

A Dog Robber's Charge.

By P. Y. Black,
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I only ask of that proud race
Whose line shall end with me
That I may die and not disgrace
His ancient chivalry.

"The Bohemian Girl."

"HAT," says I. "Oh, rats!"

"The bloke bu'sted ye in the jaw, and ye didn't do nothin' to 'im."

Ye ain't no good," I says, and I lays in and knocks the kid about good.

"Now," says I, when I was through, "will ye lick that bloke or will I pound ye again?" So he hunches up that bloke, who was a heap bigger than Sammy, and I seen it was a square do, and Sammy knocked 'im out in the tenth round. See? If it hadn't been for that fella that I gave Sammy Owen that made 'im fight most des'p'rate, that kid would have been a disgrace to the ward, so he would. I tell ye, fellers, there won't be no monkey business with Lieutenant Sammy Owen from West Point, 'cause I seen that when Sammy was so high and I was champion lightweight of the world, I was the mackin' of Sammy, and he thinks the world of me. See?"

In the long lingering twilight of an evening in midsummer a number of troopers sat on the long porch of the wooden barracks. Out on the parade ground, retreat being comfortably over and the day's work done, the band was gathered about the flagstaff, playing away the heat of the sun and welcoming the cool shades of night. Spud Murphy was the especial object of interest to the men in that a new lieutenant had joined the troop that day, and Spud was, it seemed, well acquainted with the young officer's family history. Even the first sergeant so far relaxed his dignity as to step out from the orderly room and ask a question or two of the bullet headed, bright eyed soldier from New York city.

"'Twas this way," said Murphy, "my father and Sammy's father was pals once, and when I was a tough young fellow, fightin' my way through the old ward, I took Sammy, who was a little kid, and educated him in the ways and manners of men as is men. 'Twas me as learned him to put up his little fists first. But say, old Owen was a lulu, he was, and went in for bein a politician, and got made an alderman and waltzed in the boodle for all he was worth. My father hadn't that kind of get up. So when old man Owen got rich, we didn't mix no more with their crowd, see? Sammy he goes away to a dade school, and his dad goes to congress, and they pull out from our block and moves up town, though, say, the Owens is educated in the boys and we's proud of them, see? Then I enlists in this here bloomin' troop, say, that's nine years ago, but them boys in New York remembers me still, and what's the matter with the time they give me when I go back on leave to see them? Say, 'twas great. Sammy goes to West Point, and here he comes. He thinks the world of me, does Sammy."

A tall, thin man, with the straps of a second lieutenant, came out from the last house, a bachelor's quarters on officers' row, and crossed the parade ground, coming directly toward the barracks.

"It's him," cried Murphy in suppressed excitement. "I'd know his measy red hair a mile off. Gee! To think that little Sammy would ever grow up to be my lieutenant."

The officer passed the length of the porch, saluted by the men, and entered the orderly room, to which the first sergeant preceded him. In a few minutes Spud Murphy was called and left his comrades complacently expectant.

"How do you do, Murphy?" said Owen, nodding, and Spud felt chilled. In the seclusion of the orderly room he thought, with a sense of grievance, the new lieutenant, his old protegee of the "block," might have descended to shake hands. The trooper stood, however, at attention and eyed the new subaltern curiously. The lieutenant held himself straight. Four years of stern training at the military academy had given him that soldierly bearing which a West Pointer can never lose entirely. He was well set up, but to Spud Murphy's critical eye, accustomed to the clean and wholesome face colors of the plain troopers, the dead dull gray of Owen's cheeks, their sunken leanness, the wateriness of his uncertain, nervous eyes, were as a cold cloth on the soldier's enthusiasm over his old friend's rise in station. Owen pricked at the blotting pad of the desk before which he sat, pricked aimlessly with long and twitching fingers.

"Murphy," said he, "I have asked the sergeant about detailing a man to look after my horses, and so on. He has suggested you. Would you be willing? It will be a considerable help, of course, as far as money is concerned, to you."

