Food For Powder

A Tale of Dr. Jameson's Raid — By P. Y. BLACK

Copyright, 1901, by P. Y. Black.

THE moon was hanging, a thin crescent, just above the horizon when Lawrence awoke. The stars still shone. Day, however, could not be far off, and the hours before dawn were too chilly to permit sleep. He pecked about for a few sticks and found them. Piling them together with fingers that shook pitifully, he tried to light a little fire, but again his hand shook so that every one of the matches in his box was struck in vain. Cursing, he turned to the core shaped, abandoned ant hill which had sheltered him to some extent from the night wind and began to roll his blanket. That was as wet with dew as though river soaked and heavy. He rolled it soldierwise and slung it across his body. Then very stiffly he stumbled back to the road and cursed again as the old veldtschoen he wore stubbed on the ruts of passing heavy ox wagons, and his already bruised feet were freshly tortured.

"Blast the country," he groaned, "and the man who forced me out to it."

The moon was instantly hid by massy clouds as he spoke, and he was left in sudden shadows. He laughed and looked up at the sky.

"Shocking, isn't it?" he sneered. "No wonder you run away. Of course it is very wrong to curse one's father."

As he halted, shivering, the unmistakable and most characteristic sound of lonely veldt roads reached him from the front. He heard the creak of heavy wheels as a wagon jolted toward him, and the clack of oxen's long horns against the wooden yokes, the shrill protesting call of the voerloeper to the leaders and the rifle crack of the driver's long, unerring lash. Lawrence listened at first with some interest, then with disgust, for the voices borne on the wind were those of neither Boer nor Englander, but of Kaffirs. In his present state of mind he was too exhausted, too wretched, too desperately furious with himself and his present state, the punishment for his past, to desire company. An utterly miserable man seeks no wordy consolation. Like dying deer, he hunts solitude. His stomach, however, craved heating food; but, though he might have asked for coffee from a Boer, he could not of a native.

He came to a puzzled standstill as something entirely novel and unexpected reached his ears. Rising above the rumble of the wagon there now came song. Lawrence bent forward, frowning. He felt as if intrusive strangers were rudely meddling with his affairs, offering him advice. He had felt much the same once when he had wandered by chance into the evening meeting of a mission on the rand, and a youth, laying a familiar hand upon his shoulder, had asked if he were saved. This song of the dawn was a hymn and very well known to him, or had been once. The words were not those he had sung when, a rosy boy in white surplice, he had stood in the choir of the old school chapel at home, but the music—there is no need to translate music into the Kaffir tongues. That escaped the curse of Babel, and therein at least all men and angels can understandingly converse. From mission trained lips there came the hymn, sweetly breathing through the grasses. Unconsciously Lawrence accompanied them in English:

"When other comforts fail and helpers flee,
Help of the helpless, then abide with me."

He stumbled off the trail and sought to hide in the maze of shadows from cloud and tree which strewed the plain. There was no tear in his eye, but his throat was choked. He shook with unreasoning rage against the black nonentities who had thus added to his despair by flashing his dead innocence into momentary memory so clearly and vividly. He was too late and too sore to get out of sight. They passed close by in the now awakening morning. He turned his eyes to the veldt, but the song ceased, and he knew they were watching him. The swinging oxen lumbered past, and the voerloeper's cry and the lash crack sounded soon behind him, but he would not look round. Then came pattering bare feet, and a child with wide black eyes slipped to his side and, murmuring "Baas," held up to the gaunt, bearded, dusty, ragged, shivering Englishman a tin cup full of smoking black coffee. He gulped it ravenously without speech, and the little negro darted away with the empty cup. For a minute Lawrence stood staring unseeingly before him, his lips twitching convulsively. Then he dropped in the road, his face covered by his hands, and sobbed. What matter of remorse and penitence there might be in the chemistry of his tears it would be hard to tell, but the shame faced curse that sprang from his lips as at last he rose up betrayed the hurt his pride sustained at having fallen so low as to excite the pity even of a naked, half starved Kaffir.

