'HE KING CAN DO NO WRONG.

The Night at Friarstone House, August, 1747.

By CLINTON ROSS.

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CHAPTER I.

What she had said impressed me much, I can assure you. That he had dared to come back, as he had, after all was done and said; that he was in this very house—all this made me for a moment hot and cold, and then I began to grasp the situation as it was presented to me. I began to reason about it as nibly as I could, when indeed I had no particular reason about it at all—in one, a man dumfounded. There was an old clock with the name of the maker across its broad, placid, ticking face, which I afterward remembered, "John Jobbs, London." I awoke that night seeing that clock's face with John Jobbs' stolid name written straight across it, though then I was no more conscious I was observing than I was of the moon which cast yellowed diamond shapes from the panes on the oaken floor nor of the village that lay beyond with the wide sweep of the circling bay and the dim gray haze of the far sea mystery beyond.

I remember she stood against the fireplace, her hands crossed, the light of the one spluttering candle on her face, which never seemed to me more lonely. Had I not come from Surrey the long distances of the north country to see her? And here I heard this astonishing news. He had disembarked at the point yonder in the shadow of the Stuneleigh cliff. He was here in the house of Friarstone itself.

What possible motive could have brought him? What foolhardiness had led him here? Had we not spent enough blood and station and estate for him? A slow anger gathered as I thought it. My own father and brother were dead on the scaffold on his account. This very girl who told me it—to whom I had come in the mood, the frenzy of lovemaking had lost her own father in the Scot revolt. And it was only the protection and patronage of influential relations which kept the present lord, her brother, his estate of Friarstone.

"Where is your brother, then, Betty?" I said. "Does he know this?"

"He has not told me, at least," she said, resting her foot on the firedog where a single log smouldered. "He gave me not so much as a suspicion o' t, Will."

"Sit down, girl," said I almost roughly. "It was not an hour since, ye say?"

"Not an hour since, Will," she said. "Angus came to me and said that he must see me, and he led to the little wood back of the heath, where in the moonshine was a man heavily cloaked. 'Ah, Lady Betty,' said he, 'you scarce expected to see one you thought was in France.' And he threw back his coat, and there he was, the king—the prince."

"Charles Stuart," said I, "the prince Yes."

"And I said to him," she continued, "'Sire, how dare you come to England?' and he said"—

She paused.

"'Tis no matter, Will, what he said. I brought him here into the house—and he is there—behind that door."

"Behind that door," I repeated, flecking the mud from my boot with my whip, for I had but just come. "Behind that door." And I added: "You are not eager, Lady Betty, to tell what he said to you, I see well. What Charles Stuart says to women is not for their men friends to hear. Yea, he lost a kingdom by his gallantries. And you, my Betty—you"—

She stopped with a quick toss of her head, a stamp of her foot.

"I'll not have you talk so, sir. You have no right over me, you must understand."

"I came here to ask those rights of you, Betty. I passed the long miles of many countries between Surrey and Friarstone to make that request."

"You can return without making it," she said. "Take it back unsaid to me, as if spoken to some maid nearer London."

Her laughter rang out.

"Have you forgot, Betty, that we were boy and girl together? Have you forgot"—

"Oh, I have forgot much!" she said. "And I remember much—I"— She paused. "Hush!" she ended.

The door to the adjoining room opened and a man stood there in the doorway, debonair, smiling. If his face were rather grosser than when I had seen it two years before, he still preserved that charming gracefulness of manner and figure that had so excited the Scot devotion two years before; he was again the bonny Prince Charley for whom the Scots and some of us English had given up all, not the sorry vagabond, hopeless, defeated, who had escaped to France with his skin.

He advanced to the center of the room, looking first at Betty and then at me.

"Ralston," he said "William Ralston."

"It is good of your highness to remember me," I said. "I was not the head of my branch of the family when you left Scotland."

"Ah, I remember," he said with a fine display of feeling. "I remember your father died for me."

"He, your highness, was one of the Englishmen who joined the Scots in that enterprise."

"That unfortunate enterprise," he said slowly, "when so many gave their all for me—so many whom I never have been able to requite, whom I may never be able to."

"The Hanoverians, your highness," I said bluntly, "have crushed us. Not even your presence can stir the Stuarts."

"To the contrary, they, too, hate me."

"Yes; many," I acknowledged.

