#### THE PROMOTION AT ROCKY LEDGE

By ELMORE E. PEAKE.

colonel blustered and stamped and denounced her foothardiness in unmeasured terms and even inadvertent ly swore, but all to no avail. Amy stendily shook her head until the colonel impatiently put his hand upon the

"Stop that little thing a bobbin," he commanded. "Look heah, Miss Amy, this is the height of absuldity, the apex of-of-of obstinacy, if I must say Sit down and ent youah suppah. oner see you eat than eat myself. But I won't heah to youah staying here dash me, I won't. Neither will 1 conkin't sleep, my deah girl. weren't bohn in the south, and you forget something. Youah being a woman is no protection against these brutes. If I may say it, Miss Amy, it's an added danger, and youah beauty, my deah young woman, only makes it

A slight flush arose to the young wo man's cheek, which she strove to hide

by reaching for the sugar bowl. "Colonel Singleton," said she after a sultable pause, "I can't run away from post of duty. If I really thought was great danger, I should go but I don't think a little danger ought are me out. I feel that my preshere will restrain them, and my see simply encourages them. Be nable and look at it the way I do," she pleaded with an earnest little lough that was half fright.

Once more the colonel fumed, but Amy patiently and steadily refused his entreaties he suddenly broke forth in admiration. "Miss Amy, no his entreaties he suddenly broke the homage of an old soldler," be imed with a tender voice. He her hand, bowed pomponsty over It and pressed his lips to the white sur That's the homage of an old to a heroine," he continued and added with a twinkle, "But don't let that rascally Rod of mine pay you any

Amy blushed. "He beliaves better than life father, I think," she protested. with averted eyes.

"He ought to. He's had better train ing than I over had. Ha! Here is the now," be exclaimed as Roderick "Get right back into youth buggy, boy This young lady is going wentlink the stohm right bourk Where did you'tle younk boss, buy? Interested in the whereabouts of the borse, bustled out, secretly congratulating himself on the subtlety of his

"Are you?" asked Roderlek, with some surprise

must, ft. storick," she nuswered drmly, rising from the table and facing "They will hardly dare do any thing," she continued apologetically. They know what the penalty will be The young man tooked at her steadily possessed note of the fire of his father, but perhaps his facmore determination than the colonel's, "Father is excitable," said he slowly "I don't think myself there is muc nger. If I did, I should not leave the

matter in your hands at all." She glanced quickly up, the livellest kind of emotion playing in her eyes. and her bond made a little impulsive move toward him. Then, suddenly abushed, her lids drooted in pretty con fusion before Rod's steady gray eyes A faint, pleased smile swept over his placid features.

"You may stay. and perhaps she felt a little womanly disappointment at his ready nequiecence. If so, his next words effaced it. "But if anything happens I shall never forgive myself.

His solemn demeanor did more to shake her fortitude than all the old centleman's furid representations, but answered bravely: "All right, slr. You and your father bave been very I don't depreciate that, if I do good. I do

As he took her hand to say goodby he looked at her with such a quiet, sup Bressed longing that she felt her cheeks

You won't go?" he asked in finality "No," she murmured quickly, biting her lip to hide its quivering, and Roderick and hardly closed the door before she burst into tears.

Until meanly midnight she sat at her

ow watching the figures that constantly darkened the bright doorway of Diggery's store, in the back part of which there was sold for drink as vile compound as ever witches brewed, a on fire, dissipated reason, whipped into settlen every low passion and transed them into brutes almost as sav age and rathless as their cannibalistic abcestors. Hack and forth, back and forth, the dusky procession marched, bled and reeled, hooting, cursing threatening. A similar scene was being emered across the track at Black wells, where the miscrable proprietor, feaving avarine out of the count, dared not close. To hook for help from either of these wretches in case of trouble Amy knew would be wildly futile. About 12 the crowds around the

stores began to ment away, hour later not a soul was in sight from hour later not a soul was in sight from Amy's window. It would have been less suspicious had a few loiterers been left. But hoping for the best the placky little agent, tired and worn, lay down upon her bed without removing her clothes. Her head had scarcely But hoping for the best the touched the pillow when a stone crash-ed through the window. With a heart throbbing painfully she sprang up and through the window. With a heart obbling painfully she sprang up and fized Barney McCail's pistol. For an stant all was quiet; then there came rap at the door that seemed to turn

"Who is it?" she called, and in that ment, when she believed that she aced death or something almost as ad, she grew suddenly calm.