Spud squirmed. Every officer has his dog robber, or servant, but such details are not those which the smart soldiers aspire to gain. There is something menial about the position which is to many a man offensive. Spud "had his opinion" of dog robbers in general. He was, therefore, about to reject the offer preemptorily when the young officer looked at him with an appeal in his eyes which closed Spud's lips.

"I-I have been ill, Murphy," he said slowly, "or I should have joined four months ago. I am not quite well yet, and I-I should like some one not-a-completely a stranger about me for a time at least."

Spud's memory at the sound and manner of the appeal flashed back to years long past, when the man, now his officer, came to him as a little whining boy for protection, always cheerfully accorded.

"These dog robbin' details ain't my style, Sam—lieutenant," he said, "but I'll help ye out."

The sergeant grinned, for Spud's bluntness of speech was traditional in the troop, but Owen smiled faintly, and his eyes shot up at Murphy with a passing gleam of kindness as the old familiar mannerism flickered, flame-like, from the dying embers of his boyhood's fires.

"Thank you," he said, as if greatly relieved, and passed out.

The troop doubtless had many sneers to cast upon Spud Murphy's abandonment of principle, but it was not a safe thing to speak too plainly before the New Yorker's face. Spud thereupon, disdaining explanation, assumed charge next day of Owen's horses, took his supper and reported duty at the lieutenant's headquarters in the evening for orders. He was amazed to find the officer a different creature. His cheek was flushed, his eye was bright, he was filling his room with the music of his whistling as he moved about, and he greeted Spud with gay familiarity. He talked garrulously of old times, of the sidewalk days of his childhood; he laughed boisterously at reminiscence of his great fight, the penalty of losing which would have been a severe thrashing from Spud. Murphy ought to have been delighted. He was at first, indeed, but the voice of Owen was too hilarious, his words too tumultuous in their outpouring, his laugh too boisterous. Ten years of garrison and camp had made the trooper a stichler for etiquette. He knew very well that such familiarity with an ordinary "buck soldier" was out of place. He knew very well that that familiarity was the worst of all possible things for discipline and order. Therefore he waxed cold and eyed the loquacious subaltern closely. Then he took the big glass of whisky offered to him, drank it standing with punctilious respect and withdrew, a good deal worried in his mind as to the future of an officer in whom, for the glory and honor of the old ward, he felt the greatest interest.

"He drinks," he muttered as he crossed the parade to barracks. "That little devil Sammy's taken to drinkin'. Oh, rats!"

And long after taps the dog robber lay awake, frowning at the mosquito bar over him.

"The worst thing is," he pondered, "the kid didn't get that dose at the club, like an officer and a gentleman. He swallows his medicine all by himself in his room. Sammy's a lone fisherman, and they're no good."

He was at Owen's quarters before reveille. The lieutenant lay on the sitting room lounge, his blouse open, breathing stereotypedly. He had not been to bed. On the floor beside him lay an empty bottle. His fingers, hanging lifelessly to the floor, seemed to feel for it. Spud shook him silently, but with little effect. The sergeant ran to the hydrant in the yard and came back with a bucket of water, which he sluiced vigorously over the lieutenant's face and chest. He put another coat on him somehow, gave him a fiery gulp of liquor and hustled him out on the parade just in time to report his troop present and get down to morning studies.

"This here racket's got to be stopped," said Murphy, "if either Sammy Owen or me's going to face New York again and hold up our heads in the ward. Gee, he'll be under arrest in a week at this rate!"

From that day Spud Murphy went about his new work with an altogether unusual reticence and with a faithful devotion which was novel. He seldom now declaimed as he had been wont to declaim on the valor and virtues of his beloved city's inhabitants, among whom he reckoned dearest his erstwhile neighbors, the prosperous Owens. But if the new lieutenant's name was mentioned in his hearing his quick eye turned sharply on the speaker, and his big ears cocked up like a terrier's. He heard little said against his master and protegee, for Owen attended to his routine duties and did not attempt radical reforms after the manner of some ambitious Johnnies come lately.

