AN IMMORTAL

By James Barnes.

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It was Paris. My room was on the top floor of the Hotel Dinda. I could look out across the little courtyard at an uninteresting row of yellow chimney pots rising against a dim yellow evening sky and below three rows of lighted windows and still below an iridescent glare from the glass kiosk that extended from the cafe.

It was very still, but now and then a laugh or a few words blew in at the window. I had just finished dressing, and before I left the room I stepped across and stood there for a minute gazing down at the courtyard. A figure sitting at a little metal table in the corner caught my eye—a young man with a silk hat pushed back from his head. His legs were crossed, and he was moving his foot nervously back and forth. A cigarette was in his fingers.

There was something so familiar in the pose that I looked closer, and as I watched him without apparent effort the cigarette left his hand and described a fiery arch across the courtyard.

There was only one man that I knew who could catapult a cigarette or a cigar in that remarkable fashion—my old chum Charlie Cummings. I leaned over a sill and, making a trumpet of my hands, called, as I had often called up at his windows in the old college days:

"Hel-l-l-o, Charlie Cummings!" in a distinct whisper. Mind you, it was ten years since I had done this and surely seven since I had last seen him.

The effect was electrical. The nervous motion of the foot stopped. He extended his hand before him, the muscles rigid with a gesture of silence and attention.

"Hello, there!" he answered without lifting his head and without any surprise being manifested in his voice.

It was very amusing, and I went on trumpeting a whisper down to him:

"I've come to see you. Don't you remember me, you villain?"

Now it was my turn to be astonished. I saw Charlie's hand reach for the tall glass on the table. He paused with it at his lips and then drained it to the bottom. The light in the courtyard was just sufficient for me to catch a gleam of the color. Again he spoke:

"Leave me alone," he said distinctly.

"Absinth!" I thought to myself. "That's what's the matter with Charlie's sense of humor."

Hurrying down the stairs, I stepped out on the marble flagging. There he sat with his back toward me in the same attitude. I would have known him in a minute. As I approached he hurriedly struck a match on the bottom of the table and lit the fresh cigarette between his lips.

"Hello, old boy!" I said. "Well met, by Jove!"

He started quickly. The lighted match fell blazing on the table, and he whirled in his seat without rising.

"Good God!" he said hoarsely. "Where did you come from? Did you speak to me just now? I say, did you call me by name?"

He caught me by the coat, and I noticed that his hand was trembling excitedly.

"Yes," said I. "I called to you from the window. You still have your old tricks with you, Charlie."

He laughed.

"I have learned several new ones, too," he said—"beautiful tricks. Oh, I'm a great success. Eh—won't you sit down?"

I beckoned to a waiter, and he brought me one of the spider legged iron chairs.

"What have you been doing with yourself, Charlie, since I saw you last?" I asked cheerfully.

It was a stereotyped phrase, and his reply was noncommittal.

"Nothing," he said tersely.

Years ago he and I had been as thick as thieves, but now somehow there was a strained feeling, and his nervousness was pitiful. He had been one of the most enthusiastic of men, especially in his greetings, but the manner in which he had received me made it almost awkward.

"Where have you been, old chap?" I inquired, trying to make things easier.

"Knocking about. I haven't been to America for four years, you know," he muttered.

"But that doesn't answer my question. What have you been doing?"

Charlie turned and looked at me without replying, and then I perceived how great had been the change that had come over him. He had been well knit and straight when at college, with a wiry strength and a determination in his movements that had won him a position in athletic circles. He was the fiercest tackler I ever saw. Now his hand had the transparency of an old woman's, his wrist was attenuated, and beneath the flesh of his face the bones showed plainly. The pointed Parisian beard could not cover the hollows in his cheeks. But his eyes were bright in a way that was almost frightening. I have seen that look before in the eyes of fever patients in the hospitals. I am a physician. In fact, it had been my purpose in making this trip to Europe to attend the lectures of the great Professor Charcot. Alas, I had but been in time to walk in his funeral!

Insensibly I began to diagnose the case across the table, and in making such diagnosis a physician is apt to forget everything in the abstract interest of determining disease.

"When are you coming back?" I asked, more to listen to the tones of his voice than for the sake of securing information.

"Never," said Charlie laconically, "never"—then he looked across his shoulder at me again, and for an instant only his glance met mine—"if I can help it," he added.