"It's me, missy," came a frightened

She recognized it as that of Moss, the agginge boy, and opened the door just ar enough for him to squeeze through is eyes were round with terror and

"Missy, I'se afeared to stay in demggage room. Thy done surroun' is," he whimpered. They all crazy frunk, au-O Gawd-they gwine bu't

The sight of this abject terror nerved

pering," she commanded. "You must go for Colonel Singleton. Run every step of the way and tell him I'm in langer. Go-quick!"

"O Gawd, missy doan' sen this pooh nigger out," pleaded the boy, "You just same as kill me, missy, kase they hate me. Deed and double you do missy. Befo' Gawd, missy, you wonn' do that." He dropped on his knees before her and clasped his uplifted hands. his eyes starting with terror, his veins swelling.

"If you don't go, I'll blow your brains out right here," she answered so sternly that he suddenly rose. "And re-member, if you fail to go to Colonel Singleton's after you are safe on the outside he will hold you responsible for will the law, and you will probably

This liberal interpretation of the law had its effect, and, with a final injunction for him to hurry, Amy let the rembling wretch out into the dark

Hours seemed to pass before any

king occurred. With the weapon still in her hands, she walked from window to window, around and around, peer ing anxiously out, but neither seeing nor hearing anything. At last, in the absence of succor, she was forced to the conclusion that the boy had either been intercepted by the rioters or had played her false. Once she thought of aking a sudden dash for Diggory's She would be safe there perhaps, but the railroad property would surely go. Could she in the morning look upon the done her duty? Then there were her books and clothing-small things compared with life, but nevertheless some thing that men might fight for.

Suddenly she became conscious of a peculiar sound. It might have been 20 miles away; it might have come from the clouds, for it sounded something like the distant roll of thunder, or it depths. But in an instant she guessed as well all our lives." the true cause, and the thought almost paralyzed her faculties for a moment To the north of the station lay a blind slding upon a sharp grade. The siding was then full of box cars in all stage of loading with melons. The negroes had turned these loose!

The noise increased as the headless train gained momentum and bore pitiits devoted defender. Still she sat in fatal calmuess, as though all eternity were hers, until a yell without and a glare of light on the ceiling broke the She threw back the bolts of the front door and sprang out on the platform just as the runaway cars crashed with insensate fury into the warehouse

A black, greasy, wild eyed throng swarmed around the scene of devastation, waving blazing pine torches above hends. For just a moment they held themselves silent and motionless as though appulled at their own work. Then one, braver or drunker than the others, buried a brand into the wreckage. Without hesitation Amy sprang down, snatched the blazing pine from out the inflammable material and sent it defiantly back into the faces of the mob. Then, drawing herself proudly and fearlessly up, she leveled her re-Standing there as white and mmovable as marble, fragile, but deermined, one against many, the repre sentative of a superior race, she must have appeared in the bloodshot eyes of

the marauders like a guardian angel



particle paralleled the bar -Long a printed

that they knew that the angel was flesh and blood-a finer fiesh than theirs, but of the entth. "I will shoot the next man who

throws a firebrand," she said in low,

Those in front heard the threat in lagged silence, but those in safer postone in the rear arged their compan-What might have happened so only be guessed, for at that mocut, to Amy's inexpressible relief, she and the chitter of hoofs. The negroes heard it, too, and began to look uneasy Half a minute later Rod Singleton's black mate, now white with froth, dashed up to the end of the pint orm. Amy did not turn her head. She knew it was he. In a miraculously short spites of time he stood at her side as grim as an avenging delty, and two long horse pistols paralleled the barrel of Amy's weapon. The little line was quickly re-enforced by Colonel Singleton and his two other sons.

The old colonel was now strangely calm. He marched down the platform as though on dress parade, holding his repeating rifle with military precision He even took the time to wheel into the line with a square turn as though he were a whole column by himself. He was living over Chickamauga.

