

MR. LEDBETTER'S VACATION

BY H. C. WELLS.

My friend Mr. Ledbetter is a stout, round faced, little man, whose natural dullness of eye is gigantically exaggerated when you catch the beam through his glasses and whose deep, deliberate voice irritates irritable people. A certain elaborate clearness of enunciation has come with him to his recent clearance from his scholastic days, an elaborate clearness of enunciation and a certain nervous determination to be firm and correct upon all issues, important and unimportant alike. He is a sacerdotalist and a chess player and suspected by many of the secret practice of the higher mathematics—redoubtable rather than interesting things. His conversation is copious and given much to needless detail. By any, indeed, his intercourse is commended to put it plainly, as "boring," and such have even done me the compliment to wonder why I countenance him. But on the other hand, there is a large factor which has not been commencing such a disheveled, discredited acquaintance as myself. Few appear to regard our friendship with quantity. But that is because they do not know of the link that binds us, of my amiable connection via Jamaica with Mr. Ledbetter's past.

About that past he displays an anxious modesty. "I do not know what I should do if it became known," he says and repeats impressively, "I do not know what I should do." As a matter of fact, I doubt if he would do anything except get very red about the affair. But that will appear later, nor will I tell here of our encounter, since, as a general rule—though I am prone to break it—the end of a story is more apt to be told than the beginning. And the beginning of the story goes a long way back. Indeed it is now nearly 20 years since fate, by a series of complicated and startling maneuvers, brought Mr. Ledbetter, so to speak, into my hands.

In those days I was living in Jamaica, and Mr. Ledbetter was a schoolmaster in England. He was in orders and already recognized the same rotundity of visage, the same or similar classes and the same faint shadow of surprise in his resting expression. He was, of course, disheveled, but his hair and his collar loss of a collar than what he had, and that may have helped to bridge the natural gulf between us. But of that, as I say, later. The business began at Hithergate, Mr. Ledbetter's summer vacation. Thither he came for a greatly needed rest, with a right brown portmanteau, marked "F. W. L.," a new white and black straw hat and two pairs of white flannel trousers. He was naturally excited at his release from school, for he was not very fond of the boys he taught. After dinner he fell into a discussion with a talkative person established in the boarding house to which he had resorted. This talkative person was the only other man in the house. Their discussion concerned the melancholy disappearance of wonder and adventure in these latter days, the prevalence of globe trotting, the abolition of distance by steam and electricity, the vulgarity of advertisement, the degradation of men of civilization and many such things. Particularly was he a talkative person eloquent on the necessity of human courage through the agency of a security Mr. Ledbetter rather thoughtfully joined him in deploring Mr. Ledbetter, in the first delight of manipulation for "duty" and feeling anxious to establish a reputation for far-ago manly conviction, but took rather more freely than was advisable of the excellent whisky the talkative person produced. But he did not become intoxicated, he insists. He was simply eloquent beyond his sober wont and with the finer edge gone from his judgment. And after that long talk of the brave old days that were gone forever he went out into moonlight with glass alone and up the cliff road here the villas cluster together.

He had bewailed and now, as he walked up the silent road he still bewailed, the fate that had called him to such an uneventful life as a pedagogue's. What a prosaic existence he led, so stagnant, so colorless! Secure, methodical, year in, year out, what call was there for bravery? He thought anxiously of those roving, medieval days, so near and so remote, of quests and spies and condottieri and many a bloody blade drawing business. And suddenly came a doubt, a strange thought, springing out of some chance meeting of fetures and destructive all together in the position he had assumed that evening. Was he—Mr. Ledbetter—really, after all, so brave as he assumed? Would he really be so placid as to have railways, policemen and security vanish suddenly from the earth? The talkative man had spoken of this as the only true adventurer left on earth. Think of his single handed fight against the whole civilized world! And Mr. Ledbetter had echoed his envy. "They do have some fun out of life," Mr. Ledbetter had said, "and are about the only people who do not think how it must feel to wire a man." And he had laughed with me. Now in this franker intimacy of our communion he found himself in making a comparison between his own brand of courage and that of the actual criminal. He tried to meet these insidious questionings with blank assertion. "I could do all that," said Mr. Ledbetter. "I long to do all that, but I do not give way to my criminal impulses. My moral courage restrains me." But he doubted, even while he said himself these things.

