

# FORGIVE YOUR ENEMIES

By FRANCIS H. NICHOLS

Red was born in Ryan street. The country in which his childhood was spent was bounded on the north by Houston street and on the south by the Battery. Its arterial river was the Bowery. The Bend was his school, his religion, his kingdom. Red's memory retained only a faint imprint of the patient, careworn face of his mother. He had only an indistinct recollection of a wake over her coffin, at which the occupants of a tenement house got a little more drunk than usual. He remembered a man with a black coat who came the next morning and read something out of a book—Red had long ago forgotten what—before "they took her away." The man had glanced at Red's dirty face and the group of disheveled women watching the dead wagon.

"She is better where she is" had been his only comment as he disappeared around the corner.

All this happened a long time ago. It was about three months before Red's father "died his first time." Ever since then Red's father had a habit of appearing on Ryan street at irregular intervals with his hair cropped very short and a consuming desire to avoid being seen by a policeman. Such habits were not at all exceptional in Ryan street, and the fact that Mr. McGinn was able to come home at all was an argument so much to his credit that Red constantly spoke of it with pride.

Red's title of leader had not been conferred or thrust upon him. It was the result of 16 years of blows and battles with any would be usurper who made bold enough to try "to boss de gang."

Red may have had some other name, but neither he nor anybody else knew it. It came from the shocks of auburn hair which partly hid his long, thin face. He was undersized and wiry, as slum children usually are. He was freckled and rather round shouldered. No stretch of the most powerful imagination could ever call Red either handsome or a hero. In fact, he would not have been at all complimented had any one ever attempted it. He was just a tough, rejoicing in his toughness, the kind of boy who is the bane of policemen's lives and the incorrigible of east side missions. It is harder to tell what Red did not do for a living than what he did. There was scarcely any phase of youthful avocation in which he had not dabbled. He had sold cigarettes on excursion steamers, he had peddled tips on the race track, he had sold tickets on commission for east side balls and had blacked boots and carried the hand luggage of incoming travelers. What he didn't know about the worst end of New York was not worth knowing. It wouldn't be exactly truthful to say that he often went through long periods of financial stringency and hard times, because he never had any good times. His life was spent in successful insisting upon living.

Ryan street trails its twisted length of asphalt pavement and tenement houses into Buttrick place. It does not proceed directly, for doing things in a direct course is no more the habit of the streets than it is of its inhabitants. In order to get to Buttrick place you walk up a little narrow extension of Ryan street called Shinbone alley.

It was at Shinbone alley that Red McGinn's kingdom came to a sudden stop. One afternoon the narrow flagstone alleyway led you were in Barney Muller. In Buttrick Muller's way was as abominable as the only controls can know. He was not many things in life. Red McGinn loved, but there were several things that he hated, and one of the list was the name of Barney Muller. Their feelings for each other were shared by their followers. Scarcely a pleasant summer evening passed on the Bend without a clash between "de two gangs." Nobody knew exactly what they were fighting about. No one cared. The only certainty was that whenever a number of Ryan streeters made a raid across the border into the hinterland of Shinbone alley from the dozen tenement houses would issue a number of Barney's men to give them battle royal. Black eyes and broken heads were the inevitable sequences. The conflict usually lasted until the policeman on the block came to the corner, when, with a "S-sh-de cop!" the combatants would scatter to the four winds. Barney and Red frequently led their forces in person. Physically Red was no match for the leader of Buttrick place. Sad as the knowledge was to him, Red usually avoided a trial by fists with his rival. On two or three occasions when Barney had cornered him, Red gave him one right hand blow and fled. But in strategy and finesse the Barneys were no match for the Reds.

Crouching behind a brick wall or the front steps of a tenement house, Red McGinn's followers would sometimes wait for hours for the foe, armed with brickbats and sticks, and often they succeeded in surprising them.

In one respect the Mullers had the advantage of the McGinns. Their kingdom was the more complete in that they had a queen as well as a king of the throne. Barney Muller's sister shared the honours of the gang with her brother. She was a little older than he and by far the prettiest girl in Buttrick place. She had the dark hair and the round blue eyes that are occa-

sionally found in tenement house types. Although she was his older sister, great big burly Barney watched over her with some interest that can only be described as fatherly.

She was very proud of him and took a keen interest in all his struggles and the battles of his gang. When Red's followers made their raids into Barney's territory, she often took a hand in the fray herself. A large part of the dislike in which Barney was held by the Ryan street gang was shared by his sister. She was rather proud of being placed on the same level as a combatant with her brother.