"Pardon me," he said suddenly, arousing himself. "A longer residence here should entitle me to the position of host. What will you have?"

Not once had he addressed me by name. I had noticed this, but now had ceased to wonder at it. As the waiter shuffled up (why is it that when a Parisian waiter passes 40 years of age he shuffles?) I asked for a glass of light wine, and, as I expected, Charlie renewed his order for the insidious green liquid.

"Charlie," I said as he dripped the water musically into the glass, "that's something you had better stop, old man."

"It makes one forget things," he returned.

"That's just it," said I. "It has made you forget my name, for instance."

He looked at me with something approaching amusement.

"Oh, yes," he said. "You see, I am not trying to put all that away, but that I have forgotten your name gives me hope."

"Hope for what?" I interposed.

"Oh, that I can forget other things."

He had said this in a cynically calm way without a touch of feeling. There was no trace even of bitterness in his tone. I saw that it would be foolish to be offended.

"What do they say about me over there?" he asked suddenly, gulping down the absinth, the pungent medicinal smell of which rose strongly in my nostrils.

"They say you are spending your money as fast as you can. That's all I have heard—cutting a swath, playing the very devil, and so forth."

"Yes, and I have had some help at it," Charlie went on. "There are chaps over here who follow that for a profession. I've done a land office business with them," he continued, half laughing. "Did you ever hear of the little Duke de Marsigni?"

"Can't remember," said I.

"He ran even with me for three weeks or so. Then they put him where he couldn't get away. He will stay there, too," he added, with a chuckle. "But somehow I can't make it out. Poor little Maurice! He thinks he is the caliph of Bagdad. Odd to remark, that is just what he's cut out to be. Now, there's happiness."

It was apparent to me now that this was the strangest case that had ever been brought under my observation—a man perfectly sane, or at most only a third wasted, wishing to sink, if possible, the rest of him in the oblivion of dementia, an impending position generally so frightful to the threatened that it causes them either to hasten their own defeat by melancholy or to fight it bravely and undiscovered to the end.

I remembered a strange thing about Cummings in college and what had been said about him during his first years after graduation—he had never been drunk that any one could remember. I myself had seen him wax mellow, jovial, enthusiastic, and had seen his wit grow clearer and quicker, as if alcohol were a light oil to his mental machinery. When the others had reached the period at which they wished to sing, fight or go to sleep, according to their natures, then Charlie would arise and saunter over to his room to read Schopenhauer or Browning, as the case might be, or sometimes to swing his imagination to the verge of poetic inspiration.

He started quickly as the lighted match fell blazing on the table.

Even now I saw traces of this in the effect of the absinth upon his nerves. His mind grew steadier, and he had stopped the nervous movement of his foot.

I recollected an occurrence the facts of which were not generally known, but which in my mind had accounted for some of Charlie's later actions. He had been tremendously fond of an elder brother, from whom, by the way, he had inherited most of the money that enabled him to pursue his fancies. The elder Cummings had intended to do something with his life and had taken up the profession of surgery. In pursuance of his studies he had gone to Vienna and there one day had been found dead in a fiacre with a curious stab wound in his heart. I well remember how his brother's death affected Charlie. He was in New York at the time and had been studying law in a desultory sort of way, but at once he had given it up, sought new pastures and cut his old acquaintances right and left. Then he had gone away to the country, no one knew where, for a short time. He returned to New York and in three days had hastened to Europe. All this I went over in my mind, but my thoughts were interrupted.

"Where do you dine, old man?" Charlie asked suddenly, breaking the long pause.

"Nowhere," I replied—"that is, I have not decided."

"Come and dine with me."

"Why, thanks, I will."

Cummings was smiling. I remembered that smile very well. It generally anticipated some little humorous anecdote or recollection, something that had appealed to his artistic side, and Charlie had let his thoughts out loud before I ever knew.

"I say, Denny (I noticed that my name had returned to him), will you ever forget"—And here Charlie detailed one of the adventures of the careless undergraduate days. It was most enjoyable. I could hardly imagine he was the same man. All at once, however, he stopped in the middle of a sentence and drummed with his fingers on the table.

"Well, well, well!" he said. "It must have been a devil of a mystery."

