### SILURY.

GE(

By MATT ORIM.

(Converge, 1898, by Matt Crim.) Silury Cole threw a fresh pine knot on the fire and stepped to the door to peer out into the night, listening intently for the first sound of her father's footsteps on the bard mountain road. For two days the revenue officers had chair. been abroad on the mountains, and the hearts of women and children were seaving with terror and dread.

The rich pine kindled, burnt into heart rivid flame, throwing its light upon an the mountings when he's shut up feet could be distinctly heard on the the girl from head to foot, on her smooth hair, black as the night, on the profile of her face, denoting unusual the sly. They all have to suffer for it officers, were feeling comparatively setharacter for a girl of 14, and on her primitively fushioned gown of blue ful eyes fell on the waiting supper ad at Buckborn springs. Friends of shecked cotton.

The rioting flames, filling the black ed up the low room also, throwing They were mountaineers, patient by grotesque shadows behind the loom and spinning wheel, lingering round the stances of life to endure and be strong Caxen hends of the three children asleep | The law does not punish the moon on the low trundle bed, glancing over the basket of corn ready to be shelled wife and children. Silury dried her for the miller, and over the table and simple preparations for supper Mrs Cole sat in the corner at one end of the flat, stone hearth smoking and silently brooding She was a small, sickly looking woman with sunken eyes and sharp, delicate features. She leaned get away from the raiders." forward with her chin resting in one band staring into the fire. A stick of wood burned apart and fell softly to the coals underneath. She started and glanced at Silury

"Is he comin. Silvry?" "Not yet, ma.

She refilled her pipe and laid a glowing coal on it, shaking her head slowly "An not likely to till the revenue men have gone away

"Ah! But don't you know, ma, pa never stays away mor'n two days at a time. Recollect the time he came a-whistlin, with his gun on his shoulder an three raiders just down on the mill road." said Silury, and laughed at the remembrance of his daring "Pa sin't ensity scared.

"That's so, an I remember that he was mighty hungry, too," murmured her mother, a faint smile for a moment lighting up her prematurely wrinkled

fresh cut rushers of bacon ready to on her arm place over the fire. Her preparations were all complete. When he came, it would take but a few minutes to place had served the Coles faithfully. He

"Are the children covered up?" her mother inquired, glancing toward the bed "The nights are gettin cold

Silury stepped across the room and womanly air the cares of the housepride of her father's heart, her mother epended on her, and the younger children always looked to her to supply former attitude for a few minutes, then suddenly raised her head, a look of fear flashing into her dull eyes. "Silury, it 'pears to me I hear somethin," she whispered quickly.

The girl burried back to the door Cole, roused that fear in her Far away

a line, drawn by honest anxiety ap practice had given her an almost onerpeared between her dark brows. The ring aim. But it was a trying situation for even a mountain girl to ride sound came upward from the valley. 25 down and from the mountains. It alone through ravines and over declividrew nearer each moment tranging ties, often only a bridle path to guide glad or evil tidings to some lone dweller on the beights, for no one ever trav eled over the mountains in that way simply for the pleasure of it How swift, how stendy felt the ironshod feet upon the earth, now clear and distipet, as they passed along a ridge



"Oh, ma! The raiders have took pa" now almost lost, as they plunged into a ravine The big liver colored he and lying on the doorstep stood up sniffed the air and nowled mournfully "It may be the raiders, muttered

Mrs. Cole resilency "Or somelady's dead, on they are

comin for their folks, said Silury in awed tonout the heavy panting of She cou

the borse - with slackened gart he came up the collow below the house otline of the rider as they turned to- by fence. Then us they crossed the narrow path of light proneighbor. He scarcely halted as he ex-

attedly cried Silary, the taiders got yer pa, took him over in Jimson's brake, along in her hands, she crept through the un-

fall up on the mountain side. Silvry might be caim, that her eye might be and her mother looked speechlessly at true, her hand steady when the time and another then Mrs. Cole passed a came.

trembling hand confusedly over her

in a sob "Oh. ma! The raiders have out into the road to listen for sounds of took pa. What shall we do? What travel. shall we do! Poor pa! It will kill him

Mrs. Cole crouched lower in her

'How hungry he must be!"

