THE WRECK OF THE CATTLEBOAT.

BY CUTCLIFFE HYNE.

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Captain Kettle watched the dog with a haggard face. He was beginning to realize that an emotion was stirred within him that should have had no place in his system. He told himself sternly that he was a married man with a family; that he had a deep affection for both his wife and children; that, in cold fact, he had seen Miss Carnegie in the flesh but once before, but there was no getting over the memory that she made poetry, a craft that he adored, and he could not forget that she had already lived in his mind for more months than he dared count.

His conscience took him by the ear and sighed out the word love. On the instant all his pride of manhood was up in arms, and he rejected the imputation with scorn and then after some thought formulated his liking for the girl in the term interest. But his chest heaved when he thought of her.

Then in the distance he heard her approaching. He wiped the moisture from his face with the mate's pocket handkerchief. Above the din of the seas and the noises from the crowded cattle pens outside he could make out the faint rustle of draperies and the uncertain footsteps of some one painfully making a way along hand over hand against the bulkheads. A bunch of fingers appeared round the jamb of a door, slender white fingers, one of them decked with a queer old ring which he had seen just once before and had pictured a thousand times since. And then the girl herself stepped out into the cabin, swaying to the roll of the ship.

She nodded to him with instant recognition. "It was you they picked up out of the boat? Oh, I am so glad you are safe!"

Kettle strode out toward her on his steady sea legs, and stood before her, still not daring to take her hand. "You have forgiven me?" he murmured. "What I did was a liberty, I know, but if I had not liked you so well, I should not have dared to do it."

She cast down her eyes and flushed. "You are the kindest man I ever met," she said. "The very kindest." She took his hand in both hers, and gripped it with nervous force. "I shall never forget what you did for me, captain."

The grimy steward behind them coughed and rattled the teapot lid, and so they sat themselves at the table and the business of tea began. All of the ship's officers were either looking after the work entailed by the heavy weather on deck or sleeping the sleep of utter exhaustion in their bunks, and so none joined them at the meal. But the steward incessantly hovered at their elbows, and it was only during his fitful absences that their talk was anything like unrestrained.

"You said you liked poetry," the girl whispered shyly when the first of these opportunities came. "I wrote the most heartfelt verses that ever came from me over that noble thing you tried to do for a poor stranger like me."

Captain Kettle blushed like a maid. "For one of the magazines?" he asked.

She shook her head sadly. "It was not published when I left England, and

And then the girl herself stepped out into the cabin.

it had been sent back to me from four magazine offices. That was nothing new. They never would take any of my stuff."

Kettle's fingers twitched suggestively. "I'd like to talk a minute or so with some of those editors. I'd make them sit up."

"That wouldn't make them print my poems."

"Wouldn't it, miss? Well, perhaps you know best there. But I'd guarantee it'd hinder them from printing anything else for awhile, the inky fingered brutes! The twaddling stories those editors set up in type about low down pirates and detective bugs are enough to make one sick."

It appeared that Miss Carnegie's father had died since she and Kettle had last met, and the girl had found herself left almost destitute. She had been lured out to Buenos Ayres by an advertisement, but without finding employment, and, sick at heart, had bought, with the last of her scanty store of money, a cheap passage home in this cattleboat. She would land in England entirely destitute and, although she did not say this, spoke cheerfully of the future. In fact, Kettle was torn with pity for her state. But what, he asked himself with fierce scorn, could he do? He was penniless himself; he had a wife and family depending on him, and who was he to take this young unmarried girl under his charge?

They talked long on that and other days, always avoiding vital questions, and meanwhile the reeking cattleboat wallowed north, carrying with her, as it seemed, a little charmed circle of evil weather as her constant accompaniment.

Between times, when he was not in attendance on Miss Carnegie, Kettle watched the life of the steamer with professional interest and all a strong man's contempt for a weak commander. The 'tween decks was an aceldama. In the heavy weather the cattle pens smashed, the poor beasts broke their legs, gored one another and were surged about in horrible melees. The cattlemen were half incapable, wholly mutinous. They dealt out compressed hay and water when the gangways were cleansed and held to it that this was the beginning and end of their duty. To pass down the winch chain and haul out the dead and wounded was a piece of employment that they flatly refused to tamper with. They said the deck hands could do it.

