

THE NIGHT WAS DARK

By C. E. Dingwall.

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WHETHER this is a love story or not you will have to judge for yourself. The incidents are somewhat peculiar, and I have never been able to decide as to its character in that respect.

Kirby is married, and I will make the assertion with the confidence of one who knows that a man who is employed by any of the big contractors, jumping from one place to another six months or a year here and then off to some other part of the country, perhaps a couple of thousand miles away, for another six months or a year and mixing up daily with the class of which a good part of a contractor's force is composed and spending his pay every pay night, as the majority do, has no right to have a woman tied to him. It is far from fair to the woman. It is cruel. It is the one blot on Kirby's upright and honorable though somewhat adventurous career.

It was when we were up in central Wisconsin double tracking a piece of railroad that the accident here related occurred. The accident was Kirby's marriage. We had a long stretch of line to be double tracked that year, with considerable altering of the original grades and curves, making necessary almost half a mile of very heavy rock cut and a long and high trestle across a valley on the new alignment. Our construction office, warehouse and repair shops were at Antioch, a central point for all of the work. We established the office in a residence which we had rented for the purpose. We lived up stairs and had a negro cook to prepare our meals and look to our comfort after business hours.

Kirby and Chapin, riggers by trade, ran two pile drivers that were employed in building a light and temporary trestle across the valley for the dump cars that would be used in building up this high "fill" or embankment when we began making the accompanying cut in the neighboring hill. This was some 10 or 12 miles down the road from Antioch. Kirby and Chapin and the pile driver engineers, the time-keeper and some of the railroad's engineering help boarded and lodged at a small country hotel near the "fill" that was kept in a style commensurate with his rates by one Conrad. We had nearly a thousand men on that work, all in camps distributed along the line of the railroad.

It happened this way: Kirby had been ordered down to the site of the rock cutting to erect a derrick, and to do this he would have to get up very early in the morning and drive to Antioch, at which point he would board a construction train going down the line with men and materials. He made his preparations the night before, grumbling all the while at his ill luck at having to leave his warm bed on a dark, cold and probably wet December morning, ordered his rig for 4:30 and crept beneath his blankets before the other boarders had ceased their usual nightly hilarity in the rooms below.

Chapin was among the last to turn in. Chapin is a sound sleeper under ordinary circumstances, but the night was very cold, no fire was in his room, and the only means of heating was a smoke pipe from the stove in the saloon below, which passed up through his sleeping chamber. This gave off little or no warmth when the fire burned low. Chapin awoke in the middle of the night, and the cold preventing him from getting to sleep again, he jumped out of bed with the intention of finding additional covering. The proprietor was of a frugal nature, and provided no fleecy blankets ready at the foot of the bed for use in an emergency. In truth, it was very much in this hotel as in most others encountered on contract work when away from cities, a case of the best man getting the available comforts, and the food on the table, for that matter, and the rest getting what they could.

So Chapin, not finding in his room what he sought for, sallied out into the hall and tried the doors of the rooms on that floor. All were locked, with the exception of the last one at the end of the hall, which was Kirby's. This he opened and stepped in. He groped his way to the bed and attempted to arouse the sleeper and interest him in the search for warmth, thinking that possibly Kirby might have an extra blanket on his bed or in his room.

"Oh, Kirby!" he said. There was no answer.

"Kirby, got any blankets?"

The sleeper awoke on blissfully unconscious of the other man's dilemma.

"Say, you, let me have a blanket," continued Chapin.

Kirby did not move. Chapin did as he would have been done by.

