

Bulldog Carney.

By W. A. Fraser.

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Twenty-four hours after he started out he discovered that he could not find the man with the neck like an eagle—Arvil Santley—therefore he had disappeared, had hit out, had hit the trail, had packed his outfit and trusted. These were the bits of local colored knowledge he picked up.

It was from Mammy Nolan, who kept a restaurant in a big tent and sold whiskey on the flat, that he found out about Santley. "He got steered up agen a skin game up to Dan Stuart's, and they carried his last remittance from home. It's about time he did get out, for they had him stone broke. But he was a gentleman all the same," said mammy as she stood with her hands on her fat hips and looked up and down the corporal's ungainly figure.

"Looks as though he'd done the trick," said the major when Corporal Ball made his report.

"He's got a good start and will likely head for the second crossing on the Columbia and work his way down into Montana. There's a rough town at the crossing, and he's dead sure to head for that."

And then because the sergeant was away with two men and because the whisky men and the gamblers and those who were cursed simply because they couldn't help it needed much guidance in their daily life and because the post was always short of men anyway the major had to put a special constable on with "Lanky" Ball to go after Santley.

"You'll need a good man, a rustler, to help you take this Englishman, for he's a husky chap," said the major. "Who'll you get?"

"Bulldog Carney's the man, sir," replied Corporal Ball.

"Get him," commanded the officer.

"Lanky" Ball found Carney after much tribulation; found him at Mammy Nolan's, found him amid the glamour of many tin lamps, the smoke from which mingled with the odoriferous steam of frying pork and filled the big tent with a soft, summery haze.

Looked at from some angles Carney was just the man to go after the slayer of "Whisky" Sanderson. He was a big, powerful man, as big as the one they were after. He could handle "Pearl," his big revolver, with a dexterity that commanded universal respect. Long since he had flung away the sights, and when it was necessary to place several bullets in a limited time he "fanned" his gun—turned it into a miniature Gatling.

Sometimes the police were hot on his trail as leader of a big whisky outfit, and sometimes he was on their side, fighting shoulder to shoulder to put down some tough gang. He didn't approve of toughness as a pastime.

"Be gentlemen," he used to say. "Gentlemen can't work, and gentlemen must have money, but don't be tough for the fun of the thing. There is no fun in it."

When "Lanky" Ball explained to him what he was wanted for and that there was a reward of \$500, half of which he would get if they captured the man who did the job, he replied: "Cert, I'll go, for I'm gettin' stale here. The game's ahead of me here, and I need a stake to start in again."

They rode out ten miles that night so that they would be sure to have an early start on the trail next morning. Over their pipes between "grub pile" and "blanket time" they drifted on to the subject of the dead man and Arvil Santley.

"I'll bet you an even \$50," said Carney, "that Santley didn't do the job. I've got good cash to have a down on him myself, for I've got his signature across the bridge of my nose, where his big sprawlin' English fist caught me unawares one night. But he'll show my trademark right enough every time he parts his hair," he added by way of vindicating his outraged honor. "for I carved his lofty brow for him, and if his skull hadn't been so thick perhaps we wouldn't be chasin' him now. All the same he's not the sort to lay a man out for the fun of the thing. He never had any dealin' with Whisky Sanderson, for he wasn't in the know. He was all right for sport, but the boys hadn't any use for him when they were runnin' the stuff in."

"I'll just go you fifty, Carney," said the corporal. "The old man doesn't make many mistakes, and if we can get to the second crossin' of the river before Santley we'll bring back the man that laid Sanderson out."

"It's a bet, then," said Carney, and there was a queer smile about the regular lips set so firmly in the square jaw.

Then they chipped in with their two blankets and slept under one cover, back to back, with their feet toward the small smoldering campfire; slept soundly, as just men should—"Bulldog" Carney, gambler, whisky smuggler and special constable, and "Lanky" Ball, plain corporal in the N. W. M. P.

"He's ahead of us," said Carney as he galled side by side the next day. "I picked up some tracks back there, and here they are again. He doesn't seem to be in any hurry, though, for, according to his tracks, his cayuse has been taken it pretty easy."

That afternoon when they struck the crossing they couldn't find anybody who had taken Santley across the river.

"He must be on this side somewhere yet," said the corporal. "If you stop here and watch the crossin', I'll try and look him up on this side. He'll be about some of the gambler dives likely."