"Er Red McGinn ever catches me," "Er Red McGinn ever catches me," she frequently said, with an air of superiority to other girls in Buttrick place, "he will punch my face in de same as he would Barney's."

And the listener would inwardly regret that she was not privileged to have a leader as a brother.

It was during Red's fifteenth tenement house summer that Jim Slattery first appeared in Buttrick place—Jim, who was the sensation of the hour; Jim, the hero of many prizefights, whose picture in a combative attitude had adorned the pages of The Gazette. All Ryan street was sad and depressed at the thought of what an acquisition Jim was to its rival.

Jim's acquaintance with Barney had begun at some ringside. His was a flashier type than Barney's. His record was in The Gazette. Barney admired him intensely. It was the height of his ambition to imitate him. Jim was hailed as a sort of prizefighter council at Buttrick place. He was recognized by all of the gang as the king's confidential adviser.

But, as often happens with royal favorites, there came a time when the king wearied of a shadow behind his throne.

"Who is de leader of dis gang any way?" said Barney, with an angry start when the awakening came.

"Er dis ting keeps on, Buttrick place will have a Jim for a leader in stead of a Barney."

First there was a coolness, followed by a calm, in the rear of the saloon, then a few nights later a fight to a finish between Barney and Jim. They had decided to settle it in that way. The mill took place in the basement of a tenement house. It lasted for nine rounds, when Barney, battered and bleeding, succeeded in getting in a blow on Jim's neck that felled him. When he finally crawled to his feet, defeated, but defiant, he walked over to the corner where his antagonist was receiving congratulations.

"You've licked me, Barney Muller," he said. "I leave de Bend tomorrow, but you'll be sorry when I'm gone."

When Barney came home from his work on the docks the following evening, he realized the awful meaning of the veiled threat. Maggie wasn't there to meet him. Instead was a sealed envelope addressed to him in a crude cramped hand. Inside was a certificate signed by Alderman Bernstein. It said that the alderman had on that day married Margaret Muller to James Slattery. Accompanying the certificate was a note:

You was so busy quarrel with Jim that you couldn't see me and Jim was in love. We've been engaged three months, almost ever since you introduced us. You drove him away from de Bend, so go with him as his wife. I'm sorry for you, Barney, but it's your own fault. Goodbye.

Barney's face was white and wild when he showed the marriage certificate to "de gang" that night in the rear of Duffy's saloon.

"Don't none of you ever speak her name to me again!" he cried, with a savage oath. "She's gone. She can't be Barney Muller's wife. She's Jim Slattery's wife." He stalked out the side door. The boldest of the gang never dared to mention the name of Maggie after that in a tone above a whisper.

Only vague rumors of Maggie's new life floated back to Buttrick place during the year following. Jim had become a bookmaker's clerk. He traveled from one race track to another. He was said to be making money. His wife, according to report, was always with him. She was said to be basking in the sunshine of Jim's good luck and living on "de sunny side of Easy street."

One Sunday afternoon late in the fall of that year, just after the Thanksgiving snow had begun to swirl around the doorsteps and fill up the sagholes in the pavement of Ryan street, the Salvation Army paraded through that thoroughfare.

Ryan street was so short and crooked and insignificant that even the army had overlooked it until now. For that reason the show possessed for the inhabitants a charm of novelty that it would have had in very few other places.

Red and the gang all turned out in force to hear "de drum."

"De drum" and the noise were by far the two most interesting entries on the programme, but even above their din there was wafted to Red a message that "de captain" read out of a much worn Testament.

"But I say unto you forgive your enemies."

The idea of forgiving anybody was very strange to Red McGinn, but the idea of forgiving an enemy was positively humorous.

"Listen to de crank!" he said to one of his followers, who laughed heartily.

But the man said it over again several times. He wound a kind of sermon around the words, and as Red walked away that night to the Music hall, where he was to take tickets for the "sacred concert," something seemed to keep ringing in his ears—something that seemed to be accentuated by a drum and a tambourine. "But I say unto you forgive your enemies."

It was a holiday week and one of the coldest nights of the year. It had been snowing all day, and great drifts were piled across Ryan street. At 2 o'clock in the morning Red was wading through them up to his waist on his way home. Home at that time consisted of a corner of a saloon two blocks away, where Red made the fire in the base burner every morning and by way of remuneration was allowed sleeping room.

