THE NIGHT WAS DARK

By C. E. Dingwall.

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At length he leaned forward toward the driver, and his features became visible in the half light that prevailed. He shouted, "What time does that up construction leave Antioch?"

"Six fifteen," said the driver.

"Do you think we'll make it?" said Kirby.

"Make it!" was the surprised ejaculation as the driver half turned his head. "I should say so. We'll make it and an hour"—

The girl, who had sat upright when Kirby changed his position, fixed a startled gaze on him, caught his shoulder and turned him toward her and then screamed. The driver uttered an exclamation that was equivalent in man to a woman's scream.

"Who are you?" said the girl.

"Where in blazes did you come from?" said the driver.

"Oh, oh, what shall I do?" said the girl.

The driver pulled up his horses with a jerk. "Say, old man," said Kirby, "I don't know what this game is or how it's going to come out, but the thing for you to do is to keep your plugs moving just about as fast as they have been doing. You hear me? I'll beat you over the head if you don't!" The threat was effective.

"Who are you?" the girl continued asking in frightened tones. She drew to the far end of the seat, and fear of her father was forgotten in the surprise of this unexpected discovery.

"Who are you?" she repeated.

"My name's Huston," said Kirby.

"Where's Shelby?"

"Shelby? Shelby? What Shelby?"

"Shelby Martin," she said.

"I don't know any Shelby Martin," said Kirby.

"Wasn't he in the hotel?" she asked.

"Didn't see him," said Kirby.

"Was it you come out of Conrad's and got in here?" asked the driver.

"I guess it must have been," said Kirby.

"Well, where's Shelby?" said the girl frantically.

"Madam," said Kirby severely, "I didn't see Shelby, wouldn't know him if I saw him and don't care much if I ever see him or not."

"He went into Conrad's," she said.

"Maybe," said Kirby. "Perhaps he's there yet."

"Oh, dear, what shall I do?" exclaimed the girl. "I don't know you. Driver, stop. Let me out. I want to get out."

"Papa's back of us," suggested Kirby.

"Oh, what shall I do?"

"Say," said the driver suddenly, "how'd you come to get in this rig?"

"Didn't you tell me to?" said Kirby. "I hired this rig last night from Conrad for the 6:15 train. I guess I've got a right."

"Six fifteen train! No, you didn't. Say, this ain't Conrad's rig. I ain't making no 6:15 train."

"Look here, cap'n," said Kirby, "put me next. What's the game anyhow?"

"Why," said the driver, "she's running away with—with the other fellow that went into Conrad's."

"Oh!" said Kirby, the amusing side of the affair dawning on him. "Looks to me like she's running away from him. Where'd you come from?"

"From eight miles the other side of Conrad's," said the driver.

"You going to Antioch?"

"We were going that way, but it depended on the old man—or on you now, I guess," said the driver.

"Well, looking at it from all sides," said Kirby thoughtfully, "I think the best thing to do is to stop and explain things to the old man. And now that What's-his-name is lost you'd better go back with your father," he said, addressing the girl. He started to get out of the wagon as it slowed up, but the girl caught his arm quickly and said pleadingly: "Oh, don't go. You don't know him. He wouldn't believe you, I'm afraid."

"But it's the only way," said Kirby.

"Then go, if you wish," she said, "but I won't. Hurry up, driver. Go on." She was clearly frightened at the wrath of her father which she had brought down upon herself.

"All right," said Kirby. He did not, however, jump out, but resumed his seat instead, gathering the robe about them and calling upon the driver to drive on. He was not at all displeased at the prospect of her further company.

"Er—I beg pardon. What's your name?" he asked.

"Kitty Hurley," she replied.

"Oh! I'm Kirby Huston. I'm over on the railroad, you know," he said by way of starting the conversation, "foreman on the trestlework. Ever been over there?"

"No," she said.

"You must come down some day. Say, Miss Hurley," after a pause, "don't worry about this. It'll come out all right. I'll see you through." He gradually allayed her fears without mentioning the poor chap who was left at Conrad's. He talked and talked and talked about the trestle and the earth cutting and the big rock cut and how it all happened from the time that Chapin stole his bed covering, which was the beginning. However, they were not as sociably communicative as they were half an hour before. It may have been because it was almost daylight now and they were reminded of a third person's presence by seeing the driver quite distinctly.

