

THE FAMILY STORY

JAMES INCH'S DOWNFALL.

MR. JAMES INCH is one of the most staid and dignified citizens of Parlor City. He never drinks, he never smokes, and it is his firm conviction that Hades is yawning for every man, woman, and child that plays cards. He is a pillar of the local Methodist Church, has publicly denounced dancing as an invention of the devil, progressive eucire and pedro parties as greased poles to the realm of Satan, and trolley parties as an even more sinful diversion than any of the other forms of amusement to which he is opposed. One might imagine from this that Mr. James Inch was an unpopular man in Parlor City. Such, however, is not the case. The inhabitants point him out to strangers as their model citizen, and can't say enough in praise of him. That is because Mr. Inch is a sterling business man, and so generous and charitable that his fellow townsmen are willing to overlook his radical views on things in the amusement line.

Mr. Inch had an experience some weeks ago that came pretty near knocking down with one blow the splendid reputation he has built up for himself in Parlor City. It was a most unfortunate experience for Mr. Inch, but it provided amusement for his fellow citizens for days afterwards, and some of them are not through laughing yet.

One bright sunny morning early in August Mr. Inch boarded a train bound for Parlor City at a small way station some twenty miles from his home. He had gone out there the night before on business, had missed the last train back, and a night on a corn husk mattress in the local tavern had ruffled him about as much as he had ever been ruffled in his life. Mr. Inch had not been in the train five minutes when he heard a frightful racket in the car behind him, and on inquiring of the conductor what it meant was told that both of the rear cars were full of lunatics who were being transferred from New York to the State asylum on the hill back of Parlor City.

"They're in charge of keepers, all right," said the conductor, "but they get excited every now and then, and I tell you the keepers have their hands full. Lor! but they do curse!"

"Do you suppose I could go look at them?" asked Mr. Inch, who immediately made up his mind that it was his duty as a Christian man to go and speak a few words of admonition to these men.

"Dunno," was the conductor's laconic response. "You'll have to ask the keepers."

Mr. Inch rose from his seat and started back. He decided that he would not ask permission to do what was his plain duty. He felt that the keepers would refuse him admission to the car, so he made up his mind to slide in unobserved, take a seat, and watch his chance to distribute advice to the unfortunate. It was not a difficult piece of work, as the keepers were pretty busy when Mr. Inch opened the door and walked in, and they didn't notice him at all. He gradually worked his way to the middle of the car unnoticed in the howling crowd of wild-eyed men, and ensconced himself in a seat beside a red-headed individual who was swinging his arms round in most reckless fashion and singing in a shrill voice:

"This is my story, this is my song, Praising the Savior all the day long."

Over and over again the man sang the couplet, sandwiching it with strings of oaths, which sent chills chasing each other up and down Mr. Inch's spinal column. He attempted to talk with the man, but he might as well have tried to converse with a log of wood. Others with whom he started conversations looked at him so blankly that he soon realized it was a hopeless task, and settling down in his seat, he resolved to say no more.

"When we get to Parlor City," he figured to himself, "I'll just wait until they get this crew out of the car, and then I'll go out myself and go home."

Mr. Inch's resolution was the result of a little speculation as to what would happen to him if the keepers discovered that he had entered the car and mingled with this crew of violent and irresponsible men.

At the station in Parlor City on the same morning that Mr. Inch boarded the train twenty miles away stood fifteen keepers from the State asylum waiting for the consignment of lunatics from New York. With them was young Dr. Blank, on whose shoulders rested the responsibility for the safe transportation of the lunatics from the station to the asylum. Dr. Blank was worried. It was the first expedition of this kind he had commanded,

and he was mightily afraid that something would go wrong. Only a month before he had received his appointment to the asylum, and escape or revolt due to lack of proper precautions would, he knew, mean the loss of his place. He was relieved when the train rolled in and a keeper jumped from the steps of a car, touched his hat, and announced that all was well.

"A hundred altogether, I believe," the doctor remarked.

"Yes, sir; fifty in each car," said the keeper.

"Well, march them out as soon as you can," said Dr. Blank, and he hauled out a notebook and prepared to check off the men as they were handed over to his keepers.

They took the last car first, and Dr. Blank drew a deep breath of relief when the fiftieth man stepped to the platform.

"Now for the other car," he said, cheerily, and the keepers commenced to hustle the unfortunates out.

Mr. Inch crouched low in his seat and was passed by. Mr. Blank, notebook in hand, sang out, "Forty-nine," just as the keeper escorted a man to the platform and called: "That's all."

"There must be another," said the doctor, nervously.