"Well, then," he said, "I will take them." And, gathering up a handful of blankets, he remorselessly jerked the covering from Kirby and rushed from the room. He fled down the hall to his own room, but when he got to the door he heard Kirby coming after him, so he continued on up the stairs to the attic floor above. Kirby followed, muttering curses in his half awake condition. Chapin tried the door he came to at the top of the stairs. It opened, and he stepped through, closing it after him, all but a crack, through which he heard the grate and slithering Kirby come up the stairs. Three at a time, and pass the door. "A dirty trick!" he was muttering. "I'll punch Chapin's head for him when I get him!" He ran to the end of the third floor hall and down the front stairs in pursuit of Chapin, but that worthy well knew it would be useless to go back to his room to enjoy his ill gotten spoil; so he made himself comfortable in the unused bed of the room he was in.

Kirby, not finding Chapin in the latter's room and not hearing him, doubled back up the front stairway silently and listening intently to catch a sound of his pirating accomplice, but he heard nothing. Finally he gave up

the search and tumbled into bed again, getting up once or twice to pay a visit to Chapin's room. But the night was too cold for sleep with only summer covering; so, under the impression that the night was well spent and that it was nearly time to go to Antioch anyway, he decided to get up and dress and wait for his rig. Moving around with his clothes on was preferable to trying to fight the cold in bed. He was about through with his toilet when he heard the sound of wheels and the loud whin of a driver on the road below. He thought it was his conveyance ready for him, and, hurriedly completing his dressing, he put on his overcoat, snatched up his bundle and ran down the stairs.

There was a light in what was called the office, and as he passed he heard through the half opened door some one talking to the proprietor. He did not, however, look in, but stepped out upon the road. The night was miserably cold and raw. A drizzling rain was falling. In the darkness he made out the shadow of a two horse double seated, covered spring wagon. A gruff voice from the front seat said to him as he appeared: "You'd better hurry up there. We haven't much time to throw away."

"All right, cap'n; I'm here," said Kirby, hastily climbing up to the rear seat. The driver started his team immediately. Kirby was about to take his seat when he noticed another person on the rear seat whom he had not seen before owing to the complete shadow, the curtains at the side and rear being down. When he made out the figure to be that of a woman, he hesitated a moment and had a mind to take a seat in the driver, but they were already started, so he took his place beside the other passenger.

They had not gone more than well in to the road when the clatter of swiftly moving wheels in their rear was borne to them, and apparently the occupant of the other vehicle was in as much haste as they were. Their driver plied the whip to his horses, and they plunged along the road at a furious pace. Kirby's fellow passenger put her head out of the side and looked back, though she could have seen nothing ten feet away in that pitchy blackness. If she did not see, she must, however, have heard that which gave her alarm, for she uttered a frightful cry, turned back to Kirby and threw herself on him, putting her arms around his neck and bursting out crying and sobbing with her head on his shoulder.

Now, my friend, Kirby Smith Huston, being a Kentuckian, a man of the world and having figured in many adventures in which the other sex was a party, was not of that kind that is easily rattled by sudden and surprising developments, but this hysterical explosion of his fellow traveler, coming so unexpectedly, dumfounded him for a minute. No man is going to hold his nerve when a strange and of course beautiful lady throws herself at him in the dark, it being an infrequent occurrence with most of us, but Kirby's early training stood him in hand at this moment, and after the shock was over he gracefully and chivalrously began to soothe and quiet her and help her to bear up in her bereavement, whatever the cause might be.

"There, there," he said between sobs of the wagon. "Don't cry. It'll come out all right. What's the matter? Tell me; that's a good girl."

She crept closer to him, as though wanting protection, and he put his arm around her to support her.

"Oh, I'm afraid," she said from where her head was resting on his shoulder.

"Afraid of what? Fear nothing, I am with you," said Kirby in a facetiously grandiloquent way.

"Oh, I know! But if he should catch me," she said.

"Catch me?" said Kirby. "He never will. Hurry up, there!" he yelled to the driver. "Lay it to 'em!"

"You don't know him as I do," she said between sobs.

"That's no doubt true," Kirby acquiesced.

"He's terrible when he's mad."

"Is he? Then we may have some fun, for," said he under his breath, "from what I can see and what I can guess, he must be pretty mad now."

