., and there laid to rest.

If one is a believer in inherited ten-dencies, he can readily trace the deep religious convictions of Frederic Balch to his mother and his scholarly attainmente to his father and his father's ancestors. Mrs. Balch was a woman of very strong Christian character with a firm adherence to what she thought was right. Having been left an orphan at an early age, she had formed the habit of settling all her vital questions by herself. Her wish and hope had always been that her gifted son should follow the ministry. In fact and in thought she had dedicated him to that calling in his earliest infancy. The life of Mrs. Balch was one of devotion to her son, and she was always proud of his achievements. Her grief was so WHAT THE ZITHER SAID. By Frederic Balch.

Tonight, from what the gither said; Its swift notes taught me not to grieve, Nor mourn for pleasure fled. "Be brave!" the keen notes rung;

'Be brave; speak strong, Bold words; be sorrow from you flung; "She watches from afar

Would you falter in her sight?

She, lifted like a star, She sees you day and night Aye, her deep pity knows All the cares that on you press;

Think you she loves you less?

"Be brave, be true, be strong; Speak words that burn; Defend the right, denounce the wrong;

Be worthy her you mourn." This was what the zither said, What it told me, Genevieve. Was it your message, yours, my drad,

Saying, "Cease to grieve"? I will be brave and true, Fight out the battle to the end: Live a life not unworthy you

Live a life unstained, sweet friend, *But, alast for the years erewhile; Ains! for the glad years fled:

From thee, O silent dead!

Oh, strong the words the zither said, But weak the human heart! Ah, me! I hunger for my dead With pain beyond the zither's art

The zither sings a song divine, Of purpose grand and high; I see a grave beneath the pine The river flowing by.

I see the reach of weary years, Of burdens fitter to be borne; Of deathless memories stained with

tears. O zither, can I cease to mourn? Alas! I failed to learn the lesson, Gen

evieve. Tonight from what the alther said; The spell that thught me not to grieve, -Published in the Pacific, Sept. 19,

ford, as his ward. She was then a girl of 16. The Crowfords settled in Linn County, and there she married Mr. Balch

James A. Balch, the father of Frederic, was a man of inventive turn of mind, but lacking practical endeavor. He was born in Sullivan County, Ind., in 1875, came to this coast in 1851, was in frontier service 1881-06, serving as Lieutenant in Company F. Eighteenth Regiment Oregon Volunteer Infantry. In his early days in the Northwest he taught school in various places, including Olympia and Tumwater, In his first manhood he attended the Wabash College, Indiana, and adopted law as a profession. At one time he served as County Judge in Kilckitat County, Wash. And old daguerreotype portrays him as a man of-fine presence and intelligence. His son described him as "a very handsome man, full of verve and grace, certainly gifted beyond most of men, a man of intense ambition. My earliest recollection of him is of his returning from the War of the Rebellion It was I think, a rainy day. We children were all in the house, the others were all waiting excitedly for my father's arrival. I remember the anxious expectancy with which the older ones were awaiting something. Then we heard the stage horn and shortly my father entered the room, a handsome, stately soldier, dressed in uniform. It is a living picture standing there at the farthest limit of my memory."
Frederic Baich left a large accumulation

of notes and outlines for future work. A new novel called "Kenasket" had been commenced, and the opening chapters completed. There were also the titles chosen, and outlines drawn for at least six historical romances relating to indian Oregon. There is also a completed novel in the manuscript called "Gene-vieve," the plot being laid near Washougal. Wash. Oregon sustained an irreparable loss

the early death of Frederick Balch. fondness for Oregon was a strong passion her scenery, her views and mountains, her legends, all called to his romantic the spirit of the Indian past d through him. He had resolved breathed through him. He had resolved to become the Walter Scott of Oregon, to make Oregon as famous as Scott had made Scotland, to make the Cascades as widely known as the Highlands, the Santiam as celebrated as the Tweed or Ayr, to make the splendid scenery of the olumbia and Willamette the background of romances.

An old friend describes his personality: Tall, slight and dark, but with blue eyes, a man withal of beautiful Christian character. Wherever he was he carried his singular childlike faith with him and the gift of sowing the good seed. was ever with him an hour without food

excessive that she survived him only a month or so. Mrs. Baich came across the generously kind in furnishing the data for plains in 1852 in the train with Dr. Craw- this article.

