

# Food For Powder

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

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Young Wyll stuck fast to the side of the man whom first he had met at the cañon on the border, the man of divers names, who had introduced himself as Lawrence, but had elected to join the raiders under another appellation. The wallaber, even in that short space, had made friends, and if he were reticent of his past that was uncommon thing in ranks wherein few men stood save as a last resource. Wyll, himself with a past, and Corporal Donne, now cold upon the veldt, had attached themselves to one to whom their old school and varsity traditions were fraternally familiar. And now, without the light hearted outcast's support, Lawrence could not have finished the dismal journey to Pretoria. Strips from a torn shirt bandaged his face where a Boer bullet had plowed his cheek and cut away a portion of his chin. He had lost blood, but when still miles away from their destination he swayed in his saddle more than the wound seemed to warrant. Wyll pressed close to him and thrust his arm under the other's.

"Old man," said he, "is it bleeding fresh?"

Lawrence steeled himself resolutely and shook his head, but Wyll, himself unscratched, looked anxious.

"Look here," he said, "that little Hollander medicine man doesn't seem half bad, you know, but he was in a hurry when he patched you up. I think we'd better get this Boer fellow to let us drop to the rear and have the doc make another examination. Honest, you know, you look pretty near dead."

"Hot, old boy," Lawrence almost gasped. "Thank you all the same. I'll manage to Pretoria, but it hurts—hurts."

Farther on he spoke again, with pain.

"Wyll," he said, "if they don't shoot you, you're going home?"

"And you, too, I hope,"

Lawrence laughed, with weak grimaces.

"I can never go home," he said. "But wait a minute—it hurts—it hurts! Why didn't those beggars finish me quick like Donne? Look here. I've lost my pocketbook somewhere. There was an address in it—my wife."

"Old chap,"

"I want you to see her—her address is lost—but I can remember it. I want you to see her and tell her that I died honorably and—and—my God, how it hurts!"

"Wait until we are—wherever they are taking us. What makes you talk of dying from a cut in the cheek? Hello! Look out! Watch!"

Lawrence had turned gray, had swayed, had fallen into Wyll's arms as the latter leaped down to catch him. The guard rode up, and the procession moved on, passing them. The doctor galloped to the prisoner and made a quick examination. The bandaged wound was doing well. The trouble was not there. The doctor opened the coat and shirt and found a bleeding wound in the side.

"Ye gods!" cried Wyll. "He never mentioned this! No wonder he looked so ghastly. Why, he must have suffered like blazes all those miles!"

"Verdammer!" the disgusted doctor exclaimed. "He must be in a hurry to die! His clothes are soaked in blood."

The man was patched up, placed in a jolting wagon and so gained the prison at Pretoria half dead. He fainted as he was carried in, and when he came to himself he saw that he was in a room crowded with his comrades, some wounded, some utterly miserable, some recklessly indifferent. He lay in a corner, and next day the faithful Wyll was by his side with water.

"Why did you not tell of that bullet wound?" his friend asked reproachfully. "No wonder you nearly fell from your saddle. It's a wonder you did not die in it."

"It's a pity," said Lawrence.

Wyll looked at him vexedly.

"Look here, Lawrence," he said. "This is consummate bosh, you know. I have no right to inquire into your private affairs. Most of the men in our ranks have done something at home, and per-



"Lady Nore!" he cried in astonishment. "You have, I have. But—oh, hang it, nothing is bad enough to make a fellow commit suicide, and that's what you seem to be up to!"

"It isn't suicide; it was an honest bullet."

"Poppy talk! Sophistry! You're in a bad way, but it might have been mended. Now, forget all about that thing at home, whatever it was. Be a man; get well; have another try for the stakes."

"I was innocent of any wrongdoing at home. It was out here I went to the devil. Put your hand in my breast. Do you feel a rubber peck. Out the string round my neck. Now open it."

Wyll opened the thin package and produced the photograph of a woman and a little child.

"Your wife?" said he. "She is lovely. Now, look here, old man. You're going back to her."

"I can't," said Lawrence hopelessly, and his voice was weak. "Let me look.

She was pretty. I'd like to see the boy one too. You would not think it, Wyll, but my father and she between them pushed me off the ladder—sent me to the devil in the devil's land. Give me some water. I feel—I love her yet, Wyll."

"Don't try to talk."

"You will know her. Look on the back and see if her name is not there. Then you will know my real name. But—don't let anybody else."