But Betty interrupted with sudden passion.

"No, no, sire; there are many who believe in you—who know you are king. William Ralston was not on your side."

"I took, your highness, as you know, the neutral side in '45," I said calmly. "I did not believe it could be accomplished."

"You left your father and brother to act for us," he said, looking me over with a certain fine critical stare. "But now, Mr. Ralston?"

"I have said I have not changed. I would not betray your highness, you

A man stood there in the doorway, debonair, smiling.

may be assured. Out of the tradition of my blood I will do what I may to hide you, to help you back to France. That is all."

"That is all," Betty repeated with a contemptuous ring in her voice.

But I went on.

"I know not on what information your highness has held it expedient to come to England. I am not well aware of the plots for the restoration, but in my mind it is a most inopportune moment. Your higiness courts the scaffold."

He listened gravely till I ended, and then he laughed lightly and was serious again.

"William Ralston," he said, "is it not my own land—the land my forbears held?"

"Far be it from me, sire, to say that it is not."

"Yea, my lord," the prince continued. "Last summer at Saint-Germain there came, among others, your cousin, Lord Denleigh, and his sister, Lady Betty." And he bowed to Betty. "Among others, I say, they stirred me with a longing to see England, Scotland again. Can you imagine how that desire held me, sir? A fortnight ago I left Paris—unknown to every soul, and I escaped the notice of their agents. I chose to cross into England rather than to Scotland, and I found the sailor to convey me. Whom could I trust more than Denleigh? I was landed there under the cliff," and he pointed out into Friarstone harbor. "Denleigh is not at home," he added, "but Lady Betty has received me."

"Your highness, your highness," I cried, "do you expect your name will again be a talisman? Do you suspect that they will even raise your banner?"

"I know not. I am here in my own England," he insisted stubbornly.

"Yea, here," I cried, "and you bring danger on the house you are in—on those who receive you—on"—

"Man, man," he cried. "I must take the risk."

"After that failure," I said. "After two years ago"—

"Stop," said Betty. "Some one knocks."

I stopped then, hearing the low knock that in my passion I had not noted. Then recollecting myself, I motioned him into the room whence he had come, but he only replied with a quick, imperative gesture, looking very tall and royal. Betty, too, hesitated, looking at the prince, when he made to her the same impatient gesture, which seemed to have her, since before I could interrupt she had thrown the door wide, when Angus appeared. Since the old man knew the secret, since he had first brought word, we both—that is, Betty and I—I think, drew breaths of relief, but the relief was only for a moment. Angus' ashen face, his trembling hands, made us see that there was something else to fear, yet he was a man with little enough fear in him or dinarily. A faithful adherent of the house, he had been out with an earl of Denleigh both in '15 and in '45.

"Cap'n Broisen," he said. "Cap'n Broisen with some men from the garrison."

We understood what that meant.

"They have smelled a rat," said the prince quite calmly. "I may have underrated their spies."

"In there, sire," said Betty, pointing to the open door. "Quick! I will see the captain."

"No, Betty. I will see the captain in Denleigh's absence."

"You?" she said quickly. "You will, Ralston?"

"Well, am I not of the family, your second cousin?" said I.

"Yes, Lady Betty," the prince put in. "let Ralston see him."

"You trust me, your highness?" I asked proudly.

"I trust you, Mr. Ralston," the prince said simply.

I bent my head and left them, hurrying through the outer room into the great hall of Friarstone beyond it.

Broisen was one of those choleric red faced troopers whom long service had in some way by its roughness deprived of the graces birth often gives (I'll not say always). Now he turned on his heel as I entered.

"You here, Mr. Ralston?" he said. "I thought you in the south. Where is my lord?"

"He has gone to Durham, I believe. I but just arrived, captain. How may things be in the Friarstone garrison?"

"Well enough, well enough, Mr. Ralston. So his lordship is at Durham. Well-a-day! I fancy it may be so. But Lady Betty, your cousin, Mr. Ralston?"

"Oh, captain, she begs to be excused! Allow me to be her poor substitute. My cousin is not feeling her best."

"Eh, not? Well, I'll tell you. There's a rumor"—

"A rumor, captain? If you were classically bred, you would know that rumor has many heads, each with a chattering tongue."

"This is a strange improbable one," said he.

"Well," I said, "what of it, captain? Doesn't it concern your visit here? Come, tell me."