The deck hands, scenting a weak commander, said they had been hired as sailormen and also declined to meddle, and as a consequence this necessary sepulcher business was done by the mates.

In Kettle's first and only interview with the cattleboat's captain he saw this operation going on through a hatchway before his very face. The mate and the second mate clambered down by the battens and went along the filthy gangways below, dragging the winch chain after them. The place was cluttered with carcasses and jammed with broken pens, all surging together to the roll of the ship. The lowings and the groans of the cattle were awful. But at last a bight of rope was made fast round a dead beast's horns and the word was given to haul. The winch chattered and the chain drew. The two men below, jumping to this side and that for their lives, levered the carcass free of obstacles, and at last it came up the hatch a battered, shapeless rag, almost unrecognizable.

A mob of men, sulky, sullen and afraid, stood round the hatch, and one of these, when the poor remains came up and swung to the roll of the ship over the side, cut the bowline with his knife and let the carcass plop into the raging seas. The chain clashed back again down between the iron combings of the hatch, and the two mates below went on with their work. No one offered to help them. No one, as Kettle grimly noted, was made to do so.

"Do your three mates run this ship, captain?" asked Kettle at last.

"They are handy fellows."

"If you ask me, I should call them poor drivers. What for do they put in all the work themselves when there is all that mob of deck hands and cattle hands standing round doing the gentlemen as though they were in the gallery of a theater?"

"There was some misunderstanding when the crew were shipped. They say they never signed on to handle dead cattle."

"I've seen that kind of misunderstandings before, captain, and I've started in to smooth them away."

"Well?" said the captain of the cattleboat.

"Oh, with me," said Kettle truculently, "they straightened out so soon as ever I began to hit! If your mates knew their business, they'd soon have that crew in hand again."

"I don't allow my mates to knock the men about. To give them their due, they wanted to. They were brought up in a school which would probably suit you, captain, all three of them; but I don't permit that sort of thing. I am a Christian man, and I will not order my fellow men to be struck. If the fellows refuse their duty, it lies between them and their consciences."

"As if an old sailor had a conscience!" murmured Kettle to himself. "Well, captain, I'm no small piece of a Christian myself, but I was taught that whatever my hand findeth to do to do it with all my might, and I guess bashing a lazy crew comes under that head."

"I don't want either your advice or your theology."

"If I wasn't a passenger here," said Kettle, "I'd like to tell you what I thought of your seamanship and your notion of making a master's ticket respected, but I'll hold my tongue on that. As it is, I think I ought just to say I don't consider this ship's safe, run the way she is."

The captain of the cattleboat flushed darkly. He jerked his head toward the ladder. "Get down off this bridge," he said.

"What?"

"You hear me. Get down off my bridge! If you've learned anything about your profession, you must know this is private up here and no place for blooming passengers."

Kettle glared and hesitated. He was not used to receiving orders of this description, and the innovation did not please him. But for once in his life he submitted. Miss Carnegie was sitting under the lee of the deckhouse aft watching him, and somehow or other he did not choose to have a scene before her. It was all part of this strange new feeling which had come over him.

He gripped his other impulses tight and went and sat beside her. She welcomed him cordially. She made no secret of her pleasure at his presence. But her talk just now jarred upon him. Like other people who see the ocean and its traffic merely from the amateur's view, she was able to detect romance beneath her present discomforts, and she was pouring into his ear her scheme for making it the foundation of her most ambitious poem.

In Kettle's mind to build an epic on such a groundwork was nothing short of profanation. He viewed the sea, seamen and sea duties with an intimate eye. To him they were common and unclean to the furtherest degree; no trick of language could elevate their meanness. He pointed out how she would prostitute her talent by laying hold of such an unsavory subject and extolled the beauty of his own ideal. "Tackle a cornfield, miss," he would say again and again, "with its butter yellow color and its bobs of red poppies and the green hedges all round. You write poetry such as I know you can about a cornfield and farmers and farm buildings with thatched roofs, and you'll wake one of these mornings (like all poets hope to do some day) and find yourself famous. And because why? you want to know. Well, miss, it's because cornfields and the country and all that are what people want to hear about and dream they've got handy to their own back doorstep. They're so peaceful, so restful. You take it from me, no one would ever want to read four words about this beastly cruel sea and the brutes of men who make their living by driving ship across it. No, by Ja— No, miss, you take it from a man who knows, they'd just despise it." And so they argued endlessly at the point, each keeping an unchanged opinion.