He looked him up. He found him in the queen's name he was made prisoner. Santley laughed when the corporal told him he was wanted for murder.

"It's some blawsted debt, I fancy," he said, "and the murder racket is only a blind, but I'll go all the same. I'm half sorry I left the beastly hole anyway. It's so beastly slow down this way."

When they came back to the crossing, Carney was gone—gone, cayuse and all—over the river. He had given the ferryman \$50 to take him across, so the ferryman told the corporal.

"It's a queer fish," said the boatman. "I didn't want to cross till the morning, but he got me down there by

the boat and gave me my choice between \$50 and a plug of lead from that gun he spun around on his forefinger." The corporal was dumfounded. "It's devilish queer," he muttered, "but orders are orders, and I've got my man."



"I know that you will go back, for you've promised me."

and I don't see as I've any call to go after this crook." And he thought of Pearl and Carney's beautiful marksmanship and various matters and went thoughtfully back to Golden with his prisoner.

"Lanky" Ball had a good head for obeying orders, which is a good thing for a corporal to have, but he hadn't much of a head for solving just such problems as this, which was perhaps good also. Perhaps that was why he was corporal after 20 years of service.

"I'll bet you 50 cases that 'Bulldog' did that trader up," said Santley as they rode side by side.

"That's queer," said the corporal. "Carney bet me \$50 that you didn't do it, and now you want to lay me the other way. If he did it, I don't suppose that he'll come back for the stuff—the \$50 he laid that you didn't do it."

"I got the long Englishman, sir," reported the corporal to the major when they got back to the barracks, "but the other one's lit—took his book when I was lookin' up the prisoner."

"What other one?" queried the major.

"Bulldog Carney, sir. He skipped across the river."

"That looks suspicious," thoughtfully replied the major as he pulled at his iron gray mustache.

"It would be a bad one on us if it turned out that he had done this and he had carted him out of the country—given him an escort, eh, corporal?"

"Of course there was a trial with Arvil as the center of attraction. The other had gotten away, and they had to hang somebody if they could. They devoted their energies to proving Arvil guilty, and the chances are they would have succeeded if it hadn't been for one person."

His clearing out looked very suspicious, and they found quite a sum of money on him when he was arrested, although it was known that he had been cleaned out before he went away. He would not tell where he got it either. "None of their blessed business," he told them.

"If you can't tell," said a friend, "if you don't tell."

"Hang it is, then," he replied doggedly.

But worst of all was Baptiste Gabriel's evidence.

"Yes, by gosh! Dat fell," he s'oot 'em for time me. Steek his head up 'em dat stump. See him me soor."

Then Mammy Nolan went out to the place where Whisky Sanderson had met his fate, and she found something too. The bullet that had killed poor Sanderson had been in a terrible hurry and had gone clean through and through him.

Mammy Nolan followed up the line of sight from the stump across where Sanderson had fallen and luckily located the bullet in a sand knoll 30 yards beyond. It was a case hardened 38.25 Winchester bullet.

"That's the bullet that killed him right enough," mused Mammy, "but it might possibly have been fired there some other time." It wasn't quite conclusive.

Then she found the bullet that had scorched the leg of the foremost rider that day imbedded in his saddle. That was conclusive.

Then commenced the search for the rifle itself. There was only one such rifle owned in Golden, and it had belonged to Bulldog Carney.

Now, Carney had been back in Golden after the murder, and he hadn't taken his rifle with him when he went away with "Lanky" Ball, so he must have hidden it somewhere. To return to Golden after killing Sanderson he would cross the ford at Kicking Horse. It was a forlorn hope, but she made up her mind to drag the ford for the rifle.

When Mammy found the rifle where it had dropped, she knew she had forged one of the strongest links in the chain of evidence which fastened the guilt on Carney.

It was Mammy, too, who introduced a new witness to the court in the person of Grace Alton. She had come back from Vancouver in obedience to Mammy's telegram. Her evidence was very simple, but effectively cleared up the mystery of the money.

"I gave it to him," she said simply, "to pay his passage home to his mother. I told him a falsehood; I told him it was from his mother. He wouldn't have taken it from me if he had known the truth, but I wanted him to go home to his mother, who was asking for him every day. We were children together—Arvil Santley and myself."