"It is too dark here. Let me take it to the light at the door."

He slipped away, and when he came back a stranger in citizen dress who had been silently moving among the prisoners was standing over Lawrence, who, raised on his elbow, was looking up at him desperately and defiantly.

"You've got me at last," said Lawrence.

"I think so, and I suppose I have a claim on you prior to that of Paul Kruger," the stranger coolly replied. "You've changed names pretty often of late."

"What's up?" cried Wyll, coming back. "Excuse me, sir, but my friend is badly wounded. Even the exertion of talking—"

"I think in that case," the stranger said calmly, "I can get an order to have him removed to the hospital on the hill."

"You know him then? Thank you."

"Not the wounded raider, with violence. You would have me get well, you?"

"How? What's the matter?" Wyll asked.

"The fact is that I have a warrant here for the arrest of your friend, Robert Lawrence, for a murder in Johannesburg two weeks ago."

Wyll recoiled from the hand Lawrence held out to him appealingly.

"It was in fair fight," he whispered in despair.

"You will have some difficulty to prove that," the detective remarked.

"I swear it," said Lawrence, and then Wyll held aloof, pale and agitated, the sick man with a sudden wrench tore the bandages from his side, and the wound, rudely opened, bled profusely.

"In an instant Wyll forgot what he had just heard and leaped to render aid, but the detective was before him.

"You go and send for the prison doctor," said he, and Wyll ran. Going to the door, he was just in time to meet a lady and boy who were being ushered in. The lady's face was fresh in his

memory, older, but the same—the face of the photograph.

"Lady Nore!" he cried in astonishment as the name on the picture flashed to mind. The lady clasped her hands excitedly and swiftly stepped to him.

"You know me?" she said. "But we have not met? Then you—you know my husband? Oh, take me to him. He is here, isn't he? We have been at the prison, and he is not among the poor killed ones. He must be a prisoner. Take me at once to him, please."

In his bewilderment Wyll was already approaching the corner, where the dexterous detective had already re-bandaged the wound. His sight, accustomed to the darkness of the prison, made clear to him what the wife could not see—Lawrence, his face all swathed in cloths, sitting up, staring with a look of ghastly horror in his eyes. Wyll stopped. He and Lady Nore and the boy were within a yard or two of the detective and his prey.

"There is some mistake," said Wyll to the wife, but with his look questioning on Lawrence. Lawrence's face said clearly:

"Do not betray me!"

"I knew you from your photograph, my lady," Wyll stammered.

The detective drew back to the wall.

"My photograph! In Africa? Then only Sir Robert could have that. He must have shown it to you. Oh, do please take me to him!"

Wyll's eyes met with perspiration. He looked imploringly at the eyes between the bloody cloths. And again these answered:

"No; do not betray me!"

Lady Nore mistook Wyll's hesitation.

"I understand," she said. "You know my husband, and—and he may have told you about what occurred long ago. He may not wish to meet me, and he is right. But that is forgotten. He was innocent. It was us—we—were to be blame. I want to see him. I want to take me to him at once to ask his pardon!"

The wounded man dropped back with a groan.

"Too late, too late!" he moaned in an extremity of agony.

"What was that? Who said that?" cried the wife in fear.

The detective stepped forward and bowed.

"I had the honor to meet you at Vryburg, my lady," he said, speaking to her, but keeping his gaze on his prisoner's face. "And I also was looking for a friend—who was in the battle. This is he, but he is badly wounded and is perhaps a little off his head."

The raider's hand stole out unseen and touched the detective's leg. "Thank you!" the raider's lips murmured.

"I thought—I am rather worn out—I knew the voice," said the wife, in tears.

"Oh, sir," she cried again to Wyll, "have pity and take me to my husband!"

Poor Wyll was in distress. He knew not what to do. Again the detective felt his trousers touched. He bent down and caught the agonized whisper of the prisoner, "Tell her anything to send her away; she must not know."

The detective turned with perfect equanimity to the lady.

"Pardon me, my lady," said he, "but I heard you mention Sir Robert just now—Sir Robert Nore?"

"Yes, yes! Do you know him? He is here, is he not?"

The detective shook his head.

"You have been misinformed," said he quietly. "Sir Robert is dead."

She threw up her hands, and her lips opened, but no cry came. The boy clung to her, weeping.