The other wagon could not be heard above the noise of their own progress, but their driver feared not but what it was continuing in pursuit, for he kept on lashing his animals.

"Do you think we'll succeed?" she said after a pause.

"Sure, easy," said Kirby, though not in the least surmising what it was they were to be successful in, only intent on quieting his strange companion. An other pause. Then she said suddenly: "You won't desert me?"

"Certainly not," said Kirby.

"Never?"

"Promise," she said.

"I promise," said Kirby.

"Kiss me," she whispered, turning her face up to his. Although taken aback, it was not in him to refuse. He complied very promptly, then fumbled in his pocket for a match, struck it, and what he saw of her features, half hid in the folds of his overcoat, must have been very pleasing, for he kissed her again. I will say this—that she was pretty when this occurred, four years ago.

"I'm happy now," she said.

"Are you?"

"Yes. I've got you. Oh, but if he catches us he'll shoot! You won't let him shoot, will you?"

"Oh, no, not if I can help it," said Kirby.

"He's awfully hot tempered."

"He must be."

"It's cruel to leave him this way, though."

"Who?"

"Why, papa," she said.

"Oh, yes, yes! He doesn't want to be left, does he?"

"And he's been so good to me," she continued. "I wonder if you'll be good to me. Will you?"

"See if I don't," said Kirby.

"Always?"

"Kirby, my boy," he said to himself, "what have you got mixed up in this time? This'll be something for Chapin."

"Always?" she repeated.

"Sure, always. You can bet on me."

"I believe you," she said. "Do you know, I've been a little afraid of you until now, but now you seem so different, I feel as if I can trust you."

"That's good," he said.

"Yes, you've changed. But it's the

danger has made you strong and fearless, isn't it?"

"Danger? Is there much danger?" said Kirby.

"If he should overtake us," she said. "Is he a big man?" said Kirby, endeavoring to measure the probability of an encounter and judge of his own chances.

"Big man?" she queried.

"Yes, is he handy?"

"Why, who?"

"Papa," he said.

"Why, you know. You saw him once. Don't you remember? He's not so very strong, you know, but he'll shoot."

"Oh!" said Kirby. He would rather prolong the situation as it was and was satisfied with guessing at many things rather than risk the danger of a change, with its probable revelations, by too close questioning.

And all the while they were pounding along steadily and without pause into the black unknown ahead of them, so that conversation was difficult unless the speakers were close together, as were the two passengers, with mouth to ear. The driver sat bent forward, peering ahead, with cap drawn down and coat collar around his ears, continually urging on his horses. When, as in mounting a hill or where the sandy road made quick progress impossible, they slackened their pace and the noise of their vehicle was deadened they could hear above the soft purr of the wind and rain the rattle of wheels and the pounding of hoofs in their rear.

The pursuer did not seem to gain on them, but neither did he lag far behind. On these occasions renewed terror would seize the girl, she would cling closer to her protector, and Kirby, as in duty bound, continued his efforts to soothe her. In this he succeeded well, for I must say he is very accomplished in a knowledge of the ways of femininity. I have known Kirby a long time, and of his escapades before and after his marriage have personal cognizance of many, and have heard from good authority (Chapin) of more, and have always been surprised at his faculty for winning the confidence—and, yes, the devotion—of the fair sex.

It began to get lighter as they sped on. The day was beginning. Objects along the road and in the wagon became discernible, though back between the curtains on the rear seat, where sat the bewildered and puzzled though outwardly serene Kirby and the anxious girl, it was as dark as ever. Puzzled he was surely, but I doubt if in all this time he gave a thought to any serious consequences that might arise. He did not understand the situation further than that a woman was with

him in Conrad's rig, presumably going to Antioch, like himself, and her father, for some reason as yet unknown to him, was in pursuit. And the driver, at first anxiously hurried that he might not arrive in Antioch too late for Kirby's purpose, was now earnestly urging forward because of the solicitations of both of his passengers. That was Kirby's surprise of the wherefore of matters, and beyond that he was not consistent with his reckless and happy 20 lucky nature to care.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



With the light of a match he saw her features.