A mile more was wearily trudged, and at last he came to the boundary line which separates the Transvaal from British Bechuanaland. A low house stood almost on the surveyed line—a canteen—and from its open door came more melody. The sun was now up, and the air was already warmed. Comfortable smells of cooking meats drifted out to the roadway, and smoke ascended from the chimney in the building's rear. As Lawrence stopped to reconnoiter a shout gave witness to the existence of a company within, a joyous company.

"Three, four—Nap, hand over, you toper!"

"Beastly luck! No more Nap. Hi you, Alphonse, Jupiter, Gabriel. What's your heathen name? Bring us the dice. I'll throw you for a drink before breakfast's ready. Come, best of three!"

"I'm with you!

"Oh, dig my grave both wide and deep,
With a jug of punch at my head and feet!"

Lawrence stepped to the door and looked in. Two tall young fellows were throwing dice at a table, glasses at their elbows. They were dressed in a dull yellowish uniform of corduroy stuff, with spurred boots and broad brimmed campaign hats. Lawrence knew them at once for troopers of the Bechuanaland force. They looked up and eyed him with swift scrutiny as he stepped inside, still tremulous with hunger and the chill of the heavy night dews. He seemed an utter wreck, a confirmed tramp, but that did not de-

They shook hands on that, and Donne called the servant.

bar him from a greeting in a restless country where nearly every pioneer has at some time been a wallaber.

"Morning, matey," said a trooper cheerfully. "Camped on the veldt last night?"

Lawrence slipped off his blanket roll and essayed to answer with some appearance of a similar cheerfulness.

"Good morning," he said. "Yes, that was my ill fortune, and I fancy that even in Africa there are occasionally obtainable more sumptuous couches."

The troopers laughed and looked again at him more keenly. In the freemasonry of gentlemanhood there is no need of grip. The voice is countersign. The troopers asked him to sit down.

"We can sympathize with you," said the first speaker, and at once the ruder salutation of "matey" was discarded. "Most of us have sought the lee of a rock in our time. Allow me. My name is Donne, and my friend is Wyvil, both guileless products of Harrow."

"Harrow?" cried Lawrence, with a sudden flush of anxiety. "Ah, yes, but you must have been long after my time. My name is—ah—Lawrence, also of Harrow and Trinity, Cam."

They shook hands on that, and Donne called the servant.

"Such a coincidence," said he, "as that of three old Harrovians meeting in desert wilds must not be allowed to pass untoasted. Won't you take something to kill that chill? Hi, you! Lay another plate for breakfast."

At the meal the wreck exerted himself to be agreeable in spite of his weariness, misery and longing for sleep and forgetfulness. He was forced to think. Those who would follow him were not likely to be long behind, and he recognized the need of doing something to hide himself. The troopers were lads of an equal lightness of heart and head, at least a dozen years younger than he. Lawrence fastened to the youngsters and later in the day, shaved and groomed, he rode away with them on a hired horse to the not far distant barracks. He had been many things in his long exile, and death had spared him in brawl and desert and fever. In trooper guise, the desolate outcast hoped the end of it all might come more surely. Also people would not be so curious of the identity of a fallen soldier as of that of a man scaffold hung.

* * * * * * *

A galloping horseman came sweeping down the trek from the direction of the Transvaal. His sweating horse dashed past the railway station without stopping, although an official yelled to the rider as he passed.

"Is that true we've heard about Dr. Jim?"

"True!" the horseman shouted back and was instantly beyond hearing, as the anxious looking railroad man raised his hands in wondering vexation.

The horseman put his mount to the steep, rutted, muddy road which led to the town and pressed it onward without pause. At a canteen midway a Dutchman ran out, followed by his customers.

"Wacht een beety's!" the landlord cried. "We'st, Dr. Jim?"

"A prisoner!" shouted the rider and spurred on, while the Boers retired within with loud jests and happy smiles.

At the edge of the town the last house on the main street was a hotel, and there the horseman threw himself off. His horse was at once taken charge of and led to the stables, and its rider was met by a middle aged woman.

"Is it true, John?" she asked as he went into the bar and was surrounded by many men drinking there, whose eyes reiterated the question. "The wires say hardly anything."

"The fellows at Johannesburg did not keep their word. They were not ready or flunked or something. Our men were surrounded by the Boers. There was some fighting. A number of English are killed. The rest are prisoners on their way to Pretoria."