I paid no attention to his digression and tried to recall his thoughts to what he had been saying. There was no response, and Charlie hurriedly arose.

"Come, old chap, let's go and chase some food," he said in his old manner.

I followed him out into the courtyard and down the street to a little restaurant that I knew well. The tables had marble tops, leather cushioned seats ran along the walls, and mirrors stretched from the low wainscoting up to the ceiling. Queer people came in here. Strange, haggard looking women in brilliant colors and uncanny, ragged headed men, students and writers and poets, sad devils and gay, bickered or laughed, with their reflections doubling and trebling about them in the angles of the mirrors.

There was only one person in the cafe when we entered. The dining room was farther back. I recognized the high, bulging forehead, the death head face, the mothy, straggling beard of Paul Verlaine, murderer of instincts, recorder of the beautiful! I had never met him, although once he had been pointed out to me in a place where mere curiosity leads no one twice. To admire and detest a character is a complex feeling. I had never wished to place myself in a position to be subject to the insults which this man seemed at liberty to throw at those who spoke to him.

But, wonderful to relate, the poet, looking up, caught Charlie's eye and smiled—smiled eagerly.

"Ah, mon ami!" he exclaimed in a tone of thorough welcome, rising from his corner.

Charlie stepped forward. If they had been two confreres who had exchanged thoughts along some of the flower laden banks and meadows of Verlaine's imagination, the welcome could not have been more true or heartfelt. They grasped each other's hand across the table. Charlie presented me. Verlaine honored me with a snarl and a grunt. I sat down at the table.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A Domestic Blend.

A resourceful young matron had a small dinner party. Covers were laid for six, and the dinner was charming. The red wine was not too cold, the white wine not too warm and the black coffee a masterpiece. At the beginning of the end of the dinner a cordial was served. It happened to be Creme Yvette, and when the husband tasted it he put down his glass with a look of anguish and was about to speak. His wife's eye silenced him. Nobody took more than the first sip of the liqueur. After the last guest had departed the husband braved his wife's eye and spoke.

"My dear," said he, "what in the name of all unspeakable things was the matter with that liqueur?"

His young wife smiled triumphantly.

"Why," said she, "when I came to look at the bottle, just before dinner, I found there wasn't enough left to go round. It was too late to get any more, so I just added to it a bottle of violet toilet water. It was the same color, and it had the same smell, and I knew nobody would notice the difference. Wasn't it good?"—Washington Post.

The Jewish Torah.

Of the objects used in the Jewish synagogue one of the most interesting is the Torah scroll. The Delineator describes this as parchment scroll in Hebrew, mounted on wooden rollers, wrapped in a cloth of green velvet, embroidered in silk, which is held by a silver worked belt and covered with a mantle of black velvet embroidered in gold. The upper handles of the rollers are of carved wood and the lower of ivory, with silver bells on the rollers. The Jewish Torah, or the law, is considered by the people of this race the most important and sacred portion of the Scriptures. In order that it may be kept alive in the minds of the people it is divided into as many "pericopes" as there are Sabbaths in the year, so that within a twelvemonth the entire book will have been read through. A manuscript copy is used, having been prepared by a professional scribe on parchment made of the skin of a clean animal—that is, one the flesh of which may be eaten.

Nourishment by Bathing.

"It is well known that the skin is a great absorbent, and nutrition even can be conveyed through its agency," said a trained nurse. "A physician once ordered a beef tea bath for a child that I was nursing who was apparently dying of some exhaustive bowel trouble and with admirable effect. And I myself have found that rubbing delicate persons with warm olive oil is an excellent tonic. If I had the charge of a puny, sickly baby, I should feel inclined to give it oil baths instead of water baths and try the effect. The oil is quite as cleansing, and it stands to reason that such tiny beings, particularly if they are badly nourished, should not have the natural oil of the body continually washed away."

Sorry He Spoke.

He was in the parlor of a St. Louis residence while his fiancee was playing a Chopin sonata on the piano. Her mother was seated almost opposite her future son-in-law, and when the proper opportunity presented itself she said:

"Don't you think Edna has a great ear for music?"

"I certainly do," replied the young man. "If you'd stretch a few strings across, it would make a lovely guitar"—

But he never finished his sentence.—New York Herald.