Mr. Ledbetter passed a large villa and by himself. Conveniently situated above a quiet practice black and white was a window, gapping black and open. At the time he scarcely



Very softly he slipped into the shadow of the shrubbery.

marked it, but the picture of it came with him, wave into his thoughts. He figured himself climbing up that tall, crooked, crooked, plunging into that dark, mysterious interior. "Bah! You would not dare," said the spirit of doubt. "My duty to my fellow men forbids," said Mr. Ledbetter's self respect. "It is nearly 11, and the little sea-side town was already very still. The whole world slumbered under the moonlight. Only one warm oblong of window blind far down the road spoke of waking life. He turned and came back slowly toward the villa of the open window. He stood for a time outside the gate, a battle-field of motives. "Let us put things to the test," said doubt. "For the satisfaction of these insupportable doubts show that you dare go into that house. Commit a felony in blank. That, at any rate, is no crime." Very softly he opened and shut the gate and slipped into the shadow of the shrubbery. "This is foolish," said Mr. Ledbetter's caution. "I expected that," said doubt. His heart was beating fast, but he was certainly not afraid. He was not afraid. He remained in that shadow for some considerable time.

The ascent of the balcony it was evident would have to be done in a rush. It was all in clear moonlight and visible from the gate into the avenue. A trellis thimble set with young, ambitious climbing roses made the ascent ridiculously easy. There in that black shadow by the stone vase of flowers one might crouch and take a closer view of this gaping breach in the domestic defenses, the open window. For awhile Mr. Ledbetter was as still as the night, and then that insidious whistling tipped the balance. He dashed forward. He went up the trellis with quick, supple movements, swinging his legs over the parapet of the balcony and dropping, panting, in the shadow, round as he had designed. He was trembling violently, short of breath, and his heart pumped noisily, but his mind was exultation. He could have shouted to find he was so little afraid.

A NIGHT OF SOBBING.

MRS. GALLUP LAMENTS THAT HER TIME ON EARTH IS SHORT.

She Heard the Summons to Get Ready to Be an Angel and Had a Little Talk With Mr. Gallup About Whom He Should Select For His Second Wife.

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After supper Mr. Gallup had gone over to the store for a white stone and a paper of carpet tacks, and as he went Mrs. Gallup was washing up the dishes and singing "The Home over There" with great feeling. He returned in half an hour, and as he reached the kitchen door the sound of sobbing met his ears. He looked in to find Mrs. Gallup weeping back and forth on a chair with her cheek upon it as her eyes. Something had happened. He didn't inquire what it was, but turned about and sat on the doorstep and in an absent way began sharpening a sickle with the stone he had bought. It was five minutes before Mrs. Gallup volunteered an explanation. When she saw that he had neither anxiety nor sympathy, she hitched her chair into the doorway, used a fresh soap on the apron to wipe her eyes and finally said:

"Samuel, when you've got that sickle sharpened you might go over to Mrs. Bobbe's and tell her that I shall be a dead woman before tomorrow. You

"What a day!" said the new-comer, blowing noisily and seeming to deposit some heavy burden on what Mr. Ledbetter, judging by the feet, decided to be a writing table. The unseen then went to the door and locked it, examined the fastenings of the windows carefully and pulled down the blinds and, returning, sat down upon the bed with startling ponderosity.

"What a day!" he said. "Good Lord!" and blew again, and Mr. Ledbetter inclined to believe that the shadow was mopping his face. His boots were good stout boots, the persons of his legs upon the valance suggesting a formidable stoniness of aspect. After a time he removed some upper garments—a coat and waistcoat, Mr. Ledbetter inferred—and casting them over the rail of the bed, remained breathing less noisily and, as it seemed, cooling from a considerable temperature. At intervals he muttered to himself, and once he laughed softly. And Mr. Ledbetter muttered to himself, but he did not laugh. "Of all the foolish things!" said Mr. Ledbetter. "What on earth am I to do now?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Her Cry. T. Brady says in his book of missionary reminiscences: "I was once preaching about missions, urging the congregation to make some sacrifice for the missionary cause and indicating to them several methods by which they could follow my advice. Among other things I suggested that they refrain from purchasing any book which they very much desired and donate the money to me instead for my missionary work. I happened to have perpetrated a book myself.

"You will therefore understand my feelings when a very bright woman in the congregation came up to me and handed me \$1 with her book and read it. Mr. Brady, but I have concluded to follow your advice and give you the money for missions instead."

"I accepted the situation gracefully and told her I would lend her my own copy of the book to read. She smiled and thanked me, and as she did so I valued my thought in this way. 'But after all Mrs. B., there does not seem to be any sacrifice on your part in this transaction, for you have the happy consciousness of having given the money for missions and yet have the book as well.'

"No sacrifice?" she replied. "Why, I have to read the book?"