The negroes, a hundred or more in number, stubbornly held their ground Whisky had done more for them temcountily in the way of courage than had nature. Every black hand grasped a knife, razor or pistol.

"Boys," commanded the colonel in loud, formal tone, cacking his rifle, shoot to kill. Miss Amy, level youth wespon at Sugah Mason's breast. You black devils, if a man of you is in sight afteh I count 15 his friends can come for him with a wheelbarrow. One. two, three, four, five, six"-

The little line of whites stood as immovable as statues. Five pistols and two rides showed their yawning muzher beyond relief. "Stop your whim- gles to the mob opposite.

-"seven, eight, nine, ten"-

Caucasian against Ethiopian! There rould be but one outcome to such a contest, and yet the brain benumbing whisky with which every pegro was filled was a doubtful factor. The blacks did not move, but a deadly consternation was beginning to depict itself upon the distorted features of those in the front rank. "eleven, twelve"-

The stentorian tones, swelling in volome as the fatal number drew near. had their effect. The sons of Ethlop were beaten. They fell back a step. At "thirteen" they began to push "fourteen" there was a mad, wild scramble. At "fifteen," delayed a second or two, the storm of lend that anything that happens to me. And so swept across the space laid low not a single victim.

The danger over, the last black dispersed and the railroad property saved, the herole little agent did the most womanly thing possible under the circumstances. She fainted.

The living rooms were yet intact, the warehouse and platform having borne the brunt of the blow of the wild cars, and into these the colonel carried Amy, She quickly regained her senses and was plainly ashamed of her weakness at the last moment, but the colonel gave her no time for self reproaches.

"My deah girl," he exclaimed enthu sinstically, "I have been in battle, I have seen 10,000 brave men race death, but I'll neveb forget how you and Rod looked as you stood theh and held the folit. So help me, I expect to tell of that in heaven, if it's God's will that I charred ruins and say that she had go that way. Boys, I wonden if theh nin't a nigger prowling around heab that we could take a shot at." the old man marched outside, followed by Peyton and Randolph, with know ing grins on their faces.

"We did hold it well," murmured Amy, with a coy glance at Roderick. "Yes." be answered, with his grave

smile, taking her hand. "I was just might have come from subterranean wondering if we couldn't hold it just

"1-1 shouldn't be surprised-Rod," she returned, with drooping eyes.

Easy If You Have To.

Many stories of President Lincoln might be classified as fiction, although n few of them are. So It is not unnatural that this little anecdote, which is better than most, should appear in Mr. lessly down upon the frail fortress and Irving Bacheller's novel, "Eben Hol-

"My son." he said, taking my hand In his, "why didn't you run? "Didn't dare," I answered. "I knew It was more dangerous to run away

than to go forward." "Reminds me of a story," said he, smilling. "Years ago there was a bully In Sangamon county, His., that had the reputation of running faster and fighting barder than any other man there. Everybody thought he was a terrible fighter. He'd always get a man on the run; then he'd catch up and give him a licking. One day he tackled a lame The lame man licked him in a man.

minute. "'Why didn't ye run? somebody

asked the victor. " IVdn't darst' said he. 'Run oned when he tackled me, an I've been lame

ever since " How did ye manage to lick him? miked the other.

" Want," said he, 'I hed to, an I done it cusy "That's the way it goes," said the im cortal president. "Ye do it easy if ye

An Accomplished Cook.

The family had advertised for a cook The family lived in a west end mandon. Throughout the house there were ras which had been picked up from ime to time in the family's wanderof the globe. Now, it so imppens a very wise person applied for a place as his elegant household. What is your name?" asked the fam-

"Evanguline, thank you," came in reily from the dusky applicant. Evangedine, then, tell me, are you s

"It's just like this: You see, I can do \$10 cooking \$15 cooking, \$20 cooking,

There was undue emphasis on the that" and Econgeline glanced admirouty about the house. Evangeline

one where little book well. "It seems to me "she went on final-ly "you folls wouldn't be satisfied different other than my \$25 kind."

The family was quite taken aback of inarraged to receiver itself in time yay if neight strive to get along as a furter with all at \$17.95 cooking for a ew months at any rate.-Washington

South St. Supersitions.