From the top of a hill they could see Antioch ahead of them. Through the hole in the curtain they could see the old man's buggy on the slope of the last hill, and his proximity surprised them. The driver whipped up his steeds in a last effort to reach the goal first, though what was to be done when Antioch was reached Kirby did not know. The father would get there almost as soon as they, and it was now light enough for him to follow them and give them no opportunity to secrete themselves, even though such a procedure would aid a satisfactory settlement of the affair. Kirby has assured me that no thought of what he did afterward entered his mind until the moment he did it. It was certainly serious enough to merit long and deep thought.

"Where shall I take you to?" asked Kirby. "Have you any friends in town?"

"No; I don't know any one there," she said.

"Drive to the depot square," he said to the driver finally after turning over in his mind all of the schemes he could think of for getting out of the affair, but at the same time seeing the girl safely through as a first consideration and as he had promised also, as his chivalrous nature prompted him.

"Where are you going?" she asked.

"We'll go to the company's office and get the thing straightened out there," he said. He had great confidence in the ability of Jim McDonald to get him out of difficulties of various kinds. Jim McDonald, a member of the contracting firm, was on the job at that time.

They drove through the main street of sleeping Antioch and drew up in front of our office, and Kirby pounded on the door. The father saw them at a distance and whipped up his nearly dead horse. Kirby pounded furiously. He awakened the whole house, but by the time we who slept up stairs could jump into our clothes and rush down Kirby and the girl and the wrathful parent were in the midst of a stirring and exciting scene. Hurley drove up, jumped out of his buggy and confronted, shotgun in hand, his recreant daughter and, as he supposed, her lover. He was a portly old gentleman, with natu-

"What do you mean by running away with my daughter?"

rally red complexion, but from the wind and the excitement under which he labored he was now of an absolutely purple hue. We feared he would burst a blood vessel or suffer an apoplectic stroke at the least.

"Ah," he wheezed, his breath coming hard, "I've caught you, you young scapegraces! Thought you would run away from me, did you? You, sir, who are you, you scoundrel? What do you mean by running away with my daughter? What do you"—

"I'm not"— Kirby started to make explanations. The old gentleman drowned Kirby's words in a torrent of angry abuse. The pent up and slowly increasing rage of a night had burst forth, and no feeble words that Kirby could utter were heeded by the other.

"You are! You were!" he said. "Don't tell me. I saw you. Didn't I follow you all night? Oh, this is terrible, terrible! To think a girl of mine would treat me that way! To think she would deceive her father—her father that loved her as no one else could! What do you mean? What do you mean, I say? Speak! Don't stand there with this young scamp! Cry. It won't do you any good. The deed is done. You've brought disgrace upon yourself and upon your father. What did you do it for?"

"Oh, papa, I"—

"Don't papa me! Don't papa me, I tell you! I'm your father no longer. I'll have nothing more to do with you. You'll leave my house. Go with him, the"— His anger was awful to behold. Great drops of perspiration stood out on his face despite the December cold. He held his gun in a bad and threatening way. Kirby was quite cool, but the girl wept, and, being a woman and wanting support in time of strife and trouble, she bowed her head on Kirby's shoulder, with her handkerchief to her eyes, which made the situation appear different from what it really was. As I said, she was pretty then, and when Jim McDonald and the bookkeeper and I came down our hearts went out to her, and there was not one among us, unromantic though we may be, but would have, if she had asked it, jumped to the succor of beauty in distress, and—well, made away with the old man.

"I could kill you!" he continued. "No; don't excite me or I may. You deserve it. You deserve a horse whipping, and were I a young man I should give it to you. I should, sir. But you shall not have my daughter." His emotions were contradictory. "Catherine, get into my buggy at once. You shall not go with him. You"—

"I don't want her," Kirby managed to say.

"Eh? Don't want her? What in thunder are you here with her for? Answer me."

"If you'll give me a"— said Kirby.

"Why did you fly before me?" interrupted Hurley. "Why did you not stop when you knew I was following you, driving like mad all night—all night—er—all night? Where have you been all night? Where were you before I came up to you?"

"I've been at Conrad's hotel," answered Kirby truthfully, but without thought of how it would sound and what it would mean to the father.

"Eh—at—at—been at a hotel since last evening! By God, sir, I'll kill you now! No; you shall marry the girl. Oh, this is terrible! A daughter of mine! Pity you were ever born! You shall marry him, miss, and this very minute!"