Gradually a feeling of pity spread in the troop for the youngster, who was so quiet and courteous, yet so nervous at times and always so gray faced and unhealthily looking. As for his fellow officers, they found that, in spite of his apparent delicacy, Owen could do fairly well all things that they did. He rode, shot, danced, boxed, played poker or billiards with that decent average success which excites neither contempt nor jealousy. He never drank and was methodical in his duties, so that his colonel thought well of him, as a man who in time would make a model regimental quartermaster or fill some such place, where rivers were never expected to be set on fire.

But Spud, writing home in these days to his old father, a saloon keeper in the dearly loved ward, grew mendaciously heroic in his descriptions of Sammy's successes. "He's an honor to us all," said Spud, "and we'll be prouder of him some day even than of his son. I hear old Owen's to go to the senate. He may be president yet, and Sam'll be a general in time, if the salts allow a war. Horray for the old ward! It's men we breed there."

Spud grinned sardonically as he wrote, but how proud old Murphy was to show that letter across the bar to his ancient chum, the member from the district Owen senior blew his nose violently when he read it and straightened up like a youngster. He slipped a \$20 bill in an envelope, with an encouraging line to Spud, suggesting that his pull in Washington might do something for an old friend's son. Spud spent the money honorably with the boys across the post trader's bar, but asked for no help through Washington.

"'Twill break the old man's heart," thought he, "when the truth's known."

Little Dr. May, who was known to officers and men alike, so immediately appropriate was the nickname, as the "Kid," was then the contract surgeon, or "citizen doctor," attached to the post. He was smoking his last pipe before turning in one night when a knock came to the outer door of his quarters. Opening it, the light of the lamp fell upon Spud Murphy's face.

"Doctor," said the dog robber quietly, "Lieutenant Owen's a mighty bad. Will ye come and see him?"

The Kid put away the lamp, asked some questions, put a few things in his pockets and stepped off to Owen's quarters at the end of the row, somewhat isolated from the rest. Owen laid the house all to himself. Spud followed five paces behind, as was seemly. At the house he gained on the doctor and spoke hesitatingly.

"Doctor, ye'll soon see for yerself, and it's no use lyin' about it. If it's not against the rules and regulations, will ye keep it to yerself? It's drinkin'."

Dr. May whirled on his heel and stared at the man. No one had ever seen Lieutenant Owen drink. He whirled again and entered, and Spud Murphy followed him.

On the edge of the bed sat the unhappy young officer, shaking horribly, while great drops of perspiration trickled down his cheek. His face was ashen. His eyes were full of a pitiful horror.

"Doctor," he cried and tottered to the Kid, "save me! For God's sake, save me!"

The clean shaven, plump rosiness of the Kid's cheeks were in strong contrast to the gray leanness of Owen's. As great was the difference between his cool firmness and Owen's horrible unstrung condition.

"Get back into bed," said the doctor, "and tell me what all this is about."

Then followed a wretched, ghastly scene as the young officer, with shaking voice and weak tears, chattered incoherently. He told of his last year at West Point, where the vice had got hold firmly of him; how he had escaped detection marvelously and how, when on his leave after graduation, he had let himself go. He had hoped the new life on the plains would help him to freedom, but Spud Murphy alone knew of the hopeless lonely fight in the bachelor's quarters.

He kept on crying, "Save me, doctor; save me!"

The doctor spoke to Spud, who stood off in the shadows, watching Owen with a curious mingling on his broad face of pity, sorrow, contempt and shame.

"Has he been like this before?" the Kid asked.

"Twice," said Spud. "Not so bad, but I've had the worst time keepin' it dark. Tonight I was sure he was aspeeped, so I gives the thing up, and I goes for ye. See?"

Suddenly the man in the bed rose up with a screech, his eyes reflecting horror. Instantly Spud pounced on him and clapped a hand on his mouth that the sound might not penetrate unfriendly ears. He and the Kid held the maniac down until the paroxysm passed. Then May took a syringe from his pocket, filled it and bared his patient's arm.

"Murphy," he said after awhile when the injection was taking effect, "why have you said nothing of this?"