"Dis is a fierce night," said Red to himself as he looked at the deserted street. "It must be pretty bad when everybody stays inside on Ryan street."

No living thing anywhere—nothing but the black sky, the cutting, swirling snow and tenement house walls.

As he passed a doorstep where the snow had not drifted so high as on some of the other houses on the block he heard some one call his name.

"Red! Say, Red McGinn!"

Red floundered a moment in the snow. At first he could see no one. Then, as the wind made the corner lurch, he saw a little to one side the caught sight of a young woman holding a baby in her arms on the doorstep. The ragged shawl that she had thrown over her head was well pulled down over her face. In the momentary flare Red saw her eyes, and he knew her. Only one girl who lives in the Bend had ever possessed eyes as big and blue as those. She was Maggie Muller, Barney's sister, the exiled queen of the gang against which Red felt 15 years of accumulated hate.

But something in the whiteness of her face and the child's, the utter, complete hopelessness of it all, made Red stop in his walk and flounder over to the doorstep.

He looked down at the two figures for a while before he quite got his breath. "What's de trouble?" he said slowly as he glanced furtively at the tenement house across the street.

"Everyting," said Maggie. "When we were first married, tings went along all right for awhile—plenty of good clothes and good tings. Then Jim plunged at Guttenberg. He lost everyting he had. He was gone one day when I come home, but he left me a beautiful letter, he did, statin dat he couldn't support a wife any longer. Perhaps he couldn't. I don't tink he would have give me up if he could have helped it. His boss, de book-maker, paid my fare and de baby's to New York. Do you understand, Red?"

Red nodded. Of course he understood. His training in adversity made the tragedy in all its details flash before his mind in a moment.

"Pretty tough," he said as he kicked his foot in the snow. An awful struggle was raging inside of Red at that moment.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Albani and Gye.

The story of Miss Albani's first London engagement is as follows: Colonel Mapleson heard of her singing at a theater at Malta, and, thinking that she would be successful, he made her an offer, through an agent, of a contract to sing in Her Majesty's theater. She agreed to it and went to London, but on arriving there, she told the cabman to drive her to the Italian opera house. He, instead of going to Her Majesty's, took her to Covent Garden, which was also devoted to Italian opera.

She was shown up to the manager's office and stated that she had come to sign the contract which Mr. Mapleson had offered her. Mr. Gye, thinking to play a joke on his rival, Mapleson, made out a contract, and Albani signed it. Mr. Gye then told her that he was not Colonel Mapleson, but that he could do much better for her. He offered to tear up the contract she liked, but told her that Nilsson was singing at Her Majesty's and would brook no rival.

Albani decided to let the contract stand and thus became one of the stars of Covent Garden, eventually marrying the son of Mr. Gye.

A Short National Anthem.

Japan has perhaps the shortest of all national anthems. It is called "Kimi Ga Yo." From its first three words, and consists of thirty-two syllables, which count in poetry, however, as thirty-one. The exceeding brevity is due to the national fondness for conciseness of phrase and for economy of expression in all forms of art.

The patriotic song is what the Japanese call a "tanka," or verse of five lines, the first and third being of five and the others of seven syllables. Below is given the anthem in Japanese, with an English translation:

Kimi Ga Yo.  
Kimi ga yo wa  
Chiyu no munu made  
Sazare ishi no  
Iwawo to narite  
Koko no munu made  
TRANSLATION.  
May our lord's dominion last  
Till a thousand years have passed.  
Twice four thousand times o'erlord!  
Firm as changedless is our earth, rock.  
Mass of ages uncomputed.  
—Japan and America.

An Empire Sold at Auction.

The Roman empire was once sold to the highest bidder. On the death of Pertinax in 193 the Praetorian guards put up the empire for sale by auction, and, after an animated competition between Sulpician and Julian, it was knocked down to the latter for 1,250 drachmas. The Roman had auctions of various kinds, the proceedings being much the same in all cases. The auctioneer, who was a slave of the plunder, was held under a spear stuck in the ground. The magistrate auctioneer, or auctioneer, was chosen from among the argentarii, or money changers, and his assistants were the cashiers.

Perhaps.

How many people when they marry carefully put aside their joint love letters as one of the most cherished possessions of their first life, and how many, some years afterward, do they ever take them out and look at them?

Now, why is this? Partly perhaps because the time of romance is over and practical, everyday life has begun; partly, also, we will hope, because now they can say so many nice things to each other, and there is no need to read over the past nice things they have written.—Golden Penny.