ELIZABETH IN HER NEW OREGON HOME

PAINFUL DOMESTIC STORY OF GREEN FIREWOOD AND BAKING BREAD FROM "SOFT WHEAT" FLOUR

some of the beautles surrounding our new Oregon home, but I do assure you that that given was only the preface to this wonderful nature book of tor, the hills. I would like now to tell you more of it, but as man cannot live by scenery alone, and as you particularly want the details of our early experience here, not only the lights but the shadows," I will have to go back again to those memorable days of January, 1992. Green fir seen upon the hills is admirable, green fir in the kitchen range is abominable especially after being soaked by rain for three months. When first put in the stove bolstered up by pienty of pine kindlings, it would bluze rather hopefully, until the moss burned off and the pine burned, then with sighing and sobbing say: "You surely don't expect me to go it alone, do you?" shed a few rainy tears, then turn blackand all was over. The most of our packing boxes were demolished in the effort to make a go of it, but all in vain; it simply would not burn, and we had to go back to cooking by the fireplace, where it did fairly well, with a liberal supply of bark, the latter burning well here, but of no use in the range. While in this slough of despond, a man came to hang wall paper for us. Hearing our lamentations he suggested drying the wood in the oven before using it. Long may that man live and prosper!. The curing process helped wonderfully, only now it burned out in a jiffy. Fill the stove full, leave it Is minutes, come back to it, and not a vestige of fire is left. No coals such as burners of oak and hickory would nat-

one must stand there, with hand on the throttle, like the engineer of a locomotive. Baking the Firewood.

urally expect to find. We soon learned

that the stove must never be left alone;

The demand for fuel was always greater

thun the supply, though the oven was kept filled with it from January to May, except on baking days. Sometimes we would close the oven door, forgetting it until reminded by a great crackling, when, alinging the door open, flames would rush out in our faces, and every stick of it would be ablaze; I wonder that we didn't blow the stove up and burn the house down. Though we didn't know enough to bake our wood without being told, we found out one thing for ourselves, and that was, that when heated a plich oozed from it that stuck to the fingers and burned like hot sealing-wax. ...ven after learning this fact, we kept forgetting. would hurriedly reach in the oven, selze a stick and then shrick and dance around like a Sloux Indian. All Winter long, our hands were blistered and seared. Once on the hand, it stuck there, like an adhesive plaster of fire; and not all the waters of "great Neptune's ocean" could wash it

Again our man of experience came to the rescue, telling us first to soak our hands in kerosene and then wash -a very heipful, though not fragrant We learned some other things from our guide, philosopher and friend; first, that the wood we were using was "dozy" (we had ourselves observed that it was somnolently inclined); secondly, that if "our men" would cut or saw down a big tree, we would find that the heart of it would make a roaring fire. Now, we had suspicious that neither of "our men" had ever felled a tree, which were strengthened by their great activity in collecting bark, fallen limbs and other woodland debris, paiming it off on us, as something rather choice, but Mary and I, pin-ing for the "heart of that big tree," did not let concealment prey upon our dam-ask cheeks, but harped so long on that "moulder'd string" that at last the fagotgatherers were spurred to action; at least we judged something was about to happen, from a conversation in the woodhouse, overheard by us:

Divulged a Secret. "Ever file one?"

'No, did you? What the Dickens will we do?" "Do? We'll just file her, that's what," Whereupon began terrible rasping, grating, screeching noises, which continued until the perpetrators were summoned to

MONG "The Pointed Firs."—My Dear claimed: "Filing a saw! I didn't sup- that idea, and since then we have had ex-Nell: In my last I tried to picture pose either of you knew how." "Know how to file a saw" fairly shrieked Bert, "Why, I've filed 'em, I may say, from infancy up."

chimed in his shameless condiu-Scornful silence on the part of their auditors.

on after dinner there came a rapping at the kitchen door, and there we found the unblushing prevaricators, on their shoulders a saw about four yards long. one carrying an axe, the other an old tin pall, half full of fron wedges.

"Whither away?" was noked.
"We are going, ladies, to hold 'com-munion with Nature in her visible forms."

"Yes, ma'am, we are going to draw to Nature's heart, as it were, and rive out a chunk of it to satisfy your awful cravings." We were then told that if we would glance up Mount Nebo about twilight, we would behold a novel and interesting scene. "Suppose neither of interesting scene. "Suppose neither of you ever happened to see a tree snaked

out of the woods, did you?"
"I've seen 'em from infancy up." "Yes, and if I had a dollar for—" but our hearers had gone to rejoin the horses, which stood near, literally wreathed in log chains. They had not long been gone, until the rain poured down as if the bot-tom had dropped out of the water tanks above. We pitied them then, through that long afternoon. Sure enough, about dark, "sliently down from the mountain's crown a great procession swept"-but, look as we might, we could see nothing being "spaked."