"Oh, John, can it be true?" his wife asked in horror.

"I got it straight from the Jew who keeps the place at Jankill, and Boers were there who had come right from the battle. There's no doubt of it, and, for my part, all I've got to say is that Paul Kruger, though he's always praying, has the devil's own luck."

There was silence in the Englishman's hotel as gloomy as the noise in the Boer's canteen was hilarious. After awhile the wife behind the bar spoke again.

"There was many a lad known in Vryburg with Dr. Jim. Did you hear of any of them?"

"Field Cornet Hofbauer was at Jankill—the same that bought the farm Mafeking way. I was in too great a hurry to get home to ask much. The Transvaal Boers are too cocky after their victory to make it pleasant there for an Englishman, but Hofbauer knew Vane and Butler and Corporal Donne, and he says they were not among the prisoners, so"—

The woman began to cry.

"Did you ask after Wyvil, poor boy? He had a letter saying his scrape was all arranged and he was going home."

"He can, if they don't hang him at Pretoria."

The customers protested loudly.

"Prisoners of war!" they cried. "Oom Paul wouldn't dare!"

"I wasn't aware there was any war," said the host dryly. "Not more at least than there would be between me and any burgher who broke into this house. This whole business of the raid was a mistake."

"I wonder," said his wife again, "how the quiet man made out—him that joined a week ago and was so silent and sad and yet so eager for a fight—the one that played the piano there so lovely for the lads when they were having their fun here o' nights. There's the pocketbook he forgot the night the lieutenant called them off so sudden. Corporal Donne was singing—the poor, wild lads, little they knew what business they were called for—

"Oh, dig my grave both wide and deep,
With a jug of punch at my head and feet!"

The good woman choked.

"Heard nothing of him," her husband answered. "Wipe your eyes, Mag. Here are carriages from the station. The train must be in from Kimberley."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Hard to Get an Opinion.

I have always wanted to know what disorder the medical world considers most painful, so I asked a prominent physician in Fourteenth street about it.

"Without doubt," said he, "an abscess of the ear inflicts the most excruciating agony a human being is ever compelled to endure."

I went over to Thirteenth street and asked a physician there the same question, telling him what the Fourteenth street man had said. Two other doctors happened to be in the room. The Thirteenth street man grinned.

"Did Dr. G. say that?" said he. "Well, I dare say he thinks he's right. I remember he had an abscess in his own ear once. From experience in my own practice, however, I should say that, while other things may last longer, the most intense pain any one ever endures is caused by an attack of acute indigestion."

He looked at the other medical men for confirmation of his opinion. One of them leaned forward earnestly.

"What did you take for it?" he asked, and the Thirteenth street man merely blushed.—Washington Post.

Crowing In Lent.

"During the season of Lent," says the London Chronicle, "it was anciently the custom of the watchmen to crow the hour of the night instead of shouting it, the intention being doubtless to remind sleepless sinners of the effect the third crowing of the cock had on St. Peter. This custom, too, was observed at the royal court, an officer known as 'the king's cock crower' performing the duty within the precincts of the palace.

"On the first Ash Wednesday after the accession of the house of Hanover, as the then Prince of Wales, afterward George II., was at supper, this officer entered and crowed 'past 10 o'clock.' The astonished prince mistook the crow for an insult and rose to resent it, but was made to understand with some difficulty that the custom was in accordance with court etiquette. The custom was from that time discontinued."

Malay Weapons.

The national Malay weapon, the creese, is said to have been invented by a Javanese monarch of the fourteenth century. Its varieties are said to exceed a hundred, and there are in Javanese no fewer than fifty names for them. It varies in size, from the two foot wavy blade of Sulu down to a mere toothpick. But the peculiarity is that the weapon is never ground, but kept rough and sawlike in edge by scouring with lime juice or the juice of an unripe pineapple, sometimes mixed with arsenic, and it is on this account that creese wounds are so dangerous.

Old specimens are so eaten away by this practice that the blade seems formed from a bunch of wires roughly welded up. Such creeses are highly valued, and some of the ancient ones, heirlooms of chiefs, with grotesquely carved and inlaid hilts and sheaths, are almost unpurchasable.

