

THE ADVENTURE OF THE AGHINESE PIRATES.

By WILLIAM MURRAY GRAYDON.

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The British steamship *Empress*, bound from Achna to Penang, was leisurely plowing her way across the Achna coast. In the far distance, scarcely visible to the naked eye, the port of Achna was a dusky blur between yellow sand and blue water. There the vessel would veer around and strike across the strait of Malacca to her destination.

It was a glorious day in July, an hour after breakfast, and as yet the sun's rays were tempered with some degree of moderation. Of the fifty odd passengers the greater part were on deck, strolling and chatting under the wel- come shade of the awnings. Their varied costumes, contrasting with the attire of the native and English crew and the uniforms of the ship's officers, made a pretty picture of color. The *Empress* carried a valuable cargo, including a considerable sum of money in gold, occupying a sheltered spot near the bridge was a passenger to whom liberty of movement was denied—namely a beautiful, full grown Sumatran panther, who chafed and sulked in a stout wooden cage.

The beast had been purchased for a son of Achna, and its present owner was none other than Matthew Quin. He had been traveling about in the southeast for several months, making frequent shipments of animals to his firm, and was now on his way to Penang, where he intended to remain for a fortnight. He was leaning against the rail, conversing quietly with Captain Hunter and putting at the black- ened pipe that was his inseparable companion. Many a glance of curiosity and admiration was leveled at him, for it had become generally known that the wily little man in white linen was Karl Hamrath & Co.'s famous agent.

Suddenly a splash and a yell were heard, followed by a noisy commotion among the passengers. Then arose that ominous cry so frequent with terror at sea—"Man overboard!" The reckless fellow was one of the native crew who had lost his balance while leaning over the rail to fill a water bucket. He was already off the vessel's stern, and from his feeble struggles it appeared that he was either unable to swim or was helpless with fear.

"It's Salak, the Malay!" exclaimed Captain Hunter as he made a frantic gesture to the steersman on the bridge. "Poor devil, I'm afraid he'll lose him." "Not if I can save him," said Quin. "Lower a boat at once." "Stop! I forbid it. Don't risk your life!" cried the captain.

The warning came too late. Quin had swiftly divested himself of his jacket and kicked off his grass slippers. Before a hand could be lifted to stop him he had leaped to the rail and plunged head first into the sea. He rose to the surface and struck out vigorously, at first steering away from the sharks, but then he altered his course, and a short swim brought him within reach of the Malay, who was still afloat, but nearly exhausted. Quin possessed a fair knowledge of the native tongue, and, clutching the man by his greasy black hair, he shouted at him fiercely:

"Don't struggle, Salak. Don't take hold of me. Be brave and keep cool. Can't you swim?" "Like a fish, sahib," was the faint reply, "but I struck my head when I fell, and I am weak with terror of the sharks." The sharks! The bare mention of them gave Quin a creepy sensation down his back. He had forgotten when he leaped impulsively into the sea that these ravenous monsters infested the strait of Malacca. He glanced apprehensively around him and waved one hand eagerly toward the *Empress*. She had fortunately been moving slowly and had now almost stopped.

Long shouts rang over the water. A boat was lowered from the davit, and four men dropped into it. Their dripping caps sparkled as they drove the craft forward lustily. The distance rapidly lessened from 100 yards to 50, while Quin and the Malay kept themselves afloat on the heaving blue swell and made some little progress toward their rescuers. "Will they reach us in time?" gasped Salak. "Yes, there seem to be no sharks about," Quin said confidently. "An other minute and we shall be safe. See, they are coming!" The boat advanced swiftly, cheered on by a shrill clamor from the steam- er's deck. A dozen yards intervened—eight—six. Then the Malay gave a terrified scream, and Quin glanced behind him to see the black fin of a shark cutting the water within 20 feet. "Salak, Salak!" he cried. "Kick and splash! You may scare the brute off." It was a poor chance, but they made the most of it, churning the water vigorously with arms and legs. The black fin came on steadily, and the men in the boat, comprehending the situation, redoubled their efforts to win the race. "Faster, faster!" Quin shouted hoarsely.

One moment of terrible peril, of heartrending doubt. Then the boat swung alongside, and just in time strong hands seized Quin and Salak and hauled them into safety. The shark's open jaws closed with a snap on the empty air. He wheeled suddenly around, flashing his white belly, and dived into the blue depths. Cheers after cheer rose from the passengers and crew of the *Empress*.