"I knew him very well," the detective went on relentlessly. "He went under the name of Noble—Thomas Noble. He was killed fighting bravely in the last Kaffir outbreak in the north of the Transvaal. You can find his name in the list of killed here in Pretoria. He had no friends here, but I think his grave is marked. There can be no mistake, I think. This was he."

He proceeded to faithfully describe the prisoner at his feet.

"I am afraid, my dear lady," said he, "that you have been misled by some resemblance. He cannot be here."

She had the strength left to look over all the prisoners, but found no Sir Robert. So, at last believing the kindly lie, she was carried away, swooning.

"Thank you," said the prisoner again to the undisturbed detective. "Be kind once more. Do not send me to the hospital. Let it end—here."

"I must do my duty," said the detective.

Over the grave of an utterly unknown exile on the sunbrowned veldt stands a shaft to the memory of Sir Robert Nore. In a disengaged grave lie the forgotten remains of the outcast of divers names.

## THE SOUND OF A PIANO.

Seemingly Defects That May Be Often Due to Exterior Causes.

"A piano," said a dealer, "will sometimes develop or seem to develop a flaw in some one note, which comes to have a rattle or jingle or unpleasant buzz to it, but this jarring sound which seems to come from the piano may in reality come from some source quite outside of it."

"Any given note when struck produces a certain number of vibrations to the second. There may be in the room some object that is in tone sympathy with some particular note, and that will be set in motion by it when that note is sounded."

"The owner of a fine piano sent to us one day to say that there was something wrong about a certain note of the instrument, so that that note had an unpleasant sound when struck. When I heard the note sounded, I knew at once that the disagreeable roughness or buzz about it was due not to any defect in the piano, but to something somewhere about in the room, and, asking the lady to strike that note occasionally, I walked around the room to see if I could locate it."

"Passing across the middle of the room as that note was struck, the cause of the jarring accompaniment of it was discovered to come from the vibration of one of the glass globes on the chandelier overhead."

"The owner of the piano was almost incredulous as to this, the sound had seemed so plainly to come from the piano itself. But when at my request she stood under the chandelier and I struck the note she was readily convinced."

"I made that globe immovable and then struck the note on the piano. The answer was clear and sweet and true."

"So, you see, the sound of the piano may for one thing depend much upon its surroundings, and what may seem to be a defect in a piano may be in reality attributable to something quite apart from the piano itself."

"And thus it might easily be that some noble instrument that had seemed to be declining or to be developing faults owed its apparent change to a change of environment or to some specific outside cause and was in reality as good as ever, as would happily be discovered whenever the instrument was again brought under favorable conditions."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Speed of the Whale.

Ordinarily the whale does not travel more than four or five miles an hour, but if it is anxious to avoid the society of whalers it can go at the rate of sixteen miles an hour. To a person in a whaleboat being towed by an animal which has just been harpooned the leviathan of the deep seems to be going at a much faster rate, say a mile a minute. When he first starts off after being struck, the whale must be going at something like that speed, for the harpoon line runs out through the "choke" so rapidly that it makes them smoke and if they are of wood may set them afire. But after his first spring the whale settles down to about a sixteen mile an hour gait, which is fast enough for comfort.

Vienna's Last Horse Car.

A few evenings ago the Vienna public took a noisy farewell of the horse tram in the Ringstrasse. The two last cars, which started in opposite directions, were hung with blue lamps and decorated with flags and greenery. The oldest drivers in the seats and the oldest conductors in the wagons. Both cars were crowded to the utmost possible extent, and the police for once closed their eyes to overcrowding. Songs were sung and hurrahs given for the horses, while the noise brought the guests out of the cafes, windows were thrown open and handkerchiefs waved. New York still retains the distinction of having more horse car mileage than any other city in the world.

And They Want to Teach Others.

Here are a few of the answers to questions in examination papers submitted by the regents of the university which were recently received at the capitol at Albany from candidates for teachers' certificates:

"What are some of the privileges of a member of congress?" Answer (by a young man): "He cannot be arrested for breach of promise."

"What are some of the results of the civil war?" Answer: "It reorganized the negroes."

"What are the duties of a member of assembly?" Answer: "To be in Albany all the time and to do as his constituents want him."—New York Times.

Packing Butter For Long Voyages.

Butter is now packed in a manner that permits of its carriage from Australia to Europe without losing its freshness. A box is formed of six sheets of ordinary window glass, and the edges are sealed with gum paper. This box is then inclosed in plaster of paris a quarter of an inch thick, this being again covered with special paper. The plaster is a bad conductor of heat, so the temperature inside the box remains the same. Boxes are now made to hold 200 pounds of butter, and the cost of packing is a penny a pound.