It was a revelation to that wild western life, this sweet, womanly girl and the man who would rather hang than compromise her by telling that she had given him the money.

"I had to lend a name," he said when his friends rounded on him for a chivalrous goat.

Mammy didn't know about the money when she sent for Grace. She only knew that Grace and Santley had met when Grace was in Golden.

In the face of the new evidence not much stock was taken in Baptiste Gabriel's saying that Arvil Santley was the man who had shot at him. He had been too badly frightened to know what the man who had done the shooting really looked like. Besides, the man who had galloped on in from the north, that was a fair man who had shot at him while Santley was dark. It came out that Mammy Nolan was

a Pinkerton detective, and the business of running a restaurant and selling whisky on the side was only a blind. Nobody but the major had known this before.

After many moons of anxious tracing word of Carney came to hand. He was at St. Vincent, just over the border from Manitoba.

"The extradition law is slow," mused the major; "likewise is it uncertain. Now, if we had Carney on this side the line we could arrest him."

At this the sergeant, who was standing by, picked his ears.

"It might be managed, sor."

"Perhaps, perhaps," said the major reflectively. "Corporal Ball knows his man. He escorted him; for perhaps he'll escort him back again. You will need considerable money, for it's a long trip." And he wrote out a fairish sized order.

"Lanky" Ball and the sergeant located Carney at a small hotel at St. Vincent, not a stone's throw over the line.

A little preliminary arrangement with the hotel keeper, and that night as Carney gently slept the sleep of the just two figures stole up the narrow stairs which led to his room and silently slipped through the door.

How still and dark the room was! Ah, not so dark now, for, like the headlight of an engine, a bullseye lantern was throwing its full glare upon them, and they were looking into the dark depths of two murderous looking revolvers as Carney held them above the counterpane.

"Oh, that's you, 'Lanky,' is it?" he said cheerfully. "Glad to see you. Come to pay that \$50 I suppose? Just put it on the table there. I don't feel like gettin' up. That's right. You can take one hand down," he said.

"Just lay your gun down on the table first, though. Quick, now, cough up that \$50, for you see you're burglar in my room, and if I let daylight through the pair of you it will be all right, you know."

Then "Lanky" put up 50 cases of the good government money he had brought to pay the expenses of taking Carney back.

That was the nearest they ever got to Carney, for he is still living the life of a "gentleman."

The Mistake of the Polar Bear.

Nordenskjold found that the white bears generally went through a long performance of stalking his sailors, clearly on the mistaken conclusion that they were seals. As the men were clothed partly in sealskin, it was a very natural mistake. But the interest of the story lies in the generalization made by the bear. The bear said:

"There are two or three seals, one standing up on its flippers in a very unusual way. I will therefore stalk them unseen as long as I can and when they see me pretend to be doing something else."

So the men, with their guns and knives, who wanted to shoot the bear and the pleasure of seeing him carefully crawling behind rocks and low hummocks, making long detours this way and that and every now and then clambering up a rock and peeping cautiously over to see if the seals had gone. On the open snow the bear would saunter off in another direction and then, falling flat, push himself along on his belly, with his great front paws covering his black muzzle, the only thing not matching the snow about him. Just as the bear thought he had got his "seal" the latter fired and shot him, a victim of false analogy.

Portrait of Cocker.

Edward Cocker, who lived in the reign of Charles II, is chiefly known to the present generation by the saying in common use, "According to Cocker," which means in accordance with arithmetical rules. I saw the other day amid the treasures of a private collector a copy of the first edition of Cocker's immortal work on arithmetic, published by T. Passenger at the Three Bibles on London bridge. Only two, or at most three, perfect copies are known to the book collector. One is in the British museum. This particular copy, its brown morocco pitifully faded, bears on its title page the inscription, "Cocker's Arithmetick, Perused and Published by John Hawkins by the Author's Correct Copy."

It contains what purports to be a portrait of "Ingenious Cocker." Experts, however, shake their heads over the authenticity of this work of art. There are many engraved portraits of the epoch, but there was only one Cocker. The British museum copy has no portrait, and there is too much reason to fear that this embellishment was added by some ingenious owner of an earlier century. Cocker died in 1675. This rare relic of the past bears date 1678.—Scotsman.

The Tugboat Captain.