If his rage was fearful before, it was twice so now. He waved his arms wildly and pranced up and down in front of the office, swearing most scandalously, and we spectators supposed with the father that Kirby was guilty, his previous reputation not helping us to believe different. Thus do one's sins corrupt the opinion of others. Had we guessed rightly we might have prevented a serious happening before it was too late.

"Get a parson; get a justice, quick!" yelled Hurley.

"All right, cap'n," said Kirby. "I wasn't studying much about getting married, but"—he turned to us—"I s'pose it's all right if she is agreeable." He drew from her and faced her and said, "Are you, Kitty?"

There was a pause. Then she cast her tearful eyes upon her angry father and made a motion as if to appeal to him and was about to speak, but she saw in his eyes no pity, no possibility of making his hard, unreasoning nature understand, and, turning again to the man upon whom she had leaned during the last few hours, she said hesitatingly and very prettily, "Yes."

Jim McDonald gave Kirby a resounding whack on the back, which was his way of imparting a friendly feeling, and we all mentally said that Kirby was a lucky dog and showed exceedingly good taste.

So we all bundled into the two conveyances and drove to the parsonage, which was only a short distance away, and on the way neither Kirby nor his future wife said a word to straighten the tangle, Kirby presumably because he did not want to, being satisfied with the course events had taken, and the girl because—I cannot say why she said nothing. We awakened the parson, and there in the little front parlor and in the early dawn of a cold, bleak December morn Miss Hurley and Mr. Huston were made man and wife, we inscribing our names as witnesses.

We kissed the bride and congratulated Kirby in approved form. It was all done with a rush. It was not until we got back to the office, after leaving the happy couple to themselves in the next room, that we could pacify the old man sufficiently to make him understand what Kirby had told to us in the meantime, the true facts. And after he had realized the situation he sanguinely said it was for the best anyway on account of what people would say, which perhaps it was. The bride and groom graced our little dining room at a wedding breakfast upon which the cook did himself proud and set a pace which he had difficulty in keeping up afterward, but which we exacted from him, knowing his capabilities. We drank the bride's health and Kirby's health and the old gentleman's health and toasted the company and the job and the railroad and everything. Altogether it was a joyous occasion.

Kirby did not go up to the rock cut to raise that derrick, Chapin coming down for that purpose. Chapin was very much downhearted both because Kirby was now married and because his conscience smote him for being mainly to blame for getting Kirby out of bed an hour or two before his rig was due, thereby starting Kirby on the adventure which ended so disastrously.

Kirby drew an advance on his wages from the company and left that night for Kentucky to spend his honeymoon.

Whatever became of the fellow that got left at Conrad's, Shelby Martin, I don't know, never having heard further than that he ran out of the hotel and after the wagon when he heard it leaving. Apparently he was not a powerful factor in this affair at any time.

I cannot say it was not a happy marriage.

Randolph Had to Guess.

One night when traveling through Virginia John Randolph stopped at an inn near the forks of two roads. The innkeeper was a fine old gentleman, and, knowing who his distinguished guest was, he endeavored during the evening to draw him into a conversation, but failed. But in the morning, when Mr. Randolph was ready to start, he called for his bill and paid it. The landlord, still anxious to have some conversation, tackled him again:

"Which way are you traveling, Mr. Randolph?"

"Sir!" said Mr. Randolph, with a look of displeasure.

"I asked," said the landlord, "which way you are traveling."

"Have I paid you my bill?"

"Yes."

"Do I owe you anything more?"

"No."

"Well, I am going just where I please. Do you understand?"

"Yes."

The landlord by this time got somewhat excited, and Mr. Randolph drove off. But, to the landlord's surprise, in a few minutes he sent one of the servants to inquire which of the forks of the road to take. Mr. Randolph still being within hearing distance, the landlord yelled at the top of his voice:

"Mr. Randolph, you don't owe me a cent! Take whichever road you please!"

A Quick Witted Doctor.

A certain French surgeon, of whom The Young Ladies' Journal tells, had so much more thought for his patient than for his own safety on one occasion that he resorted to an expedient which, although efficacious, might have resulted in his own death.

He had been commissioned to bleed the grand seignior and either through timidity or nervousness had met with an awkward accident. The point of the lancet broke off in the vein, and the blood would not flow.