Where Theft Is Not Robbery.

In China theft is so common that nobody notices it. A young Chinaman once slipped three oranges up his sleeve at a party. While making his bow at parting the oranges slipped out and rolled on to the floor. He accounted for the awkward event by saying that his mother was very fond of oranges. His fault was straightway overlooked, and he was afterward held up as an instance of filial piety. There are several proverbs which go to show that the folk think lightly of stealing. One says that "when tailors cease to pilfer cloth their children will have to go without food," and another declares, "When silversmiths do not steal, they will certainly starve."

The Trifling Brother.

"Br'er Jenkins, you so triflin' dat I ve'ly believes ef you wuz 'pinted ter be watchman at de pearly gates de fust t'ing you'd do would be ter let down en go fas' asleep."

"Br'er Thomas, you may well say dat, kaze I'd sho' feel so good over de 'p'intment I'd des nachully hatter go ter sleep ter dream ef it wuz true."—Atlanta Constitution.

Discovered.

A story is told of a little girl who asked one morning at the breakfast table, "Mamma, is hash animal or vegetable?"

"Animal, my dear," replied mamma.

"Then," cried the little one triumphantly, holding up a tiny bone, "here's the hash's tooth!"

A Ready Reply.

Foote's ready reply to the caution, "Your handkerchief, sir, is hanging out of your pocket," was of high merit, both from the surprise and for the cordial way in which the caution was accepted—"Thank you, sir; you know the company better than I do."—Gentleman's Magazine.

It is never right to say what one does not mean, but why not mean the nice things? Insincerity does not necessarily follow in the wake of politeness.—Ladies' Home Journal.

It will do you more good to acknowledge your faults than it will do your enemies.—Atchison Globe.

BURIED BY BROWN.

ECCENTRICITIES OF NEW YORK'S MOST NOTED SEXTON.

For Many Years He Ministered to the Aristocracy of the City at Grace Church, and His Name Adorns a Tablet on Its Walls.

It used to be said that a stranger who was visiting New York for the first time and asked his hotel clerk for advice as to what he should do on Sunday morning would find his doubts quickly reduced to the alternative, "Go over to Brooklyn and hear Beecher" or "Go to Grace church and see Brown." No prelate of the Episcopal church was so widely known either in or beyond his New York diocese as this valiant guardian of old Grace, whose income, it was estimated, was greater than that of any man in the cloth and whose power in society was even more feared than that of any bishop.

He received his appointment as sexton from the Rev. Dr. Thomas House Taylor, and, while Dr. Taylor has been long forgotten, Sexton Brown is still almost as much remembered in the great city as Jim Fisk, A. T. Stewart or Charles Delmonico.

Brown would cultivate the acquaintance of head waiters and cooks, securing the latest information as to the social plans of their masters and mistresses, and whenever he learned that a party or a ball was under consideration he would offer his services to deliver the invitations or look after the comfort of the guests or superintend their arrival and departure in their carriages. Beginning in this humble way, it was not long before he gained the good will of distinguished patrons.

His authoritative manner, too, was admirable for such occasions. Indeed the host himself could hardly issue a command to his menials with the suavely peremptory emphasis which Brown employed. Such was his deportment and such his trustworthy zeal that it was said that no one in Grace church could be properly feasted or buried or could even say his prayers without the assistance of Brown, and eventually it became something like a dictum in a large portion of society that nobody could be married in New York in truly first class style unless Brown's presence blessed the bridal party.

Nor did any detail that might be wanting for the personal comfort of the congregation escape his vigilant eye. It was a habit of old Peter Stuyvesant, for example, to keep in his pew a thermometer. As soon as he had taken his seat he would consult it. One winter morning when the temperature was extremely low the furnaces of the church got out of order, and Brown's assistants were able to force through them only enough heat to lessen the chill a little. It occurred to Brown that the condition of the atmosphere would not be conducive to either the piety or the comfort of the aged Stuyvesant. When the old gentleman arrived within the porch of the church, he was shivering with the cold, but without attracting his attention Brown, who knew that the first thing he would do would be to step into his pew and examine the thermometer, slipped in ahead, pressed one of his fat fingers to the little glass bulb and chuckled as he saw the mercury ascend to 72. When Stuyvesant reached the pew, he consulted the thermometer as usual, looked around wonderingly, but evidently concluded that the church must be warm enough and that therefore it must be himself who was cold.