There were no noisy demonstrations, cavernous depths of the fireplace, light- but a grief, pathetic as it was deep. nature and schooled by all the circum shiner alone, but it falls heavily on his eves and touched her mother on the shoulder, speaking in a firmer tone. "I must go down to Buckhorn springs tonight, ma."

"Eh?" said the dazed woman. "I must see pa. I must help him to

"You, Silnry! How'll you do it?" "I don't know," her lips trembling again, "but I must do it. I must!"

Mrs. Cole stared at her. She had faith in Silury's courage and ability. but now she caught the girl's band. fresh terror seizing her. "Don't you get into trouble, honey.

Me an the children would perish if your pa an you were both took off."

'Don't you fret, ma. I'll come back to you an bring pa too.' "How'll you get to Buckhorn

epringe? Ride Kit.

before the fire kindling a torch to take out to the lot with her. She looked up at her mather with her. at her mother with brave, tender eyes. "Now, don't pester yourself any more than you can help, ma."

Mrs. Cole shook her head, with a deep sigh, and instinctively reached for her pipe, but she could only sit and hold it Silvry glanced over her shoulder at | in her hand, unfilled, unlighted, while the oven of potatoes steaming on the Silnry went away to the lot with the bearth and the frying pan filled with | flaring torch and an old saddle thrown

a smoking hot supper, such as he loved greeted the young girl with a gentle whinny, and she leaned her head against him with another burst of tears. But she quietly wiped them away and led Kit out to the road. It did not take her long to put bridle and tucked the cover around the young saddle on him then she ran in took sleepers. No wonder her face had such | down her father a rifle from the rack mature look, she moved with such a over the front door, and in a few minutes had started on her solitary ride down hold nearly all fell on her. She was the the mountains. The bound would have followed her, but she ordered bim back.

It was a night to live in the child's memory all her life, for with all her fearlessness and bord training she had never before been called upon to traverse the mountain passes alone after darkness had fallen upon them and leaned out again, her best slight. Solitude and gloom surrounded her ly bent, one hand lifted to her ear in a The valley second but a formless gulf listening attitude. A gust of wind of darkness, the multitudinous mounswept down the black, serried peaks tains black sentiness towering to the ly cut against the starlit sky, hurrying bess of the mountain a dog barked, and on its erratic counts to the valley. The she could hear the prolonged blast of a starlit sky, hurrying bess of the mountain a dog barked, and color cover many had dresses to the valley. so high above the small cabin, so sharp | stars | Far away in some remote fast cow munched dry corn husks in a corner | hunting born A star shot downward | Silvry stood again on the doorstep of of the fence, and Kit, the mule, pawed from the zenith, bearing a trail of fire home, her face aglow, her eyes radiant, restlessly at the stable door. But none, across the sky, and was lost behind the of those sounds had disturbed Mrs farreaching western ranges. A sense of isolation oppressed her. She seemed the Silury heard the steady hear of hoofs only living human creature in all the hands in his joy at her return, but she opon the dry, hard road, as of a norse vast, silent world. On the saddle in newly shod and urged to his utmost front of her she felt the trusty rifle. speed.
"I low it's only somebody ridin for from beasts of prey. Her father had the doctor." she said soothingly. But taught her how to use the gun, and