That point must be got out somehow. Without stopping to consider the consequences to himself, the surgeon gave his highness a violent slap in the face. This produced the desired effect, for surprise and indignation on the part of his august patient put the blood into violent circulation. The vein bled freely, and the lancet point came out.

The bystanders were about to lay hands on the surgeon when he said, "First let me finish the operation and bandage the wound." This done, he threw himself at the feet of the sultan and explained his action.

The sultan not only pardoned him, but gave him a handsome reward for keeping his wits about him in a critical moment.

Cure For "the Blues."

A prominent physician has offered a cheap and simple cure for that form of mental depression known as "the blues." It is to smile. The more you smile the better. It relaxes the nerves, promotes digestion, switches the mind to agreeable thoughts and has a happy effect upon those about you. The remedy is a cheap one, and while in some instances it may be hard to take there is no fear of an overdose.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

It is estimated that the value of land along rural delivery routes has increased from $2 to $5 an acre. Then, too, there is an educational value in the rural free delivery in that thousands more magazines and periodicals are finding their way to people's homes.

ERRORS OF HISTORY

FICTIONS THAT FOR CENTURIES HAVE POSED AS FACTS.

Why the Colossus of Rhodes Could Not Have Spanned the Harbor—The Force of Leonidas at Thermopylæ. The William Tell Myth.

There have been woven into history many interesting stories that time and investigation have proved myths, but in spite of the efforts of the iconoclasts these mistakes of history still pass current with many people.

Probably one of the most affecting scenes connected with the making of literature is that described in the oft repeated story of the blind poet Milton dictating "Paradise Lost" to his daughters. Dr. Johnson, however, has been quoted as denying it. He said, furthermore, that Milton never even permitted his daughters to learn to read and write.

A favorite "piece" with western and southern schoolboys on recitation and exhibition days was a set of verses telling of the heroic stand of Leonidas and his brave "300" at Thermopylæ. The Abbe Barthelemy, who asserted that he had inquired minutely into the subject, wrote that, according to Diodorus, Leonidas had 7,000 men under him and that Pausanias gave the number of Leonidas' army as 12,000.

Did Cæsar say to the pilot:

"Why do you fear? You have Cæsar on board."

Many trustworthy historians declare that Cæsar never used the words quoted.

The inside of cigar box covers are sometimes ornamented with a picture of the Colossus of Rhodes, with ships in full sail passing between the outstretched legs of the gigantic statue. These pictures reflect the popular and what for centuries was the historical idea of the Colossus, which was accounted one of the seven wonders of the world. It may be interesting to know that all drawings of the statue are purely imaginary and, what is more, are modern, not ancient, efforts. The Colossus was erected in 305 B. C. The most trustworthy of ancient accounts of it is contained in a manuscript dating about 150 B. C., in which the height of the statue is given as 105 feet. The entrance to the harbor of Rhodes is 350 feet across, so that it was manifestly impossible that the legs of the Colossus should span the entrance to the port or that ships should sail beneath it.

As a matter of fact the Colossus was not built across the harbor, but on an open space of ground near it; but, for all that, it was a wonderful statue.

People whose sympathies are easily aroused have wept over the wrongs of Belisarius, the conqueror of the Vandals, who, many were taught, "begged his bread at the city gates" after having commanded victorious armies and been of much service to the state. The good old general was unquestionably an unfortunate and much abused man, but there is no proof that he begged his living at the city gates or elsewhere. Yet Van Dyke engraved him and David, the great Frenchman, painted him, and tragedies and romances were written around him in the belief that he did sit at the city gates a forlorn and disconsolate object with palm outstretched for alms.

The facts are, a conspiracy against the Emperor Justinian being discovered, two of Belisarius' officers confessed under torture that the old general was in the plot. He was condemned without further hearing, his property sequestrated, and he suffered imprisonment for six months. His innocence being established, Belisarius was released, and he died about a year later. But that he ever was reduced to the extremity of begging is declared to be absolutely untrue.

The schoolbook tale of William Tell shooting an apple from his son's head is also without foundation in fact. Tell's name doesn't even appear in the chronicles of Zurich, and the most ancient writing in which the story is mentioned bears date some 200 years after the event it pretends to describe. The story is a variation of an old Scandinavian saga. A similar bit of "history" is related of William of Cloudsley in England in the twelfth century.

It is denied also that Emperor Charles V. of Spain on his abdication adopted the habit of a monk and occupied himself in the manufacture of clocks. It is declared that he never ceased to be emperor de facto, and he never surrendered control of affairs of state.