How the Burmese Make Fire. One day a Burmese messenger brought me a note. While he was waiting for the reply, I observed an object something like a boy's popgun suspended around his waist. On asking what it was he showed me that it was an implement for producing fire. It was a rude example of a scientific instrument employed by lecturers at home to illustrate the production of heat by suddenly compressed air. A piston fitted into the tube; the former was hollowed at the lower end and smeared with wax to receive a piece of cotton or tinder, which when pressed into it adhered. The tube was closed at one end. Placing the piston at the top of the tube, with a smart blow he struck it down and immediately withdrew it with the tinder on fire; the sudden compression of the air having ignited it. I was so much struck with the scientific ingenuity of this rude implement that I procured it from the Burman and sent it to the Asiatic society of Bengal, with a short description of its uses. "Recollections of My Life," by Surgeon General Sir John Fyler.

Undertook Too Much. "George," said Mrs. Ferguson, "for heaven's sake straighten up! You're worse lump shouldered than ever."

THE PROGRESS OF SCIENCE

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 tissues in solution. It is not administered through the stomach but is injected into the circulatory system. The lymph used is extracted from the lymphatic glands of live goats. The goat is selected for the reason that he is the hardiest and healthiest of all animals. He is not even inoculated with consumption or microbic diseases, his highly vitalized system throwing off bacilli without effort. Then again old age prevents the least effect on his organs and tissue and degenerated tissues are seldom if ever found in his body. Little marvel then that the daily injection of a solution of the lymphatic glands of the goat into a weakened human system puts resisting qualities into it and stimulates the activity of cell life, both dispelling disease and putting substance into the structure. An interesting proof of the action of the lymph is shown by the fact that old animals who have been treated become active, quicker and more agile in their movements. Distinguished physicians in many places have taken hold of the new lymph and for the benefit of the profession the results of their experiences are being tabulated. During three years up to Feb. 1st over nineteen hundred cases had been treated in the United States alone. Of this number 75 per cent were so called incurable diseases and 14 per cent in the last stages. The averages of their ages was 56 years. Only two of the number died although according to the tables of mortality 62 should have died within the three years. In view of the percentage of incurables at least 68 should have died. But note the astounding results: the failures were but 71 per cent, while 25 per cent were greatly benefited and 67 per cent were complete cures. The cures include many consumptives and many cases of rheumatism, paralysis, epilepsy, and locomotor ataxia. Aside from the marvel that consumption and paralysis are at last curative the discovery was made that certain forms of insanity readily yield to it. The positive and startling results are profoundly impressive. L. H. Stablen, M. D., a very prominent Eastern expert, who has been making a special study of the new lymph and has administered it to hundreds of cases successfully, has recently opened a lymph institute in San Francisco at 126 Kearney St. Full information containing tabulations and other records of cases by mail to physicians and others inquiring. Dr. Stablen has promised the records of some interesting cures of consumption for those columns for future issues.

As Lee For the Water. "They tell a good many jokes about Kentucky colanders and their natural aversion to water," said a fat drummer in the hotel corridor the other night, "but the richest thing in that line I ever knew to come off in real life happened over in Alabama when old man Briggs was trying to sell his summer hotel. Briggs had a pretty piece of property in the Alabama highlands, and its star feature was a magnificent big spring that welled into a sort of basin and was as cold as ice all the year round. He had good prospects of making a popular resort out of the place, but he got the California fever and offered it at a sacrifice to a race horse man from Kentucky who had an idea that he was out for a landlubber.

The race horse man was a typical Kentucky school of the old school and a mighty low fellow. He came down to look over the ground in person, and Briggs started out with him to point out the principal attractions. At last they came to the famous spring. "This, colonel," said Briggs, stopping at the edge of the basin and swelling with pride, "is a wonderful natural reservoir of crystal pure water, inexhaustible in volume and so cold in temperature. It is undoubtedly the finest spring in the south."

"Humbug!" grunted the colonel, signing up the building pool. "I reckon I'll have to have this hole filled up if we close our deal, Mr. Briggs."

"All right," exclaimed Briggs in horror.

"Yes, well, I'm not a calculator on keeping any book on the place," said New Orleans Times Democrat.

A Bishop's Heiress. A writer in the Century Magazine credits the late Canon Bingham with the following bit of wit.

He was driving one day with other clergy to a clerical meeting, when the conversation turned upon the meaning of the ten places they were naming: Wool and Wareham, in the county of Dorset.

"How do you account for the origin of these names, Canon Bingham?" asked one of the party.

"Don't you know this is a sheep-counting," replied the canon, "and at Wool you wool the sheep and at Wareham you wear 'em?"

An Explanation. "You find friend George boasts that his wife is college bred. What's meant by college bred, anyway?"

"Mebbe it's the stuff they learn to make at cooking school."—Exchange.

The first book ever printed in Switzerland bears the date of 1470.