An hour later the port of Bala was reached, and here there was a considerable delay. A quantity of cargo and 14 native passengers were taken on board, and it was nearly 4 o'clock in the afternoon when the *Empress* steamed out of the harbor and headed across the strait toward Penang. The new arrivals were all Aghinese, wily, spindly old men, with the typical forbidding cast of features. They were not confined to any particular part of the vessel—a precaution that was generally observed in such cases—but were allowed the freedom of the deck. They wandered about with blind and childlike curiosity, though it might have been noticed by a keen observer that from time to time, whenever the opportunity offered, they exchanged significant glances with Salak, the Malay. Mr. Menzies, the chief engineer, ventured to give the captain a warning hint.

"Don't you think you are trusting those fellows a bit too much?" he said. "An Aghinese is always a treacherous beggar—that's been my experience." "Oh, it's all right," Captain Hunter replied carelessly. "They are not as black as they're painted. I make a point of being indulgent to them, and they like me the better for it." "A serpent," observed Mr. Menzies, anxiously, "will sting the hand that fondles it," and with a grunt of dissatisfaction he went off to his duties. Quin did not overhear the above conversation, nor did he concern himself about the Aghinese, for whom he felt only contempt. He smoked a pipe on the bridge with the mate and the steersman, and at 5 o'clock he went down to his cabin. The day had been very hot, and his eyes were heavy and drowsy. Yielding to the inclination, he stretched himself on his berth and was peacefully asleep.

The clang of the dinner gong roused him with a start. He sat up and looked at his watch. The time was 6:05. Then he noticed that his cabin door was open several inches. He was sure that he had closed it tightly, and the circumstance made him feel vaguely uneasy. An instant later he knew that some intruder had entered while he slept, for he discovered lying at the foot of his berth a coat of finely woven chain mail. Attached to it was a bit of coarse paper on which the following message was scrawled in the Malay language: "Salak, put this on, but say no word to any man if you value your life." Quin examined the coat of mail and slowly translated the writing again. He could not make up his mind whether he was the victim of a practical joke or whether the warning was intended seriously. He thrust his head into the corridor, but no person was in sight. Most of the passengers had been on deck when the dinner gong sounded. Then he glanced carefully about the cabin and peeped under the berth.

"It is a trick, played by some wicked-minded individual," he muttered edgily. "I don't think so. My visitor was undoubtedly Salak. He left the coat of mail here and wrote the warning. I can't understand his motive. Of course it would be natural for him to warn me if I was in any danger, since I saved his life this morning. But what peril can threaten? By Jove, I have it! Those rascally Aghinese! He has plotted to seize the ship, and the Malay is a confederate. That is the most reasonable explanation and the only one." Quin ended the sentence with a short laugh.

"I am a fool to get such an idea into my head," he reflected. "It is absurd nonsense—folly! Would 14 beggarly Aghinese without firearms try to seize a vessel whose officers, crew and passengers run well toward a hundred? Of course not. I am on the wrong track." But the next instant he was serious again. The facts admitted of no contradiction. If he before him were a coat of mail and the warning message undoubtedly placed on his bed while he slept by Salak, the Malay, he remained bereft that the Aghinese were the most crafty and daring of all the inhabitants of the Straits Settlements and that they vitally had the freedom of the ship. With Salak to assist them, by watching for a favorable opportunity they might indeed become masters of the *Empress*. But they could succeed only by wading through human blood by glutting themselves with slaughter.

"There's a devilish plan afoot, preposterous as it seems," Quin decided. "I'll take no risk. Forewarned is fore- armed, and I'll put the steersman before Captain Hunter without delay. There will be time enough to prepare secret- ly for the attack, since the rascals are not likely to make any move until late in the evening. As for this cowardly device!" He picked up the coat of mail contemptuously, but he did not put it down again. Reluctantly and with a chafing sense of shame he girdled it about his chest, buttoning his jacket tightly over it. His revolver, which he kept constantly loaded, was on a shelf over the washing stand. He thrust it into a side pocket without examining it, never dreaming that it might have been tampered with. Nor did it occur to him, as he left the cabin with a well- feigned appearance of unconcern, that the Malay's warning perhaps indicated the bursting of the storm within a short space of time. Under the cir- cumstances these errors were excusa- ble even for a man of his experience and foresight.