Coming down to later times, the people of three different countries claimed three different men as inventors of the steam engine. In America there is a popular belief to this day that Robert Fulton built the first successful engine and steamboat. In England the Marquis of Worcester, who published an account of a steam engine in 1663, has received credit for the invention. In France Solomon de Caus (1615) was regarded as the genius who had given to the world a new motive power. Each of them may have conceived and worked out the idea of a steam engine without the slightest knowledge of what had been done in that direction before their day, but none of them might rightly lay claim to being the first in the field.

On April 17, 1543, Don Blasco de Garay launched a boat of 200 tons burden at Barcelona in the presence of the Emperor Charles V. The boat was propelled by steam and made ten miles an hour. She was called La Sanctissima Trinidada. The emperor gave to Don Blasco a handsome present, but did not regard the invention as practicable, and nothing came of it. From this it would seem that Fulton was centuries behind the times.—New York Mail and Express.

On the Free List.

Some years ago there was a tollgate on a plank road leading to Elmwood cemetery, Detroit. All funerals were allowed to pass along this road without paying.

One day Dr. Pierce, a well known physician, while paying his toll, jokingly remarked to the gatekeeper:

"Considering the benevolent character of our profession, I think you ought to let us pass free of charge."

"No, no, doctor," said the gatekeeper; "we can't afford that. You send too many deadheads through as it is."

NEWFOUNDLAND TRAGEDY.

A Fisherman's Wild Sail to Procure Medical Aid.

"The lack of physicians is one of the horrors of the isolation in which the Newfoundlanders of this coast live," says Norman Duncan in Ainslee's. "There is none within reaching distance of many. It is related of a well to do fisherman who was something of a merchant that his wife, whom he fondly loved, lay in agony for many days while an autumn gale raged. No man in the harbor would put off in a skiff to fetch the nearest physician, who lived fifteen miles down the coast, for there was no possibility that he who ventured could survive. On the fourth day the wind moderated. Two men volunteered to accompany Allerton. They set sail in the first hours of a snowstorm, which abated, however, before they reached their destination. Fighting doggedly, they took the boat safely in, after indescribable hardship and through ever present danger. The gale had gone down when they knocked on the physician's door. A heavy sea was running, but the danger of wreck on the return voyage was quickly passing.

"'What's the matter with the woman?' the physician asked.

"He was informed.

"The husband minutely described his wife's agony. Then he offered what amounted almost to half his fortune as a fee.

"'I'll take that,' said the doctor, 'if you fetch her here. Go back and get her, and I'll attend to the case.'

"'In an open boat!' the husband exclaimed. He pointed out that his wife's condition put such an arrangement beyond the bounds of reason.

"'Well, I can't do anything,' said the physician. 'If you bring her over, I'll attend to her.'

"When the husband got back to his home, the child had been born, but the woman died the next day."

PARRY A COMPLIMENT.

Accept One Always, but Never Take It Seriously.

The famous Mme. Recamier said that she always found two words sufficed to make her guests seem welcome. Upon their arrival she exclaimed, "At last!" and when they took their leave she said "Already?" If taken literally, we should deprecate the flattery. Flattery is insincere praise and wrongs him that gives and him that takes. It is sometimes kinder to accept a compliment than to parry it.

One may say "Thank you, it is pleasant to be seen through such kind (or partial) eyes," or perhaps, "It is a comfort to know that friendship is partly blind as well as the mythological boy," or any nonsense that serves to show that one appreciates the spirit that prompted the kind expression, however wide the truth.

The frequent repetition of the name of the person addressed holds a subtle compliment, implying more complete concentration of the speaker's thought upon his or her personality.

De Quincy says: "More is done for the benefit of conversation by the simple magic of good manners than by all varieties of intellectual power."

It is the sympathetic and responsive listeners that call forth the best efforts of a talker. For such are reserved his choicest stories, his finest thoughts.

A ready smile acts as inspiration, and interest shown in the conversation of others stimulates and vivifies their thoughts.

To a good listener the diffident will say what they think, and the verbose will think what they say.

There is nothing more trying than to find that one's conversation is receiving but a divided attention and nothing more rude than for a person to pick up a book or paper and look over it while pretending to listen to what one is saying.—New York Herald.

Sayings About Breadcrumbs.