"'Tis rumored, sir, that the pretender landed in the bay—and—where should he go?"

I broke into laughter.

"Where should he go, captain? Why, to be sure, to Friarstone House. Where else?"

"So it was surmised."

"Why, captain, I even believe you are serious."

"As serious as a crow, sir—as serious as a king's officer who must investigate such a rumor."

"But what," said I, "could bring Charles Stuart to England? Surely he's not such a fool. Is there any evidence at all of a plot—an uprising?"

"There be always a plot in that quarter, sirrah."

"True, true," said I, "but the very color of this rumor is sheer absurdity. Why should he be here? Would the prince so risk his neck? Why, 'twould be folly's height of folly, Captain Broisen."

"In a desperate cause men embrace follies," said the captain. "I must march I guess, on."

"Well," said I, "you shall have your pleasure," said I.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Peanut Plants.

"Few persons are perhaps aware that a thing of beauty is a common peanut plant growing singly in a six or eight inch pot and grown indoors during the colder months," says an up to date florist in the Washington Star.

"Kept in a warm room or by the kitchen stove, a peanut kernel planted in a pot of loose, mellow loam, kept only moderately moist, will soon germinate and grow up into a beautiful plant. It is in a similar way that the peanut planters test their seeds every year, beginning even early in the winter, and the facility with which the seeds will grow in this way has suggested to many southern flower lovers the possibility of making the useful peanut an ornamental plant for the parlor or sitting room window.

"As the plant increases in size and extends its branches over the sides of the pot in a pendent manner, there are few plants of more intrinsic beauty. The curious habit of the compound leaves of closing together, like the leaves of a book, on the approach of night or when a shower begins to fall on them is one of the most interesting habits of plant life.

"Later on—for the peanut is no ephemeral wonder, enduring for a day or two only—the appearance of the tiny yellow flowers and putting forth of the peduncles on which the nuts grow impart to this floral rarity a striking and unique charm all its own. There is nothing else like it, and florists throughout the country might well add the peanut plant to their list of novel and rare things."

His Words Were Prophetic.

"Making a photograph of James Harper was the most startling experience of my life," says George G. Rockwood, the New York photographer. "In the year 1869 it transpired that no good picture existed of the four Harper brothers, and it was determined that they should sit to the same photographer and have a uniform series of pictures made. A very successful photograph of Fletcher brought them all.

"James Harper was the second to sit for me, and as he was passing out of the door of my studio he saw a portrait of Rev. Dr. Muhlenburgh, the founder of St. Luke's hospital. We entered into a brief discussion of the mighty results of the well and wisely directed efforts of one man as illustrated in the establishment of this beneficent institution. He said, 'If anything should happen to me, I believe I should like to be taken to St. Luke's hospital, for there organized, practiced skill would perhaps be paramount to even the tender care and love one gets at home.'

"His words were prophetic. After declining his warm invitation for me to ride with him he left the gallery, I think, near 2 o'clock in the afternoon. About 5 o'clock a gentleman rushed into the reception room and asked, 'Was James Harper here today?' 'Yes.' 'Did he sit for a photograph?' 'Yes, and here is the negative—a superb one.' 'Thank God! He was thrown from his carriage this afternoon and now lies dying in St. Luke's hospital.'"

Found a Sympathizer.

"Yes; I went to New York to see if I could get word of my mother," said the Pittsburg man in the smoking compartment. "He went on a voyage to Japan on a sailing ship, and I heard that the ship was wrecked and all hands lost."

"And did it turn out to be true?" was asked.

"Not altogether. The ship was lost, but three or four men were saved."

"And your brother?"

"He was saved at first, but after the boat had drifted about for weeks some one had to die to save the others. They cast lots, and it fell upon my brother. Poor Ben!"

"But the survivors apologized to you, of course. They said they were sorry to be obliged to eat your brother."

"Oh, of course. Yes; they excused themselves and seemed to feel for me. These tears! Please excuse me."

"Certainly," replied the other. "I had a grandfather scalped by Indians, a father carried off by a cyclone, a mother eaten by an alligator, a sister lost in a quicksand and two brothers baked, seasoned and devoured in the Fiji islands, and I know how you feel and can excuse you. I'll leave you alone, and you can give your emotions full play."—Chicago News.

He Paid the Freight.