In the south - a tslands the old gods are still villy close to present life. despite the vinorous profession of the ever faith which the missionaries are introduced. On village greens the The mostles are unremitting in their attendance upon the services, wearing lean white shirts and gaudy bonnets, iccording to the sex of the worship ers, and carrying their Bibles and symmbooks wrapped in spotless handerchiefs. But in the lungles and on the waters no Samoau quite forgets his ancestral gods, the powers of nature, and in the domain of the hunter and the fisher these old gods reign

Moralists may not assume to blame hem as unfutored savages practicing absurd superstitions of an inferior race, for if any moralist will only go a fishing with people of the infinitely superior Caucasian race he cannot avoid be superstitions, but which are certainly believed necessary to luck. What the boy does to the worm after it is on the book and before it goes into the stream is proof that there is kinship in practice between the savage and the cultured sportsman.-Cor. Forest and

Why He Preferred to Stay. Landlord-You will oblige me by paying your rent, now three months overdue. Unless you can pay you must Or is the rent higher than you

can afford? In that case we might perhaps-Tenant-No. I think I'd rather stay right along at the present rate than be obliged to face the alternative of pay or move.-Exchange.

A LOOKING GLASS AND A BLACK CAT BROUGHT HER TROUBLE.

She Saw In Them Her Summons From This Sinful World and Was Moved to Give Samuel Some Tearful Advice About His Future In This Vale of Sorrow.

[Copyright, 1900, by C. B. Lewis 1 It was after supper, and Mr. Gallup had gone out to feed the pig and see that the benhouse door was closed for the night. He had performed these duties and was on his way back to the itchen door when he heard Mrs. Gallup utter a long drawn shrick. He gave to start of alarm; neither did be in crease his pace. As a matter of fact, he stopped to roll a barrel farther away from the path. When he reach ed the doorstep, he put down the swill pail in its accustomed spot to a hair's breadth, entered the kitchen to wash his hands and hang up his hat, and it was several minutes before he entered the sitting room. Mrs. Gallup was ly ing on the lounge. He did not look directly at her, but he knew she was there. He asked no questions, but he was satisfied that she had one of her 'spells" on. He sat down, with a great far, in his favorite chair, pulled off his boots, with a grunt for each boot, and, selecting a book on "Fowls and Taeir Care" from the shelf, began to read. He had read the book 50 times before,



"I'LL BE IN HEAVEN REFORE SUNRISE." but had become interested in the statement that speckled bens were more liable to the pip than white or black ones when Mrs. Gallup recovered consciousness - that is, she opened her eyes, uttered a sigh and fetched a groun and sat up. She fully expected Mr. Gallup would ask her what had imppened or at least look in her direction, but just then he was busy with the poultry book's statement that a red rag tied to the tail of a would be sitting hen will scare her out of the idea. When a long two minutes had passed, Mrs. Gallup concluded that

omething ought to be said, and she be gmn: "Samuel, I want to talk to you a few ninits before I perish. You know I hev bin expectin to be summoned any day for the last ten years, or since that cow kicked me over the heart. While you were out feedly the bog the sumnons came. I caught sight of the back of my head in the lookin glass jest as a strange black cat run across the siteben floor. That was the way Mary ann Davis and Hanner Sty received their summons, and there ain't no loubt that I'll be in heaven before sun-

Mr. Gallup scratched the back of his with the other as he read that some geese had been known to live to the gs through Europe and other sections | age of 15 years, but he had no remarks to offer.

"I don't want to annoy you while you queen of the culinary department in are readin," continued Mrs. Gallup as she unpinned the tidy from the bead of the lounge to use as a handkerchief; but, as I never died before, I think you kin bear with me a little. The first thing to be done after I expire, Samuel is to hey me laid out. The nayburs will cheerfully do that. I want o be dressed in that gray dress you bought me six years ago. He particular about that, because it's the only me ! ever had that fits me across the shoulders. I don't want to go to heaven in a dress all hunched up. I want to hev my hands folded and a pink hollyhock in my fingers. I shall try to expire with a smile on my face, so as to look my very best, and if my mouth is shet nobody will notice my old teeth. Samuel are you follerin