Dinner was partly over, and the brilliantly lighted saloon was filled with the hum of voices when Quin entered. He passed along, holding in response to a few greetings, and took his accustomed seat. Not wishing to cause general alarm, which he feared would precipitate the attack, he concluded to wait until he could find an opportunity of speaking to the captain alone. He ate and drank sparingly, feeling very uncomfortable in his coat of mail. The passengers, on the contrary, were in the highest of spirits. They laughed and chatted, exchanged jests across the tables and made wagers as to the time the vessel would arrive at Penang. They were of various nationalities, including many merchants of Dutch extraction, and the different tongues made a confusing jargon of sound.

Quin was heartily glad when the dinner came on, which was the signal for a number of the passengers to leave. The remainder did not linger long. They rose from the table in groups and streamed up the passage to the main deck, where they dispersed themselves about to enjoy the evening air. The captain and chief engineer, whose seats were near the exit, lingered after the rest had gone. They broke off their conversation as Quin approached and exhibited some surprise at sight of his grave and troubled countenance.

"Feeling bad after your plucky performance this morning?" the captain inquired. "No, not a bit," Quin replied. "I wish that was all. The fact is, Captain Hunter, that I wish to speak to you on a very serious matter. It had better be in private." "Something serious, eh? Can't you tell it in front of Menzies?" "I can, since it concerns both of you," Quin said. "I don't want to alarm you needlessly, but a short time ago, when I woke up after a short sleep—"

"To be continued." Bird Intelligence. During a high wind one summer day a young cock was thrown from its nest to the ground. It was picked up by kind hands and kept in the house till the storm was over and then placed on the roof of the piazza. A watch was kept behind the closed blinds of a window near by to note proceedings on the part of the parent birds. They in the meantime had seen the little one borne away and had followed it to the house, and, as it was kept near the open window, its cries had apprised them of its whereabouts. They soon came to it on the roof and hovered about it, doing much talking and consulting together.

Finally they alighted near the little one, and the female slipped her wing under it and seemed to urge some course of action upon the male, who nodded about coming to the little one, spreading his wings over it, then flying to a tree, when the female followed him and brought him back and again slipped a wing under the little one.

Finally he seemed to understand or to get his nerve under control, and, slipping his own wing under, together they made a sort of cradle for the bird- ling and, each flapping its free wing, they flew to the tree, bearing it to a place of safety among the branches, where it was lost sight of.—Boston Christian Register.

Treatment For Sprains. The prevalence of sprains and strains owing to the indulgence in athletic exercises of all kinds moves an authority on the treatment of these painful accidents to say: A little common sense treatment is often all that is needed when the strain is at ankle or wrist and without complications. It will swell very alarming- ly at first and gradually develop a frightful looking bruise, but from the first it should have complete rest and a treatment of hot and cold douches, the hot being used at first, when the swelling is painful, and the cold later on, as a sort of tonic to the relaxed muscles. The hot must be very hot and the cold very cold, as the tepid water does harm rather than good.

For the first day of a strain, when all the wrenched cartilages and muscles are aching, great relief is found in a poultice of egg and salt. To make it, beat the white of an egg till light, but not stiff. Stir in gradually a cup and a half of salt, or more if needed, to make a thick, pasty mixture. Spread this on a cloth and bandage in place. Cover all with oil silk or a thick bath towel to protect the sheets, since the egg breaks out continually. After this has relieved the soreness begin with hot water fomentations and wear a light, firm bandage, except at night.

A Fine Distinction. A young down town drug clerk who had heard the story of the colored woman who had asked for flesh colored court plaster and was given black by the obedient dealer stored the incident away in his mental dust box and decided to use it at the first opportunity. He had not long to wait, for a few nights ago a comely colored girl stepped into the store where he was employed. "Ah, wants some court plaster," she said.

"What color?" inquired the clerk, with affected nonchalance. "Flesh color, sah." Trembling in his shoes and keeping within easy reach of a heavy pistol, the clerk handed the woman a box of black court plaster, and he was surprised at the time that the situation afforded so little humor. The woman opened the box with a deliberation that was ominous, but she was unaffrighted when she noted the color of the contents.

"Ah, guess you mist a misander-tood nuth ardh. Ah asked for flesh collah, and you dome give me skin collah." The drug clerk is still a little dazed from the encounter, and he has finally resolved to subject every lobe to rigid laboratory test hereafter before using.—Pittsburg News.