Perhaps of all the human freight that the cattleboat carried Mr. McTodd was the only one person entirely happy. He had no watch to keep, no work to do; the messroom was warm, stuffy and entirely to his taste; liquor was plenty, and the official engineers of the ship were Scotch and argumentative. He never came on deck for a whiff of fresh air, never knew a moment's tedium; he lived in a pleasant atmosphere of broad dialect, strong tobacco and toasting oil and thoroughly enjoyed himself, though when the moment of trial came and his thews and energies were wanted for the saving of human life he quickly showed that this Capua had in no way sapped his efficiency.

The steamer had, as has been said, carried foul weather with her all the way across the Atlantic from the river Platte, as though it were a curse inflicted for the cruelty of her stevedores. The crew forgot what it was like to wear dry clothes. The after guard lived in a state of bone weariness. A harder captain would have still contrived to keep them up to the mark, but the man who was in supreme command was feeble and undecided, and there is no doubt that vigilance was dangerously slackened.

A fog, too, which came down to cover the sea, stopped out all view of the sun and compelled them for three days to depend on dead reckoning, and after the event it was said a strong current set the steamer unduly to the westward.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

His Prayer.

The little son of an Episcopal clergyman of Los Angeles was visiting with his mother a Canadian city, where the two attended services at a certain church. It is the custom in that church for the clergyman and congregation to bow in silent prayer for a minute or two just before the sermon begins. It was a new proceeding to the child, for he was not accustomed to seeing this done in his father's church, but the little chap bravely and reverently did his part.

After the service was over the clergyman, one of the old evangelical school, who had noticed the reverence and apparent devotion of the child, spoke to him and commended his reverence with an affectionate pat on the head. "It was very pleasing," he remarked to a group of bystanders, "to see this little fellow so deeply engaged in earnest prayer just before I began my sermon. What prayer did you offer to the throne of grace, my little boy?"

All unconscious of the effect it produced, the little fellow candidly and instantly replied: "I said: 'Now I lay me down to sleep. I pray the Lord my soul to keep.'"—San Francisco Argonaut.

Birds' Eggs Superstitions.

The old, wrinkled, dusky aunties of the south tell children: "Do not eat the bluebirds' eggs. They make you love to wander." They believe that the pale blue eggs of that beautiful creature, "that violet of the air," that bird with "sky tinge on his back, earth tinge on his breast," will make the greedy nest robber restless as long as he lives. No place, however enticing, can hold the being who has once tasted a bluebird's egg.

He who eats a mocking bird's egg will be compelled to "tell all he knows." The one who robs a killdee's nest and eats its eggs will surely break an arm.

He who eats a dove's egg will be followed by bad luck, while the egg of any bird of yellow plumage will be sure to cause a fever, and he who eats an owl's egg will be always shrieking. The eater of a crow's egg will always, as old aunties say, "be gwine on foolish like a crow does go on, 'Ha, ha, ha!' But a partridge's egg," they declare, "du des make you thrive an' grow fas'. Dey is de onlies' sort er birds' eggs dat you kin eat widout findin' 'em dangersome."

Writing a Book.

The following confession of a novelist as to the method in which he wrote one of his books is not without interest. He had had the story outlined in his notebook for a long time and ought to have been able to write it, but did not feel able. Then one day he happened to think of it again and saw, almost as if it had been a stage scene, the little tableau with which the book was to close—one of those ends which are also a beginning. So he began to work and in a short time had completed the first three chapters. Then, for no reason that he can give, there was a jump, and he wrote the chapters which are now numbered XXI and XXII, the last in the book. Then he went back and wrote straight on from IV to XVII.

The story had been with him so long that it was the easiest thing in the world to write it, and so he got through this part of the work with remarkable celerity. In the eighteenth chapter nothing happens. Every day for a fortnight he rose, breakfasted and tried to write that chapter; every night he tore up a big pile of manuscript which he knew to be hopelessly bad. Then he got desperate. The chapter should be written and should stand, whether good or bad. He wrote it and left the house because it was bad and he had resolved not to tear it up. Next day he wrote chapter XIX, and on the morrow he rewrote chapter XVIII and somehow or other contrived to get into it all that he had failed to get before. Then he wrote chapter XX, and the book was completed.—London Post.