Brown's funeral was marked by much of the pomp and circumstance which he himself had so often provided for the rich and the great. The wits said that it was the first in forty years that had been a perfectly correct performance without his individual guidance. He had died in the little town of Brandford one August night in 1880. There he had been in the habit of taking his summer rest. He had been overcome by the heat while attending a wedding at Brandford, and that summer he complained, probably for the first time in his life, of ill health. One of his orders was that his body should be placed in a casket of polished Spanish cedar.

A more ponderous casket had never been carried up the aisle of Grace church. It was rich with silver and velvet. It was so heavy—its interior being large enough for two ordinary corpses—that the eight Knights Templars who bore it into the church almost staggered with their burden. Upon it lay their cocked hats with waving ostrich plumes. Within the chancel stood four of the clergy, in the pews were the representatives of some of the proudest families of the city, and a long line of men and women filed into the church showing all the signs of sorrow for an old friend and neighbor.

On the left hand side of Grace church as one turns after entering the porch under the bell tower and near where Brown was wont for more than a generation to take his station every Sunday is a shining brass tablet. It was there placed by members of the congregation in token of him who is described upon it as "The Faithful Sexton" and whom they "gladly recall for his fidelity, his generosity and his stainless integrity." It is next to the bas-relief which commemorates the virtues of the illustrious Cadwallader D. Colden, once mayor of New York—what greater posthumous glory would Brown have craved?—and is not less conspicuous than the old tablet on the opposite side which was erected to the memory of Henry Brevoort, whose family was derived in "unbroken descent from the colonists of New Netherlands."—Ladies' Home Journal.

Napoleon at Work.

Napoleon had his particular mode of meditation and work. When he was not in council, he stayed in his study, talked to himself and sung or, like a child, cut the arms of his chair, then, suddenly rising up, would give the plan of a monument to be erected or of one of the great military movements which astonished the world.

Executive Ability.

Little Clarence—Pa, what is executive ability?

Mr. Callipers—Executive ability, my son, is the capacity for making some one else paddle your canoe for you.—Judge.

PET DOG WASHERS.

The Queer Trade That Flourishes In the French Capital.

As you walk along certain parts of Paris your attention is sometimes attracted by the barking of a dog, and on such an occasion one of the queerest of the outdoor trades of Paris is seen. Near the water's edge, his black coat flecked thickly with soapsuds, stands the dog, and over him, energetically shampooing the soap into the long, hairy coat, stands one of the professional dog washers who haunt the banks of the Seine at stated spots from the Pont d'Iena to the Pont Neuf. These men lather and wash pet dogs while their owners look on from conveniently placed chairs. The fees range from 5 sous to a franc. When the soaping operation is completed, the dog is dropped into the river and encouraged to get rid of the dirt and soap by a swim.

Sometimes the pet will swim straight out, while the fair owner is in agonies of fear lest some swiftly passing steamer should strike it and end its bathing and swimming days forever. On more than one occasion the dog washer has been driven to plunge in and rescue the bewildered animal lest the infuriated owner should claim compensation for his carelessness. With some Parisiennes this weekly pet washing is a ceremony of importance. The dainty lady, alighting from her smart victoria, goes down the steps to the washing place chosen, preceded by her footman carrying or leading the dog, as the case may be, and then, seated under a sunshade, she directs the toilet of Fifi or Nero with tender solicitude. The toilet des chiens at the fashionable spots includes warm, fleecy towels, a peignoir de bain while the dog's hair is being curled, combed, singed or cut, and a length of ribbon of a selected color to tie round its neck at the finish.

A fee of 5 francs cannot be considered excessive for a "toilet" including a clipping during which Fifi or Nero is held firmly by the lady proprietress of the etablissement des bains, while her assistant uses the patent shears. When all has been completed, the victim, waggi- his tail with conscious pride, proceeds to the carriage with his proud and happy mistress and drives away in state, yelping at dogs less aristocratic than he.—Wide World Magazine.