Old Fashioned Cancer Cure. "Take the common sheep sorrel which grows in your yard and which children eat because of its sourness, wash it up into a pulp in some vessel that will save all the juice that would otherwise be lost, then put it into a bag and squeeze out all the juice on to a paper plate to get some of the acid from the metal. Then put this out in the sun and let it dry until about as thick as tar, then put in tight bottle. If the skin is not broken, put a drop of chloride of potassium on it to break the skin and then apply the sorrel on the cancer, just covering it with a thin coat. If the sorrel gets too thick, a little water will make it so that it can be handled. The pain will be severe, but it is otherwise harmless. It will stop hurting in a few hours. Keep up these applications, one every day, until the cancer can be lifted out without pain. It took four days in my case. The sorrel will eat the cancer, but it does not eat it as it does the flesh, hence it eats all the flesh away and lets the cancer loose. When you see the cancer, put the sorrel on it and not on the flesh. When the cancer is out, heal the sore with any kind of healing ointment.—J. A. Wayland in Appeal to Reason.

ZEB WAS IN A HOLE.

HE WENT AFTER WHISKY AND FOUND A BIG BEAR.

The Old Possum Hunter Tells How It Came to Pass That He Developed a Most Wonderful Interest in Noah and the Animals in the Ark. (Copyright, 1909, by C. B. Lewis.) "Just befo' the revenue fellers captured the last moonshine still around here," said the old possum hunter of Tennessee, "we had fo'ben kegs of whisky in the shaft of an old iron mine on the side of the mountain. That shaft was 20 feet deep and grown about by bushes. After the whisky had staid there over two years it was planned fur me to take it out and sell it and divide up the money. The old woman knew of the plant, but I wasn't goin' to say nuthin' 'bout my gettin the kegs out. She was reckonin all along that some one else would do that. One afternoon I drove the mule and cart as high the place as I could, and along 'bout two hours arter nightfall I says to the old woman: "If yo' don't consider to object, I reckon I'll go over and see Dan Skinner this evening. Dan is feelin peckish and lonesome, and likely well he's a came of checkers to brighten him up."

"But I do object," she says. "I was reckonin to sing some hymns tonight



"THE BEE WAS THERE."

while yo' played the fiddle. I also want to talk to yo' 'bout Noer and his ark." "I've got a sore thumb and can't fiddle, and, as for Noer, he will keep till some other time. Nuthin' rushin' 'bout Noer." "With that she turns on me and looks me square in the face, and arter a minute she says: "Zeb White, don't yo' go to foolin with Noer and his ark or nuthin' powerful, but will come out of it. Dan Skinner may feel peckish, or he may be dyin, but what we wants to know is how all them critters found their way into the ark. How did it happen that the hens didn't eat up the later bugs while they was up together?" "Dunno."

"Why didn't the foxes eat all the hens?" "Dunno."

"Why didn't the hens eat the pigs?" "Dunno."

"Of co'se yo' don't, and that's why I want yo' to squint right down here with me and try and figger it out. I shon't never be satisfied to die till I find out how the elephants and horses and cattle managed to get into that ark without treadin on the serpents and lizards."

"I seen that her jaw was sot fur a cov," continued Zeb, "but I had sold that whisky and most git it out that night, and so I told her I'd go along over to Skinner's and put in the next two nights with her on Noer. She looked at me ag'in, but didn't say nuthin till I was on the doahstep. Then she plinted her finger at me and said: "Go right along, Zeb White, but if the Lawd don't dun git yo' into a heap of trouble over it then I don't know chestrains from punkins."

"I hurried off without sayin a thing back and half an hour later was bringin' up to the legs. It was do'd rotted business. I had to slide down a rope, hitch on to a keg and then climb up and pull the keg arter me. Ought to had a nigger to help me, but that wasn't one around to trust. I'd got up fur kegs all right, but was comin' up to pull the fifth one up when nuthin happened. First I was nearin the top of the hole I heard a growl and a 'woof' and a big bear made a stroke at my head with his paw. I was that darn skeered that I jest let go and dropped to the bottom of the shaft and got a jar that made my bones ache fur a week."