"You counted wrong," said the keeper.

"No, I'm sure I'm right, but I'll count them again," said Dr. Blank, and he did so, with the result that his first figuring was correct.

One man was missing. There could be no doubt about that. The car had only yielded forty-nine men.

"Search the car," called out the doctor, and the keeper proceeded to do so.

The first man he encountered was Mr. Inch, who, having made up his mind that sufficient time had elapsed to render it safe for him to leave the car, had risen and was making for the door.

"Hello," exclaimed the keeper, "how did you get here?"

"I just walked in from the other car," replied Mr. Inch, with dignity.

"Didn't see a man hide himself around this car anywhere, did you?"

Now it happened that some minutes before the train reached Parlor City the red-headed man who sat next to Mr. Inch had slid to the floor, and cuddled himself up under the seat. Mr. Inch had seen him do it, and had marveled at the man's ability to stay in one position so long. To tell of this incident, however, was to admit that he had been in the car for some time, which would scarcely do, so he simply said in a tone of mild astonishment:

"See a man hide himself? How ridiculous," and the keeper, impressed by his tone, passed by and started searching at the upper end of the car.

Mr. Inch continued toward the door, reached the platform, and stepped slowly down. Mr. Inch's personal appearance was not what it usually was. A night in a country hotel, with neither hair brush nor comb in the morning, showed on him. Contact with the elbow of a lunatic behind him had put a most disreputable looking dent in his derby. His appearance was altogether bad enough to justify Dr. Blank's exclamation of:

"Ah, here he is. This way, my friend," which he made when he saw Mr. Inch descending to the platform.

Mr. Inch heard the remark, but paid no attention to it. Instead of obeying, he quickened his pace toward the other end of the platform, but before he had gone a dozen yards Dr. Blank was alongside.

"This way, my friend," said Dr. Blank, swinging Mr. Inch around by the arm.

"What do you mean, sir?" said Mr. Inch.

"Keep quiet, now, keep very quiet," said the doctor, soothingly. "I'll be all right if you keep quiet."

"Why should I keep quiet when a loafer grabs me by the arm and swings me around as though I were a log of wood?" cried Mr. Inch, indignantly.

"Get back into line," said Dr. Blank. "Get back into line, and let's end this nonsense," and he grabbed Mr. Inch by the collar and proceeded to drag him down the platform.

Mr. Inch lost his temper then, and swung his right arm toward his captor's jaw with vicious violence. The blow landed, and so did a second and third, sent in with equal precision. Dr. Blank hung on, though slightly dazed. He couldn't hit the man back. There is a State rule forbidding keepers or doctors to strike an insane person, no matter what the provocation. The doctors have but one mode of defense. It is the hypodermic injection, and each doctor carries a syringe loaded with a special preparation which will take all the life out of a man in five minutes, cause him to sleep for

several hours, and bring him around after his slumber in a decidedly weak mental condition.

While Dr. Inch was banging Dr. Blank on the nose and jaw, the doctor was maneuvering with his free hand for his syringe. While the struggle went on the keepers kept their eyes on the other insane men. They couldn't leave them to go to the doctor's assistance. The struggle was apt to excite them, and a general outbreak was to be prevented above all things.

Dr. Blank was getting played out when he managed to reach his syringe, haul it out, and jab it into Mr. Inch's neck. The effect of the injection was instantaneous.

"I'm stabled!" yelled Mr. Inch, slapping both hands to his neck and dropping.

"I'm d-n glad of it," remarked Dr. Blank. "You're the toughest one I ever tackled," and he motioned to a keeper, who was coming toward him on a run to come faster.

"We've found the other man," said the keeper, when he came up.

"Of course we have," said the doctor, with sarcastic emphasis on the "we."

"He was under a seat in the car," went on the keeper. "You've made a bad break here," he went on in a low tone. "Come up here, and let's get away."

"Great Scott!" roared the doctor, "isn't this one of our men?"

"No," said the keeper. "He's a citizen who wandered into the car."

"Let's cut this quick," said the doctor. "Tell the boys to march around to the north of the depot and I'll join you there," and away went the doctor in one direction, while the keeper went down the platform.

So much interest had been manifested in the crowd of insane men that few people on the platform had noticed the struggle between Dr. Blank and Mr. Inch. The few who had seen it went away when the insane men were marched off, and so a little later, when a station hand came across the respectable Mr. Inch asleep in a pile of freight, his clothes torn and dirty, his hat ripped through the middle, and minus his collar and necktie, he threw up his hands in astonishment. He called other station hands, and the men in the baggage room came, too, and their eyes nearly popped out of their heads at the sight of James Inch, Parlor City's respectable citizen, in so deplorable a condition. They were a heartless crowd, those station men, for they called a policeman, and the policeman hauled Mr. Inch out of the freight and started dragging him toward the station. Mr. Inch the meanwhile sleeping innocently on. Half way to the station the policeman gave out and Mr. Inch was allowed to take a short doze on the sidewalk pending the arrival of help.