He wasn't. He was following the author of the poultry book where he stated that ducks were strangely influneed by music and had been known to go to sleep when a fiddle was being played. Mrs. Gallup toyed with her

tears for an interval and then said: "That's all about me, Samuel. You needn't git up no big funeral or go to any big expense. The rest is about you. Even if you don't marry ag'in within four weeks you'll want soft somp fur the winter. The somp grease is down cellar in a keg, and it's as good sonp greuse as anybody ever When you are billin your soap, don't furgit to lay a sassafras atick across the kittle. I think you'll hey to buy a new tablectoth some time before spring I've made the last one do fur two years, but it's beginnin to go. It's got three holes right in the middle. However, if you don't marry you won't mind a holey tublecloth You know

about the wash biler, don't you?" Mr. Gallup refused to answer that question by even lifting his eyebrows. The statement that a gander had been known to consuit suicide through disseeing a few practices which may not appointed love interested him to the exclusion of all cise.

"The blict leaks in four different places, Samuel and has fur two years. and I'm afrant you'll bey to git it mend ed I'd her tried to hang on to it fur another year if I hadn't bin goin to die, but now it's my duty to tell you. And I'm afraid your second wife will want you to git her a new washboard. I've made ours do fur nine years, and Taylor owes me two cups of brown sugar. If she cries much at my funeryou needn't ask her fur them, but ken handle. She's bin sayin fur a year | not be found.

for two that she'd bring it back, but she MRS. GALLUP DOOMED bash't done it. It ain't good fur anything as a flatiron, but you want it to erack butternuts with. Samuel, do you remember when the preacher are supper at Joe White's? It was two years

> age this fall, I think, and just about the time I fell into the elstern." Mr. Gallup did not open his mouth in reply. He had reached a chapter in the book wherein it stated that roosters crowed in the early morning not to welcome daylight, but to scare pole cats away, and he was oblivious of all

"Well, what I was goin to say," continued Mrs. Gallup as she wiped her eyes, "was that I believed she borre d a nutmeg of me on that occasion to make a custard and has never paid it oack. If she lends you any chairs fur he funeral and seems to feel real bad that I'm gone, you needn't mentlon about the nutmeg, but if she don't you might jog ber about it. I owe Sarah Ann Johnson a pinch of bakin soda. and I owe Melissa Farewell some ginger, and I want you to pay it as soon as I'm buried. You'll find mayweed smartweed, catnip and spearmint hangn up in the garret, and in the old sugir bowl on the top shelf in the pantry s the stickin salve and the mutten tal er in case you git a sore beel. That's ill, Samuel. I'm leavin everything so you'll hey no treates, and now and hen even when you are playin checkrs with your second wife, I hope you'll think of me. I hope-I hope' At this point she broke down and obbed, but even had she laughed in-

tend Mr. Gallup would not have remarked it. He was reading a state ment that in olden times hens used to lay eggs as big as pumpkins and that one such egg hitting a temperance lecturer in the solar plexus would have aused Instant death. The sobs finally worked off, and Mrs. Gallup said:

"Never mind what I hope. I've got my summons, put my bouse in order and now I'll expire. Goodby, Samuel,

and goodby all." She turned and stretched out on the ounge and was heard from no more After Mr. Gallup had read of drakes who died of homesickness, of geese who formed personal attachments for cows, of hens who learned to know i farmer's whistle from a lightning rod man's topical song, he closed the book and rose up with a "ho-hum" and look ed around. Mrs. Gallup was sound asleep, and he had to tunk her three times on the chin to rouse her up and let her know that it was past bedtime.