"Sure, sir," Murphy continued, "he was once like a little brother to me when he was a kid in our ward. 'Twould be eternal disgrace to his old man, that's going to be our sonar, and to all the boys and to my father and to me if he was bottled—that is, got the G. B. him bein' officer and gentleman. See? We think the world of the Owensies, see?"

The doctor looked at him curiously. He had in his library a volume on dipomania, others on heredity. Some idea of the fight before the lieutenant dawned upon him, and even he shivered a little at the thought of what Owen

had already passed through, hiding his habit, yet every moment fearing detection and shame and open disgrace.

"And do you expect to cure him of it?" he thoughtfully asked of the trusty dog robber.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

She Started Early.

A martinet of a sergeant deciding to get married, some of his men decided that when the happy event came off it would be a fitting occasion to pay back with interest old scores, especially as their friends decided to keep up the time honored custom of throwing rice and old shoes at the happy couple.

On the central day when the happy pair emerged from their quarters they were greeted with a perfect shower of rice and old shoes, but one Tommy had slyly substituted a big pair of regulation Bluchers, which he threw with such unerring aim that the missile caught the sergeant just above the eye, inflicting a nasty cut.

Directly the ceremony was over the sergeant immediately went to the hospital to have the wound dressed. The doctor, after examining the swollen and discolored optic, inquired how it was done.

"Well, sir," replied the sergeant, "I got married today, and—"

"But was cut short by the doctor (a married man) exclaiming:—"

"Oh, I see! That explains it; but, by Jove, she's started early!"—London Answers.

Value of Diamonds.

As to the value of diamonds, perfectly white stones or decided tints of red, rose, green or blue are most highly prized. Fine cinnamon and salmon or brown, black or yellow stones also are esteemed. If flawless and without tint of any kind, they are termed first water. If they possess a steely blue color, at times almost opalescent, they are called blue white. Such are usually Brazilian stones. Exceptionally perfect stones are termed gems, and for such there is no fixed value, the price depending on the purity and the brilliancy of the stone. The term first water varies in meaning, according to the class of goods carried by the dealer using it.

It is impossible to estimate the value of a diamond by its weight. Color, brilliancy, cut and general perfection of the stone all are to be taken into account. Of two stones, both flawless and weighing ten carats, one may be worth \$600 and the other \$12,000. Exceptional stones often bring special prices. Off color or imperfect stones sell at an average price per carat regardless of size.

A DREARY EXISTENCE

THE LONELINESS OF THE ENGLISH LIGHTHOUSE KEEPERS.

At the Bishop Station the Sentinel That Lights the Waves Lives in Almost utter Isolation—A Service With Few Enticing Features.

During the storms that rage intermittently around the English coast in winter the landsman's mind turns in sympathy toward those who in ship or lifeboat are fighting the waves for dear life. But how often does he give one thought to the men who immerse themselves in the lighthouses that stud the coast?

I would rather spend my life in a penal settlement than be a lighthouse keeper," declared a man to the writer after a visit to the Bishop lighthouse, off the Cornish coast. "A convict does see a little of the world he lives in, but a lighthouse keeper sees nothing but a dreary expanse of water. I am not surprised that many of them should lose their mental balance."

The visitor to the Bishop lighthouse did not overcolor the picture. It was only the other day that one read of the Longships lighthouse, also off the coast of Cornwall, having been completely isolated for many weeks in consequence of fearful storms. The keepers had been reduced to smoking coffee, tea and ten leaves, though, fortunately, they had not wanted for food.

The keepers of the famous Eddystone lighthouse not infrequently find themselves in a similar predicament. In a gale the waves that buffet themselves against this wonderful monument to the engineering skill of the country are of such stupendous magnitude that they rise to a height of 200 feet and sweep right over the lantern. To those cooped up inside the sound of these waves is like that of battery of guns at close quarters. "At such times the house shakes like a tree with a man on the top of it," was the graphic description of one who spent many years of his life there.