In a Fog.

A befogged individual was groping his way down one of London's side streets leading off the Strand when he suddenly bumped up against a man coming from the opposite direction.

"Could you tell me where this street leads to?" he inquired after the necessary apologies had been made.

"Certainly," replied the other. "It leads into the river." "I have just come out of it."—Free Lance.

Crossed Vegetables.

A cross between a headless cabbage and the turnip produced the rape plant. Cabbage and turnips themselves are relatives; the lettuce plant also claims near kin to them, and far back in plant life grew a parent plant with some of the characteristics that each now claims as its own, from which all three, and many another plant also, descended.

FISH AS FOOD.

The Best Kinds to Eat and the Way to Cook Them.

Fish constitutes one of the most valuable articles of diet for mankind, although the popular notion that it is a good brain food because of the phosphorus it contains is incorrect. As a matter of fact fish meat in general contains less phosphorus than most kinds of flesh meat. But it is good for the brain indirectly, for it is less stimulating than flesh meat, is usually digested more easily and causes the production in the system of fewer of the waste products, which, if not at once eliminated, act injuriously upon the delicate nervous system.

The last mentioned property is one which renders fish of especial value in the diet of persons suffering from Bright's disease and other affections of the kidneys, from rheumatism, gout and all those diseases which many physicians regard as the result of excessive formation or retention of uric acid. For convalescents also it is most useful, as it supplies a fair amount of nutritive material in palatable form, with a minimum of tax on the digestive organs.

Among the most nourishing and at the same time digestible fish are blue fish, shad, rock snapper, fresh codfish, whitefish, striped bass, halibut and flounders. And equally nutritious, although perhaps less digestible, are brook trout, lake trout, salmon, mackerel and eels. Roe is not particularly nutritious, but it is agreeable to the taste and fairly digestible. The mode of preparation has much to do with the digestibility of fish, as it has with that of all other foods. Boiling and broiling are better modes of cooking than frying.

The chief objection to fish is its proneness to decomposition, even when kept on ice. It may be free from any taste or odor, and yet it may have undergone changes which make it poisonous. Some fish are poisonous in themselves, containing in the natural state some substance which will cause alarming symptoms, or even death, if eaten. With some persons fish in any form does not agree, causing digestive disorders or skin eruptions. This is notably true of lobsters and crabs.—Youth's Companion.

Origin of Absinth.

Absinth, the green balm that saturates fashionable France, was originally an extremely harmless medicinal remedy.

It was a French physician who first used it. His name was Ordinaire, and he was living as a refugee at Couvet, in Switzerland, at the close of the eighteenth century. Like many other country doctors at that time, he was also a druggist, and his favorite remedy was a certain elixir of absinth of which he alone had the secret.

At his death he bequeathed the formula to his housekeeper, Mile. Grandpierre, and she sold it to the daughters of Lieutenant Henriot. They cultivated in their little garden the herbs necessary for concocting it, and after they had distilled a certain quantity of the liquid they sold it on commission to itinerant peddlers, who quickly disposed of it in the adjacent towns and villages.

Finally, during the first decade of the nineteenth century, a wealthy distiller purchased the formula, and very soon afterward he marketed the absinth in modern absinth, which differs greatly from the old medicinal remedy, since the latter contained no alcohol and very little absinth.

His Idea of Heaven.

The lad was about five years of age and naturally inquisitive. He asked his father questions he had never heard before, and the fond parent was perplexed at his queries.

The youngster got on the subject of the next world one day and wanted to know a lot of things. "Will you wear a mustache in heaven, papa?" he asked.

"I suppose I will, my son," replied the father.

"You'll make a funny angel."

There was a long pause, and finally the boy asked what kind of a place heaven was. The father in order to satisfy his son, went into lengthy details in describing its beauty.

The lad listened with open mouth and finally said, "Why, papa, heaven must look like the ten cent store!"—Pittsburg Press.

Sailors' Rations.

A recent writer has this to say of sailors' rations: "A sailor has dishes and loves them. He likes the little appetized ashore. He likes 'Fanny Adams' and has a great fancy for 'plum duff,' which consists of suet pudding with raisins in it. Vegetables, though they are in the official harbor menu, are not served out to the messes every day, but on certain days some groups of men get all and the others none, on a system which Jack quite approves.