"What they calls the situation was this: I was down in a hole and a bear was waitin fur me to come up and do business with him. Yo' kin see that the posky varmint had all the advantage. He could smash my skull with one blow of his paw as my head come within reach. I yelled and hollered at him, thinkin to skeer him away, but he looked over the edge of the hole at me and growled and sniffed and seemed minded to fall on top of me. It wasn't till I talked to Noer, but within was no good. I kept quiet fur two or three hours, but then started to climb up. The bear was that. He was that at midnight and sunrise, and I'm tellin yo' that he was that at noon and at 4 o'clock in the afternoon. The shaft was as dry as a bone, and I was thirsty and to drink swamp water. The way thing was fixed that bear could keep me down that till I persued, and when he appeared as if he was like to do it, I felt that I hadn't used my old woman right and wanted to ask her befo' I wished I was home. While I was keepin mighty quiet, I hears a caw-st above, and directly thereafter a honap fan looks down on me. It was the old woman's. She drawed the rope up beyond my reach and then called down: "Is anybody down that visitin Dan Skinner who feels peckish and wants to play checkers?" "If yo''ll let me up, I'll ax yo' pardon," says I.

"Medd the that voice belongs to Zeb White?" "She do." "And medd his sore thumb has got well so that he kin fiddle?" "She has." "Then well he's some fiddlin and singin."

"And with that she lowers the fiddle by a string, and as soon as I got tined up she begins singin and kept it up fur an hour. Then she calls down: "Zeb, what 'bout Noer and his ark?" "I'm wantin to talk," says I. "How long will yo' talk?" "All the rest of the fall and winter. 'Pears to me when yo' spoke of it last evenin that I didn't keer much 'bout Noer and his ark, but I'm findin out that I take a heap of interest in 'em. I'm willin to sit up all night and try to figger out 'bout the hens and later bugs." "Then medd yo'd better come up," says she, and she draps the rope fur me to climb by. I never felt so glad in my life as when I got out and seen a dead bear that. I wanted to gin the old woman a kiss, but she waves me off and says: "Then arter yo' be in such a hurry, Mr. White, arter yo' hev ate and drank and slept, and arter we've put in 'bout fo' weeks figgerin on Noer, we'll see 'bout the kissin business. Chuck them kegs back into the hole, load up the bear, and we'll go home." M. QUIN.

BET ON ALL THREE.

A Brilliant Scheme With Which to Beat the Shell Game.

When Herr Hoff and his little blue pitcher appeared in the corner exchange, there was quite a crowd. Among them was a man with three walrus shells and a pea. "I've been losin at all the fairs," said the shell man, "but just to show my generosity I am willing to lose again. I bet any man a dollar that he can't pick out the shell that the pea is in." Herr Hoff fished a bright silver dollar from his pocket. "I bet once too." The shell man arranged the shells, and the Teuton lifted one. Of course it was empty. "You lose!" "Vence again, yah!" There was a quick movement, and Herr Hoff saw the pea slide under the shell. He lifted that one, but it was empty. "Is der a fault?" "No, sir." "Vell, I bet on each shell." He placed a dollar on each of the three shells. "Now, I can't lose." "You are right!" And the dealer again arranged the shells. The Teuton picked up two empty shells and found the pea under the third.

"I win." And the shell man took in the \$3 and handed the winner \$2. "I bet once again." There was a movement of shells, and again the dealer took in \$3 and gave Herr Hoff \$2. Then some one whistled, and the shell man vanished through the door. "I'm steady. He was lay no more," and even missing the dollars could not convince Herr Hoff that he had not seen winning.—Chicago News.

Character Told by Lips. "Whether or not we believe in phrenology, physiognomy and kindred sciences, there are some peculiarities of feature that are quite often indicative of certain traits of character," said an observant man. "From no one feature of the face can the disposition be more accurately read than from the lips and especially the upper lip. The lower one is less prophetic.

"A person with a short, sharply curved upper lip is nearly always of a happy, lovable disposition. One with a short but straight upper lip is apt to be of a low order of intellect and coarse in his tastes. The person with a long, straight upper lip is the one to beware of. He has a will like adamant, is not always thoroughly trustworthy, is apt to be quarrelsome and jealous and is more often than not an unmitigated poltroon. If he is gifted with a strong intellect, he will make his mark in one way or another; if he is not, he may become a harmless person, a parasite or a scoundrel. The man whose upper lip protrudes is apt to be a shrewd business man.

"The person whose mouth has a decided droop at the corners may be a humorist, a hypochondriac or a poet. The possessor of a mouth curved in the style of Cupid's bow is indeed happy, for in many cases out of ten he also possesses a refined, aesthetic and yet practical nature, susceptible to every beautiful and ennobling influence."—Chicago Record.