The new Eddystone is the roughest and most comfortable of all our rock lighthouses. A sectional view of it shows the various compartments, commencing at the bottom with the water tank; then the entrance, the two oil receptacles, the storeroom, the crane, the living apartment, the low light, the bedroom and the service room in the order named. Formerly only two keepers were employed in the lighthouse, but a grim incident resulted in their number being increased. One of the two men died. So fierce ran the seas that the remaining keeper could not get the body of his late comrade to the shore. For a month the tempestuous weather continued, and for a month the surviving keeper lived alone with the body as his only companion. He was afraid to cast it into the waves, for he might be accused of murder.

Keepers of rock lighthouses do not last long. The incessant pounding of the waves against the building, the loneliness, the want of fresh air and exercise reduce the men to a state of nervousness that is sometimes pitiful to behold. They require a fortnight's leave every six weeks, but this liberal allowance does little to improve their physical state. A medical man whose duty it is to pay periodical visits to one of these lighthouses confesses that there is no remedy for the ills peculiar to the keepers except retirement.

The utter isolation of the silent sentinels of our coast is well illustrated by the case of the Bishop lighthouse aforementioned, which stands right out in the Atlantic. Not once in a year is it calm enough for the superintendent to land his stores at the lighthouse steps. They have to be hauled up by means of a windlass from above. A visitor bold enough to visit the place is "admitted" in a similar way. He places one foot in a noose at the end of a rope, which is thrown down to his boat, and gripping the rope firmly above his head, he is drawn up to the "see off" as the plinth around the lighthouse is called. Thence he climbs up a perpendicular ladder to the door of the house.

Superstition adds a terror to the life of the men in this lighthouse, for the first structure was washed away bodily, and the keepers believe that the rock is haunted. A fear of a different kind keeps the men of Muckle Flugga lighthouse, the most northern point of Scotland, on the tenterhooks of a terrible suspense. On three occasions the huge black rock on which the light-house stands has been shaken by an earthquake.

There is something comical, though characteristic of the stiff necked Scot, in a story which comes from a neighboring lighthouse which is the charge of two families. They live on a desert island. From year end to year end they never see a visitor except the man who brings their stores. Eighteen months ago the heads of the two families quarreled, and ever since they have reared to speak.

At the shore lighthouse of Eishinish the keeper's family has to travel 40 miles to "kirk." It is no reflection on their piety to add that they are not regular attendants.

A lighthouse keeper receives a maximum wage of £75 a year, out of which he has to supply his own rations. These consist of such unappetizing edibles as tinned beef and hard biscuits, usually washed down with weak tea and condensed milk. No intoxicating liquors are allowed.—London Mail.

Cunning Harry.

Harry and Charlie, aged 5 and 3 respectively, have just been seated at the nursery table for dinner. Harry sees there is but one orange on the table and immediately sets up a wail that brings his mother to the scene.

"Why, Harry, what are you crying for?" she asks.

"Because there ain't no orange for Charlie."—Exchange.

Bashed His Blunders.

"John," said Mrs. Billus after the caller had gone away, "I wish you wouldn't bunch your blunders so."

"What do you mean, Maria?" asked Mr. Billus.

"I didn't mind your telling her that you were ten years older than I, but you followed it up a minute later by letting it slip out that you were 52!"—Chicago Tribune.

CAPITAL TEN PERCENTERS.

Government Clerks Who Lead to Their Fellow Workers.

"I reckon I'll sell my salary this month," remarked the young census clerk.

"To whom?" asked his friend.

"Why, to one of the ten percenters, of course," was the reply.

Dialogues such as this are of frequent occurrence between government clerks in Washington toward the end of the month. When a clerk sells his salary to a ten percenter, he gives the latter a 100 U for the entire salary due him on the following pay day and receives in exchange 90 per cent of the amount. The man who makes the loan retains the remaining 10 per cent, whence his name of ten percenter.

The ten percenter is said to exist under one name or another in all of the great federal department buildings in Washington. He is invariably a shrewd government clerk who has a bit of money of his own or has saved his salary until his accumulation represents a tidy little sum. This capital he is ever ready to lend in sums of from \$10 to \$100.