Stuck.

Penner—Say, give me a synonym for "psychic," will you?

Wright—Well, there's "psychological."

Penner—All right. How do you spell it?

Wright—Why—er—oh, I give it up. Why not use "psychic?"

Penner—I would, but I don't know how to spell that.—Philadelphia Press.

Why Care if the Baby Is Healthy?

Muggins is not handsome, and he knows it. When his first baby was born, he asked, "Does it look like me?"

Of course they replied in the affirmative.

"Well," said he, with a sigh, "break it to my wife gently."—London Tit-Bits.

THE WIDOW TAX.

In Mindanao a Wife's Death Costs the Widower One Hundred Plates.

Becoming a widow or a widower is a much more serious business than getting married among some of the tribes in the Philippines. In Mindanao "marrying in haste" often leads to a prolonged "repenting at leisure," for they have an institution there known as the "widow tax"—"chabaloan" the natives call it. Upon the death of the wife the widower must pay a certain sum of money or its equivalent in goods to his father-in-law before he can go a-courting again. As money is a scarce article among these natives, the tax generally is paid in plates of common "stone china," which are much used by the natives as a medium of exchange. It is considered the proper thing for the bereaved one to pay 100 of these plates to his father-in-law for permission to look about him for a successor to the deceased helpmate.

If the husband dies, the widow at once becomes the property of her parents-in-law and so remains for life unless some relative comes forward and produces the necessary number of dinner plates. The natural result of this is that married people are all extremely solicitous for the health of each other. In sickness the invalid is sedulously attended by the partner of his or her joys and sorrows, the well person perhaps being moved more by the thought of those hundred plates than by real affection.

Divorce is unknown among these people, but a man may have as many wives as he pleases. It will be seen that in case of an epidemic which would sweep away his wives a married man would be in dire extremity. In the case of a death of a much married man his parents come into a small fortune, for they either have enough slaves to render future work on their part unnecessary or they receive enough plates from the families of the widows to set up a crockery store.

DWARFING AN OAK TREE.

The Japanese Trick by Which It Is Accomplished.

The Chabo Hiba, a dwarf Japanese pine tree, was recently sold for $1,200. It is six feet high and alleged to be 850 years old. It has long been supposed that the process by which Japanese gardeners succeeded in dwarfing forest trees was a long and costly one. It is now said that it is a simple process and that any one can do the trick. The following directions are given for producing a miniature oak tree:

Take an orange and scoop out the pulp. Fill the interior with a rich mold and plant an acorn in the center of it, leaving the hole in the rind for it to sprout through. Put it in a sunny place and water it frequently. Soon after the first shoots have appeared the roots begin to break through the orange skin. Take a sharp knife and shave these off carefully and keep them shaved. The tree will grow about five or six inches high and then stop. In a year it will be a perfect miniature oak. When the roots cease to grow, the orange skin should be varnished over and imbedded in a flowerpot.

The Japanese dwarf all kinds of trees and make them live to a great age. Some of these dwarfs, like the Chabo Hiba, are well known, and their owners have documentary evidence attesting their great age. The older they are the more valuable, of course, they are. In Japan certain families follow the calling, trade, art, or what you will, of growing dwarf trees from generation to generation, and you can buy a miniature oak 500 years old from a descendant of the man who first planted the acorn. Not only forest trees, but fruit trees and flowering shrubs, are dwarfed by these clever gardeners.

Swimming.

"No man can ever hope to be a strong swimmer unless he cultivates the power of endurance in the water," says a professional. "It costs me no more exertion to swim for an hour than it does to walk for the same period of time.

"In swimming a man should time his stroke with his breathing. He should take but one stroke to each breath. In this way the muscles of the body work in conjunction with the lungs, and no energy is wasted. In salt water, which, of course, is more buoyant than fresh water, a man who has trained himself in this way should have no difficulty in keeping afloat, say he were shipwrecked, until sheer weakness from hunger and thirst would force him to succumb."—Philadelphia Record.

Daly's Impecunious Employee.

The late Augustin Daly had in his employment a man who always addressed him a note periodically asking for an advance of money. This note was invariably answered by a most abusive letter, in almost insulting terms and threatening instant discharge if the offense was ever repeated—and inclosing a check for the money!