FLOWER AND TREE.

Heavy pruning of growing trees will check growth.

Flowering plants should never be watered with cold water. It chills the plants.

The Madeira vine is one of the best climbers, having a wreath of leaves equaled by few other plants.

Repotting of plants becomes necessary at intervals for two reasons. The plant uses up the available fertility in the soil and fills the pots with roots.

The ink plant of New Granada is a curiosity. The juice of it can be used as ink without any preparation. At first the writing is red, but after a few hours it changes to black.

In watering the primrose observe this: Water should not be poured upon the crown of the plant nor the pot filled so full that the water flows over into it. This is fatal to the health of the plant.

To destroy aphides or plant lice dip the ends of the twigs into a strong tea made by steeping tobacco stems in hot water or syringe with whale oil soapsuds, repeating the operation in six or seven days.

First Justice to Wear Gown.

"Few people, I venture to say, even in high official positions, know what justice first wore the gown in the supreme court of the United States," said an authority on the subject recently. "When Justice John Jay took the office, he thought the members of the supreme bench should wear a gown of some sort. Accordingly he appeared in his own academic gown, which he wore by virtue of having received a degree from the University of Dublin, or, as it was then known, 'Trinity college.' It was a tricolored gown too. Such a garment would look peculiar now, since the black gown has been adopted."—Washington Post.

The Wrong Way.

Fathers and mothers who do not know how and where their sons and especially their young daughters spend their evenings are guilty of a negligence that is little short of criminal and that, too, often leads to sad consequences. The American habit of letting the young folks "have their own way" in choosing their associates and methods of recreation is responsible in every city for a good deal of evil that might be prevented by parental firmness judiciously exercised.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Highflown Language.

In the east the flow of language in praise of rulers is sometimes wonderful. The Burmese greeting Lord Curzon, viceroy of India, at the Royal lakes, declared that "his glory shines resplendent as the orb of day, his intellect is as farreaching as the lightning. May he be as glorious as the sun and moon!"

The Prince of Wales was extolled by an oriental subject as "great thief" under the impression that this was the highest possible compliment. Another monarch was named "the protector of all vegetables, regulator of the seasons, absolute master of the ebb and flow of the sea."

Only One Clean Thing.

When Jones was at Oxford, he was a most excellent fellow, and had only one enemy—soap. He was called Dirty Jones. One day the wag Brown went into his rooms and remonstrating with him on the untidy, slovenly and dirty state of everything said:

"Upon my word, Dirty, it's too bad. The only clean thing in your room is the towel!"

The Very Best.

Mrs. Nurich—I want some terrapins.

Dealer—Yes'm. Diamondbacks?

Mrs. Nurich—Yes, and see that the diamonds are of the first water.—Ohio State Journal.

I think you will find that people who honestly mean to be true really contradict themselves much more rarely than those who try to be consistent.—Holmes.

BUCKINGHAM WAS TAKEN.

They Had Him Sure Before Curtain and Actor Went Down.

During the first year of my travels as an actor I joined a troupe that was presenting Shakespearean tragedy. We senting Shakespearean tragedy. We were playing in one of the provincial cities of England when a new actor, an inexperienced amateur, joined the company and was assigned the role of Catesby in which to make his debut in the play of "Richard the Third." During the progress of the piece one of his new lines is after a quick entrance addressed to King Richard, and he says:

"My lord, the Duke of Buckingham is taken!"

I can remember that on the night of his first appearance he was frightfully nervous and was anxious to proclaim the fact that the Duke of Buckingham was taken, as he had been practicing and studying it for several weeks. The result was that he got the wrong cue and made his entrance before time, crying out:

"My lord, the Duke of Buckingham is taken!"

Richard turned to him and in an undertone said: "Get off! Get off! You're too soon."

The actor left the stage mortified and more "rattled" than ever, so that scarcely was he in the wings before he again made the same mistake and again proclaimed that the Duke of Buckingham was taken. Richard turned upon him for the second time and told him to leave the stage. He also whispered, "Somebody take care of that idiot and tell him when to make his entrance."

The prompter grabbed the actor by the hand and when the proper time came said: "Now is your time. Tell Richard he's taken."