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Strange Facts About Animals.

Have you ever noticed that all animals which chew the cud are cloven footed? Also that most of those which drink water by suction are herbivorous, the carnivorous variety lapping it with the tongue, like the cat, dog, tiger, etc. Sheep have no teeth in the upper jaw, and tortoises and turtles are without altogether.

Unlike most animals, horses have no eyebrows, and hares are minus eyelids. Consequently the eyes of the latter cannot be shut, and a thin membranous substance covers them when asleep. The eye of the owl is also very peculiar, seeing that it is immovably fixed in its socket and cannot stir in any direction. To compensate for this seeming disadvantage it can turn its head almost completely round without moving its body. If you were to keep a frog's mouth open many minutes, it would soon die, as owing to its peculiar construction it can only breathe with the mouth closed.

On the other hand, fishes are compelled to keep opening and closing their mouths in order to give their respiratory organs full play. It is also a strange fact that the deer has additional breathing places besides the nostrils, as if nature had foreseen his great need of free respiration when forced to flee before the hounds. Snakes usually have their teeth in the head, but one variety in Africa, whose principal food is eggs, is provided with a substitute for them in its stomach.

Owing to the depredations of the native sportsmen the hare bids fair to become extinct in France. The passenger boats from Folkestone take over daily supplies to Boulogne to make good the shortage of native animals. This is the first season that hares have been imported from England.

Where Smoking Is a Crime.

There are some countries in the world where it is considered a crime to smoke. Abyssinia is the region, and the law forbidding tobacco dates from the year 1642. It was at first merely intended to prevent priests from smoking in the churches, but it was taken too literally, and nowadays even for owners have to be careful not to be seen smoking.

An Unusual Race.

An unusual race was advertised to be run at Ripon, in Yorkshire, in 1725. "The Lady's Plate, of 115 value, by any horse that was no more than five years old the last grass. Women to be the riders. Each to pay a guinea entrance. Three heats and twice round the common for a heat."

The hardest thing to find is an honest partner for a swindle.

THREE PLUMP BABIES.

An Exhibition Which the Crazy Old Bachelors Thought Disgusting.

"Disgusting!" said one old bachelor to the other.

"Isn't it?" said the other old bachelor to the one.

Three men had come into the street car at different intervals with babies of different intervals. The first baby was a lusty child with nerve testing lungs. The second was about a year old, and the mother, just a little bit embarrassed at the bachelors' glances, finally gained courage to take a bottle with a grip and plug up baby's mouth with a rubber neck. The third baby was the newest of them all and entered the car a mere white bundle in the arms of a dignified matron hardly out of short skirts.

Beginning to unwrap the bundle, which had been somewhat disarranged in the haste to embark, the proud mother first unfolded a cunning pair of blue worsted booties that might fit a grumpy old bachelor's thumb. Then, feeling the eyes of the world upon her, she showed baby's two fat legs, which were as plump as her own ears. Then the cunning sight was solemnly stown from all eyes by a procession of gowns all of white, lace, tucked, embroidered and plain, the fat legs kicking vigorously, and baby's faces hid them from sight.

Then the little mother sat the bundle upright and threw a soft cloak from the other end, disclosing a round face, a pair of blue eyes wide open in amazement, and as pretty and baldheaded a baby from end to end as ever made a baby's compass. Then the three mothers smiled at each other's baby.

"Disgusting," said the bachelors. Then they went out on the platform, and one took a chew of tobacco and the other lit the butt of a malodorous dead cigar he had been carrying.—New York Press.

POCKET COMPASSES.

Thousands of Them Sold Yearly to Hunters and Others.