Tackled the Wrong Tree. Passing the house, those poor men

looked so miserably wet and bedraggled, we considerately refrained from commenting on "the novel and interesting After supper, when the inner man had

been refreshed, and the outer one was basking in the genial heat of an open fire, the story came out. It seems they had found a fine tree, 6 feet through, and, thinking they might as well "git aplenty while they were gittin'," had tackled it. "Good! Saw it down-saw it down! We never got half way through the bark, because, you see, every time I pulled I pulled on the saw Tom pulled." "Yes," retorted Tom, "and what did you do when I pulled?"

"Well, sir, I thought, old man, you don't get the better of me, so I just braced my feet and pulled, too." Well, if you two men oughtn't to be in a feeble-minded asylum! The idea of you standing in a drenching rain this whole afternoon pulling a saw in opposite

"But, Mary, we didn't 'pull the saw' all the afternoon; when we found we had struck a lignum vitae, instead of a fir tree, we gave it, up. But we've got you some dandy wood; we will bring it down in the morning."

"Snake it?"
"I hardly know-what do you think, "Better not," said that gentleman, frowning thoughtfully. "Your team is just a little bit too light-might strain

I saw them unloading it the next morning; a prependerance of bark and a few small, mossy poles, about such as one uses to support Lima beans. I called Mary to come and see our "dandy wood." "It's just what I expected," she cried indignantly. " Strain the horses! Snake it down!" I guess not, unless they had poked those little sticks through the links of the

"But, Mary, they could have bunched them like cheese-straws, you know. then, Nell, we got to laughing, and fancy-ing all sorts of nonsensical things. "Wouldn't these mossy little things be lovely standing about the room in vases, burning like those Chinese incense tapburning like those Chinese incense tap-ers?" "Yes, or cut in short lengths and tled with baby ribbon, they would make stunning favors for a green luncheon."
"And nothing could be better if we were going to banquet the Modern Woodmen." In the fun of conjuring up ludicrous uses for our new wood, we quite forgot that it was not the most desirable. There is nothing like a good laugh, Nell, to float one over difficult places.

Well, we never got our big tree, until this Summer. Then, the men were told by a wise Nestor of these hills that by dinner. During the meal we were told they had been filing a saw. Though painfully ing them from the inside, they would soon aware of the fact. Mary innocently ex-

Souls Tried by Flour as Well as Fire. Our souls were not only tried by fire but by flour; not that the flour was poor, for tor, 'and if I had a dollar for every one we are good bread made of the same I've filed. I'd ask nothing of J. Pierpont kind, in the little town where we stopped, we ate good bread made of the same when we first arrived here. But indies there assured us we would have much trouble with it until we learned how to handle it, and they were right. This flour was made from what is here called "soft wheat." Put it on the kneading board, and it spread over it like batter on a griddie, and stuck there like Spaulding's glue. Try to remedy this by adding flour to make a stiff dough, then it would crack through to make a stiff dough, then it would crack through to make a stiff dough, then it would crack through the arrested by my layout. "I oven as hard as a baseball, Come to cut- at Elizabeth's geological oven as hard as a baseball, Come to cut- at Elizabeth's geological but would be called a stiff dough, then it would crack through the company of t by four" scantling. No, it must be mixed soft, and must not the motionless one instant on the board, or it had to be scraped up with a knife. We remembered hearing that Beston bakers pound the board with the dough, instead of kneading it, a method we adopted, though it required the alertness and dexterity of an East India juggier. We would clutch the mass, raise it high toward heaven with one hand, with the other dash flour on the Wiping tears board, then bring it down, swift as light-ning snatch it up again, dash on more flour, whack it down again, and so contique to the bitter end. I tell you, Nell, when bread was mixed in the ranch of "The Pointed Firs" the china rottled and the earth trembled. About this time, the people of Salem and other places were occasionally experiencing slight earthquake shocks. You can imagine how it's made of." guiltly we read of them.

Mixing was not the only trouble: it wouldn't rise after it was mixed, though swathed and swaddled in wrappings until or putty; and when baked would have a

An Experiment With Biscuits

One day while molding it into loaves, I thought: "I'll just use some of this for biscuit and give this family a surprise," and I did. First, the bread was baked, and put out on the table, where it looked as if it had just been exhumed from the ovens of Pompeli. Then, with beating heart, my great venture was placed in the oven. After 20 minutes of thrilling suspense, the door was cautiously opened, "and !o! my own had come to me." The queerest-looking outfit you ever saw, Nell. They seemed dried instead of baked, and were about half their original size, had shrunken and shriveled as mysteriously so Mr. Mansfield in the "Jekyl and Hyde"

transformations. Their crusts were strangely porus, and as I plumped them down booke the bread they looked like a lot of little medistones. Just as I was debating in my mind whether it were nobler to burn them, and thus end all, the men came in, were about to pass through the room, when Tom's eye was "Hello! glcal exhibit-four and, spying the madetones "what might t jokers be? Gecdes? No, can't be geodes; not the right color. What would you call these things, Bert?" Scrutinizing them carefully, Bert thought they "might be a sort of ammunition." "Not shells." said Tom, hitting them a resounding whack with a No. 16 carving knife. "Too solid, and there is no fuse to 'em. Might be