PLUCK WHICH BRED PLUCK

M. QUAD.

Brave Things Done In the Trans-

vani by Irish Lads. Bravery was cheap in the Transvaul I knew so many brave men, so many who had done berole things, that I took courage as a matter of course. As my prizefighter expressed it. "Pluck was always on tap." There were, however, two or three young Irish lads who carried courage to the verge of recklessness and who in consequence were kill ed all too untimely. I had one young ster of about 16, rather small for his years, fund of wearing top boots half as big as himself and altogether one of the best troopers in South Africa and therefore in the world. I have seen him ride down bill at a splitting pace, while he turned half round in the saddle, holding a Joking conversation with some comrades behind. He could also shoot like a demon. One day he said his horse was done up. He wanted another. I replied jokingly, "Take one from the English." The next day he went prowling near their camp. He saw an officer and an orderly come out to look around. He shot the officer the orderly galloped off, and Bobby, sneaking up, caught the officer's horse mounted it and made off. The English fired at him with their rifles and then with their Maxim, but Bobby came galloping back to our langer, grinning

all over his face. "You seemed to be in a hurry to get

away, Bobby," I said. "I guess I was" be replied laughing "They were putting shells after me when I got over the ridge."-Collier's Weekly

Poor Richard's Bread Box. Benjamin Franklin was a hearty eator in the good old days before the cending of lightning rods became a profession. When history caught one of her first glimpses of him, he was eating a roll in the street. After he hid the cornerstone of the Pennsylvania hospital in the happy reign of leorge II, he was a frequent visitor in the balls of that institution. His laors there being arduous, it chanced

that he frequently fell hungry at work. He appeared at the hospital gate one day with a big tin box under his arm. Disregarding the gaze of the cudons, he marched through the corridors to the dispensary, brushed aside a few cobwebbed beakers from a shelf and in their place planted the tin box. What might this bey queried his

"This," said Ben Franklin, "is Poor Richard's broad box. Help yourself. The box was filled with penny cakes, When the supply ran out, Ben Frank lin bought more cakes. That was 150 years ago.

Since Franklin's time, new hospital mildings have crowded the old of existence and the hospital has grown to be one of the most noted in the world. Yet an old tin box, much battered and dented, stands on a shelf in the drug room, and it contains cakes and ginger snaps. Whenever the rest dent physicians or nurses visit the room they go to the box, take out a cake and cat. When the cakes are gone, the hospital steward charges the box afresh.-Philadelphia Press.

Handy With an As.

One important feature in connection with the conducting of mining opera tions in Siberia is the aptitude of the Russian workman for the ax. Wood is so plentiful in the country that in no case will the price for fuel exceed \$1 per cord, and mining timbers may be figured on at a correspondingly rate. The current anecdote that a Rus it only cost 13 cents at first, but it's sian workman will, for a 20 kopeck beginnin to crinkle, and nobody kin be piece, lay his left hand, with fingers blamed for it. Now, let's see. Mrs. spread, on a board and with ful. strength make an ax cut between each finger cannot be vouched for, but it is if she only sheds a tear or two she bad ground, in erecting buildings, log ish tinge, which no washing would remust pay 'em back. Then Mrs. Jack- cabins and all manner of wood joining con has a fatiron of mine with a bro- the equal of the Russian peasant can-

## HOPE FOR CONSUMPTIVES BLAKE, MOFFITT

The New Goat Lymph Is Actually Curing It.

Sufficient Records Are Now at Hand to Say that It Is Really Specific Except in Extreme Cases.

The new goat lymph already explained in these columns is really a cure for consumption except in very advanced cases. The testimony is profoundly impressing. The following are samples of physicians' daily experiences all over the country.

Reported by Dr. Stablein 206 Kearney St. San Francisco. Case of Mrs. George Montell 29 years of age, residence 2721 Buena Vista ave., Alameda, Cal. Reported by three specialists to be suffer ing from consumption. All three found tubercular bacilli swarming in the sputum. Night sweats, quick rise and fall of temperature, hectic flush, losing weight and strength rapidly. In June

Nicely turnished rooms by the day, wees or month, on suite or single, at reduced rates, sputum. Night sweats, quick rise and fall of temperature, hectic flush, losing weight and strength rapidly. In June

Nicely turnished rooms by the day, wees or month, on suite or single, at reduced rates, sputum, and the sputum of the day, wees or month, on suite or single, at reduced rates, and the sputum. Night sweats, quick rise and fall of temperature, hectic flush, losing weight and strength rapidly. In June weight and strength rapidly. In June physicians advised the case as hopeless and change of climate as only chance Commenced with the lymph. Sixth day fever and night sweats disappeared and expectoration decreased. Sixtieth day had gained 17 lbs and all symptoms and bacilli had disappeared. Dismissed cured.