The actor rushed upon the stage, hesitated, looked at Richard and then in a wild tone of voice exclaimed:

"We have him, by heaven, and we have him sure!"

I believe the curtain went down, and, if I remember rightly, the curtain was not the only thing that went down.—J. H. Stoddard in Saturday Evening Post

THE LOST CHILD.

A Dramatic Incident at an Ocean Grove Experience Meeting.

It had been an experience meeting. Ten thousand people were assembled in the great auditorium by the sea. There had been the handshake, the waving of handkerchiefs, the hymn, the prayer, the word which told the spiritual history of many a soul.

The bishop stood upon the platform in the act of pronouncing the benediction. Emotion was at its height. It seemed as if a spiritual wave had swept over the multitude, wrapping it in a divine caress.

At that moment a little child was passed up to the platform, and the bishop took it in his arms. "Lost child," were the whispered words. The baby put its dimpled arms about the bishop's neck and laid its head upon his shoulder, its yellow curls mingling with his gray hair.

"Lost child," said the bishop in his deep, sympathetic voice. "Does any one in the audience know this baby or to whom it belongs? Will the father or mother come and claim it?"

There was silence, and the baby nestled closer, and the women who sat near said, "Oh!"

Then a man was seen making his way to the altar. It was the baby's father. Instantly the child stretched out its arms to go to him. Then as he gave it up the bishop said:

"There are 10,000 lost souls in Ocean Grove. The Father's arms are waiting to receive them. So go to your Father's outstretched arms as has this little child."—Detroit Free Press.

Old Time Foods.

An old writer comments in the following quaint manner on the superiority of English food over that of the poor people in France: "They ate no bread that beans in were, but of cockret or clermatyn or else of clean wheat—ne no piece of bacon, but if it be fresh flesh: other, fish fried, other, bake."

But, for all that, the impossibility of obtaining fresh fish daily forced the ordinary layman to fall back upon the salted article, and the consumption of badly salted fish has since been pointed out as one of the chief causes of the mediæval scourge of leprosy.—London Chronicle.

The Earth to Be Like the Moon.

The water of the earth is all destined to disappear from the surface of the globe by being absorbed by subterranean rocks, with which it will form chemical combinations. The heavenly spheres exhibit sufficiently striking examples of such an evolution. The planet Mars shows what will become of the earth in some thousands of centuries. Its seas are only shallow Mediterraneans of less surface than the continents, and these do not appear to be very high, and in the appearance of the moon, all cracked and dried up, we have a view of the final state of the earth, for the absorption of the water by the solid nucleus will be followed by that of the atmosphere.

Palmerston and His Muscles.

Lord Palmerston died at his post two days before he was eighty-one, his faculties undimmed and his physical strength little affected by his advanced age. A hidden witness recorded a touching anecdote: A fortnight before his death he saw the old statesman come out of his London house early one morning, look around to assure himself that he was alone, then climb over the area railing around the house and back again to test the strength of his muscles.—Lippincott's Magazine.

One Price.

Customer (after beating the price down from $3.50 to $2.25)—What right have you to call this a "one price store?"

Dealer—Why not?

Customer—Why, you ask all kinds of prices.

Dealer—But, my dear sir, the price of a thing is not what is asked, but what is accepted for it.

Not Thirsty.

Lady—Have you given the goldfish fresh water?

New Servant—No, ma'am; they have not finished the water I gave them the other day.

BLAKE, MOFFITT & TOWNE — Importers and Dealers in Book, News, Writing and Wrapping... PAPERS
CARD STOCK
STRAW AND BINDERS' BOARD
55-57-59-61 First St.
Tel. Main 199. SAN FRANCISCO.

ANOTHER TEST CASE.

Bright's Disease and Diabetes Are Positively Curable.

While the Fulton Compounds were under examination, one of the investigators went to one of the best known physicians in San Francisco and asked him to name a certain case of Bright's disease for a test. He named C. H. Allen of El Paso, a former conductor of the S. P. Co., as beyond human aid. Eight physicians had declared the case chronic Bright's disease. It was typical—albumen, casts, dropsy, sleeplessness, night sweats and usual weakness, pains and distresses. Patient went on the Compound June 5, 1901. We now copy from the written reports.