"The messes whose turn it is to have vegetables indulge in a 'pot mess,' as it is styled, perhaps not inappropriately. The messes in their turn receive the shins, scrag ends, neck pieces and other odds and ends of the meat ration—some sailors aver that every animal has at least six shins—and this miscellaneous assortment of remnants is thrown into a pot with as many vegetables as can be got. The result is a 'pot mess.'"

A real landlubber who desires to try a real naval dish will have no difficulty in getting the dish prepared, and if he eats it on a table with uneven legs which lurches up and down he can imagine he is at sea."

In the Studio.

"Your work bears the closest kind of inspection," remarked the girl with the dimple. "What infinite pains you must take with it!"

"Perhaps," replied the artist; "but, do you know, I enjoy the pains."

"Then," she rejoined, with a bright smile, "you, too, pursue art for art's sake."—Chicago Tribune.

A Compromise.

Boroughs—Say, old man, lend me \$20 till the first of the month, will you?

Markley—Well—er—I'll compromise with you. I'll lend you \$1 till the 20th.—Philadelphia Press.

"Why do you bring this to me?" thundered the weary editor, thrusting the manuscript back into the hands of the poet.

"Because," replied the bard timidly, "I have no stamp."—Boston Post.

BLUNDERS IN FICTION.

ASTRONOMICAL BULLS THAT LIVE IN PROSE AND POETRY.

Hall Caine's Wonderful Night. Dickens' nationalities. Swift's Hester. Macaulay's Wonderful Eclipse and Coleridge's Impossible Crescent.

It is curious to note in how many instances strange astronomical errors appear in works of fiction quite unnecessary to the requirements of the story and resulting apparently from sheer lack of observation. As a modern example of such gratuitous blundering take a piece of description from Mr. Hall Caine's "Seapeague." "It was a wonderful night. The moon, which was in its first quarter, was still low in the east, but the stars were thick overhead." A wonderful night, indeed! And strange that such a lover of nature as Mr. Hall Caine should not have reflected that when the moon is in its first quarter is low in the east it is broad daylight, with the sun high in the heavens!

Nevertheless on this point he erred in good company. The young moon has proved a stumbling block to many a writer who has attempted to introduce it as a picturesque adjunct to his description of an evening.

In Dickens' "Our Mutual Friend" Eugene Wrayburn, in his walk along the river bank, finds it has just risen when "the stars were beginning to shine in the sky, for which the tones of red and yellow were flickering." Dickens, in truth, was sublimely superior to astronomical niceties, especially when they in any way interfered with the artistic effect of his stories. In his "Child's Dream of a Star" the point turns upon one special star, "larger and more beautiful than the rest," which always came out every night in one particular place and at one particular time, thereby behaving as no star has ever conceivably been known to do. The author indulges in taking a liberty with the solar system, but it is small indeed compared with the license sometimes claimed by authors desirous of calling in the aid of astronomy to assist their plots, but who are either insufficiently acquainted with their subject or count it no sin to twist and convert facts to suit their requirements.

A very famous and noteworthy instance of this is afforded in Rider Haggard's "King Solomon's Mines." Here the phenomenon of a total solar eclipse is employed with most happy and dramatic effect as far as the story is concerned, but with a perfect disregard of astronomical details which in its audacity is almost startling. Here, again, as in so many other cases, the difficulty of the young moon comes in, and the sun has scarcely set before the "fine crescent" rises in the east. Within a wonderfully short space of time after this curious event the moon is full, and only a few minutes later the total eclipse of the sun takes place, despite the astronomical fact that it is at "no moon" or, more accurately speaking, the last few seconds of the old moon and the first few seconds of the new that a total solar eclipse alone is possible.

But perhaps the most interesting feature of this altogether remarkable eclipse is that the total darkness lasts for nearly an hour. Alas, under the rarest and most favorable conditions, seven minutes alone is the utmost limit of time during which the sun's face is totally obscured, and the observer under ordinary circumstances counts himself lucky if he is rewarded for a journey of some thousands of miles by an uninterrupted view of the corona for three minutes, two or even less.

Some years ago one of the magazines contained a story called "The Portent," the motif of which was a certain strange seeming in the heavens which, whenever it appeared, boded ill to a particular family. This portentous sign was none other than the appearance of the crescent moon with star between the two horns. Nor was this a particularly novel idea, for it will be remembered that in Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner" that voracious seaman relates how at one period of his adventures there rose

above the eastern bar  
The horned moon, with one bright star  
Within the amber tip.