Wiping tears from my eyes with pitchy fingers, hermetically sealing one, I looked up with the other, remarking: You are pleased to be merry, gentle

"Come, Bert, we've got to fly, When Elizabeth begins to talk like Shakes-peare she's mad, but I'll just take one of these things out to the woodhouse and bust it open and see if I can find out what We wrestled with this flour Nell for

six long months; while the bread im-proved some, it was never good. One day swathed and swaddled in wrappings until it assumed such proportions we had to call upon the power of man to carry it to the fireplace, where it much resembled the fireplace, where it much resembled of the other. When I learned that it, an enormous hassock coslly placed, in two was Oregon flour, I had small hope expectancy of a call from some Brob. the fireplace, where it much resembled of the state of the fireplace, where it much resembled of the state of dingnagian of the hills. When the time came to make it in loaves, one would naturally expect to find some slight recognition of these warm attentions, but bless hit in the words of the familiar hymn, "Still there's more to follow."

both of animals and plants, is one obvious

be taken, possibly the allment induced principle. may not have been caused by solanine at all. The study of the living chemistry ly fraught with great practical importance to mankind, supplying them as it does with important drugs, and arming him also against possible sources of illness. We need have no fear that the healthful vogetable of our table can produce unde-sirable results when properly cooked. As nobedy is likely to use disease potatoes, we escape danger naturally from this side of things. But it is just possible that in

crust as thick as this fir bark, and as potato poisoning. As far as I have been | development of solanine which may affect | that preserved under Mr. Clifford Sifton's able to trace three reports, there is a us, although it is hard to reconcile this policy to remain the property of the state, doubt whether potatoes themselves were contingency with the fact that so many of the Socialists argue that all the coal consumed or whether other parts of the us consume the potato cooked in its should have been held in behalf of the plant had been used. It was also stated jacket. The solution of the mystery, inthat the potatoes responsible for the ill- decd, may lie in the occasional developness were diseased, and, if this latter view | ment in the potato ifself of its active

> Canada's Cont Lands. Toronto Star.

Time will show the wisdom of the do-minion government in setting apart 50 square miles of the coal lands of the Northwest as government property. The coal can lie there for the present. It is not needed, and will not be for a long

the potato skin we may get an occasional areas, but they have not better coal than

people, and mined by the government; but, practically speaking, this is not yet pos-sible, and will not be until the advocates of public ownership of all the utilities and necessities are in a voting majority in Canada. Half of those who follow the cause fall weak at heart when the time comes to actually lay hold of something that may be owned and operated. But the publicly owned coal fileds of the West will always serve in a measure as a check upon the company-owned mines, and one day they will be worked by the

state, for people grow too wise to part with further property of that kind once its value & within popular knowledge. When the West is filled with people the retention by the state of control over the coal supply will be seen to be one of the best pieces of practical statesmanship in Canadian history.

Louisville, Ky., March 27, '02.

Gentlemen: I am glad to say that S. S. S.

has cured me of Rheumatism. About two

years ago I suffered from Rheumatism in my

knees and feet, my ankles swelling so that I

could not put on my shoes. This continued

for several months, during which time I was

applying liniments and going by my physi-

cian's directions, but derived no benefit. I

was told of S. S. S. and tried it. I imme-

CAN NOT BE RUBBED AWAY

MEDICAL VIRTUES AND POISONS IN PLANTS BY DR. ANDREW WILSON

It is difficult to say, for instance, how many different principles can be isolated mention only a few important drugs, we One special advance of chemical science has taken the direction of imitating in of their living work.