Reported by Dr. J. W. Hagadorn, Lancing Mich. Mrs. S. age 42. Diag nosis pulmonary tuberculosis. Sputum revealed bacilli in abundance. Two years standing, both lungs involved. Thin and emaciated. Fifteenth day temperature normal, cough disappear ing, gaining flesh. At end forty days no cough, expectoration or bacilli. De

parted cured. Dr. Hagadorn adds: "I have treated ten cases of consumption with the new lymph, three incipient and seven advanced. All the incipent cases have been cured. Of the seven advanced cases only two were beyond help. Two were decidedly benefited and three were

or plete recoveries. Reported by Dr. G. B. Sweeney Pittsburg, Penn. Young man 21 years. Bacilli abundant weak from hemor rhages within five days of treatment. At the end of eight weeks' treatment hemorrhages, cough and bacilli had disappeared and the patient had regained

strength and turned to his trade cured The above are everyday samples of hundreds. L. R. Stablein M. D., a prominent Eastern expert who has been making a study of the new lymph and has administered it successfully to hundreds of cases, has opened a lympl institute at 206 Kearney St., San Fran elseo. Fall information containing tab ulations and other records of cases by mail to physicians and others enquir

Clothes and the Man.

If a Filinino enters the house of a European living In an unassuming way, he will not believe that the European is either wealthy or wise, and, although his manner may be correct. it will not be humble. On the other hand, if he visits an ignorant man who indulges in great splendor, he will it once become exceedingly respectful Mr. Phelps Whitmarsh, who in The Outlook gives his experiences in the islands, tells the story of a wealthy provincial visiting Manila for the first time, who asked to be presented to the governor general.

When he reached the palace, he found the governor taking coffee on his plazza, dressed comfortably in a white cotton suit. The Filipino re quested that some favor be extended to his district, and his request was granted. He then withdrew. The offital who had procured the presentation asked him what he thought of the general.

"Why," replied the visitor in a tone of disappointment, "he is no different from any other white man."

It so happened that the general was old of the incident, and he gave orlers that at his next reception the Filipino should be present.

Upon entering the throneroom and seeing the general in full uniform. surrounded by his brilliant staff, with the accessories of splendid tapestries, laced ushers and all the pomp and splender of these Spanish functions, he provincial grew pale and, kneeling in deep homility, exclaimed: "This is indeed my general!"

So impressed was he that the folowing morning he sent a pair of handsome horses to the general with a note which read: "My general, yesterday I liked you

much in your uniform of gold that I send you this pair of horses, but do not use them when you dress in a white suit."

A WHITE ITISDINGS.

Some friends of Archbishop Whately, after dining with him, asked him to show them a specimen of frish wit. Taking a stroll in the street, he inquired of a crossing sweeper which of the two the devil would take if he was obliged to secure one of them. "Pl'ase, yer riverence, ask Father

Malony yonder.' "No: I want your opinion." "Och, yer riverence, I'm sorry to say he'd take me!" "And why so, Terence?"

"Och, because he's sure of yer riverence at any time!"

first size pianos are being made in dermany for the use of children who are learning to play. Doctors declare that much permanent injury is done to the muscles of the fingers by endeavoring to stretch an octave or more, so the new planes are made with keys baif the usual width in order to prevent such Injury

Professor Lewin of Berlin has found among 300 laborers who constantly handle copper eight men whose half certainly true that in pick timbering in had in consequence obtained a greenmove. The phenomenon has been known, be says, 250 years, but it takes several years to produce it.

# & TOWNE

Importers and Deaters in Book, News. PAPERS GARD STOCK

STRAW AND BINDERS' BOARD 55-57-70-8 . First St. TRL. MAIN 199. S SAN FRANCISCO.

#### Help... Wanted

To rebuild our business on a sure cash basis. No book premium proposition All settlements cash. Only a few dol-lars capital needed to make money quickly and honestly. Better than carrying stock or having a store. Everyone paid liberally. Applicants should have some ability or experi-ence in handling merchandise. Write for particulars to Barchay J. Smith, Manager SMITH'S CASH STORE. 25-27 Market St., San Francisco, Cal.