In the days when the "bread loaf" was dear careful mothers had a set of thrift sayings which are seldom heard in this time of the big, cheap loaf. Crumbs were regularly swept up and kept for some useful purpose. If a child threw crumbs in the fire, the old fashioned mother lifted a warning finger and said, "If you throw crumbs in the fire, you are feeding the devil." Children were told that the better part of a loaf was the crust, and when a child was sent to the shop for bread the order was to ask for "a crusty loaf." If a child left its crust, came the warning: "Yes, my lady (or my lad, you'll want for a loaf some day. You'll find hunger's a sharp thorn."—Notes and Queries.

Slang In 1832.

In 1832 Coleridge in his Table Talk spoke of the word talented as follows: "I regret to see that vile and barbarous vocable 'talented' stealing out of the newspapers into the leading reviews and most respectable publications of today. Why not 'shillinged,' 'farthinged,' 'tenpenced,' etc.? The formation of a participle passive from a noun is a license which nothing but a very peculiar felicity can excuse. If mere convenience is to justify such attempts upon the idiom, you cannot stop until the language becomes, in the proper sense of the word, corrupt. Most of these pieces of slang come from America."

White Lace Veils.

To clean a white lace veil boil it gently in a solution of white soap for fifteen minutes; then put it into a basin of warm water and soap and keep squeezing it softly until clean. Follow this by rinsing free of soap and putting it into a basin of cold water containing a drop or two of liquid blue. Next make some very clear gum arabic water or thin rice water and pass the veil through it. Then stretch it out evenly and pin it, making the edge as straight as possible and pinning each scallop separately to a linen cloth, and allow it to dry. When dry, cover it with a piece of thin muslin and iron it on the wrong side.

When the self made man says, "Gimme some of the pummis de terrey," and the waiter wants him to repeat it, he has a feeling of fear that never comes over him in the busy marts of trade.—Chicago Record-Herald.

COSTLY PLATE.

Some London Companies Have Old and Interesting Services.

Few people, at least in this country, possess plate worth such a fabulous sum as that owned by London's lord mayor during his term of office. Its face value has been computed to be slightly over £20,000, though three times that amount would not buy it owing to the historical interest attached to many of the articles.

The two solid silver soup tureens which are employed at the banquet to distribute 100 gallons of clear turtle to the guests are valued at £500 apiece and are said to have been in possession of the corporation for over a century.

Moreover, there are a gross of silver dinner plates worth £1,500, 200 ice pails valued at nearly £1,000, 200 entree dishes, the cost of which £2,000 would not cover; 80 solid silver meat dishes worth another £2,000, and hundreds of other articles, such as grape scissors, salt cellars, wine cups, waiters' trays, decanter labels, etc., all of solid gold or silver and valued at over £5,000.

This collection of plate is constantly being increased, for every lord mayor at the expiration of his term of office is expected to add an item, the cost of which must not be lower than 100 guineas.

In addition the lord mayor's official regalia is costly in the extreme. The diamond pendent that hangs about his neck could not be bought for £1,000, and his collar cost a quarter of that sum, while his pearl sword necessitated the corporation spending £900 when it was new.

But the other companies in the city possess plate of even greater value. The Goldsmiths, for instance, own the most priceless collection, the worth of which it is impossible to estimate. It includes Queen Elizabeth's coronation cup, for which an offer of £5,000 was refused some time ago. The Fishmongers' company boasts of, among other things, a silver chandelier, and estimates of its value have never fallen below £3,250.—London Tit-Bits.

POINTERS ON MANICURING.

When the nails are fragile, a little wax and alum rubbed upon them will strengthen them. If brittle, a little almond oil or cold cream will be found beneficial.

To remove white spots from the nails use a mixture of refined pitch and a little myrrh upon them at night, wiping it off the next morning with olive oil.

When about to manicure the hands, dip the fingers into warm, soapy water and hold them there for a minute or two in order to soften the nails and the scarfskin about them.

The scarfskin should be gently pushed back from the nails before they are polished. It should never unless absolutely necessary be cut with the scissors.

Agnails, improperly called hangnails, may be prevented by proper attention to the scarfskin which surrounds the nails.

For manicuring only a pair of curved nail scissors, a nail file, an orange stick, a chamois polisher, a bottle of vaseline and a box of rose salve or nail powder are necessary.—Mary E. Walker, M. D., in Ladies' Home Journal.

A Church Kicker.