In a purely fanciful and fanciful creation like this famous poem it would be ridiculous to cavil at such a detail, though in the case of the story it might well be questioned how the star could manage to appear in such a position. We may perhaps refer to the line in "The Burial of Sir John Moore" where the great soldier is represented as being interred by the "straggling moonbeams' misty light," whereas as a matter of fact, the moon was but a day old at the time of the battle of Coruna and therefore invisible. This seems like hypercriticism, especially in a poem that lays no claim to astronomical accuracy.

The case is different when an author deliberately makes a statement which he intends shall be believed. In "Innocence Abroad" Mark Twain draws special notice to the point that on the voyage across the Atlantic they observed the full moon located just in the same spot in the heavens at the same hour every night. He accounts for this by the motion of the ship which gained enough every day to keep up with the moon, but he seemingly forgot that, though for this reason the position of the moon might not greatly alter, her phase certainly would, so that it could not have been the full moon which was visible night after night.—London Standard.

His Touch of Humor.

"Always," says the astute news editor to the new reporter, "always be on the lookout for any little touch of humor that may brighten up our columns."

That evening the new reporter handed in an account of a burglary in a butcher's shop which commenced, "Mr. Jeremiah Cleving, the well known butcher, is losing flesh rapidly of late."—Exchange.

Chance For Heracles.

Adorer (anxiously)—What did your father say?

Sweet Girl—Oh, he got so angry I was afraid to stay and listen. He's in a perfectly terrible rage. Go in and appease him. Philadelphia Inquirer.

TAME FISH IN A RIVER.

A Traveler's Story of What He Saw in Upper Burma.

When in camp the other day, I was riding through a village when the village headman asked me if I would like to see "the fish." I, not knowing what the headman meant, at once went with him down to the banks of the stream, followed by several villagers with baskets of sassamun and paddly mixed together. Then the thug called "Lay, lay, lay, lay," for a few moments, when, lo and behold, a large herd of ngatwe, or big short, fattish fish, came up just under our feet and were promptly fed by the Burmans.

The fish were amazingly tame and tolerated being stroked and petted even by me. There were in all about thirty-three of them, varying in size from eighteen inches to three and a half feet long, the larger ones having a girth at the girth about thirty inches. They would go away and come back whenever they were called.

The villagers told me—and I see no reason to doubt what they say—that these same fish come up against the monsoon flood at the end of June and go away about October every year. They can recognize individual fish by marks, scars, etc., which they pointed out to me.

The Mon is nearly dry in the cold and end of the hot weather, and the fact that these fish return to this one village land to stay every year regularly and never go to any other is quite worthy of remark. A villager who kills any of them has to undergo a penalty of 10 shillings by common consent, and great care is in consequence taken of them.

The ngatwe of upper Burma is a very short, thick fish, tapering rapidly from behind the gills to the tail, has long feelers on both upper and lower lip and has no noticeable teeth. He makes very good eating and has but few bones. I have often heard of tame fish in tanks, but a herd of tame fish in a monsoon river connected with the great Irrawadi is a very bizarre phenomenon.—Burma Cor. London Field.

ATTACKED BY A HERON.

Boy Tries to Capture the Bird and Nearly Loses His Life.

"I've hunted everything from gray squirrels to grizzlies," said a veteran Philadelphia sportsman to a writer in the New York Times, "and the nearest I ever came to being seriously injured by any sort of game was one time when a wounded bird attacked and tried to kill me."

"I was a boy then and went down to a creek that flowed through my father's farm to watch for a mink. It was early in the evening and a blue heron came and sat within tempting gunshot. I knew it would spoil my chances at mink to shoot the bird, and I didn't intend to do it, but, kidlike, I raised the gun and took aim just to see how I could kill it if I would. I lowered the gun and then raised it again. Every time I raised it I would touch the trigger gently. After awhile I touched it too hard, the gun went off and I started toward the heron, which was wounded."

"I thought it would be a good scheme to catch the bird and started to do so when its bill shot out like a sledge hammer and struck me between the eyes. When I came to my senses, it was dark, and it was several minutes longer before I could remember where I was or what had happened. A little later and the bird would have killed me. I shudder even yet when I think what would have been the result if the bill had struck one of my eyes."

The Awakened.

The meanest man on earth has just been located. His mind had been wandering with fever for three weeks, and when he came back to his senses and opened his eyes he saw a fair face under a white cap bending over his pillow.