German Trade.

Germany must either import the bulk of her foodstuffs or else lose her people through emigration and her export trade through the high prices necessitated by dear food. Her industrial classes clearly realize this, and the agrarian attempt to stop American imports meet with an opposition at home far more effective than any remonstrance from Washington can be.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Education.

What scripture is to a block of marble education is to a human soul. The philosopher, the saint and the hero, the wise, the good and the great man very often lie hid and concealed in a plebeian, which a proper education might have disinterred and brought to light.—Addison.

What a Widow Is.

It was a Sunday school class, and the teacher believed in asking questions to see how clearly the scholars understood their lessons. The widow of Ham was the subject, and the teacher thought she would be quickly answered when she asked, "What is a widow?" There was a silence until she nodded to the small boy at her left and said, "You know what a widow is, don't you?" for she knew the boy's mother was one.

"Yes'm," he answered; "it's a lady what takes in washing."

## CHOICE MISCELLANY

The Smooth Nickel Good.

The custom of street car conductors to refuse smooth nickels, presumably in accordance with orders from their managers, has been given a severe blow by Justice Ryan of the circuit court in St. Louis. The St. Louis Transit company was sued for damages by John Ruth, a passenger who had been ejected from a car because he insisted that the conductor should receive a smooth nickel for fare. The complainant was awarded \$2,000. Judge Ryan said:

"There is no such thing, as assumed by the defendant, as a nickel of less than full face value. A gold coin will be worth less than its face value because of abrasion or loss of weight, but this is not true of a nickel. I think the carrier should be held to the rule that if it ejects a passenger who tenders a good coin in payment it does so at its peril. It is better that the conductor if in doubt should receive the coin than to establish a rule of law which would permit him to eject a passenger who tenders a good coin and then plead as an excuse that he thought it was bad. In this case his plea does not go so far. He only rejected it because it was 'smooth.' He never claimed it was bad. His act was a mere wanton and capricious rejection of the only piece of money the plaintiff had at the time."—Nashville American.

Baths For Bakers.

The acme of hygienic precaution is reached in the regulations of a noted German baking company. Some of the rules laid down for the workmen are worthy of note and contrast strangely with the reports on private bakeries which have been so frequent of late years. Every man must submit to a medical examination, paid for by the company. When he comes, he takes a bath and then dresses for his work in a suit provided by the company, and his laundry of which is done at its expense. Every loaf is wrapped in glazed paper, so that neither the retailer nor driver handles the bread. All the flour is sifted, mixed and kneaded by machinery, the water used being filtered and deodorized. An Archimedeal screw constantly throws the dough under them. Practically the bread is not handled from the time it is flour until it comes out of the ovens, when it is wrapped by dainty women and is ready for the shop.

How a Little Thing May Be Laden With Great Results.

A Sneeze Under London Bridge That Cost Two and Saved Many Lives. A Sneeze That Averted an Assassination—One That Caused a Panic.

Exactly at 6 p. m. on the evening of Dec. 13, 1884, a sneeze was sneezed under London bridge which consigned two men to an instant and horrible death.

Their names were Lomasney and Fleming, and they were conspirators. Their mission was to blow up the bridge with dynamite, because it was considered that at that time there would be more people crossing it—workmen, workgirls and others on their way home from business—than at any other and that the loss in human life would be therefore correspondingly more appalling.

All went well at first. The pair of desperadoes dropped noiselessly down the river in a boat, with forty pounds of dynamite in their possession, together with the necessary fuses and detonators. Arrived at their destination, however, they found that the gully hole underneath the southern arch of the structure, wherein it had been their intention to insert the explosive, had been stopped up. Lomasney undertook to remove the obstruction, but it occupied him some little time. The night was bitterly cold, and his comrade got chilled and was seized with a sudden fit of sneezing. In his agitation he dropped one or more of the detonators he was holding, and these, falling on the dynamite which was lying in the bottom of the boat, exploded it, with disastrous results. Doubtless, however, that inopportune sneeze, although it ended the career of a pair of desperadoes, saved London bridge from destruction.