Heat Radiation. The tendency of heat to diffuse itself is effected by radiation, conduction and convection. Nearly all dull and dark substances are good radiators, while bright, polished surfaces radiate badly. Some substances conduct heat more freely than others, silver among the metals being the best conductor, and as a unit of measurement is taken at 1,000. Compared with silver as a conductor, gold is 981, copper 845, zinc 541, tin 422, steel 397 and wrought iron 256. Glass, wood, gases, liquids and resinous substances are bad conductors. Water is such a poor conductor that if heat is applied to the top it will boil at the top, while the bottom will remain cold.—Newcastle (England) Chronicle.

Watering the Cow. "We notice," says the Weatherford Chronicle, "in an exchange an item about a cow that died from drinking too much water. It is hoped this will be a warning to other cows. We have lated water for a cow ourselves, and when, after turning up her nose and sniffing around as though she didn't think much of water anyhow and we might go to bedes with it, she suddenly changed her mind and swallowed a bucketful in two gulps and swallowed a line so for 10 or 15 times and called for more we just whacked her over the head with the empty bucket and hoped that she might 'rest and blessed her.'"—

Made a Record. Mamma—My wife's a remarkable woman. She wanted to get off a car today, and she rumbled right up herself, pulled the strap and stopped it. "Janis—Huh! Lots of women do that." "But she pulled the right strap first shut and didn't ring up a single fare!"—Philadelphia Record.

The Normal Color. Mrs. Brown—What color are your little boy's eyes? Mrs. Robinson—Black generally. He's a terrible fighter.

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 hardest and healthiest of all animals. He cannot even be inoculated with consumption or microbial diseases, his highly vitalized system throwing off bacilli without effort. Then again old age produces the least effect on his organs and tissues and degenerative diseases 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 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 were 56 years. Only two of the number died although according to the tables of mortality 82 should have died within the three years. In view of the percentage of incurables at least 98 should have died. But note the astounding results; the failures were but 7 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. R. Stabile, 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 124 Kearney St. Full information containing tabulations and other records of cases by mail to physicians and others inquiring. Dr. Stabile has promised the records of some interesting cures of consumption for these columns for future issues.

Bury Their Lepers Alive. The Chinese have a curious and cheer- ful way of disposing of their lepers. The relatives of the afflicted person propose to him that they bury him alive, and such is the fatalism of the Chinese, that the victim readily assents. An extra elaborate mound is served to him in the way of a farewell banquet, and then the funeral procession forms. The man who is about to be inurned under the sod follows his own coffin, and when he reaches the grave he takes a dose of laudanum, hops into the box and settles down for eternity. Dr. Wittenberg, writing on the subject of leprosy in China, states that the pure nerve form is the least common. In such cases, as is well known, the patients may go on for years. As to the mixed form, it is fairly common, but it is a difficult matter to estimate the number of lepers in any given district. The sufferers lead the common life so long as they remain free from destructive lesions. When these occur in any marked degree, the leper is either segregated in a hut or he is allowed to wander about the country, sustaining life by begging. Dr. Wittenberg records cases of direct contagion from mother-in-law to daughter-in-law.

King Humbert's Pine Tree. King Humbert took great pride in his pine grove and one day, arriving unexpectedly, found a forester preparing to cut down a tree. "What are you about?" asked the king. "This pine is growing too tall, your majesty." "Would you like it if I ordered your feet to be cut off because you are taller than your fellows?" The hint was enough and the tree left unmolesed.—London Telegraph.

A Russell Anecdote. Lord Russell once presided at a dinner given for Sir Henry Irving on his return from America. While the dinner was in progress Lord Russell suggested to Glynns Carr that he propose Sir Henry's health. "I can't make speeches, you know," he said. Sir Henry gently replied, "I heard you make a fine speech before the Parliamnt commission."

To which the pungent Irishman answered, "Oh, yes, but then I had some thing to talk about."

Fixed It. Mamma—Now, Freddy, mind what I say. I don't want you to go over into the next garden to play with that Binks boy. He's very rude. Freddy (heard a few minutes after ward calling over the wall)—I say, Binks, ma says I'm not to go in your garden because you're rude, but you come into my garden—I ain't rude.

In China criminals and political prisoners are beheaded. Some of the executioners are so expert that they can arrange and behead a man in 18 seconds.