St. Louis has a peculiar sect in the shape of a community of sand eaters, composed of seventy-five men and women. The sand eaters take every day a spoonful of sand. They believe that grit is necessary in every animal and that many stomach troubles are due to the absence of grit in the stomach.

Since its doors were thrown open on Oct. 1, 1897, there has been a daily average of 2,200 visitors to the Congressional library, making an aggregate (with the omission of Sundays and secular holidays) of 676,600 persons from all parts of the country whose feet have trod its tessellated corridors.

FEED BABY SLOWLY.

ONE OF THE MOST IMPORTANT FACTORS IN CHILD REARING.

Reasons Why Food Should Not Be Tumbled Rapidly Into the Little Stomach—Advice Which Applies to Grown Folks as Well as Babes.

In the proper bringing up of a child there is nothing absolutely more important than this one thing—to teach it to eat slowly.

Every groom knows and observes the rule in the care of a horse that rapid eating is fatal to digestion. There are all sorts of patent mangers to prevent the horse swallowing his oats too quickly. The man who has no patent manger knows enough, when necessary, to put a stone in the manger, scattering the oats around it, so that the horse may be compelled to eat slowly. If the horse's inclination is to gulp down water too fast, the careful man will put a big sponge in the water, compelling slow drinking.

A child's appetite, when he is allowed to eat rapidly, is always in excess of his actual needs unless the child is in bad health. The reason for this is extremely simple. The child craves food because his body requires to manufacture new tissue. He is growing, and he must not only replace the used up tissues that his daily life destroys, but he must make new flesh, new muscles, new bone and new blood every day, adding weight and size.

The sensation of hunger is not the craving of an empty stomach, satisfied as soon as the stomach is filled; it is a craving that is felt by the nerves all over the body. This craving cannot possibly be satisfied until the stomach has begun the work of transforming the food into blood, flesh, muscles, etc.; consequently the sensation which we call hunger persists long after the child or grown person has rapidly absorbed as much food as it really needs.

A million foolish parents urge their children to eat a great deal and always let them eat as much as they want to. Yet all of these know that a famished man taken off a wreck will eat himself to death if allowed to do so. The very hungry child goes to the same excess, only in a lesser degree. The great safeguard against that excess in eating, which kills 90 per cent of men before their time and which accounts for 99 per cent of children's diseases, is slow eating.

Nearly all children eat too rapidly. They do so by nature. Slow eating is a matter of education. But too often the mother or the nurse teaches the child the habit of eating fast. When the baby is little, it is fed one spoonful at a time. Before it has time to half chew or even gulp down the first teaspoonful of food another is held to its lips. Of course it swallows what it has in its mouth and seizes upon the next mouthful. The habit thus inculcated by foolish adults often ruins the child permanently.

Four factors count in the healthy assimilation of food, factors which parents and nurses should remember. Assuming the food to be properly prepared, thoroughly cooked and wisely selected, there comes, first, the work of the teeth, which prepare the food for easy digestion; second, the action of the saliva, with which the food must be thoroughly mixed in order to minimize the necessary work of the gastric juices in the stomach; third, the work of the stomach itself; fourth, and most important, a proper supply of blood and of heat.

Force your child to chew slowly and thoroughly every mouthful. If nothing else will do, compel him at frequent intervals to lay down his knife and fork that the importance of prolonged chewing may be impressed upon him. Don't allow your child to gulp down water or any other liquid with his solid food. If you allow him to drink while he eats, the salivary glands will not act. They will not need to act, for he will be able to swallow his food easily when it is made moist by water.

You can't do anything to help along the unconscious process which goes on in the stomach, but you can do everything to help that process by attending to the fourth necessity, which demands blood and the heat of the blood in the stomach. Allow no child after eating to take violent exercise, to study or even to read an exciting book. The brain has first call upon the service of the heart, and as soon as the brain is excited the blood leaves the stomach and goes to the head. The muscles also when too violently exerted draw the blood away from the stomach.

It is absolutely impossible for a child or a grown person to digest properly or to get strength and vitality from what he eats unless for at least a half hour after eating the stomach be allowed to monopolize the blood supply.