That the Right Hon. W. E. Forster died peacefully in his bed instead of being assassinated in 1882 was due to a sneeze. Three times the conspirators laid in wait for him, but the last attempt was the most determined of them all. Four men armed with heavy caliber navy revolvers were to waylay him as he drove from the viceregal lodge to the castle. Two of the assassins were to fire at him from the first floor window of a house in a certain street, and the other two were stationed at the window of another house a few yards down on the opposite side of the way.

These latter were the "reserves" destined to try their skill should their colleagues miss. Neither of the two firing parties were to show themselves until the near approach of their proposed victim was signaled from the street below. The signal in question was to be the waving of a pocket handkerchief by James Carey, the same man who was afterward killed by O'Donnell.

The plot was excellently planned from the point of view of the participants therein. In fact, so far as human foresight could provide against eventualities the chief secretary seemed as good as dead. Yet it all came to naught and for so simple a reason that the plotters themselves, meeting together afterward at their secret rendezvous in North King street, were fain to laugh at their own discomfiture.

The morning was cold and gusty. Mr. Forster was somewhat late, and Carey, chilled with waiting about, began to sneeze. Instinctively he drew out his handkerchief, the handkerchief that was to give the fatal signal, and in an instant the blustering north wind had flicked it from his benumbed fingers and sent it sailing down the street as a twenty mile an hour gait.

At that very instant the chief secretary's carriage turned the corner and came swiftly toward him. Carey ran to the spot which had been previously agreed upon and tried to make his fellow conspirators understand that their victim was in sight by signaling with his arm and pointing.

The result, however, though exactly what might have been foreseen, hardly came up to his expectations. The four men at the windows were waiting for a man with a handkerchief. Instead, they saw one without any such signaling apparatus, evidently excited and pointing wildly up the street. Instantly they conjured up visions of traitors in their ranks and of detectives on their tracks and, dropping their weapons, incontinently and hastily fled.

On the evening of Oct. 11, 1878, a policeman on duty near the Coliseum Music hall, Liverpool, noticed an unusual commotion at the entrance. Disheveled boys and girls, their clothing in many instances torn from their backs and some of them covered with blood, were pouring from the gallery exits, while from within the building came the sound of shrieking and loud cries for help. Realizing something of what was happening, the constable seized an ax and smashed in two of the "extra" doors.

His prompt action undoubtedly saved scores if not hundreds of lives, for by this time the auditorium had become a veritable pandemonium, wherein several thousand people, mad with terror, were fighting and struggling with one another for precedence.

Thirty-seven of the number lost their lives, and more than twice that number were maimed for life. And the cause of the panic was a fit of sneezing into which a number of girls in the front row of the gallery were thrown owing to some mischievous person tossing some snuff into the air.

A number of those behind, hearing and seeing a commotion in front, rose to their feet. Others joined them. Shouts and cries added to the confusion. An alarm was raised that the place was on fire, and a simultaneous rush of hundreds of frightened people for the narrow exit doors was followed by the results chronicled.

Enlightening the Minister.

"We are going to have pie for dinner," said Bobby to the minister.

"Indeed!" laughed the clergyman, amused at the little boy's artlessness. "And what kind of pie, Bobby?"

"It's a new kind. Ma was talking this morning about pa bringing you to dinner so often, and pa said he didn't care what she thought, and ma said she'd make him eat cabbage pie before the day was over, and I suppose we're going to have it for dinner."

A Sure Sign.

Little Dick—Papa, how does thunder sound like?

Papa—It is not the thunder, but the electricity.

"How does electricity sound like?"

"It works certain chemical changes in the constituents of the fluid, which result in the formation of an acid."

"Of course. But how?"

"I don't know."

"I thought you didn't, or you wouldn't have used such big words."

At Moscow a savings bank has been opened for the purpose of assisting prospective brides to obtain the necessary dowry for catching husbands. Dowries are expected to range from \$100 to \$1,500.

Wanted—For a lucrative business, a partner who must be a practical locksmith. This advertisement appeared in a Budapest paper recently. The advertiser is now in jail, the police having discovered that the lucrative business referred to was burglary.

## EVENTFUL SNEEZING

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## CLARK'S LATEST AND BEST.



FARMERS AND MANUFACTURERS' ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA, 222 Mission Street, San Francisco.

Blake, Moffitt & Towne, Importers and Dealers in Book, News, Writing and Wrapping Papers, STRAW AND HINDERS' BOARD, 55-57-59-61 First St., Tel. Main 100, San Francisco.