It required a brave heart and a

steady nerve to do it Buckhorn springs are on the public highway leading from a market town in North Georgia to Murphy, N. C., and traditions of the wonderful medicinal qualities of the water come down even from the remote days when the Indian set up the poles of his wigwam near the springs and slaked his floor to wake the younger children thirst in their cool, healing streams. Her father a proud eyes followed her flowing out from under Buckhorn mountain. The Indian and his wigward are mere traditions now themselves, and the white man and his covered market wagon have taken their places. It has been the favorite camping ground of the mountaineers coming from or going to market since the first white settlers boldly penetrated the wilderness beyond. Campers were there the night the revenue officers were to pass with Amaziah Cole, Pelee White and young Davis. They were on the roadside, their white covered wagon drawn out under the sparse timber, their sleek red oven lying unyoked near

it. A campure of brushwood and pine mote blazed up in the open space be-Iween the timber and the road, throwing strange, eerie shadows against the

mountain side and in the tree tops. A lean, brown faced wagoner sat on an inverted feed box whittling a stick. and a woman occupied a rude camp stool nearer the fire, the light bringing out the stripes in her brown and yellow homespun skirts and the melancholy ines in her sharply featured face. A rown woolen weil was tied around her head, and she rubbed snuff with subfued enjoyment. Silary did not go fown to the public road. On the mounjected from the doorway beyond the tain side, above the springs, a ledge of ow yard fence she recognized a valley lone gray rocks jutted out. Dismounting at a level spot in the pathway, Silary tied Kit's bridle to an overhanging bough; then, with the gon grasped with Pelee White an one o' the Davis terbrush to the rocks. She trembled boys. They il pass Buckborn springs with excitement, for a daring thought had come to her, a scheme whereby she And then he went on his way to might deliver her father from his capcarry the sad news to more remote tors. She crouched down behind the babitations, and great silence seems to tooks and waited, praying that she

Evidently the campers had heard of tace. "What all did be say, Silury? It unail the officers passed with the prispears to me my understandin ain't oners, for several times during that quite clear tonight."

"He said" — She caught her breath behind the bowlders, the man walked

"I 'low they are comin at last," he to be put in prison," in a burst of despairing anguish. 'in a burst of despairing anguish. 'in a burst of despairing anguish. 'in a burst of despairing anguish.

and joined him on the roadside. Silury's heart gave a great thump, "I knew it would come. I've been thump, against her side. She started a-feelin it here for a long time-a long into a more erect position, bringing time. one thin hand grasping for her the barrel of her rifle to a level with the heart. "Yes: he'll pine for his freedom rock. The trampling sound of horses" in jail. Oh. I've begged him not to be road, and presently the cavalcade rode a moonshiner, not to make whisky on up, the prisoners in the middle. The sooner or later." Her wandering, tear- one. No resone had ever been attemptprisoners had sometimes ambushed in the wilder country above, but this raid had been unmolested. They had been



"Look out, pa! Look out!" she sereamed. riding hard, and so they halted for a few minutes at the springs, and some

Silvry saw her father astride a powerful male, his hands tied together, but his lower limbs free. He looked haggard and unkempt, his long, black hair falling to his shoulders, his beard tangled. He bore the marks of his sojourn in Jimson's Brake and of his resistance to arrest

"Poor pa" Did he hear that trembling, pitying whisper! He threw up his head, his black, deepset eyes flashing an eager glance around. The officer at his side fell back a little to speak to a comrade It was the girl's chance She suddenly rose head and shoulders above the rails. the camplire shining on her white face. "Look out pa! Look out!" she screamed in shriff, piercing tones, and

He saw her, read her purpose and, as the animal under him staggered and fell, he leaped from its back like a panther and disappeared in the under-

It was all so quick, so nnexpected. Through the curling wreath of smoke "Go back Bolivar, an take care of from the rifle Silvry's face appeared for them that's left behind and he slunk a moment to the amazed eyes of the happened, and, fearing a stronger attack, put spars to their horses and hustled their other prisoners away, leaving the dead mule in the road