"Boss," said an old negro, looking in through the postoffice stamp window, "how much does hit tek ter sen' fo' letters?"

"Eight cents," said the gentleman within.

"Hush!"

"Fact!"

The old man stalled awhile, got out his leather book, vintage of 1855, and worried eight coppers out of the lining. Laying them on the counter, he drew a long breath and said:

"Well, you c'n let 'em go 'long."

"But where are the letters?"

"Whar is dey? Why, I done drapt 'em in de hole roun' yonder!"

The letters were fished out, stamped and allowed to "go 'long."—Macon Telegraph.

Obligations Discharged.

Mrs. Boggins—I did something today that I've been screwing up my courage to do for a long time. I paid that odious Mrs. Bjones a call I've owed for a long time.

Mr. Boggins—I can sympathize with you, my dear. I paid the odious Mr. Bjones a bill I've owed just as long.

A SPASM OF REFORM.

THE REVIVAL THAT WAS SUGGESTED FOR THE TOWN OF JERICHO.

Pap Perkins, the Postmaster, Tells About the Enthusiasm With Which Abijah Holden's Idea Was Greeted and How Lish Billings Doused It With a Wet Blanket.

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It was Abijah Holden who first got the idea, and he sprung it on the postoffice crowd one Saturday night in the most unexpected manner. He'd bin keepin powerful quiet fur a week or two, like a man who's left his jackknife stickin in the barn door and is tryin to remember the fact, and this made the surprise all the greater. The crowd was most ready to go home when he got up and said:

"Feller Citizens of Jericho—I want to see this town boomed as much as any of you. I want to see her git up and hump herself till Boston or Chicago won't be in it, but when it comes to choosin between size and goodness I'm fur goodness. I think it's better fur one's soul and body to live in a small, good town than in a big, bad town. I'm willin to go in and help push Jericho along, as I said, but let's do it on right lines. Let's start her off on a high moral plane and keep her so."

"There's a p'int, and mebbe a mighty strong one, in what Bijah says," remarked Deacon Spooner as the speak-

CUT OFF THE TAILS OF THREE OF HIS HOGS.

er paused to collect his thoughts, "but up to this period his language is sorter ambiguous. He's drivin at sunthin, but what that sunthin is he'll have to explain."

"It's jest this," resumed Abijah. "I'm in favor of holdin one of the biggest religious revivals in this town this fall that was ever held on the top of this airth. I want it to be kept up till every human bein in the place is good 'nuff to die at a minit's notice. We'll git our moral standard first, and then we'll pureceed to boom. When you kin advertise the fact that a town of nigh 2,000 inhabitants hasn't one single sinner in it, what's goin to be the result? Why, gentlemen, the influx, the rush, of preachers alone to such a place will bring about the sale of 2,000 city lots within a year. Whiders will come here, orphans will come here, converted sinners and reformed drunkards will come here, and the newspapers will spread it broadcast that Jericho has no need of courts, constables or jails."

"I do decide that Bijah has made a p'int," said the deacon. "In a general way Jericho is a purty good town, but its moral standard kin be boosted up a peg or two, I reckon. I'm in fur the revival."

Admiron Taylor got up and said he also favored it. A town was like a child—start out in the right way with it, and it would prove a joy and a blessin. He hadn't seen a great deal of wickedness around Jericho, and he didn't believe there was much, but what was lurkin around in the fence corners might as well be drix out to make a clean state or it. He didn't believe in mixin booms with religion, but yet if a boom did foller the revival he had six acres of land which he would cut up into town lots and sell for fair prices.

Salathiel Thompson faltered with a ringin speech. He had bin seein wickedness in Jericho for over 20 years, but not feelin strong 'nuff to cope with it single handed had kept his head shet and let it go on. To his certain knowledge there was liars and thieves and swindlers in the town. There was also drunkenness and profanity and bettin. He had sometimes gone to bed o' nights expectin the fate of Sodom to overtake the place before the sun riz. If a revival would sweep away all this wickedness, and he believed it would, then let er come. More goodness meant more churches, and if another meetin house was built he wanted the job and would take it at the lowest reasonable figger.