"When I go to the theater," says a churchman quoted in the Philadelphia Record, "I sit in a finely upholstered seat. Underneath is a rack for my hat, and on the back of the seat ahead is a place to hang my overcoat. In the church which I attend every Sunday is an uncomfortable, straight backed pew, into which the ushers always insist upon crowding visitors after my wife and I are seated until sometimes six persons are seated in a space scarcely large enough for four to sit comfortably. Hats and wraps must look out for themselves.

"Of course, when I go to the theater I pay for my seat; but, in spite of the fact that salvation is free, I also pay pew rent in church. I might also enter a protest against women wearing their hats in church, but I won't. Sometimes it's a relief to retire behind one."

Sponging Woolen Goods.

Whenever there is a very high polish on woolen goods it is well to distrust them. They have probably been finished by pressing them over hot rollers or calenders, and a drop of water will remove the finish and leave a spot. In order to make such goods of value they must be sponged. Indeed there are few woolen goods that are not improved by the process of sponging before they are made up.

Lay the cloth, yard after yard, on a board and go over it with a sponge dipped in cold water till it is thoroughly and evenly wet through; it need not be drenched. Lay it in a sheet. Two sheets may be necessary if it is a very long piece of cloth. Fold it in the fold of the goods as it came from the shop, but lay a smooth piece of the sheet between the folds. Begin to roll it at the end, and roll it up evenly and firmly in the sheet until the cloth is all rolled up. Let it remain overnight. In the morning press it on the wrong side with a moderately hot iron until it is perfectly smooth and nearly dry. Then hang it on a clotheshorse until it is thoroughly dry.

Where Voices Are Raised.

Russia is the natural home of the basso profundo; Spain is the country of tenors and has been from the time of imperial Rome, when the Gaditanian (Cadiz) singers brought high prices in the slave market; France produces mezzo sopranos in profusion; England, contraltos; America, sopranos; Naples, pure screamers, and no one as yet knows why.—Musical Record and Review.

Careless.

Mrs. Gaddie—My husband's so slipshod. His buttons are forever coming off.

Mrs. Goode (severely)—Perhaps they are not sewed on properly.

Mrs. Gaddie—That's just it. He's awfully careless about his sewing.—Philadelphia Press.

Promptly Given.

He—My train goes in fifteen minutes. Can you not give me one ray of hope before I leave you forever?

She—Er—that clock is half an hour fast.—Brooklyn Life.

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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 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 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

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TRADE MARK

PRESERVED BY LIFE

Pronounced caf-fay—accention last syllable

Pussy's Sponge and Hairbrush.

Cats large and small make the most careful toilet of any class of animals, excepting some of the opossums. Lions and tigers wash themselves in exactly the same manner as the cat, wetting the dark, india-rubber-like ball of the fore foot and the inner toe, and passing it over the face and behind the ears. The foot is thus at the same time a face sponge and brush, and the rough tongue combs the rest of the body.

Works Like a Charm.

Hanson—Wonder how it is that the Jugginsons get along so harmoniously. They never have any quarrels, apparently.

Burt—The reason is simple enough. Jugginson always lets Mrs. J. have the last word and she never tries to prevent him from having his own way.—Boston Transcript.

Wanted to Repeat.

"Lady," said Meandering Mike, "have you any coffee or mince pie or"—

"Haven't you been here twice before?"

"Lady, I have. I'm too good a judge of cookin' to let such performances as yours go wit'out an encore."—Washington Star.

Why Bixby Doesn't Go.

"Bixby sent the minister ten reasons for not going to church, but he left out the main one."

"What is that?"

"He stays away because his wife doesn't make him go."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A New Definition.

Ostend—Paw, what is an underwriter?

Father—A woman, I guess; at least she is the one who always adds a postscript.—Chicago News.

During the last century the population of the territory which now constitutes the German empire has very nearly trebled, notwithstanding the enormous emigration. It has increased from 20,000,000 to nearly 60,000,000 souls, and at the present rate of increase Germany will have a population of 100,000,000 before the close of this century.

A Suggestion.

The Angry Father—What do you expect me to do—send you all the money you ask for or calmly allow you to get into debt?

The Son—You might do both.—Life.

Paris now has automobile fire engines which measure 6 to 10 feet, weigh 2½ tons or when fully equipped 6,380 pounds. They start to work instantly. The pump delivers twenty gallons a minute.