In a majority of the Washington offices the laws against usurers are so rigorously enforced that the ten percenter is unable to transact business in safety as an individual; he exists nevertheless under the protecting title of a beneficial society. These fake societies should not be confused with the mutual beneficiary organizations which have been established for a number of years in many of the departments, notably the government printing office, for the purpose of aiding sick or disabled members and their families and of burying the dead. The ten percenters' society never includes more than five or six members. They have their charter and a carefully drawn constitution and bylaws.

Each member contributes a certain amount of money to the funds of the concern, and the other employees of the office are quietly informed how they can be accommodated with a loan for a small bonus. On the first of every month the pool divides its profits. These organizations are usually short lived, as they become unpopular when the business begins to grow large. The death of one fake association is rapidly followed by the birth of a successor, differing from its predecessor in name only, so that the ten percenters are enabled to ply their trade without much interruption.—New York Sun.

SCRAPS OF SCIENCE.

A scientist who has made a study of the planet declares that there is snow on the moon.

There are 28 pounds of blood in the body of an average grown up person, and at each pulsation the heart moves 10 pounds.

While cyclones and tornadoes are different phenomena, the former appear to give rise to the latter. Tornadoes almost always break out, if at all, on the southeasterly outskirts of a cyclone.

A period of 5 seconds between a flash of lightning and thunder means that the flash is a mile distant from the observer. Thunder has never been heard over 15 miles from the flash, though artillery has been heard 120 miles.

Sir Robert Ball asserted that every 100 years the sun loses 5 miles of its diameter. To allay anxiety, however, he mentioned that the diameter of the sun is 880,000 miles and that 40,000 years hence the diameter would still be 878,000 miles.

When a Man Can See 200 Miles.

About 200 miles in every direction is the distance a man can see when standing on a clear day, on the peak of the highest mountain—say, at a height of 23,698 feet, or a little over five miles above the level of the sea. An observer must be at a height of 6,967 feet above sea level to see objects at a distance of 100 miles. The distance in miles at which an object upon the surface of the earth is visible is equal to the square root of one and a half times the height of the observer in feet above the sea level.

Some allowance has to be made for the effect of atmospheric refraction, but as the refraction varies at different heights and is affected by the various states of the weather no precisely accurate figures for general purposes can be given. Probably one-fourteenth to one-twentieth of the distance given by the formula would have to be deducted, owing to the refraction of the atmosphere.

General Lee's Answer.

After the surrender of Appomattox, General Wise came riding down the road furiously to where General Lee and his staff were grouped. He was splashed with mud from head to heels, and there were great splashes of mud dried and caked upon his face. Addressing General Lee, he asked in a theatrical voice, "Is it true, General Lee, that you have surrendered?"

"Yes, General Wise, it is true."

"I wish, then, to ask you one question. What is going to become of my brigade, General Lee, and what is going to become of me?"

General Lee looked at the splashed warrior for a full minute and then said calmly and in a low tone, "General Wise, go and wash your face."

Whole Horses.

At one time not very long ago there was on the Lancashire coast, near Lytham, England, a cottage and outhouse that were made almost entirely from the remains of a score or so of whales that had been driven ashore some years before. The framework of the edifice consisted wholly of whalebone, and the dried skins of the huge creatures were neatly and strongly fastened as a covering for walls and roof. There is another building of exactly the same kind at Peterhead, in Scotland, and in this case the skulls of the whales and some of the heavier bones are used with great effect as outside ornaments.

Looked Like Economy.

Uncle Hiram (just back from the big city)—I don't think that nephew of our'n is got as much money as he makes out he has.

Aunt Emily—Why, I thought you said he had such a nice home in the city.

Uncle Hiram—But I didn't tell ye nothin' about him havin' both them little girls of his'n playin' on the same piano as at once. I tell ye he's a-gettin' hard up.—San Francisco Chronicle.

The Strike...