Solomon Davis faltered with a history of Sodom and Gomorrah. He had read up on them towns and got all the particulars. If they'd had a revival and everybody turned to goodness, they'd not only have bin standin yit, but property along the main streets would have bin worth $1,000 a foot front. Nobody could say that Jericho was a hundredth part as wicked as Sodom, but she'd got a start and unless checked up it was only a question of time when an earthquake would leave her a heap of ruins. He wouldn't take up the valuable time of the meetin to give instances of wickedness beyond makin it known that durin the past year some Gomorrahite had cut off the tails of three of his hogs and pulled all the tail feathers out of one of his peacocks. Let the revival and the wave of goodness come on. He'd ring the bell for services and sweep out the church and not charge a cent for his services, and when the business boom followed it would find him ready to put down four rods of new sidewalk and take in ten boarders at $5 a week apiece.

There were half a dozen others who made speeches and pledged themselves, and Deacon Spooner tapped on the floor with his cane and said he thanked heaven he had lived to see that night. The enthusiasm was still biling when Lish Billings strolled in and looked around in an inquirin way. The deacon explained what was up and asked him if he hadn't sunthin to say.

"Waal, not a great deal," replied Lish. "I'd like to ask who's to git up this revival?"

"We'll send for some great preacher," answers Abijah Holden.

"Who's to pay him? Preachers ain't revivalin around for nuthin, though they like to do good."

Everybody looked at everybody, but no one had any more to say.

"And when we got the revival started," continued Lish, "there'd have to be a lot ofownin up to things and askin forgiveness. Who's goin to own up to gittin drunk on hard cider, to jawin his wife, to lickin his children, to pizenin dogs, to cripplin hogs, to stealin fence rails, to a hundred other mean things? Take yer time about it and don't all speak at once, but lemme have the information."

Deacon Spooner opened his mouth as if to say that Lish had made a strong p'int, but closed it again and heaved a sigh and went out. Other sighs was heaved and other folks went out, and in three minits Lish Billings had all the cracker and sugar bar'ls to hisself and was wonderin what had busted up the meetin. M. QUAD.

THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS.

Political Sanction of What All Agreed to Be a Good Thing.

One of the latest writings of the late Charles Dudley Warner was an essay for The Century, entitled "The Pursuit of Happiness."

Perhaps the most curious and interesting phrase ever put into a public document is "the pursuit of happiness." It is declared to be an inalienable right. It cannot be sold. It cannot be given away. It is doubtful if it could be left by will.

The right of every man to be 6 feet high and of every woman to be 5 feet 4 was regarded as self evident until women asserted their undoubted right to be 6 feet high also, when some confusion was introduced into this interpretation of this rhetorical fragment of the eighteenth century.

But the inalienable right to the pursuit of happiness has never been questioned since it was proclaimed as a new gospel for the new world. The American people accepted it with enthusiasm, as if it had been the discovery of a gold prospector, and started out in the pursuit as if the devil were after them.

If the proclamation had been that happiness is a common right of the race, alienable or otherwise, that all men are or may be happy, history and tradition might have interfered to raise a doubt whether even the new form of government could so change the ethical condition. But the right to make a pursuit of happiness given in a fundamental bill of rights had quite a different aspect. Men had been engaged in many pursuits, most of them disastrous, some of them highly commendable. A sect in Galilee had set up the pursuit of righteousness as the only or the highest object of man's immortal powers. The rewards of it, however, were not always immediate. Here was a political sanction of a pursuit that everybody acknowledged to be of a good thing.

The Dream of the Key.

Some small article had been lost—I forget now what, let us say a key—belonging to one of two sisters who were traveling together. It could nowhere be found. But one night one of the sisters dreamed that she saw the key in the pocket of her traveling bag. She told this dream on waking to the other. "And have you looked in the pocket?" the sister asked. "No, I have not," said she, "for the very good reason that there is no pocket in my traveling bag." "Well," said the other, "there is a pocket in mine. I will just have a look there on the chance." And there the key was found.

The inference is that the dreamer had seen with the eye of sense, though not with the eye of observation, the key put into the pocket. Even when the key was so found she had no recollection of seeing it placed there, but the brain had unconsciously recorded the sensation. In course of sleep it had stumbled on that record, and by good luck the sleeper on awaking chanced to remember the mental operation that had taken place during sleep. It is a singular and almost alarming reflection that our brains are stored with countless such records of which we know nothing, nor ever shall know unless the association of ideas or some peculiar mental state brings them to our notice.—Longman's.

Skinned Her Alive.