At regular intervals of about three months the man invariably made the same request, with the same results, always, however, getting a check inclosed. And thus it continued until Mr. Daly's death.—New York Times.

Warts.

A simple remedy for warts is a dram of salicylic acid with an ounce of collodium in a bottle which has a tiny brush run through the cork. Apply this mixture to the warts twice a day, and in a few days they will dry up and fall off.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Recreant.

"I trust, Brudder Eph'm," said the pastor, "you is still walkin' in de straight an' narrer path?"

"I'ze sorry to say, pahsun," replied Uncle Eph'm, deeply penitent, "I'ze backslode a good deal lately."—Chicago Tribune.

Of More Immediate Value.

Miss Emerson (of Boston)—I presume yours is not one of the Mayflower families.

Miss Triplex (of Minneapolis)—No, indeed. Ours is one of the famous Minnesota flour families.—Chicago News.

He Loved Lawyers.

It is said that Peter the Great, after witnessing a contest between two eminent counsel at Westminster, London, remarked: "When I left St. Petersburg, there were two lawyers there. When I get back, I will hang one of them."

MATTER AND FORCE.

ENERGY CANNOT BE CREATED NOR CAN IT BE DESTROYED.

If Puny Man Could Accomplish Either of These Impossible Things, He Could Cause "the Wreck of Matter and the Crash of Worlds."

If you could imagine an earthworm trying to run the Niagara Electric Lighting and Power Transmission works, you would have some faint idea of the capacity of the greatest human genius that ever lived to run the visible universe. That is probably why the wisest of us is not permitted to understand the final secrets of nature.

Here is a good example. Take a rifle into a place sufficiently far from the habitations of men; put the butt on the ground and support it so that the barrel points straight up and pull the trigger. The bullet will leave the muzzle with a velocity of, say, 3,000 feet a second. It will rise to an enormous height, come to a standstill for an infinitesimal fraction of a second and begin to fall back again. It will strike the earth with very nearly but not quite the same velocity as it left the muzzle of the gun. It would be exactly the same but for the resistance of the air.

What has happened is this: The explosion of the powder has changed a solid into a gas, and the expansive energy of this has driven the bullet upward. In other words, it has for the time overcome that mysterious force by which the earth draws everything toward its own center.

But when the energy of the exploded powder is exactly balanced by the pull of gravitation the bullet falls back. In the first second after its turn it falls 16 feet, in the next 32, in the next 64, in the next 128, and so on till it returns with ever increasing velocity whence it started.

Nothing has been lost, nothing gained. The gases set free by the explosion of the powder weigh exactly as much as the solid. Some of the energy has been used as heat, some in propelling the bullet. Gravitation, overcome for awhile, has reasserted itself. The sum of matter and force in the universe is absolutely unchanged.

This is as true of the quickened beat of a girl's heart when she meets her lover as it is of the march of the planets and suns through the fields of space. Every atom of matter, every unit of force, throughout the universe is constant, external and exactly balanced, and the whole strength and genius of humanity could not increase or diminish them by the slightest fraction.

Now, let us imagine what would happen if man could make that bullet strike the earth with greater or less force than it left the muzzle of the gun. He would either have increased or decreased the total of universal energy, and in either case he would have thrown first the solar system and then the whole universe out of gear.

The earth and all the other planets would begin to revolve in different orbits. The sun, with its family of worlds, would alter its path round the unknown center about which it revolves. Then world would be hurled against world and sun against sun, and stars and planets would be reduced to the flaming gases from which they cooled into solids and liquids before time began to be.

Just the same catastrophe would happen if man could either create or entirely destroy a grain of sand on the seashore. The balance of the universe in which swing stars and planets whose weight is inexpressible in human figures (this tiny world of ours weighs 6,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 tons), is infinitely more delicate than that which the chemist has to keep in an airtight case and at an even temperature lest a breath of air should throw it out of gear.

Thus the destruction or creation of a grain of sand would change the orbit of the earth round the sun. In the one case it would be drawn closer and closer to the sun, perhaps after thousands of revolutions to be swallowed up in fiery ruin. In the other case it would gradually leave the sun and year by year wander farther away into regions of space where human life would be impossible.