Children should be kept quiet in some way, especially very young children, after they have eaten. In the case of very young babies nature attends to this mercifully by making them go to sleep as soon as they have absorbed their milk. Older children ought not to go to sleep directly after eating for physiological reasons which may be explained at some other time; but they ought to be quiet and calm. Tens of thousands of children in homes where this newspaper is read are ruined in health by studying right after meals. The public school system which gives children too short a resting period in the middle of the day is responsible partly for this, and the home studies at night are also responsible.

Every word that is said here applies to grownup people, of whom not one in a hundred has ever been taught to apply to himself such common sense care as is bestowed on a second class horse.—New York Journal.

What He Did.

Cassidy—Oi hear Flanagan called ye a lolar.

Casey—He did so.

Cassidy—An' phwat did ye do?

Casey—I did Flanagan.—Philadelphia Press.

Wrong Was Right.

Biggs—You say Brown is enjoying very poor health. Don't you know that is incorrect?

Boggs—Not in this case. Brown is never happy unless he has something to complain about.

CURIOSITIES OF MICA.

Its Appearance Before It Is Split Into Sheets.

The mica as it comes from the mines is in blocks which are theoretically short rhombic prisms, but practically are scarcely recognizable as such, having a very rough and uneven contour. They have a very perfect cleavage parallel to the base and may be split into laminæ thinner than the thinnest tissue paper, and these laminæ form the familiar transparent stove panes and lamp chimneys. The exterior portions of these blocks are opaque, brittle and worthless, presumably from the penetration of water, for mica soon decomposes when exposed to any considerable weathering. A thick layer of plates has therefore to be removed from either face of the blocks before any mica of commercial size or value is reached, and the sheets split from the remainder are surrounded by a wide margin of worthless material.

But the difficulties and losses of mica mining are far from being all enumerated. Even when occurring in blocks of commercial size it is rendered valueless, or comparatively so, by one or more of a series of defects, which may be classed as color, specks, ruling, ribbing and wedge formation. It sometimes occurs literally pied with black dots, consisting in general of black oxide of iron or garnet, and when even a few of these are present its commercial value is destroyed, because such mica when used as an insulator is peculiarly liable to puncture, the specks forming practically short circuits for the electric current. The same is true of streaks, which are sometimes turned to red rust.

Some otherwise excellent mica is found to be ruled or cut, as it were, with a series of perfectly straight lines, parallel to one side of the crystal, so that on being split the mica falls immediately into strips; or, again, instead of being striped or ruled, the mica is often deeply ribbed or corrugated parallel to the adjacent edges of the crystal, so as to give the appearance of the letter A, or, rather, V, whence it is termed "A mica." As the ribbed portion has to be cut away in the sheet, such mica is unprofitable unless the blocks be large. Wedge mica is that in which the block is thicker at one end than the other, the laminæ partaking in the unevenness. Such blocks are wholly worthless except as scrap.—Engineering Magazine.

OLD FASHIONED.

What has become of the old fashioned woman who said, "Oh, now you hush"?

What has become of the old fashioned man who had his picture taken in lodge regalia?

What has become of the old fashioned woman who wore a long gold chain around her neck?

What has become of the old fashioned woman who did things in three shakes of a lamb's tail?

What has become of the old fashioned woman who referred to the best room in her house as "the room"?

What has become of the old fashioned home where the children sat with their noses at the window every night watching for their father?

What has become of the old fashioned girl who, as soon as she became engaged, got out her crochet needle and began to make her own trimmings?—Atchison Globe.

Took the Hint.

A story is told of a certain English bishop well known for his verbosity who rose to address the house of lords on a very important occasion. "I will divide my speech under twelve heads," he said, to the discomfort of his audience.

The Marquis of Salisbury begged to be allowed to interpose with a little anecdote. "A friend of mine was returning home late one night," he said, "when opposite St. Paul's he saw an intoxicated man trying to ascertain the time on the big clock there. Just as it began to strike and slowly tolled out 12. The man listened, looked hard at the clock and said: 'Confound you, why couldn't you have said that all at once?'"

The bishop heartily joined in the laughter which followed and took the hint contained in the story.

Two Good Whist Hands.

Once upon a time two young men and two young women were playing whist, and quite frequently one of the young men and one of the young women found that their fingers were intwined under the table, out of sight.

This finger contact did not in the least disconcert them—in fact, they appeared to enjoy the play much more than did the other young woman and young man.