It happened to be on the main street of Parlor City that the policeman left his prisoner, and as the afternoon was as bright and sunny as the morning had been, the inhabitants were out in great numbers. Any attempt to record here the comments of the people on Mr. Inch and his condition would be futile. Suffice it to say that the downfall of James Inch, the model citizen of Parlor City, the pillar of the church, and the greatest philanthropist in the country, was known for miles that night.

And the next day there was more to talk about. Mr. Inch slept for five hours at the station house, and then went home, and, refusing to recognize his wife, proceeded to destroy the family china. He hurled plates around until he was tired, then smashed windows and mirrors with a poker for a time. He went to bed after hacking at some furniture with a carving knife, and the next morning woke up without the slightest recollection of what had happened. He recalled the struggle at the station, but that was all. His wife pretended to believe the story of his having been stabbed in the neck, but she didn't at all.

For several days the cold glances of former friends and acquaintances annoyed him. They all said, "Yes, yes," when he told of his remarkable temporary aberration, but he could see that they did not believe him. Nevertheless the truth came out in time and Mr. Inch of Parlor City is as respected and honored as he ever was. Dr. Blank made a statement in the local paper of the matter over his signature, and that more than anything else exonerated Mr. Inch. As for the doctor, he was suspended, but at Mr. Inch's earnest solicitation the superintendent restored him to duty, and he and his victim are now the best of friends. The doctor doesn't carry his hypodermic syringe except in the asylum wards now, and he has declared that he'll never take it out of the building again.—New York Sun.

A Remarkable Echo.

One of the most remarkable echoes in the world is that produced by the suspension bridge across the Menai straits in Wales. The sound of a blow with a hammer on one of the main piers is returned in succession from each of the cross beams which support the roadway, in addition to which the sound is many times repeated between the water and the roadway, at the rate of twenty-eight times in five seconds.

Friends Failed to Recognize Her

Mrs. Hadix so Changed in Appearance That She Hardly Knew Herself.

She Says the Secret of the Great Change and Her Present Good Health is Due to the Use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills—Other Prominent Citizens Testify to the Merits of This Remedy.

From the Call, San Francisco, Cal.

"You don't know me! Well, I am not surprised at that. I hardly know myself, and yet here I am full of life and vigor. Look at my arms, round, strong and healthy. The color of my cheeks show life and animation."

So spoke Mrs. Hadix, wife of Rev. E. Hadix, of Placerville, California, and "what has produced this wonderful change from almost death to healthful, active life?"

"Well, I will tell you it was Pink Pills for Pale People. You will remember that for years I walked the streets a living skeleton—emaciated—weak, and a complete wreck. My flesh colorless, my nerves unstrung. I had no blood. If my flesh was punctured, a thin pink stain was all that could be produced. My physicians said there was no hope for me. My friends despaired of my recovery. I was sent to Sacramento, where three of the most eminent physicians diagnosed my case, but they shook their heads and said they could not help me, and they refused to take my money as they could do me no good.

"My husband was sent for to say the last good-bye. When I lay on my couch to rest I felt as though I was sinking, down, down, down. I could not sleep, neither could I rest. When all hope from physicians was gone, I determined to try what virtue there was in Pink Pills for Pale People. I commenced taking them and soon began to improve. I continued their use with the result that to-day I am fully recovered to health and happiness, and this in less than six months from the time I commenced their use. All hail to Pink Pills for Pale People."

J. C. Stephens, another resident of Placerville, said: "I was afflicted with rheumatism for more than twenty years, and only with the greatest difficulty was I able to walk to my place of business, my hands were so stiff and swollen that I could scarcely hold anything in them. When driving my team, could not hold my whip. I saw in the San Francisco Call that a friend of mine had been cured of rheumatism by using Pink Pills. I commenced using them with the result that I am completely cured."

Mrs. J. G. Bailey was afflicted for a long time with kidney trouble and could not rest nights. She said: "I had heard so much about the wonders that Pink Pills performed that I concluded to try them. I commenced taking them, and found immediate relief, sleep nicely, and in every way am greatly improved."