"Pocket compasses," said a dealer in such things, "cost from 25 cents to \$10 each, and they are made in various sizes, from tiny compasses half an inch or less in diameter up to those of about the size of a hunting case watch. In the latter compasses are carried in nickel-lined hunting cases. Some of the tiny pocket compasses are carried for a charm on watch guards.

In the cheaper pocket compasses the needle turns on a brass bearing; in the costlier compasses on a bearing of agate. In either, of course, the needle will point north, but the compass with the agate bearing will wear much longer.

"A good pocket compass will last a lifetime. A considerable part of the cost of the more expensive pocket compasses may be due to the material used in them and to elaborateness of finish.

"A ten dollar compass, for instance, might have a pearl face, and so on, but a good compass, with an agate bearing, as good a compass, in fact, as a man needs, can be bought for \$1.50.

"Every wise sportsman carries a compass, and compasses are carried by various other people. There are sold of pocket compasses of one sort and another thousands yearly."—New York Sun.

A Willing Martyr.

Schoolteachers sometimes ask their pupils queer questions, if one may believe a story told by the youngest member of the Willingham family.

His mother one morning discovered a shortage in her supplies of pies, baked the day before, and her suspicions fell upon Johnny.

"Johnny," she said, "do you know what became of that cherry pie that was on the second shelf in the pantry?"

"Yes, ma'am," he replied. "I ate it. But I had to."

"You had to?" exclaimed his astonished mother. "What do you mean, child?"

"The teacher asked yesterday if any of us could tell her how many stones there are in a cherry pie, and I couldn't find out without eating the whole pie, could I? There's just 142."—Youth's Companion.

Be Prepared.

Daniel Webster once told a friend that his great speech in reply to Hayne, which is the high water mark of modern eloquence, but which at the time was supposed to have been delivered without preparation, had been substantially prepared long before.

When called upon suddenly to reply to the fiery Carolinian's attacks, which so alarmed the New Englanders at the capital, he was entirely at ease and ready for the fray, for, as he said, he had "only to turn to his notes tucked away in a pigeonhole" and refresh his recollection. "If Hayne," he noted, "had tried to make a speech to fit my notes, he could not have hit them better. No man is inspired by the occasion. I never was."

Left and Right Limbs.

Physiologists and scientists in general have been making some curious experiments with a view to determining the relative length and strength of "right and left limbs." Fifty and ninety-nine per cent of the men examined had the right arm stronger than the left. 16.4 per cent had the two arms of equal length and strength, and 22.7 per cent had the left arm stronger than the right. Of women, 46.9 per cent had the right arm stronger than the left, and 24.5 per cent had the left stronger than the right.—London Family Doctor.

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A STORY OF TWO FLAGS.

How a Man's Life Was Saved at the Very Last Moment.

The following stirring incident of the two flags happened at Valparaiso, Chile, and was related at Montreal in 1881 by the Rev. Dr. J. O. Peck. Dr. Peck said:

"The man who gave me the facts I am about to relate was Mr. Haskins, an American sailor who had sailed to a port in Chile. On going ashore, he said, to enjoy his day of liberty he drank a little and became hilarious. One of the police officers, instead of warning him not to make a noise in the street, drew his sword and, striking him a blow, knocked him down. On that the American sailor got up and knocked the policeman down in return. He was on that arrested and tried and condemned to be shot in the morning of the following day.

"Mr. Loring, the American consul, expostulated with the authorities that it would be monstrous to shoot the man for such an offense, but they paid no attention to him, so he thereupon made a formal protest in the name of the United States government against the barbarous act. Mr. Haskins, the sailor, was in the morning brought out and pinned to the spot.

"As the English consul was preparing to hoist the union jack he saw the crowd in the field opposite, where the execution of the American sailor, of which he had heard, was to take place. Rushing over the American consul, he said, 'Loring, you're not going to let them shoot that man?'