Moral.—The enjoyment of the game depends on the hands that are held.—New York Herald.

Children's Play In Germany.

It is a common belief in south Germany that if children play soldiers very often in the street a war is coming, and if they play "funeral" an epidemic will come over the land, and many deaths will result. The relator of this tells that, when a boy, he with others played "funeral" in front of the house of an old miser in his native town in Germany. The miser became much excited and exclaimed, "I will not die yet!" and made complaint to the police that the boys should be arrested and punished.

Equal.

Some years ago at a Mardi Gras ball at the Hopkins Institute of Art a man masked, approached a woman, masked, and asked her for a dance, as in considered right and proper at Mardi Gras.

"But I don't know you, sir," said the lady in her most icy tone.

"Well, I'm taking as big a risk as you are," replied the man.

An Interloper's Explanation.

"Now, then," cried the deep voiced woman, "what has made female suffrage possible?"

"Male sufferance," replied the rude man who had no business to be there at all.—Philadelphia Press.

Wealth does not make a home. It takes thoughtful, sympathetic companions to make a home.

DISTILLED WATER.

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Boil a gallon of water until there is but a quart left, and this quart will contain all the impurities of the gallon and in exactly four times as impure as before. Continue the boiling, and all the impurities—animal, vegetable and mineral, except the gases thrown off—will be reduced to one solid mass. The water which is evaporated and passed off as steam is very nearly pure. But, you will say, it kills the dangerous germs. We will suppose it does, but their remains furnish material for bacterial life to feed upon. Do you relish the idea of eating in food or drinking their dead and decomposing bodies, which poison the water by their decomposition? The fact is scientific investigation has proved that boiling only kills the feeblest, not the least injurious, germs.

Try a simple experiment. Put unboiled city water in one bottle and the same that has been boiled for half an hour or more in another, cork tightly and keep in the sun or in a warm place for a week or longer and note the difference. The unboiled water will show a marked depreciation in looks, taste and smell, but that which has been boiled will be seen to decline in these respects that no one would think of using it. In comparison with these you can submit a properly sealed bottle of pure distilled water to the same conditions, and at the end of a year it will be found to be as pure, sweet and perfect as when first bottled.

The purest and best and the only absolutely safe water to use for drinking and the preparation of all foods and artificial drinks is that produced by distillation, but the most imperfect one produces a water far superior in purity and healthfulness to the very best spring waters under their most favorable conditions. The nearest approach to it in purity is rainwater, which is distilled water of nature's own production, when collected on clean surfaces, in uninhabited sections, where the air is pure and uncontaminated by smoke, dust, city and factory gases, etc.—Sanitarian.

SOME WRITERS.

Locke is said to have spent over six years in the preparation of his essay, "On the Human Understanding."

Lamartine, the great French poet, was happily married and received great aid from his wife in all his undertakings.

The great Dante was married to a notorious scold, and when he was in exile he had no desire to see her, although she was the mother of his six children.

Wolfe is said to have written "The Burial of Sir John Moore" in one evening directly after news had been brought of the defeat at Coruna and the death of the gallant British officer.

A friend of the late Walter Besant relates that the novelist always kept on his desk before him a list of the characters of the novel he happened to be at work on, their relationship and appearance.

Hans Christian Andersen formed his style by narrating his stories to various groups of children before he wrote them down. His one thought was to become famous, and he was very careful not to make any enemies.

Dickens says in the introduction to "David Copperfield" that he spent two years in the composition of that novel. He did not usually require so long a time, many of his novels being finished in less than a year and most of his shorter stories in a few days.

Animals and Salt.

Among certain people there is a strong idea that nothing is worse for dogs than salt, but as a matter of fact, when administered in small quantities, it materially assists the process of digestion. There is no doubt, however, that to give dogs or any other animals broth or pot liquor in which salt pork or bacon has been boiled would be almost equivalent to giving them a small dose of poison. The use of salt among horses, cattle and sheep is advocated by the highest veterinary authorities. Pigs, on the contrary, are extremely susceptible to the poisonous influence of the agent, and experiments have been made which had, after small doses regularly administered, fatal results. Habitually, as a matter of course, all animals consume a certain portion of salt, as it exists in certain proportions in most articles of food.—London Mail.

Tilden's Dog.