In Russia are house robbers fully as brutal as those in the United States, who are accustomed, by fire, knife and club, to torture the aged and crippled in efforts, sometimes vain, to extract the secret of hidden savings.

In a village not far from Bobrova, a town near Moscow, several robbers, knowing the proprietor to be absent, broke into his house, of which the sole occupant was his mother, 70 years old.

They asked her where the money was kept, to which she replied that her son had taken it with him, although she was at the moment seated on a chest containing the money.

The robbers beat and kicked her, knocking out her teeth and breaking her nose, yet she steadily maintained that there was no money in the house.

They had just started peeling off her skin with a knife and tickling her with an awl when the bells of a wagon were heard, at which the robbers fled. From that wagon leaped the old lady's son, who found his mother lying drenched in blood and insensible.—Exchange.

Startling Expose.

Sister Snowball—'Deed, Sistah Dahkleigh, did yo' all notice how Pahson Pinfeathah's hat' hald shine dis mawnin? Honey, I tell yo' dat saint sho'ly shine wif inwahd grace.

Sister Darkleigh—Inwahd grace, uuffin! Pahson Pinfeathah done been bon'din at mah house, an mah boy Wash'm'ton Jeff'son done see him polish dat hat' hald wif dishyer tan shoe dressin.—Baltimore American.

A Careful Speaker.

"What did you expect to prove by that exceedingly long winded argument of yours?" asked the friend.

"I didn't expect to prove anything," answered the orator. "All I hoped to do was to confuse the other fellow so that he couldn't prove that I didn't prove anything."—Answers.

Incontestable.

Mary—I'm positive Fred loves me and intends to make me his wife.

Helen—Why? Has he proposed yet?

Mary—No, but he dislikes mother more every time he sees her.—Jugend.

HOPE FOR CONSUMPTIVES

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 suffering 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 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, Lansing Mich. Mrs. S. age 42. Diagnosis pulmonary tuberculosis. Sputum revealed bacilli in abundance. Two years standing, both lungs involved. Thin and emaciated. Fifteenth day, temperature normal, cough disappearing, gaining flesh. At end forty days no cough, expectoration or bacilli. Dismissed cured.

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

Reported by Dr. G. B. Sweeney, Pittsburg, Penn. Young man 21 years. Bacilli abundant weak from hemorrhages 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 returned 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 lymph institute at 206 Kearney St., San Francisco. Full information containing tabulations and other records of cases by mail to physicians and others enquiring.

Instant Death.

"The instant of death," says The Indian Lancet, is a vague and indefinite expression when viewed from the point of physiology. An animal or plant cannot be considered dead until it has reached that period in disintegration where it is impossible to revive life. Some physiologists still further restrict the definition to that point in decay where every cell in the body of an animal or plant has ceased to contain or consist of living protoplasm—in other words, each cell must have lost beyond recall its life powers.

Probably one of the most striking examples of instantaneous death was that of the person who accidentally fell into a large vat of boiling caustic potash, which at once consumed the entire body, leaving only the metallic plates from the heels of his shoes and a few buttons from the clothing as remains. Death from electric shocks also border on the instantaneous process. It has been found that living cells taken from the body can be preserved in a normal state for a long time and then have life processes revived if they are properly treated.

Only a Woman.

The good man, weighing a hundred stone, knocked timidly at the portal of the culinary department and as the door swung heavily back upon its hinges doffed his tattered hat and piteously whispered:

"Kind lady"—

"I'm not kind," she interrupted rudely.

"Excuse me, lady"—

"Don't lady me!" was her quick response.

"Yer don't mean ter say yer only a woman?" he asked scaredly.

"That's what I am!" she shouted.

And as the heavy bolts shot back into their places the vagrant took another reef in the clothesline about his waist and sighed, "Oh, my, why didn't I take notice of dat bicycle on de stoop before I spoke?"—Leslie's Weekly.

She Had Seen It Before.

An honored archbishop of Dublin in his declining days, when partly paralyzed, was wont to creep from his house door to Stephen's green unattended.

Upon one occasion he fell heavily to the ground and was assisted to his feet by a bright little girl, who further offered to see his grace home. On his expressing his doubts as to her ability to do so the girl replied:

"Oh, yes, I'm sure I can. My father's the same every day."—Pearson's.

How It Is Done.

"What is this social struggle we hear so much about?"