BLAKE, MOFFITT & TOWNE

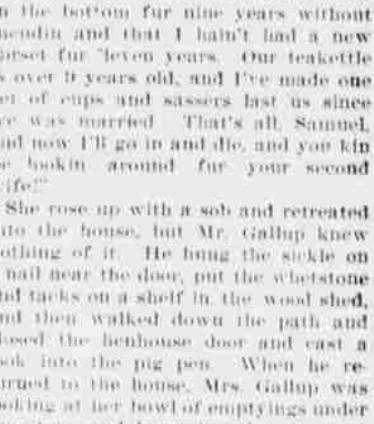
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SWEET

HEART PEPSIN CHEWING GUM

BAD COLDS. Quinine is 10 years behind. Colds do not now have to be endured. MENDEL'S DYNAMIC TALKERS created a new era in colds. It is now a week's ordinary treatment in 10 hours and about the same of colds over night.

"It was the worst case of grip I ever had. I had a half dozen friends had sore throats. Still I hung on. I had the DYNAMIC TALKERS. To my amazement they stopped both cold and cough the first night. I enlarged and recommended them to the people."—BANK LAY HENLEY, Ex-Member Congress and Attorney, 617 Sausage Street, San Francisco, August 15, 1909.

"Winter colds have always been serious things to me. They are hard and stay in months. But the last was stopped suddenly by MENDEL'S DYNAMIC TALKERS. Both cough and cold disappeared in a couple of days. Nothing else does this for me."—MRS. EDNA L. WATKINS, 11 Moss St., San Francisco, Aug. 6, 1909.

"I live on the street from where Mendel's DYNAMIC TALKERS are made. That is how I first took them. They stop colds without notice. I took a dozen boxes with me for a week and I don't want to know of any other cold medicine."—CAPTAIN, 2017 Washington Street, San Francisco, August 15, 1909.

Send postpaid for 25 cents in stamps by INLAND DRUG CO., 2581 Washington Street, San Francisco. Also see us by our local agent.

C. Y. Lowe, Druggist.

Printers' Snaps.

Rooker, News Cases. We have several hundred pairs of these cases. They are a little smaller than full size. Were used by two leading dailies before Linn's came out. They are just the size to facilitate composition in perfect order. Fifty cents per pair.

Fine Gordon Jobber. New style, 8x12, second-hand, with three off in the side, and one in the side steam fixtures and is one of the best second-hand presses we have had for a long time. A few snaps.

Second-hand Cylinder. 8x12, second-hand. Will work 1000 an hour. A bargain for a country day.

Some Body and Display Type. Has not seen one month's use. Some of the hardy statures. Second-hand prices.

PACIFIC STATES TYPE FOUNDRY

508 Clay Street, S. F.

Her Knowledge of Chinese. A young woman at a watering place one summer made a reputation as a profound linguist in a rather odd manner. She called one day at a Chinese laundry where she had left a shirt waist, but it could not be found, as there was no entry in the book of hieroglyphs corresponding to her pink slip. After a half hour's search the Chinaman found the entry. A mistake had been made, so the entry was crossed out and a new set of hieroglyphs in tiny characters placed below. She was told that the waist would be laundered immediately, and she could get it the next day.

The next day the young woman called for it, accompanied by three other young women. At the moment the excitement of a visit to the Chinese laundry is not to be despised. The Chinaman to whom the pink slip was presented was not the laundryman of the day before, and he experienced the same difficulty in finding the identifying character. Finally saying, "Not in book."

The girl answered calmly, "I can find it," and the Chinaman allowed her to take the book. Turning the leaves until she came to one that had an entry crossed out with another in tiny characters under it, she handed it to the Chinaman. "There it is!" and to his surprise he found it.

"You only found I know spik Chinese!" he said. And the other girls looked upon her with admiration.—Kansas City World.

The Old Time Doctor. "When I was a young fellow," said the man who notices things, "the family physician attended to all the ills of the family, and the specialists of the profession were widely unknown. The country doctor was a surgeon as well as a physician. He was almost always clever and usually had remedies of his own invention for common ailments. A large number of the successful patent medicines now before the public are prescriptions of the old time country physician. I could name a dozen such."

Old Dr. Hill, who was the leader in the town I grew up in, was called into the country by an urgent message one night. He wasn't advised what the patient was suffering from and upon arrival found it was an ulcerated tooth that was suffering its owner to all manner of unbearable pain. Not a surgical instrument did the doctor have with him, and his office was seven miles away. Did he send back for his instruments? Not much! He extracted that tooth with an ordinary hammer and nail to the complete satisfaction of his patient and himself. I'll wager he made a mighty good job of it too."

An Unpleasant Trick. First Suburbanite—I hear that Koolin's new bull dug up the ground, broke down the fence and tore nearly everything to pieces in the backyard this morning.

Second Suburbanite—Yes. Some fellow went there early and fastened a pair of red spectacles on the animal's eyes. Chicago Tribune.