### THE ELK

520 Bush Street, San Francisco Nicely furnished rooms by the day, week or north, on suite or single, at reduced rates,

BAD COLDS

Quintine is 10 years behind. Colds do not now have to be endured. MEXDEL'S DYNAMIC TAB-ULES (called dynamic from their energy; crowd a week's ordinary treatment into 14 hours and abort the worst of colds over night.

worst the worst case of grip I ever had. A saif diven friends had sure cures. Still it hung in Heard of the DYNAMIC TARRIES. To my mazament they stopped both cold and cough he first night. I endorse and recommend hem to the people. "Hanclay Henley, Exdomber Congress and Attorney. Idl Sansons Street, San Francisco. July 7, 1990.
"White colds have always been verter. "Winter colds have always been serious things to me. They are hard and stay for mouths. But the last was stopped suddenly by Mexicus Hoth cough and rold disappeared in a couple of days. Nothing cles does this for me." Mrs. EMMA L. HOLLIN, 14 Moss St., San Francisco. Aug. 6, '06

"Hive across the street from where Miniotic's Dynamic Taburlass are made. That is how I first took them. They stop colds without notice! I took a dozen beyon with me for self and friends when I went to Nome." H. L. Van Winklas, Capitalist, 2017 Washington Street, San Francisco. August 10, 1800.

Sent. positional.

## 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 Lino's came in. They are just the size to facilitate composition in perfect order. Fifty cents per pair Fine Gordon Jobber.

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

Second-hand Cylinder. S., column quarto. Will work 1800 an hour. A bargain for a country daily. Some Body and Display Type.

#### Has not seen one month's use. Some of it hardly stained. Second-hand prices PACIFIC STATES TYPE FOUNDRY

508 Clay Street, S. F.

Kept the flonnet Company. The story of an elderly couple who lived in a Massachusetts town nearly 50 years ago is told by some of the old-

est lahabitants with much unction. The lady had been bereft of one bel meet, and her second husband had twice been left a widower before the pair were united in the bonds of matrimony. They were both of that temperament which causes its possessor to be characterized as "set."

On the wedding day the bride found in the back entry, on a conspicuous unil, a sunbonnet which had belonged to her immediate predecessor. She removed it to oblivion in a closet.

Her newly wedded husband made no comment, but replaced the sunbonnet on its accustomed nail.

During the next few days the calleo headgear vibrated with more or less regularity between the closet and the tail. Then there came a day when the bride approached her husband with a man's hat in her hand as he was in the net of reinstalling the sunbonnet. "If you have that sunbonnet there,"

she said firmly, "I shall hang up my first husband's hat on the next nall." She looked at the bridegroom and met the counterpart of her own expression. She hung the hat on the designated nail, and, although the two people lived to be very old, neither the hat nor the sunbonnet ever moved again till the house came into the hands of a new owner .- Youth's Companlon.

He Didn't Write the Story. A correspondent of the Philadelphia Press says that when the late R. E. A. Dorr was on the staff of the Baltimore American news came one day to the city editor that food in the Seven Foot Knoll lighthouse, out in Chesapeake bay, was exhausted and that the keeper and his family were starving. Dorr secured a custom house tug and loaded It with provisions. The weather was exceptionably cold, and the tug was stuck in the ice half a mile from the knoll. Dorr left the boat and started

over the lee. When he reached the lighthouse, he was warmly greeted. "Come in the dining room," said the keeper's wife after the rescuer had warmed himself. "Come in and have dinner with us."

Mr. Dorr thought that hunger had made her mad. "I heard that you needed food," stammered Mr. Dorr as soon as he could speak.

"Well, come to think of it," replied the housewife, "we do. We have plenty of meat and vegetables, flour and that sort, but the next time you are coming out this way we'd appreciate it If you'd bring over a few jars of quince jam," she added cheerfully.

Mr. Dorr took his provisions back to Baltimore, but no account of his trip

The Boston park board has extended the time within which horseless carriages can be driven in the park system. Automobiles can now be run from 8:30 until 11:30 in the evening. The vehicles must not travel at a higher speed than ten miles an hour in the park.