The result of the dislocation of such a stupendous system, which has worked with unfailing exactitude for countless ages, is, of course, utterly beyond the scope of human imagination, and yet such a seeming trifle as the creation or destruction of a single grain of sand might, and probably would, plunge it into utter chaos and ruin.—Pearson's.

His Ability.

"And how is my old school friend Bimson getting on?" said the man who had returned to his native city after a long absence.

"Oh, he's doing first rate."

"But he was such a bright boy we always expected he would display especial ability."

"Well, I don't know that he hasn't displayed especial ability."

"I never hear him mentioned in connection with any of your elections."

"No; that's just the point. He has shown ability to go ahead quietly and build up a business. He doesn't have to run for office."—Washington Star.

How to Catch the Polar Bear.

I listened attentively the other night to a gentleman who gave me a great deal of valuable information concerning these interesting regions. He knew I was a tenderfoot and a newspaper reporter and felt at liberty, therefore, to talk freely, so I got a lot of yarns about polar bears and walruses and other creatures, large and small, which are not related in natural histories. I believe it was one of the advisers of "Alice In Wonderland" who suggested that the best way to catch a rabbit is to get behind a stump and make a noise like a carrot, and I learned with great satisfaction that the easiest way to catch a polar bear is to hide behind an iceberg and make a noise like the aurora borealis. Polar bears are very tame and, like newspaper reporters and some other people, are gifted with inquiring minds. When a stranger comes out on the ice, they greet him cordially and show a justifiable curiosity as to his business and intentions, which causes them to fall an easy prey to the parlor rug trust.—Norway Letter in Chicago Herald.

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Modern Advertising.

A little over half a century ago it was considered beneath the dignity of many substantial concerns to advertise beyond the insertion in the newspapers of an occasional business card. Some of the experiences of that time show how recently advertising, as we know it, has developed.

A retail hardware house in an eastern city once found itself possessed of ten times the number of articles of a certain kind that it had intended to buy. As they had been ordered especially for a new hotel and were of a peculiar design, there seemed to be no way of disposing of them except at a merely nominal sum.

One of the younger men connected with the concern offered to "move them" at a fair price provided he be permitted to advertise. The suggestion encountered much opposition, but finally a small sum was set apart to carry it out. The advertisement was drafted in an attractive way, and the people soon began to buy the new article. Finally the house was obliged to send to the manufacturers for more. When the next season's trade opened, the member of the firm who had most opposed the experiment whispered to the young man that he had better write out a few notices "and put them in the papers."

From such beginnings the advertising practice has come. Thousands of dollars are now spent not only in advertising itself, but in devising clever catch words, ingenious phrases and illustrations which will stick in the memory of the reader as well as new general methods.—Youth's Companion.

English Quail Stew.

For four plump quails provide four oysters, four tablespoonfuls of butter, three large cupfuls of ox tail soup or rich stock, two small glasses of port or madeira, two tablespoonfuls of onion vinegar, the same of India relish and mushroom catchup, celery salt, white pepper and four slices of crisp, brown toast. Leave the quails whole, simply opening down the breast. Put the butter in a frying pan over a hot fire and when brown lay the quails in the pan. Cover and cook ten minutes. Turn and cook ten minutes more. When browned on both sides, add the soup or stock, wine, catchup and relish. When it boils again, add celery salt and pepper to season and thicken with a tablespoonful of flour wet up in cold water. Stir it gradually until it boils. Turn each quail on its back and insert an oyster. Cook five minutes and serve on slices of toast with the liquid poured over all.

A Great Storm Wave.

A great storm wave is peculiar to cyclones. At the center of the disturbance the mercury in a good barometer may be lower by three inches than that in a similar instrument on the verge of the cyclone. This is owing to the diminution of atmospheric pressure consequent on the rotation of the air wheel, and as nature abhors a vacuum the sea in the vortex rises above its usual level until equilibrium is restored. This storm wave advances with the hurricane and rolls in upon the low land like a solid wall. In the Backergunge cyclone of 1876 the storm wave covered the land at the eastern end of the Ganges delta at heights varying from ten to forty-five feet, as measured by marks on the trees. One hundred thousand lives were lost on this occasion.—Chambers' Journal.

They Found the Pail.