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First Silver Wedding.
According to a historian, this is the way the first silver wedding came about. It was in the time of Hugues Capet. Two of his most faithful servants, a man and a woman, had grown gray in his employ. How could he reward them?
Calling the woman, he said: "Your service is great, greater than the man's, whose service is greater than yours, for the woman always finds work harder than a man, and therefore I will give you a reward. At your age I know of none better than a dowry and a husband. The dowry is here. This farm from this time forth belongs to you. If this man who has worked with you for five and twenty years is willing to marry you, then the husband is ready."
"Your majesty," said the old peasant, "how is it possible that we should marry, having already silver hairs?"
"Then it shall be a silver wedding." And the king gave the couple silver enough to keep them in plenty.
Such was the origin of the silver wedding, a custom which, spreading all through France, subsequently became known to the world.

Points on a Lobster.
A lobster is found in the water, but not always—in fact, some of the most successful lobsters that ever lobstered were born and raised on dry land.
One can usually tell a lobster by its actions. For instance, if a young man enters a crowded drawing room and walks all over the feet of the assembled guests without their consent or approval the young man at once becomes a lobster.
The fathers of lobsters usually have money. In fact, it is difficult to be a real stand up and fall down lobster unless the lobster's father has money.
It is an old fact that many girls seem to admire lobsters. It would seem that a girl ought to know better, but she doesn't until she marries a lobster. Then she tumbles.
Lobsters have no brains. If you don't believe it, split a lobster's head open with an ax if you don't care anything about the ax.
This world would be a much more desirable abiding place if there were no lobsters in it.—Ohio State Journal.

Hedge, the Single Minded.
An election petition was being tried, and a witness was called to prove "bribery."
"One of the gentlemen says to me, 'Hedge, you must vote for the Tories,' said the witness.
"And what did you answer to that?" asked the counsel.
"Well, says I, 'How much?'"
"And what did the agent say?"
"He didn't say nothing. The other gentleman comes to me and says, 'You must vote for the Liberals, Hedge.'"
"And what did you answer?"
"I said, 'How much?' So he arst me what 'other gentleman offered me, and I told him 5 shillings."
"And what did the Liberal agent do?"
"He gave me 10 shillings."
Counsel sits down triumphant, and up starts the other side.
"Did you vote for the Liberals?"
"No."
"Did you vote for the Tories?"
"No, I ain't got a vote!"—Spare Moments.

Restoring the Polish.
Says a housekeeper: "My piano, which had been covered with a cambric cover, was loaded with dust that had sifted through the slazy cloth. The dust was too thick to be wiped off. It should have been blown and lightly whisked off first, but this my maid did not do, and in consequence the grime was wiped in for all I know with a damp cloth. At all events the highly polished surface was clouded over almost to a gray, and I was in despair until a friend suggested a remedy. She advised me to wring as dry as I could a piece of chamois from out a basin of water and rub the piano until the chamois was bone dry. This I have done and completely restored the polish."

Domestic Difference.
Mrs. Enpeck—James, you are good on language. What is the difference between exported and transported?
Mr. Enpeck—Why, my dear, if you should go to England, you would be exported, and I—well, I would be transported.—Sunny South.

The Earth's Bendings.
Little bendings are in progress all the time of the world. The "immovable" hills are bowing and scraping to each other constantly. Every evening, as the dew settles in the valleys between them, they nod to one another. So likewise do the mountains, even to a greater extent. Gravity is tugging all the time.
And in London, too, where earthquake sensations are practically unknown, the earth bends daily, and the buildings, like the hills and the mountains, nod to their friends, opposite when the morning traffic begins. On Sunday usually their manners take a rest excepting in such places as Petticoat lane, where business flourishes in as lively a fashion as in Paris.
Heine said that even the trees made obeisance to Napoleon I when he entered Berlin. This was imaginative, yet truthful, for the weight of the crowd along Unter den Linden made a tilting sufficient for Professor Milne's pendulums to have recorded distinctly. One might say the crust of the earth acts like a steel spring, it bends so easily.—Everybody's Magazine.

In a Vicarious Circle.
"I wonder what makes a man's hair fall out so fast when it once starts?"
"Worry! Nothing tends to make a man bald so much as worry, and nothing worries a man so much as the idea that he is becoming bald!"—London King.

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