The next morning, as the rising sun gilded the mountain tops with gold, the revenue officers rode through streets of the market town with two prisoners, telling a thrilling story of the moonshiner's ambush at Buckhorn

in spite of the sleepless night spent abroad on the mountains Bolivar crouched against her feet or licked her scarcely noticed him She was looking at the unfinished supper, cold on the hearth, the gray, fireless ashes in the deep fireplace and her mother asleep in

oyously "Pa is here!" Mrs Cole started up and rubbed her yes as she saw husband and daughter standing in the doorway. "Did I dream t all?" she murmired helplessly

"Wake up, ma, wake up!" she cried

hought the raiders were takin you to jail. Amazian "So they were, an I'd be there right now if - He stopped, cheked with emotion, and his hand stroked Silury's

bendi "An he's never goin to be a moonshiper again, ma, never Ain't we And Silnry slipped across the "It's all owin to you all owin to

### A turious Coincidence.

The letters "O N might be supposed to process a mysterious charm, as they in the blar would take the blaff who furnish so remarkable a coincidence as when sunthin lift me longside the head may be found in the following list and I went head over neels down hill Anron, Solomon, Agamemnon, Solon, Blon, Phocion, Baron, Newton, had jest sense huff to wonder how i Johnson, Addison, Crichton, Person, on Massillon, Warburton, Leighton, Lytton, Walton, Amereon, Ben Jonson Million Hyron, Thomson, Tennyson. Anson: Washington, Napoleon

Wellington site. A Greek schutze has called attention an very curious coincidence about the mme of Namoleon. If you take away he first letter of his name, you have appoison. Take away the first letter of that word and you have "poleon;" do this successively down to the last sylinble, and you care "leon," "con" and Put these several words togeth | fur me. er in this order. Napoleon on electrical on apoleon poleon and you have a Greek phrase the literal translation of which is "Napoleon being the lion of peoples, went about destroying cities."

To discourage those curious individ sals who persist in fingering the varisus portions of the mechanism of his "guto" when he leaves it standing by the curb a Hoston motorist has rigged up a galvanic battery which he has atached to the various levers. When he leaves his vehicle, he turns on the surrout, and when he returns it is needless to say that he finds everything fust as he left it.

HAD A REG OF MOONSHINE IN HIS ARMS WHEN HE MET A BEAR

What Followed and the Conclusion He Reached When the Trouble Was All Over Are Graphically Told by the Old Pussum Hunter Himself.

[Copyright, time by C. R. Lewis ] "I was reckenin to go in with some of the men on a moonshine still," said the old possum hauter. but the old woman raised sich a fuss about it that I had to give it up. She jest sufked and cried and acted up tur a bull week. and she couldn't sleep nights for thinkin of them revenew fellers. When they got the still runnin, they wanted somebody to carry the kegs over the mount in to market, and they coaxed me into the job. It was a trip of fo'teen miles, and, of cobe, it had to be, made at night. I dasn't let the old wemu know what I was doin, but as I had to bey an excuse to be out I told her I was coon huntin. I'd bin out three or for nights when she turns on no and says:
"How about them coons, Zeb?

a've bin out every night since Sunis, but yo' bain't dun brung back a mskin.

Yours is neglity shy this time of ouge ti

Um. that's HI Coons Jest keep right as from yo', do they? Tenes like they do, but I'm hopin

strike a big lot of 'em all to once. Want. Zeb White, yo' mind what I ell you, says she as she looks straight



TRUNCHAG IN SUNTHIN IN THE DARRNESS. through me. Yo' jest keep right on soon hunting and yo'll find a coon sooner or later, and it'll turn out a mighty bad find for you

"Then I knowed she s'pected what I was up to, but as she didn't say nuthin me' I didn't. That night when I went over to the still I felt a little skittish The old woman's words had kind of skewed me. Them revenew fellers waaround lookin for stills, and I was its ble to run across 'em in the wood time: If they ketched my with a of moonshine on my shoulder, it rea year in prison fur me for an When Jim Harper found I was a tish, he says