During a spell of particularly hot weather a well known baronet came across three workmen engaged on a job on his estate. One of them remarked, as workmen not infrequently do, on the dryness of the job. The heat had perhaps extended itself to the baronet's temper. At any rate, he turned away, with the reply: "If you are thirsty, you know where the well is. You will find a pail there."

Thinking over his remark a little later, it flashed across the baronet's mind that he had given orders for three bottles of champagne to be put into the pail and lowered into the well to cool for dinner. He hastened to the well and discovered—three empty bottles! What he said this time is not reported.—London Truth.

Sin Promoters.

His satanic majesty announced that he intended taking a much needed vacation.

Some surprise being expressed at this action, he explained:

"Well, I've fixed things so that the trolley motormen will refuse to stop for passengers when they are in a hurry, and I guess that will keep things going until I return."—Baltimore American.

The Way of the World.

Horton—You used to think Bember was a great friend of yours. I notice he never offers to help you now that you need help.

Snobel—No; but, then, you must not forget how free he was to offer me assistance when I didn't need it.—Boston Transcript.

Parasites of the Tiger.

In speaking of the minute parasites which are found in the hairy part of a tiger's foot a scientist says: "They constitute one of the most wonderful curiosities I know of in the animal world. The parasites are so small as to be almost invisible to the naked eye, and yet each is a perfect counterpart of the tiger—head, ears, jaw, legs, claws, body, tail, all are there.

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121-123 Davis St., San Francisco.

General Commission and Produce.

Specialty, Butter, Eggs and Cheese.

Your consignments solicited.

BRIGHT'S DISEASE

The largest sum ever paid for a prescription, changed hands in San Francisco, Aug. 30, 1901. The transfer involved in coin and stock $112,500.00 and was paid by a party of business men for a specific for Bright's Disease and Diabetes, hitherto incurable diseases.

They commenced the serious investigation of the specific Nov. 15, 1900. They interviewed scores of the cured and tried it out on its merits by putting over three dozen cases on the treatment and watching them. They also got physicians to name chronic, incurable cases, and administered it with the physicians for judges. Up to Aug. 25, eighty-seven per cent of the test cases were either well or progressing favorably.

There being but thirteen per cent of failures, the parties were satisfied and closed the transaction. The proceedings of the investigating committee and the clinical reports of the test cases were published and will be mailed free on application. Address JOHN J. FULTON COMPANY, 420 Montgomery St. San Francisco, Cal.

Most Healthful Coffee In the World.

All the world knows that coffee in excessive use is injurious. And yet the coffee lover cannot stand tasteless cereals. There has to this time been no happy medium between. Café Bland fills the void with the best elements of both. It is richer than straight coffee, and many will not be easily convinced that it is not all coffee. But we guarantee that Cafe Bland contains less than fifty per cent coffee, which is scientifically blended with nutritious fruits and grains, thus not only displacing over fifty per cent of the caffein, but neutralizing that which remains and still retaining the rich coffee flavor. To those who suffer with the heart, to dyspeptics and to nervous people Café Bland is especially recommended as a healthful and delicious beverage, so satisfying that only the member of the family making the change in the coffee knows there has been one. More healthful, richer and less expensive than straight coffee. Better in every respect. 25 cents per lb. Your grocer will get it for you. Ask for

Café Bland TRADE-MARK PRESERVE LIFE

[Proonunced caf-fay—accent on last syllable.

A Lake's Jawbreaking Name.

The town of Webster, Mass., has always been proud of the beautiful little lake within its limits, but never boasted of the jawbreaking name by which it is known. The lake has the longest and most unpronounceable name of any in the world, and residents and visitors who pass the summer on its shores and islands are quietly suggesting a substitute for the unwieldy Indian term which for many years has been applied to this body of water. The full name of the lake is Chargoggagoggmanchogagoggagungamaug, but the residents have contracted it to Chaubunagungamaug.—Engineer.

A Liquid Glue.

An excellent liquid glue that is very tenacious and almost dampproof can be made by dissolving glue in nitric ether and adding a few pieces of caoutchouc. The solution must be allowed to stand a few days and frequently stirred. As the ether will only dissolve a certain amount of glue there is no danger of getting it too thick.

The Equality Line.

"All people," remarked the earnest citizen, "are born equal."

"Perhaps," answered the deliberate friend, "but they don't stay equal any longer than it takes for their parents to provide them with clothes and playthings."—Exchange.