W. F. Fairchild is a druggist doing business in Placerville. He says he has been selling Pink Pills for Pale People for several years, and that his customers speak very highly of them, and sales have been more than doubled within the last six months, especially since the wonderful recovery of Mrs. Hadix, whose case was considered hopeless, and whose recovery by the use of Pink Pills was considered almost a miracle. The reputation of these pills is fully established for doing what they promise.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effect of la grippe, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexions, all forms of weakness either in male or female. Pink Pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent post paid on receipt of price, 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

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I never used so quick a cure as Piso's Cure for Consumption.—J. B. Palmer, Box 1171, Seattle, Wash., Nov. 25, 1895.

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Your money back if you don't like it.

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SHEAR NO SENSE

They say that when Congress meets They will take up the theater hat. They may neglect other affairs. But they never can overlook that.—Washington Post.

"Uncle George, what is a good conversationalist?" "Well, Dickie, it's the woman who gets the first start."—New York Sun.

"I do not believe that I have a true friend in the world." "So you have been trying to borrow money, too, have you?"—Truth.

"Madge, why do you always buy your books at a dry goods store?" "Because—it doesn't give me such a shock when the clerks know nothing about them."—Puck.

Unmarried Sister—Do you think Jack's yacht will be becalmed? Married Sister—I could tell you better if I knew that women were on board, my dear.—Pick-Me-Up.

"What would you do, dear, if I were to die?" asked Mrs. Darley, fondly. "I don't know," replied Darley, thoughtfully; "which is your choice, burial or cremation?"—Judge.

"I really think that the 'bike' was the cause of MacNab marrying Miss Smithers." "That's odd." "Not at all. You see, they were thrown so much in each other's society."—Judge.

His Way of Putting It—"Is there one fountain pen better than another?" "Well, no; I should say, however, that there are a good many fountain pens worse than others."—Chicago Record.

He pined upon his overcoat—That sneering Johnny Power—A big chrysanthemum and said: "That's what I call flower."—Chicago Tribune.

"I wonder if that diamond Mudge has is of the first water?" "I doubt it. It has been soaked so many times that it must be of the tenth or eleventh water by this time."—Indianapolis Journal.

"See here, waiter! Those eggs are not cooked properly." "I know it, sir, but you said they were for your wife, and I knew if the lady was your wife she couldn't be very particular."—Yonkers Statesman.

"See how clean of snow Brown's sidewalk is and look at Jacobson's next door." "Yes, but you don't understand." "What?" "I saw Brown borrow Jacobson's snow shovel two hours ago."—Chicago Record.

Mr. Henpect anxiously—Can I bring proceedings in court, Mr. Blackstone, to set aside my wife's will? Lawyer—Why, your wife isn't dead, is she? Mr. Henpect—No; that's just the trouble.—Somerville Journal.

Mrs. Snaggs (who was a school teacher before her marriage)—The scientific name of the turkey is Meleagris Gallopavo. Mr. Snaggs—We will abbreviate that name to "Dennis" for the time being.—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

"Father," said the small boy, "what makes piano players wear their hair long?" "Don't bother me, Johnny." "But, father, I wish to know." "Oh—it's so the public won't be able to see how much their heads have swelled."—Washington Star.

Mrs. Lightly—You used to call me "dear" before marriage, you never do now. Mr. Lightly—Before I married you I thought you dear; now I know you are dear, very, very dear, more dear to my purse than my heart.—To Date.

Youth (with incipient beard)—I want a bottle of face lotion. Druggist—Do you want something to use after shaving? Youth (confidentially)—No! You see I'm raising a beard, and I want the face lotion for my fiancée.—Philadelphia Record.

"What on earth have you been doing, my child?" exclaimed Fannie's mother as the little girl came into the room with her hair all awry and her dress torn in a dozen places. "Play-in' shoppin', ma'am!" was the reply.—Yonkers Statesman.

"You are worth your weight in gold to me, darling!" he murmured. "Then do go home early, George, dear," she replied, wearily. "I've lost ten pounds since we became engaged, just sitting up with you. We can't afford such extravagance."—Harper's Bazar.

Lad of 10—1 say, pa, what is the meaning of these numbers at the bottom of every picture? Look at this one: Shakespeare, 153. Perplexed Father (who has never been in a gallery before)—O!—ah!—I expect that is his telephone number.—Humoristische Blaetter.

First Wife—My man's just gone out wild as a hawk 'cos he can't find any money to spend on beer. Second Wife—Where do you hide it? Do tell! Mine knows everywhere 'bout the house. I can't hide nothin' from him long. First Wife—I always puts it in his own coat pocket, the one as hangs up behind the door, and he don't never look there for money.—Ally Sloper.