"What can I do? he said. 'I have protested against it. I can do no more.' "Quick as thought the English consul shouted, 'Give me your flag!' And in a trice the stars and stripes were handed to the English representative. At once, taking his own union jack in his hand, he hastened across the field, and, standing in the center, he waved his flag over him and then laid the union jack over him. Standing a few paces back, he faced the officers and soldiers and shouted defiantly, 'Now, shoot, if you dare, through the heart of England and America!'

"And they dared not do it, for they feared the consequences, so the man was at once released. In telling me," said Dr. Peck, "Mr. Haskins said to me, with tears streaming down his cheeks even then, 'They loosed me then, and oh, how I longed to embrace those two flags!'"—Anglo-American.

POULTRY POINTERS.

A safe rule in feeding is to give enough to satisfy and no more.

Droppings should not be allowed to accumulate in the poultry house longer than a week.

Rome dust supplies an abundance of hominizing material and counteracts any tendency to diarrhea.

When possible, give the poultry house a southern exposure and furnish that side with an abundance of light.

While wheat is one of the best grains to feed to fowls, it should not be fed to excess or it may cause diarrhea. Feed it with other grains.

Loss of feathers is generally caused by want of green food or want of a dust bath. Supply both, and, as a local application, use mercurial ointment.

Breed the best flesh formers for market; then feed them up to as great a weight as possible. Well fattened, well dressed poultry bring the best prices.

A Point of Order.

One of the conspicuous features in the decorations of a certain official building is a full length portrait of George Washington. Being just behind the speaker's chair, it is in full sight of everybody who rises to speak. During a heated discussion, which involved the honor of the state and nation, a member rose and, pointing to the portrait, began in oratorical style. "By those eyes that never quailed before an enemy, by that nose" —

"Then he was interrupted by a member in the rear, who rose to a point of order.

"Mr. Chairman," said the objector, "I claim it is out of order under parliamentary rules to call the eyes and nose in a committee of the whole."—New York Times.

Of Course She Was Glad.

"So you overcame that old antipathy of yours," her husband remarked, "and called on Mrs. Bobbess?"

"Yes."

"Do you think she was glad to see you?"

"I am sure of it."

"Ahem! You must have some reason for that belief outside of her assurances."

"I have. I had on the old dress that was made over twice, my hat was out of style, and my hair had become uncurled, while she had on a gown that could not have come from anywhere but Paris. Could she help being glad to see me?"—Leslie's Weekly.

How to Make Chop Suey.

For those who like or who think they would like the famous Chinese dish, chop suey, the following recipe, which any intelligent housewife can follow, was given by W. E. S. Fales, for several years vice consul at Amoy.

"For four persons two chickens' livers, two chickens' gizzards, one pound young, clean pork cut into small pieces, half an ounce of green root ginger and two stalks of celery. Sauté this in a frying pan over a hot fire, adding four tablespoonfuls of olive oil, one tablespoonful of vinegar, half a cupful of boiling water, one teaspoonful of Worcestershire sauce, half a teaspoonful of salt, black and red pepper to taste and a dash of cloves and cinnamon. When nearly done, add a small can of mushrooms, half a cupful of sliced bean sprouts or French green peas or string beans chopped fine or asparagus tips. The see-yu sauce which is eaten with this delectable dish can be procured at any Chinese grocery."

What's in a Name?

Voltaire under a fictitious name offered to the Comedie Francaise a play entitled "Le Droit du Seigneur." It was promptly rejected as badly written and poor in rhyme, but when he offered the same manuscript a second time under the title of "L'Enneid du Sage" and signed with his own name it was accepted with enthusiasm and universally declared admirable.

DISAPPEARING WRITING.

The Way a Big Swindle Was Successfully Worked in Paris.

A number of Parisian financiers were recently defrauded of a very considerable sum of money by a swindler who relied for the success of his scheme entirely upon the peculiar properties of iodine of starch. Posing as a man of considerable wealth, whose money was tied up in such a manner that he could not realize without heavy losses and pretending to have the option of some valuable concessions in China, he obtained various large amounts of money in exchange for bills dated to stand for three months.