A tug lay hard by, and the captain added his bit to my sociological notes, as I sat in the pilot house and peered out at the water, where red lights and green lights, with many of yellow and white, dripped zigzag fashion down from the wharfs and ships.

"Where do you sleep?" questioned I.

"Why, here," he replied, "in this very pilot house that nice fluffy bunk you're a-settin' on; an' sometimes I sleep at that wheel, a-sterin' this boat, sir. Can't be helped, sir. The hours we work would stave in a trained nurse, and a sentinel to be shot. Why, man, I've seed the time when I've stunk by that wheel twenty grim hours at a stretch. Once it was forty-two hours. And when you read in the paper about twin's a big propeller clean through a dock or jammin' her into her next door neighbor fer keeps don't you say us tug folks are Johnnie Raws. Just say we're worked and worked till we sleep at the wheel. For that's God's truth, sir."—Atlantic.

Smart Girl.

Her Mother—Edith, don't you think you are getting too old to play with little boys?

Edith—No, mamma; the older I get the better I like them.—Tit-Bits.

The Consultation.

"My wife always consults me about every article of attire she buys—frocks, hats, shoes, gloves, everything."

"My wife does, too—that is, she asks us for the money."

AN EFFECTIVE REMEDY.

A Series of Orders That Rejuvenated the Aging Slaves.

A correspondent sends the following story of an old Virginia gentleman:

Some years before the war a gentleman of large landed interests counted among his possessions a plantation on the James river, an estate of considerable dimensions. Other interests kept him away from the old place for some years, during which time there was a marked decrease in the revenue. Upon his return to the plantation he discovered that many of the slaves were laid up with rheumatism and other ailments, the farming implements were in bad order and the old homestead was fast going to rack and ruin. Calling his overseer he said:

"Anderson, I notice a great many old wagons, plows and harrows about the place. Have them brought and piled in front of the house, and on Monday next order all the negroes on the place to be present."

At the appointed time they came. The pile was set on fire and the implements destroyed. The following week he called the overseer's attention to the sick and infirm horses, hogs and cattle and gave the same order. When the negroes had assembled all the animals were knocked in the head. The Friday following the landlord again called his overseer.

"Anderson, I see a great many sick negroes around here—many who seem to be laid up with rheumatism and are good for nothing. Give orders that on Monday morning at 10 o'clock they all appear in the front yard."

The effect on the slaves was magical. On Saturday men who had been unable to walk were skipping around like children; the sick grew well suddenly, and from that time on the plantation was most prosperous.—Exchange.

FOOD OF AMERICANS.

An English Woman Tells of the Strange Things She Ate Here.

An English woman who visited America a short time ago has been telling her country women about the "strange food across the water." Of course she discovered green corn, but she had been prepared for that. Oyster crabs were quite new to her.

"They look like Boston baked beans," she explains, "but they taste much better."

An oyster cocktail filled her with awe and enthusiasm. She tried it at Delmonico's and thought it was soup. Of course in England one didn't serve soup in a glass; but then, neither did the English serve boiled eggs in a glass. One could never be sure of Americans.

Of canvasback duck she has a poor opinion, but thinks she might like it better if Americans would have it cooked or even warmed. As for terrapin, she sings its praise. She found it much like cat's head, and she always liked cats' head. Shades of Maryland gentlemen, what a slur is there!

"All the puddings in America are pie or ice cream," she says, "but it must be understood that pie does not mean game pie. The Yankee pie is a tart and is ubiquitous, she explains."

She sat next to an American man who ate a lump of cheese with his strawberry pie and turned a plateful of ice cream over both, but she doesn't know that that is a general custom.

The oysters were good, but had most impossible names, and the cockles (meaning clams) are excellent. On the whole, Yankee food and cooking are good, but there is too much of the food on the table at one time.—New York Sun.

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ANCIENT UMBRELLAS.

THEY FIGURED IN CHURCHES IN THE EARLY CHRISTIAN DAYS.

When First Adopted by the Faithful, They Seem to Have Been Utilized Solely as Sun Protectors—Once an Attribute of Dignity.

In the early Christian churches a large umbrella usually hung over the priest, and it is said that from this custom it became one of the attributes of cardinals appointed from basilican churches. For years the doges of Venice carried umbrellas of state, and in 1288 Pope Alexander III. declared that those should be surmounted by golden staves of the annunciation.