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BAD COLDS.

Quinine is 10 years behind. Colds do not now have to be endured. MENDEL'S DYNAMIC TABLETS (called dynamic from their energy) crowd a week's ordinary treatment into 10 hours and about the worst of colds over night. "It was the worst case of grip I ever had. A half dozen friends had strep cough. Still I hung on. Heard of the DYNAMIC TABLETS. Got my attention they stopped both cold and cough the first night. I endorse and recommend them to the people." HARLEY HENLEY, Ex-Member Congress and Attorney, 311 Sansome Street, San Francisco, July 7, 1909. "Winter colds have always been serious things to me. They are hard and stay for months. But the last was stopped suddenly by MENDEL'S DYNAMIC TABLETS. Both cough and cold disappeared in a couple of days. Nothing else does this for me." Mrs. EDNA L. HOLLAN, 14 Moss St., San Francisco, Aug. 6, 1909. "I've crossed the street from where MENDEL'S DYNAMIC TABLETS are made. That is how I first took them. They stop colds without notice. I took a dozen boxes with me for self and friends when I went to Boston. It was L. A. S. WOLFE, Capitalist, 207 Washington Street, San Francisco, August 10, 1909. Sent postpaid for 5 cents in stamps by INLAND DRUG CO., 204 Washington Street, San Francisco. Also on sale by our local agent.

SWEET HEART PEPSIN (chewing gum)

Printers' Snaps.

Rooker News Cases. We have several hundred pairs of these cases. They are a trifle smaller than full size. Were used by two leading dailies before we got the chance. We are just the size to facilitate composition in perfect order. Fifty cents per pair.

Finch Gordon Jobber.

New style, 8x12, second-hand, with three of the first-class condition. Has side steam fixtures, and is one of the best second-hand presses we have had for a long time. It is a snap.

Second-hand Cylinder.

32-journal quarto. Will work 180 an hour. A bargain for a country daily.

Some Body and Display Type.

Has not seen one month's use. Some of it hardly started. Second-hand prices.

PACIFIC STATES TYPE FOUNDRY

508 Clay Street, S. F.

Dangerous Factories. Not far from the heart of New York city is a factory for the manufacture of deadly poisons in quantities large enough to annihilate the entire population of New York. The factory is so guarded that even its own dome neighbors need have no fear of it, but the possibilities stored there excite the imagination. No one may enter it without a special permit. The employees are all skilled men, well aware of the danger of the slightest carelessness. They manufacture, among other things, pure anhydrous acid, which is so dangerous that in its pure state it is not placed in the market. There is instant death in its fumes if they are permitted to escape. Nitric acid is stored in another part of the factory in big glass carboys. The men who work in this factory realize that a broken carboy of nitric acid would mean a disaster, and they treat it with the respect which it deserves. This factory and others like it are guarded more carefully than a safety deposit vault.—New York Sun.

When Bathing Was Rare. In some old court records of the eighteenth century which have recently been called again to attention it is stated that when George IV was a baby he was bathed only once a fortnight. That was thought to be plenty often enough in those days for a child to be washed. When one of George's little sisters had measles, the royal mother gave most careful instructions that the child's linen was not to be changed too soon, as she feared that some careless attendant would clothe it in garments insufficiently aired and so "drive in the rash." In those days people were much afraid of clean linen and bathing. It was believed the complete bodily ablutions were weakening. Yet prince, peer and peasant alike called in at every ailment the doctors of the period, who bled them into a state of weakness and sometimes death.

The Pig In Water. Of pigs it is commonly reported that so queerly fashioned are they that if they attempt to swim they cut their throats with their fore feet but this is only an old wife's fable. Whether wild or tame, they are all good swimmers, though, owing to the shortness of their legs, they just touch their throats with their fore feet and beat the water very high. Many of the islands of the southern seas are now inhabited by wild pigs, which are the descendants of those which have swum ashore, sometimes great distances, from wrecked vessels.—Peterson's Magazine.

And Still She Wept. Toto was crying. "What's the matter?" asked one of her father's friends. "I've lost my 2 cents," she wailed. "Well, never mind. Here are 2 cents," said the friend.

Soon Toto was crying harder than ever. "What's the matter now?" she was asked. "I'm crying because if I hadn't lost my 2 cents, I'd have had 1 now!" was her reply.—Detroit Free Press.