No one for a moment suspected that there was anything in the least degree shady about the man or his transactions, and when he made it public that he had been successful in selling his Chinese concession at a large profit his creditors felt absolutely certain that he would meet his bills.

To their immense surprise, however, when they came to look through their papers to find the bills they only found bills with blank spaces in the places where the swindler's name should have been and had actually been. They clamored round him for an explanation of the strange affair, but he denied that he had ever given any of them bills and defied them to sue him for repayment of the loans, and the fact that the bills were devoid of the swindler's signature rendered them absolutely worthless.

The matter was put into the hands of the police, who were able to discover that in signing the bills the man had used a solution of iodine of starch, which, when first used for writing, appears much the same as ordinary ink, but completely disappears in the course of a few weeks, and although traces of the chemical may subsequently be discovered, nothing can make the writing show up again. Finding that his victims had discovered his method, the schemer decamped, despite the fact that the chances of the police obtaining a conviction against him were very remote indeed.

WAVES OF WATER.

Slow rivers flow at the rate of three to seven miles an hour.

The amount of water flowing out of the Nile is sixteen times that of the Thames.

The English channel is nowhere more than 900 feet deep. The Irish sea is 2,130 feet deep.

The largest gulf in the world is the gulf of Mexico—800,000 square miles—almost twice as big as the bay of Bengal.

The Paraná of Brazil and Argentina is 2,200 miles in length and after the Amazon is the largest river in South America.

The shallowest of all seas are the Baltic and the Adriatic, which average only forty-three and forty-five yards' depth respectively.

Askaniya, in Tibet, is the lake which lies at a greater height than any other in the world. Its level is 16,600 feet. The lowest is the Dead sea—1,290 feet below sea level.

A Judicial Retort.

Sir William Meredith, chief justice of Ontario, Canada, was formerly a very prominent politician as well as a famous lawyer. He was especially noted for his success as prosecuting attorney, and few criminals escaped conviction when he addressed the jury.

During one of his political campaigns he was speaking at a meeting in the city of London, his native town. The audience was turbulent and he was frequently interrupted. Finally a voice from the gallery cut into one of his finer flights with a sarcastic "Oh, go and get your hair cut."

Sir William, who wore his hair somewhat longer than is usual, was stopped by a burst of laughter. But as soon as he was able to make himself heard he turned the laugh and won the audience by this reply: "My friend, if I'm not mistaken, I've had your hair cut before this!"—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Painting.

The direct cause of fainting is a diminished circulation of blood through the brain. To revive a person who has fainted it is necessary, therefore, to alter this condition as quickly as possible. In order to do this the individual should be laid quite flat, the head on a level with the body, so that the feeble acting heart will not have to propel the blood upward. The neck and chest should be exposed, fresh air admitted freely, water sprinkled on the face and stimulating vapors, such as ammonia, held at intervals to the nostrils. When there is difficulty in restoring animation, friction over the region of the heart with the hand or a rough cloth should be applied vigorously.

Father's Idea of Shoes.

"Spish shoes," said the teacher. "Spish-o-s," returned the little one promptly.

"Correct," said the teacher. "Of course you know what they are."

The little one nodded his head violently.

"My papa says," he announced, "that shoes are what drive the father of a family into bankruptcy."—Chicago Post.

Why She Was Silent.

A very silent old woman was once asked why it was she had so little to say. She replied that when she was a young girl she was very ill and could not talk for a long time. Whereupon she made a vow that if speech were given her once more she would never again say anything unkind of anybody. And thus she was as they found her.

He Was It.

The fresh young man walked into the restaurant and noticed a sign:

"This Counter For Clams and Oysters."

"Where is the counter for lobsters?" asked the young man.

"Oh, you can sit most anywhere," said the waiter.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

By the time the average man gets old enough to have good sense he is too contrary to make good use of it.—Chicago News.

The uglier you are the more amiable you should be.—Atchison Globe.

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