"It is partly getting in yourself and partly keeping other people out."—Chicago Record.

A Common Fallacy.

It is a common fallacy that impure water becomes sterilized at a temperature of 32 degrees. One of the most curious facts about bacteria is that while a single ray of sunlight will extinguish the life of innumerable hords and while a very moderate increase in the temperature around them will be the same effect, they are absolutely unjured by any degree of cold.

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Help... Wanted

To rebuild our business on a sure cash basis. No book premium proposition. All settlements cash. Only a few dollars 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 experience in handling merchandise. Write for particulars to BARCLAY 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 month, en suite or single, at reduced rates. House thoroughly renovated. No pains will be spared to make visitors from the country to the city comfortable and at home during their stay. Take Sutter-street cars at ferry landing.

MRS. P. RANFT, Proprietor.

BAD COLDS

Quinine is 50 years behind. Colds do not now have to be contained. MENDEL'S DYNAMIC TABULES (called dynamic from their energy) crowd a week's ordinary treatment into 12 hours and abort the worst of colds over night.

"It was the worst case of grip I ever had. A half dozen friends had sure cures. Still it hung on. Heard of the DYNAMIC TABULES. To my amazement they stopped both cold and cough the first night. I endorse and recommend them to the people." BARCLAY HENLEY, Ex-Member Congress and Attorney, 101 Sansome Street, San Francisco. July 7, 1900.

"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 TABULES. Both cough and cold disappeared in a couple of days. Nothing else does this for me." MRS. EMMA L. HOLLIS, 14 Moss St., San Francisco. Aug. 6, '00.

"Live across the street from where MENDEL'S DYNAMIC TABULES 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 Nome." H. L. VAN WINKLE, Capitalist, 307 Washington Street, San Francisco. August 10, 1900.

Sent postpaid for 25 cents in stamps by INLAND DRUG CO., 253 Washington Street, San Francisco. Also on sale by our local agent.

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 Linotype 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 fixtures and is one of the best second-hand presses we have had for a long time. It is a snap.

Second-hand Cylinder.

Six-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.

Dosed Her With Cold Water.

"One autumn in Naples I was suddenly and seriously seized with a severe cold," says a society woman. "I couldn't but be frightened, away off there in a strange land from my own doctor, and my husband was more frightened than I was. By the advice of the hotel proprietor, however, we did not call in the resident American physician of the place. There always is one, you know, but his chief use, I've observed, seems to be in Mr. Howells' and Mr. James' international novels, where he acts as a splendid foil to the foreign lover of the heroine by falling in love with her himself too, but always being rejected.

"No foreign hotel proprietor was ever known to recommend a resident American physician. Our Neapolitan host sent out for a regulation 'dottore,' who prescribed no more stringent course of treatment than drinking as much water as possible; not a pennyweight of medicine. I simply kept a pitcher of pure cold water and a glass upon the table at my side, and about every 15 minutes I quaffed a good, long draft. That cold was scattered like magic. After the first day I should scarcely have known I had been on the borders of one. Here at home in America whenever I want to scatter a threatened cold I promptly follow the prescription of my Neapolitan 'dottore' and dose myself with pure, cold water."—New York Sun.

Cigars as Clews.

"Valuable clews toward the detection of criminals are obtained through an examination of cigar stubs," said a Scotland Yard detective. "This applies to those who smoke cigars, the stubs of which they carelessly throw away in the street or elsewhere.

"If you pick up any stub and examine it closely, you will be able to learn something as to the personality and social position of the man who threw it away. In the case of criminals the first point to be considered is the manner in which the end was cut off from the cigar. If a knife or any other instrument was used for this purpose, then this instrument will doubtless be found on the criminal; if, on the other hand, it was bitten off with the teeth, a thorough examination of the tip will show what kind of teeth were used for this purpose.

"A man with a row of even teeth will bite off the end of his cigar squarely and evenly, whereas one with jagged, uneven teeth will bite it unevenly and in such a manner as to leave clearly visible the marks of his incisors. By comparing the marks on cigar stubs with the teeth of suspected criminals prosecuting officers and detectives are able to obtain information which they could not possibly obtain any other way."—London Answers.

Bridal Presents as Revenge.

"One of my rivals played me an awful mean trick."

"What was it?"

"He gave us a lamp which burns a half gallon of coal oil every night."—Exchange.