A CITY EDITOR

Bright's Disease and Diabates Are Positively Curable.

Before the business men who incorporated the Fulton Compounds invested their money in the test in dozens of cases. Hearing that R. M. Wood, the editor and proprietor of The Wine and Spirit Review, of 300 Montgomery St., had a certain case of Bright's Disease, he was urged to undergo the test. The following letter will now be understood:

Oct. 11, 1891.

"Gentlemen: I consider it my duty to tell the world what the Fulton Compounds did in my case. In November, 1890, after a long illness, which carried me to the verge of the grave, a scientific analysis by the most noted analyst in this city disclosed that I was a victim of Bright's Disease. My physician told me that my only hope lay in a strong constitution and a change to a warm climate. He suggested Santa Barbara, and I went there, having fallen from 225 pounds to less than 100 in a short time. "During my absence in the south a San Francisco business man called upon my wife, and told her of the Fulton Compound, that it was actually curing Bright's Disease, and urged that I try it. I began to take it, and in a few months I regained my health. I now weigh 225 pounds, and enjoy the best of health. In fifteen years. Naturally I told several friends, and in every instance the results were the same, even where they had been suffering for years. The world ought to know that Bright's Disease is at all times curable, and that my own good fortune, I will be glad to give further details to interested parties. R. M. Wood."

Medical works agree that Bright's Disease and Diabates are incurable, but 80 per cent. are positively cured by using the Fulton Compounds. (Common forms of kidney complaint and rheumatism often but short resistance.) Price, 50¢ for the Bright's Disease, and 50¢ for the Diabetic Compound. John J. Fulton Co., 300 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, sole compounders. Free tests made for patients. Descriptive pamphlet mailed free.

Vegetable Caterpillar.

Among the many strange growths, apparently freaks of nature, which are to be found in New Zealand the vegetable caterpillar readily ranks among the foremost. This caterpillar is several inches in length, is hairless and does not differ essentially in appearance from some of the caterpillars of our own land.

Its claim to distinction lies in the fact that when it gets ready to die it digs a hole for itself in the earth and completely buries itself. Later a slender green shoot springs from the spot. This bears two or more leaves near its top.

Upon investigation it is found that the green shoot springs from the head of the dead caterpillar, and further investigation develops the fact that the body of the caterpillar is filled with roots.

The form is retained without change, and the roots do not pierce through the skin or enter the ground. When dug up, this dead yet living freak presents a most odd appearance, for the head and even the eyes of the caterpillar are distinctly seen, yet from the head is growing the green shoot, with its leaves.

Hard to Tell Chinaman's Age.

How old is a Chinaman? Can you give a good guess? It is harder to tell than the age of a negro. The Chinaman has no beard, and his hair is of a jet and glossy blackness, which turns gray only at an extreme age, when a Caucasian head would be either snow white or bald. Then again the Chinese have the most perfect nervous system of any people in the world and do not wrinkle up with age. They can stand any amount of opium smoking without material injury, that would send a white man to his grave or to an insane asylum. So you have little to go by. A Chinaman will look thirty when he is twenty and when he is fifty. If you ask him his age, he will place it at least ten years ahead, for he holds old age to be honorable, and among his people he will be respected and looked up to by all his juniors.—Washington Post.

Heartburn.

The burning in the throat called popularly "heartburn" shows that acid fermentation is taking place. A good palliative is bicarbonate of soda. Of this one teaspoonful may be taken in a tumblerful of water. Repeat if the burning does not pass away. But blessed are they who can vomit, for this is the only scientific and natural means of cure. Indigestion always means that chemical changes have occurred by which products have been formed hurtful to the system. Vomiting may be assisted by copious draughts of warm water, and these will wash out the stomach. A remedy that merely relieves pain does not effect this.

Cards in the Curriculum.

The custom of encouraging our children to perfect themselves in card games is by no means of modern growth. There must have been a substratum of truth in the following jesting paragraph, which is clipped from The Times of Nov. 2, 1871: "At some of our first boarding schools the fair pupils are now taught to play whist and casino. Amongst their winning ways this may not be the least agreeable to papa and mamma. It is calculated that a clever child, by its cards and its novels, may pay for its own education."—London Chronicle.

His Lucrative Business.

"Wanted—For a lucrative business, a partner who must be a practical locksmith." This advertisement appeared in a Budapest paper recently. The advertiser is now in jail, the police having discovered that the lucrative business referred to was burglary.