Michael Morosini was the first Venetian layman to carry an umbrella, which consisted of a small, flat square of green stuff, over which was a copper spiral. Soon after the umbrella was adopted by fashionable Venetian dames. According to Corray's "Crucifixes" (1611), the Italian umbrella was a small canopy and was made of leather or extended by series of wooden hoops. It says umbrellas were used by horsemen, who, resting the handles on the thigh as they rode, bore them so that they should "minister shadow unto them for shelter against the scorching sun."

In the Harleian manuscripts, now in the British museum, there is in manuscript No. 603 a crude illustration showing the figure of a yeoman holding an umbrella over his lord, which leads me to infer that umbrellas were known in England even in the early Anglo-Saxon period.

Back, as quoted in the Draper's Dictionary, asserts that at the time that Stephen usurped the crown of England (twelfth century) umbrellas were in common use among the English. The first mention of the umbrella in English literature is in Florio's "World of Wonders" (1598), where it is described as a "kind of round fan or shadowing that they use to ride with in summer in Italy, a wide shade."

In 1650 an umbrella was exhibited in the "Museum Tridescantianum; or, Collection of Rarities Preserved at South Lambeth, Near London, by John Tradescant," which was known as "one of the wonders of the ark."

In the church of Cartmel, in Lancashire, England, there was preserved until a few years ago an umbrella said to be over 500 years old, which was used chiefly to protect the host.

References to the umbrella are to be found also in Blount's "Glossographia" (1674) and Phillips' "New World of Words" (1678). In the first reference reads: "Umbrello, a fashion of round and broad fans, wherewith the Indians (and from them our great ones) preserve themselves from the heat of the sun, and hence any little shadow, fan or other thing wherewith the women guard their faces from the sun."

The second reads: "Umbrello, a screen against the sun's heat, used chiefly by the Spaniards, among whom it is known by the name quinqualeto."

The imaginative Dean Swift in the "Tale of a Tub" (1696) depicts Jack, an ever resourceful type, making use of a parchment copy of his father's will as an umbrella in rainy weather. Did the worthy Hanway take his cue from this or from Kersey, according to whom the umbrella was a "broad fan of screen commonly used by women to shelter them from the sun's heat. The first mention of it as a protector from the rain later by L. Batley, who in his dictionary (1737) called it a parasol, defined it as "a sort of small canopy to keep off the rain."

Small, light umbrellas came into fashion among the ladies of the French court in 1675, and these were carried by attendants. Richelet tells us that they were made of oiled cloth or leather and had ribs of whalebone. A century later they found favor with the men, who carried red umbrellas, with edges fringed with gold lace.

The precise date when James Hanway, who died in 1786, introduced the umbrella into England is not recorded in any of the encyclopedias I have at hand, but they all state that he was popularly known as its introducer.

With the Dutch, as with the Indian grantees, the umbrella was first an attribute of dignity, and well it might be, for the money paid for them at The Hague in 1650 ranged from \$75 to \$120 each. The Dutch colonists who settled at the Cape of Good Hope were not slow to insist on preserving the dignity of the umbrella, for Ryk van Tulburg, governor of Cape Colony in 1752, enacted that "No one less in rank than a junior merchant or those among the citizens of equal rank, and the wives and daughters only of those who are or have been members of any council shall venture to use umbrellas, and those who are less in rank than merchants shall not enter the castle in fine weather with an open umbrella."—Frank H. Vizetelly in New York Times.

A Songster's Opinion of Golf.

Imagine a great fat creature who ought to wear a turban and a long black robe to hide his grossness whacking a little white ball for miles and miles with a perfect surgery of instruments, whacking it either with a baby-like solemnity or a childish rage, as luck may have decided, and incidentally training an innocent eyed little boy to swear and be a tip hunting loafer. That's golf.—H. T. W. Wells in Pearson's Magazine.

To the Best of Her Knowledge.

A lady was looking for her husband and inquired anxiously of a housemaid, "Do you happen to know anything of your master's whereabouts?"

"I'm not sure, ma'am," replied the careful domestic, "but I think they're in the wash."—Pamphlet.

Partly Accounted For.

Bizzer—Where does that man Fizzger get all his money?