At one of the early dog shows Samuel J. Tilden bought an immense Great Dane dog. "What's his name?" asked a visitor.

"Ask him," said Mr. Tilden.

"What good would that do?"

"It's his name," was the reply.

So it was—"Askim."

The dog knew a number of tricks, but would only perform when fed. "He'd make a good politician," said his owner as he gave him a bone.—New York World.

At the Parting of the Ways.

"Do you take this man to be your wedded husband?" asked the justice of the peace.

"I—I don't know whether to do it or not, squire," said the young woman, wiping her eyes. "He's got the money from me to pay for the license. I don't [illegible], and I'd hate to see $2 wasted."—Chicago Tribune.

Dog's Teeth.

De Style—He pulled fifteen teeth from me.

Gunbusta—He's no dentist.

De Style—I know it, but he pried open the dog's mouth and yanked him off.—New York Telegram.

Hungary hopes to be able to raise cotton, although the warm season is shorter than is required, and the plant requires seven months to ripen. The difficulty is to be overcome by special preparation of the seed and by adding certain properties to the soil.

California leads the country in the development of electrical power from water. She has the three largest power transmission lines in the world. The first successful experiment in that line in this country was made in Pomona in 1891.

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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.

Bright's Disease Is Positively Curable.

Interview with the pioneer manufacturer, N. W. Spaulding, president of the Spaulding Saw Company, San Francisco.

Q.—We are told a member of your family was cured of a case that the doctors pronounced Bright's Disease, although it is believed to be incurable?

A.—That is correct.

Q.—Don't you think the facts ought to be known?

A.—Yes. If it will help anyone else you may say that a cure was effected.

Q.—You say physicians had diagnosed the case as Bright's Disease?

A.—Several had. They told us the condition was critical, when my brother, who had been helped by the Fulton Compound, told us of it, and I sent for it.

Q.—Was it long before a change was noted?

A.—In a few weeks the improvement was marked. The sleep was better, and there was a gradual return to health, although it was a year before we considered the cure full and permanent.

Q.—Know of any other cases?

A.—Numbers of them. I'm sure I told scores about it.

Q.—Were there any failures?

A.—I know of none where it was taken in season.

Q.—Can you recall any individual cures?

A.—Several. I told an English acquaintance about it. He began to mend and ultimately recovered, and took a supply of the Compound with him on his return to England. I consider it a cure for Bright's Disease when taken in time. It ought not to be permitted to die with its aged discoverer, and I am glad to see business men are going to perpetuate it.

Medical works agree that Bright's Disease and Diabetes are incurable, but 87 per cent. are positively recovering under the Fulton Compounds. (Common forms of kidney complaint and rheumatism offer but short resistance.) Price, $1 for the Bright's Disease and $1.50 for the Diabetic Compound. John J. Fulton Co., 420 Montgomery St., San Francisco, sole compounders. Free tests made for patients. Descriptive pamphlet mailed free.

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. Café Bland fills the void with the best elements of both. It is richer than straight coffee, and many will not be easily convinced that it is not all coffee. But we guarantee that Cafe Bland contains less than fifty per cent coffee, which is scientifically blended with nutritious fruits and grains, thus not only displacing over fifty per cent of the caffein, but neutralizing that which remains and still retaining the rich coffee flavor. To those who suffer with the heart, to dyspeptics and to nervous people Café Bland is especially recommended as a healthful and delicious beverage, so satisfying that only the member of the family making the change in the coffee knows there has been one. More healthful, richer and less expensive than straight coffee. Better in every respect. 25 cents per lb. Your grocer will get it for you Ask for

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Pronounced caf-fay—accent on last syllable

Unappreciative.

A certain politician, eminent but not refined, made Samuel J. Tilden a business call at his Gramercy Park mansion. Wishing to be particularly nice to him, the old gentleman got out a bottle of Johannisberger Schloss, the rarest of Rhine wines, and began to decant the contents into a minute glass, sniffing the savor of the juice and taking great pains to indicate that a treat was coming. A tray with some large glasses was at hand. The politician reached for one and, grasping the precious bottle by the neck, dumped half the contents into it and drank it all at one gulp. Mr. Tilden eyed him malevolently and did not try to prolong the visit. When the door closed behind the guest, he said with a snap:

"Blast him! The next time he comes I'll give him beer."—New York World.