The chemist can build up many respectable imitations of such substances, one treatment of rheumatism. The basis here is salicin, obtained from the bark of the ture, however, is apt to fall short of the reality. There is admittedly a something wanting in man's preparations which nature is able to fabricate, so that, close as his imitations are, they do not represent exactly the products of life. Perhaps this is only to be expected. It would, we could precisely turn out substances which are the original products of the living cells. So that even in the furthest science there would appear to be a limit fixed to our powers of building up imita-

tions of organic compounds, Among the principles which illustrate the natural manufactures of the plant world is a substance called "solanine." The chemist is able to extract this princi-

WE HAVE the authority of Friar ple from the berries or fruits of the potant for the assertion that "mickle is plant. To this order belong other plants which exhibit poisonous principles, the powerful grace that lies in herbs, notably the belladonns plant, of which plants, stones and their true qualities." the substance named "atropine," much This statement is confirmed, of course, used by the eye surgeon, is a typical exby the large number of medicinal sub- ample. Solanine, it must be remarked, is stances-to say nothing of food products | not likely to be developed normally in the -which are derived from the plant world. potato itself. If it is present it must be in infinitesimal amount. The potato is, of course, a "tuber," and represents a swellfrom opium. When we think of strych- ing on an underground stem. It is not a nine, beliadonna, aconite and quinine, to root, and, being part of a stem, can produce buds, which are the familiar "eyes" may readily re-echo the friar's words. of the potato. When the gardener plants his potatoes he takes care to see that an "eye" exists on each portion of the tubers the laboratory many of the products he places in the ground. He divides his which plant cells fabricate as the result | tubers, as we know, and thus imitates fairly accurately the mode of plant propagetion known to us under the head of Solanine would therefore appear of which is salicylate of sods, used in the to be the articular principle of the potato plant.

We find analogous examples of such willow tree, and this substance is also plant manufactures in the case of tea, cofused pure and without combination in fee and cocoa. In tea we get a principle medicine. The chemical imitation of na- called "theine," while in coffee we find "caffeine," and in cocoa "theobromine" To these principles these foods owe their stimulating qualities, and caffeine his passed into the list of substances used for the cure of certain classes of headache. It may therefore be said that in a wide range of plants special products of indeed, be wondrous if in the laboratory the kind under discussion are part and parcel of the constitution of the living or-Theine and caffeine may be technically regarded as polsons, and in adequate quantity would polson us; bu the amount we receive in "the cup that cheers" is small enough to convey stimulant effects only. It 's different, of course, with other plants that develop principles notably poisonous, even in small doses. From Ireland, in 1846, came accounts of

D: 104.2

But a good liniment or plaster will often give temporary ease by producing counter-irritation and reducing the inflammation and swelling, but there is nothing curative about these simple remedies, for Rhoumatism is not a skin disease and cannot be rubbed away with liniments or drawn out by plasters or anything else applied to the surface. Rheumatism is caused by urea, uric acid and other irritant poisons in the blood, which are carried through the circulation to every part of the body and deposited in the muscles, joints and nerves.

When the system is in this condition, exposure to night air, cold winds or damp, chilly weather, seem to arouse the sluggish blood and the most terrific pains begin to shoot through the muscles and joints and they swell and inflame, writhe and twist, and so intense is the suffering that the strongest constitution cannot long hold out against the nerveracking tortures of acute Rheumatism, and many times its victims are left hopeless, helpless cripples, with crooked

limbs and shattered nerves. There is no limit to its powers for evil; not a fibre of the body is beyond the reach of the dangerous acids and poisons circulating in the blood; the valves of the heart are often affected, resulting in palpitation or something far more serious. Rheumatism does not always come on suddenly; its growth is often gradual. Little pains begin tugging at the muscles or wandering from joint to joint as winter approaches, or the weather is unsettled and changeable, but they increase with each recurring attack, and nothing is more certain than that this insidious disease will at diately got relief, and in six months was last get you completely in its power and almost entirely well .- D. J. Duane, 2108 Floyd St. before you realize it joints are swollen and locked,

muscles contracted and stiff, and you are a chronic sufferer from Rheumatism. You can never conquer this deep-seated disease with external remedies that give only partial or temporary relief, nor by flooding the system with Alkali and Potash mixtures, which break down the digestion, while the disease is left to pursue its destructive work.

No remedy brings such prompt and lasting relief in rheumatic troubles as S. S. S. which attacks the disease in the blood, neutralizes the acids and stimulates all the blood making organs. It removes from the system all poisonous substances, purifies and enriches the thin acid blood, and when the Uric Acid salts and the gritty particles are dislodged and drenched out of the aching muscles and

discomforts and misery of Rheumatism. S. S. S. being a purely vegetable remedy can be taken with safety by the old, middle aged and young. It will cure you, no matter whether you are a long-time sufferer or only beginning to feel occasional twinges of Rheumatism. Write us about your case and our physicians will advise you without charge. We will mail free our special book on Rheumatism. THE SWIFT SPECIFIC COMPANY, Atlanta, Ga.

joints, the patient is happily relieved for all time of the