'If it's got to that plant what To White, the celebrated blur killer and passion hunter of Tennessee, has beome afraid of rabbits, then he'd better stay bonne of nights and phasesheed

Then Bill Hope chips mand says it's wooderful that a man who has killed a wildent with a club should be afruid of ld and feeble, and, of coise, the talk ders and sot out. It wasn't a cloudy night, but a man wanted the eyes of a ent to foller the paths over the hills and through the bresh I tried to think if was all right, but the old woman's vords kept comin back to me, and I felt my knees grow weak as I scuffed dong. I was jest about half way over the bills and had sot down to rest when Leard a b'ar sniffin in the bresh. The Countess Potocka's Memoirs. roise he made was a sort of said snuff. with a 'woof' at the end of it. That's the way a bear allow does when be smells a mun at night.

"Look yere, Zeb White," says 1 to myself as that b'ar kept comin nearer if yo' min't in a scrape then I'll eat my butes. In the darkness and over these bills yo' can't run fur shucks. and how to gwine to fight a blar bare handed ?

'Yo' bet I wished I lad beeded the old woman, but it was too late then thought the best was was to git up and go along and give that turning a odd binff, for I was fremblin all over as I made forward. I tried to whistle but my lips vias dry as paper. I start ed to sing, but us nown since skeered the. I was movin along slow and hopform the termination of many of the I can up ug'in somitin in the darkness nest distinguished names in history. I put out my hand and felt the for of a No other fetters of the alphabet will b'ar, but I hadn't more'n teched bin made up from ancient and modern and into the bushes. It was as if a mule had kissed me on the ear, and ; would feel when the critter begun by Montfaucon. Tillotson, Fene tear me to poors. I heard him snuffin and snuffin and movin around, but h didn't come to me, and bimeby I heard bim movin away.

"When I went head over heefs, I lost the keg. I didn't stop to look fur l when the blar moved off, but I crawled back to the path and started off. I was feelin the thankfulest man in Tennes. see, though my head felt as big as a bar'i, when somebody grabbed me and dashed a light in my face. True as: you live, I had run ag'in three revenew fellers who was hidle and waiting

" 'Good evenin, Zeb White,' said one of 'em as they made such it was me. "The same says I, pullin myself together as hard as I could.

Out for a beetle walk this eveniny

whar's the typ of moonshine?" threatened and bulldozed, but I stuck; feets are not good to it that I was lookin fur coons, and they dasn't hold me. Bimeby I started | Fools acquire wisdom and loafers go fur home. I was mighty parvus about to work tonnerow. Chicago News.

ZEB IN A TIGHT FIX. mo' b'ars, but I got home without see readin the Bible, and she looks up and

quietly says. 'Yo're home shead of time, Zeb. Is

coons skeere totight? " Mighty skeeper."

" Did yo' see any 'tall?" " I lest met aute:

"I see yo' did, and he fetched yo that ellip on the ear and sent you home. I reckoned yo'd meet up with a coop if yo' kept on. Better wash of the blood and rub in some possum'

"And while I was doin it?" said the old man in a whisper, "I beard the old woman gigglin softly to herself and bubble around in her cheer. I days't as her no questions, belance 1'd made I've allow thought? Say, now, but I believe that b'ar in the path was my old woman. Yes, sah, I believe she put on b'arskin we had in the house and sneaked out into the woods to saved me from them revenew fellers and state's prison I was much obleeged to her and didn't raise no row.'

M. QUAD.

### THE SCHEME WORKED.

His Wife's Suspicion.

To be perfectly honest, Brown does sourceful.

On the evening in question, as the lawyers would say, he told her that was at his office.

"Guess got," was the planning response. "I was just down there and

ill looked dark " She rang off victously, if women ever nance allows, kept taking on temper as ingly, insisted that she had given him a deligitful surprise, put his ensiest chair near the light, handed her a paper and apologized for having to re-

ill she left. In ten minutes be was at the club and shook bands with a man who smilingly asked if the scheme worked. He replied that it was as good as ready noney for at least 60 days, and then each bought a stack of chips that pass a special study of the new lymph and in the night.-Detroit Free Press.