Buzzer—Well, I loaned him five dollars two years ago.—Ohio State Journal.

It is claimed that dentistry prolongs life. As has been said of matrimony, it certainly makes it seem longer.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

No man can build character by trying to raze that of others.—Nashville Banner.

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Two Circus Feats.

"A great deal of unnecessary sympathy is wasted upon the circus man who stands up proudly in spangled tights and lets another circus man bring down a sledge hammer upon a rock placed upon his head or force enough to break it," says an old circus man. "This is spectacular, but is entirely painless and calls for no great strength or endurance. Upon the cranium of the strong man is put an iron contrivance weighing about 150 pounds and provided with cushions both above and where it rests upon the head. A pretty good sized rock is used, and the hammer is a heavy one, so you can see that the blow that cracks the rock is really a serious one. But most of the force is taken up by the rock and the rest by the iron and cushions, while the only sensation felt by the subject is a gentle tap."

"No more difficult than this is the act whereby the hero of the canvas tent permits a rock to be broken upon his chest with a blow from a sledge hammer. So long as the subject's back is free and does not rest against any solid object the trick is perfectly simple. A little illustration: Take a board up and let it lie freely in your hand and hit it smartly with a hammer. It is difficult to hurt your hand, and the thicker the board the less the sensation. But now put your hand on the table and hit the board. Hurts, doesn't it? Well, it's the same with the rock on the chest."

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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: Johns J. Furness & Company, 420 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal.

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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 and the void with the best elements of coffee. It is richer than straight coffee, and many will not be easily convinced that it is not all coffee. But we guarantee the Café 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 caffeine, 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

Italians Love Tomatoes.

Italians more than any other people value tomatoes, and each one that comes to perfection is as carefully tended as though it were an apple of gold. Not only do the housewives delight in the fresh vegetables themselves, but, generally speaking, those home tended are better than any purchased at a market, and so each one is jealously saved to make tomato sauce for the spaghetti, without which no Italian Sunday would be Sunday. One sphax gardener one season sold enough tomatoes to give her quite a little pin money. No one who knows the Italian well will be surprised to learn that many of the boxes are devoted to peppers, for they in turn furnish much of their spice of life, and even the little Italian girls know how to stuff and cook them in a dozen different ways that tempt the palate.—Boston Transcript.

Coloring of Flowers.

A florist says that the law governing the coloring of flowers makes a blue rose impossible. According to this law the three colors red, blue and yellow never all appear in the same species of flowers. Any two may exist, but never the third. Thus we have the red and yellow roses, but no blue; red and blue verbenas, but no yellow; yellow and blue in the various members of the viola family (as pansies, for instance), but no red; red and yellow gladioli, but no blue, and so on.

Rubber Plants.

Many plant growers become annoyed because the older leaves at the base of their rubber plants turn yellow and fall off. This is a natural process. It does not indicate any defect in the plant. It is simply the ripening of the old foliage, which cannot be retained indefinitely. Sometimes, however, the loss of foliage results from the want of root, but in such cases the plants refuse to grow.

Railroad Telegrams.

When a traveler in the grand duchy of Baden, Germany, wants to send a telegram while he is in the train, he writes the message on a postcard, with the request that it be wired, puts on a stamp and drops it into the train letter box. At the next station the box is cleared and the message sent out.

Very Tired.

It has remained for a little girl to nearly, if not quite, equal a famous witicism of Leigh Hunt. Of course she spoke in childish innocence, where the English essayist and wit used his ripened intellect.

Hunt, in describing an exceedingly warm day, it will be remembered, spoke of it as one which tempted him to strip off his flesh and sit in his bones.

The little girl had been romping and running all day. Toward nightfall her father met her. "Are you not very tired, little one?" he asked.

"Oh, not so very tired, papa," she replied. "Then in a burst of confidence she whispered, 'Only I do feel as though I'd like to take my legs off and carry them awhile.'"

A Long Sleep.

Dr. Soca, an English physician, reported the case of a young girl of seventeen taken with syncope after a cold "rub" who slept for seven months in the hospital to which she was admitted. When she was aroused from sleep, she responded drowsily to questions put and fell asleep again. At the end of seven months she died of pneumonia, having slept herself out of life. Sometimes she was fed in her sleep and at other times while they kept her awake.

Too Small to Share.

Barnes—Yes, I guess