"Who—who are you?" he gasped.

"I'm the trained nurse."

"The trained nurse! Oh, good Lord! And how much am I paying you?"

She told him, and he turned his head, groaning in the soreness of his affliction. A few moments later, though, his face lit up with a flash of hope. "But I'm back in my right mind now, sir!"

"Why, yes; I think you are."

"All right, then," with fierce exultation. "I give you notice for tonight!"—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Origin of Our Secret Service.

The United States secret service had its origin in the early sixties under the auspices of the war department. It actually grew out of the fact of Captain Lafayette F. Baker of the Union army offering his services to Secretary Sewell as a police scout to gather information concerning the Confederate army. During the war the United States became the issuance of greenbacks. Then came the first appearance of "green goods" men. By an act of congress in 1861 or 1862 \$10,000 was appropriated for the maintenance of Baker's service to suppress counterfeiting. The supervision of the service was then under the collector of the treasury.—New York Tribune.

Bulgarian Brigands.

The Balkan mountains have been the homes and haunts of many brigands through centuries of Bulgarian history. In the sixteenth century a national movement against the oppression of Turkey fell into the hands of brigand chiefs. They were known by the name of Haiduti. They were represented as friends of the poor, the protectors of the weak, the allies of Christians and the foes of the Mohammedans. In legends and in songs their names and fame were perpetuated. They increased from the ranks of the avengers and the worthless. Once identified with them a brigand's safety consisted in continuing with them. The Turks blocked the way to return to the ranks of common citizenship. Villagers often welcomed them as deliverers from their oppressors.—Leslie's Weekly.

Extreme Meet.

Peter Cunningham was telling one evening where he had been dining and what he got. "We had a thing I never saw before—a soup made of calves' tails."

"Extremes meet," was the remark of Douglas Jerrold, at that time the price of wits in England.

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NEW COMMISSION HOUSE

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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 or Bright's Disease and Diabetes, hitherto incurable disease.

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 a thirty 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. FITZGERALD, 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 cereal. There has to this time been no happy medium between the best elements of both. It is richer than straight coffee, and more palatable than the cereal. It is not at all expensive. But we guarantee the "Cafe Bland" contains less than fifty per cent coffee, which is scientifically blended with nutritious fruits and grains. Thus not only displacing over fifty per cent of the 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, Cafe 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 the difference. 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

# Cafe Bland

Pronounced ca-fay—accent on last syllable

Life Stories in Faces.

Character indeed is written plainly enough on the faces one meets in daily life. Some speak of tragedy, some of comedy, and not a few give you a distinct warning.

Even a ride in a street car or a short railway journey gives proof of this fact. Look around you. Those two strangers opposite you never saw before, yet you know that one is passionate, the other mean, and your heart warms to the little old lady near by. You want no one to assure you she is kind and gentle, while a whole net work of wrinkles on the eyes tells you that the old gentleman in the corner loves his joke.

Strange how quick we are to read our neighbor's face and how slow to realize that our own is open for him to read! Yet it is. The story is there and we are writing it every day of our lives. Not only do smiles and frowns leave traces, but every passion which sways the heart stamps its record upon the face.

The Quick Craze.

The quick craze is by no means new, but seems just now to be more in vogue than ever before. Here is a young woman practicing fourteen hours a day to cultivate her voice. Result, lost voice. Nearly all the pugilists, active and retired, are writing volumes on "How to Get Strong Quick" and the readers are exercising two or three hours a day, when ten minutes are quite enough. Result, lost health. The get rich quick fellows, in fall and out, are hiring able lawyers to help them devise schemes that will defy the law and enable them to fleece lambs regardless of the code.—New York Press.

Short of Experience.

Herbert Gladstone while yet a single man was addressing a woman's suffrage meeting in Leeds one afternoon, and he paid a graceful compliment to the eloquence of the ladies who had addressed the meeting. He gallantly remarked on the great pleasure which it gives the other sex to listen to women talking.

Pausing for a moment after this observation, Mr. Gladstone, like his audience, was thrown into an unexpected state of merriment by a male voice which proceeded from the back of the hall and proclaimed in the broadest Yorkshire dialect, "Eh, lad, thou'rt noan wed yet, I see!"—London Truth.

According to the Pall Mall Gazette, the British workman has almost abandoned his clay pipe and shag in favor of the twopenny packet of cigarettes with a portrait of a favorite actress or khaki clad general given.