June 15.—Improvement. Skin clearer. Color better. Albumen decreasing. Patient much encouraged.

June 25.—Continued improvement. More ambitious. Albumen diminishing. Night sweats beginning to yield.

July 13.—Not so favorable. Went to the country and began to bloat. Returned and feeling better, though not probably quite so well as last report. A favorable indication is the disappearance of the night sweats.

July 19.—Dropsy again disappearing. Albumen getting less and less.

Aug. 1.—Improvement continues.

Aug. 13.—Patient claims he is nearly well. Continued improvement, and patient recommended for light employment. Double analyses by railroad surgeons in El Paso show as follows:

Spec. Grav.	1028
Reaction	Acid
Sugar	None
Albumen	Trace
Exam. for Casts	None

At this writing, January 10, 1902, patient is not yet entirely recovered, but is still on the treatment and getting better continually.

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 pamphlets mailed free.

Crispi's Narrow Escape.

The Courrier des Etats Unis says that on Jan. 14, 1858, the late Francesco Crispi, the great Italian statesman, then a political refugee in Paris, received from an Italian friend connected with the Paris opera two gallery tickets for the performance of that evening, which the emperor and empress were expected to attend. Crispi and his wife were on the point of starting for the theater when the latter exclaimed, "Francesco, where shall we get a candle?"

They were in such destitution that they had neither candles nor matches nor yet the wherewithal to buy them. Going to the opera would involve groping for their room at midnight and going to bed in total darkness. Too proud to confess their condition and to borrow a few sous, they regretfully denied themselves the promised treat, remained in their room and retired before the twilight had faded.

On the following morning they learned of Orsini's attack on the emperor, the police raids and the arrest of all Italian revolutionists found in or near the theater. If Crispi had been in the house, he would certainly have been among the first arrested, for he was known as an ardent disciple of Mazzini.

Division General Poor Speller.

"When I was in the civil war," said General Grosvenor, "I had a division commander who was the finest looking man on a horse you ever saw. He was a good soldier, too, but he had some educational deficiencies. One day he thought to drill his division. After some maneuvering he got them lined up in column of fours to start.

"The proper command is 'Column, forward!' The general didn't know this, and he waved his sword in the air and yelled 'Column!' Not a man moved. The general had a voice you could hear half a mile. He stood up in his stirrups and yelled again, 'Column!' Still there was no move. Then he turned his horse and dashed back to the soldiers.

"'What's the matter?' he shouted, so loud that everybody on the parade ground could hear him. 'Can't you understand when I give a command? Column! Column! I'll spell it for you, you idiots—C-o-l-l-o-m!'"

Strange Effects of Extreme Cold.

Dr. Moss of the English polar expedition of 1875-77, among many other things, told of the strange effects of the extreme cold upon the candles they burned. The temperature was from 35 to 50 degrees below zero, and the doctor says he was considerably discouraged when upon looking at his candle he discovered that the flame "had all it could do to keep warm." It was so cold that the flame could not melt all of the tallow of the candle, but was forced to eat its way down, leaving a sort of skeleton candle standing. There was heat enough, however, to melt odd shaped holes in the thin walls of tallow, the result being a beautiful lace-like cylinder of white, with a narrow tongue of yellow flame burning on the inside and sending out many streaks of light into the darkness.

Eating Seals In England.

The water baily of London brought a "quick" seal to court, receiving 26 shillings 8 pence (1530), and in the same year the item "for bringing a cele" 15 shillings occurs. Seals were eaten, though they may have been kept as a curiosity. One was presented to Cromwell, Wolsey's successor in Henry's favor, though it died before he could have derived much pleasure from it. Perhaps he ate it. At Henry VII.'s wedding feast in 1487 one of the dishes was "seyle in fenyn, entirely served richly," and very rich it must have been. In Cromwell's accounts for 1537 William Wodehouse's servant brings a porpoise, and porpoises we know are eaten.—Good Words.

A Good Provider.

"Is your husband a good provider?" asked the sympathetic visitor.

"Indeed he is, mum. He got me three new places to wash last week."

Abernethy declared that the best time to eat was, for a rich man, when he could get appetite, and, for a poor man, when he could get food.