A King's Peac of Woman's Beauty.

lymph institute in San Francisco Charles XII of Sweden feared only at 126 Kearney St. Full information me power in the world, the power of containing tabulations and other rebeauty; only a bundsome woman could cords of cases by mult to physicians and boast of ninking him qualf-she put others inquiring. Dr. Stablein has aim to flight the said: "So many he roes have succumbed to the attractions promised the records of some interestof a beautiful face! Did not Alexan ing cures of consumption for these colder, my pet, burn a town to please a unins for future issues ridiculous adventuress? I want ury life to be free from such weakness would links. The other two men history and not find such a stain upon society are too easily seen and too sad

He was told one day that a young tied me and number me determined to girl had come to sue for justice on be at it was about to eclock when I half of a blind octogenarian father half of a blind octogenarian father ining a keg of mosasshipe on my shoul- maltreated by soldiers. The first inclination of the king a strict disciplina ian, was to rosh straight to the plain tiff, to hear the details of the misde mention for himself but suddenly stop ping he asked. "Is she good looking? And being assured that she was both very young and unusually lovely, he sent word that she must wear a veil otherwise he would not listen to her

### Tennyson and Sightseers.

Tennyson's well known aversion i sightseers and their ways gave rise to many an odd experience. Once, it is said, he complained to Queen Victoria, saying that to could no longer stay in the lide of Wight awing to the tourists who came to stare at him.

The queen, with a kindly trony, said that she berself did not suffer much from that gravance But Tennyson taking her literally, replied in the samstrain

No. madam." said be, "and if I could clap a sentinet wherever I liked I should not be troubled either."

### A Resourceful Walter

A very rich but interfy gentleman was in the lachit of diving daily at a a gentleman beside a lady to whom be certain restruction but he never tip is paying alimony." Smart Set. ped the waiter who attended to his wants. One day the long suffering wniter asked the gentleman "if he A great circlosity is a home 1.10 years of age and yet fit for habitation would condescend to accept his other walter at photograph?" This old dwelling, the oldest inhabite What for?" was the query-

"I thought it might make you re member the waiter, sir," was the quick rends -- London Tit Bits.

### The Vational Emblem

The Presbyterian Review tells of a Scottish influister who reminded the Lord in a prayer, "For, as then know est men do not gather grapes of thorns. nor figs of the untional emblem-

"This delicate reference to the this tle as the national emblem of Scotland is delicious." says The Review. "but how it would have surprised the writers of the four gospela!"

### Minerd.

"If's always dangerous to jump at conclusions," said the careful man "You're liable to make yourself ridies lous, to any the least."

"That's right," replied the Jersey commuter "I jumped at the conclu-Nice exepts to walk. Mebbe yo've sion of a ferrybest once and missed bin pickin wild flowers? By the way, it Catholic Standard and Times

"I jest bhilled 'em right down," said Strong cheese is recommended in the old man, with a grim smile. "As moderation; it is suitable to those who the keg was gone and they couldn't suffer from "nerves." for it acts as a ech me I wasn't afraid to talk. They sedance, but if eaten to excess its ef-

## THE PROGRESS OF SCIENCE MOFFITT

#### Drugs Now Give Way to Animal Tissue

Even Consumption, Epilepsy and Some Forms of Insanity are Now Curable

A new era in the treatment of certain diseases is at hand. The results are so definite and positive as to command immediate recognition from physicians as well as laymen. In the new treatment drugs give way to animal tissue-In solution. It is not administered through the stormen but is injected into the circulatory system. The lymph used is extracted from the lymphatic glands of live gonts. The gont is select meet me, and when I got close up to ed for the reason that he is the hardiest her she fetched me a whack with a and healthlest of all animals. He canclub. I dun believe it, sub, but as it not even be inoculated with consumption or microbic diseases, his highly vitalized system throwing off bacilli without effort. Then again old age produces the least effect on his organs and tissue and degenerate disease sure seldom if ever found in his body. Little marvel and Francis had one curs. Still it hund if ever found in his body. Little marvel and Francis in his body. A Scheme by Which Brown Quieted then that the daily injection of a solution of the lymphatic glands of the goat not go to his Griswold street office every night that he tells his wife he is going there. The business which he says is pressing is frequently imaginary and the man whom he is going the says and putting substance into the structure. An interesting proof of the nary and the man whom he is going to meet does not exist. He belongs action of the lymph is shown by the to a club, and clubs have their attractions. He thought that his wife was growing suspicious, and Brown is resourceful.

This across the street from whom Mandell's provided in the land of the lymph is shown by the Denant Capitalist fact that old animals who have been treated become active, quicket and their look them. They stoped without bottom growing suspicious, and Brown is resourceful.

This across the street from whom Mandell's provided in the land of the lymph is shown by the Denant look them. They stoped from whom Mandell's land look them. They stoped from the land look them. They stoped from whom Mandell's land look them. They stoped from the land look them. They stoped from the land look them. They stoped from whom Mandell's land look them. They stoped from the land look them. They stoped from the land look them. They stoped from the look them. They stoped from the land look them. They stoped from the land look them. They stoped from the look them. They stoped from the land look them. They stoped from the look them. They stoped from the land look them. tinguished physicians in many places | Seat postpaid for 25 coats in stamps to have taken hold of the new lymph and | INLAND DRUG CO. 284 Washington Street tinguished physicians in many places there was a unitter of business that for the benefit of the profession the recould not possibly be deferred until the sults of their experiences are being tabnext day. About 9 o'clock she answer ulated. During three years up to Feb. TO PHYSICIANS. ed the phone and was asked if Brown first over nineteen fundred cases had direct over nineteen fundred cases had been treated in the United States aidite. Of this number 75 per cent were so called incurable diseases and 14 per cent in the flustest southness promounced. I was in this solution unveil taxing Biglinsialisases in an atwared stages. The averages of their ages was 56 years. Only two of the number died although according to the tailes of mortality 52 should have died within the three years. In view of the percent age of incurables at least 98 should have died within age of incurables at least 98 should have died within the three years. In view of the percent were greatly benefitted and died. But note the astounding results: the failures were but 7½ per cent, while 25½ per cent were greatly benefitted and 67 per cent were greatly benefitted and 67 per cent were complete cures. The cures include many consumptives and many cases of rheumatism, paralysis, pillepsy, and locomotor ataxia. Aside from the marvel that consumption and was at home, and she replied that he been treated in the United States alone, do such things, ordered a come, told died although according to the tables the derver to go as fast as the ordi of mortality 52 should have died within she went and flew up stabr. to the age of incurables at least 98 should have office as though a mouse were in hot died. But note the astounding results: pursuit. Her husband met her smil. the failures were but 71 per cent, while sume work that would possibly keep many cases of rheumatism, paralysis, him till 3. She could not explain, she epillepsy, and locomotor ataxia. Aside could not keep awake, she was asham- from the marvel that consumption and The tr ed of berself, and after lamely telling paralysis are at last curative the dishim that she had dreamed that he was covery was made that certain formof insanity readily yield to it The positive and startling results

has administered it to hundreds of cases

successfully, has recently opened a

The Errors of Society.

on the grand stand at the Newport Ca

sino during a tennis match. After 1

had been in my seat a short time, a

man I knew, once divorced but remar

• few moments later the woman from

whom he had been divorced and who

had also remarried came in with her

new hisdand and sar directly on my

right. Whether the tiefest agent ar

ranged this for a joke I am not pre-

leaving the feur in a straight row

a few moments. The four soon realiz

ed, however, what people were staring

and smiling at and, looking dargers

at our another, municipately rose and

disappeared in the crowd. The inci-

dent numsed the lasts and inisses very

A bady I know eary well in Now

York, who was giving a dinner party, told me she always dreaded the ar-

ranging of her guests at her tubles

lest she put people together schom the

"law had not aparet." as she put it:

It would be perfectly decadful to mat.

England's Old House.

ionse in England, was bufft in th

time of King Offa of Mercia. It is of

tagonal in shape, the walls of its lowe.

story being of great thickness. The

upper part is of oak. At one time the

house was fortified and known by the

name of St. German's gate. It stands

close to the over Ver and only a few

Run Over Rim.

your son Billy has been run over by a

Ob, dear, dear My poor

Whatever shall I do? Where did

Underneath the railway aret.

ly's standing there now!"-London for

Elementary Instruction.

Mrs. Brown Mrs. Jones has join

one of these correspondence schools

Mrs. Brown Well she has he

her correspondence. Harper's Bren-

As it fauntly Happens.

"I suppose you had careful rearing

"No: I didn't have any rearing at all

My parents exhausted all their discipli

nary enthusiasm on my elder brother.

Bill."-Detroit Free Press.

not to depend on her husband to

Mrs. Smith What has she learned

yards from St Alban's abbay

"Oh: Mrs."

train?"

bappen 200

ried, came in with his new wife and

ecupied the two seats on my left, and

Printers' are profoundly impressing. L. B. Stablein M. D. a very prominent Eastern expert, who has been making

New style, 8x12, second-hand, with three off in hysk-class condition. Has side steam hatures and is one of the jest second-hand presens we have had for a long time. It is a snap.

Has not seen one month's use. Some of it havily stained. Second hand prices to write much about, so I will give only a few incidents of the absurd and humiliating positions in which people

508 Clay Street, S. F.

The Lourt Needed Posting. A trul our progressing of the City Hall police court when the judge expled in a group of young girls mingling in the large audience a definquent wit ness whom it was argent he interview "Mr. Marshall," his honor exclaimed "have that young lady step here."

Which young lady, your honor?" "I don't know her name the one with the light straw hat and dark pared to say, but all went well until I grew tired of the game and got up, skirt." the court added. The clew was which made an interesting picture for

"When kind of waist?" impaired the mars-fint. "Ruffle on the sleeves and trimmed with or the usual sort of what d'you call em." said the court.

ton sloeves, with-or what's his name attuchments," replied the murshal in faint hope of striking the technical Not not exactly," said the judge.

"I understand. You mean leg of mut-

"Would you recognize an empire gown if you saw one. Mr. Marshal?" 'Upon outh, no; I wouldn't swear to

"Well, I know it wasn't an empire gown or a Mother Hubbard. I don't thoug you understand much about fe-

male apparel?" But here the young lady generously stepped forward, while a little boy laughed, and the marshal threatened o send him to the penitentiary for life. St. Louis Post Dispatch.

Cacs of Olive Oil.

Olive oil should be found in every aursery and on every medicine shelf. In time of croup it can be given frequently and will not disturb the digestion, as do many medicines. It is often given in place of cod liver oil and is as effective in building up the system and far less disagreeable. It is recommended by many specialists both as a food and a tonic. A certain young chemist never has a cold or requires any medicine except a spoonful of olive oil every night and morning. which he takes regularly. He seldom wears an overcoat.-New York Trib-

Peculiar Musical Instrument. A peculiar musical instrument is used by the Moros. It consists of a boop of bamboo, upon which are hung by strings a number of thin pieces of mother of pearl. When struck with a small reed, these give forth a sweet, tinkling sound, a combination of which sounds is developed into a weird, monotonous fautasy, very pleas ant to the ear-for a short time

une.



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#### PACIFIC STATES TYPE FOUNDRY may be placed: I once occupied a seat