# PARSON HARWOOD'S CURVES

By Bert Estes

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Bill Reed broke in: "Now, looky here. 'Aint no use chawin' longer on that rag. Parson has give out fair an' square he wants to be took on the dead level—a man same as we are, only a dashed sight—excuse my French, parson—it gits the best o' my United States before I know it. The case is this—we want you to help us lick them da—er, them measly Centerport chaps. We can do it if you pitch fer us. Nothin' in this county 'aint in the game with you. If you'll do it, every man Jack o' us 'll stick to you like a lean tick to a hog. That's whut's the matter with us, and there ye be."

Harwood's face was a study. He was amused, pleased, beyond everything touched, by this recognition of common manhood. It was the passion of his life to help men realize their own possibilities. He yearned to preach manhood rather than dogmas. His heart was warm, and he smiled as he said:

"I thought you had come for that, and am glad you came. If you had not, I should have volunteered—that is, if you had agreed to my conditions"—

"We'll fix all that, parson," two or three began eagerly.

Harwood held up his hands. "You don't understand. I don't want money," he said. "I do want—yourselves. If I do something for you—something on which your hearts are set, you ought to do something for me. That is to say, if I play ball you come to church. Is it a bargain?"

"You help us everlastingly lick them Centerports," Bill burst out, "and you can say, 'Boys, come roost on the church steps from sunup to sundown every Sunday,' and gamble on our doin' it—every dashed one of us. Hey, boys? Oh, do excuse me, parson. I've been a tough sort all me life, but I'll be hanged if I don't quit swearin' right now."

"Ah!" said Harwood. "Gentlemen, this brings up something else. You know, and I know, how ill I can afford to have it said I belong to an organization of toughs. I want to belong to—an organization of gentlemen in the best sense of the word. If I am to be a club member, you must give me your word that drunkenness and swearing shall stop. Now we understand each other. There's my hand. If you shake it, I shall know you take me—conditions and all."

Every man in the room gave him a hearty grip; then talk began to buzz about Saturday's game. All agreed the new pitcher had best be kept dark; also that Harwood should wear a baseball suit. "I have my own with me. A 'G' on the shirt will make it all right," Harwood said. And so the little company went away, exultant beyond words.

Saturday was fair and hot—the very weather for great ball. But, hot as the sun shone, it was mild compared to the baseball enthusiasm of Gallia City. Posters all about announced the coming contest. The local press under the biggest, blackest headlines possible to its fonts hinted darkly at a "phenomenon" in the pitcher's box for the home team. Placards also warned citizens to do their Saturday buying betimes, as every shop would be shut during the hours of the game. The little city bubbled and seethed. Local patriotism had risen to a passion and swept through it in a tidal wave.

Still mystery lay thick and murk over the pitcher and some other things. One of them was why not one of the nine had showed his face at Mike Grogan's saloon, which theretofore had been baseball headquarters. Beyond that there were incredible rumors of no beer on the grounds—not even the customary two kegs for the team. The Dutchman who had commonly owned that profitable privilege had been warned off. There was talk also of swearing in extra deputy marshals whose business it should be to suppress swearing and all sorts of riotous language.

The visiting club was amazed at its reception. There were no white clad players in wait to drag them off to Grogan's for a social guzzle. Instead Colonel and Bill Reed met them and took them to the hotel, while the Gallia City band went along, playing its loudest. The strains came to Harwood as he was slipping into his suit. He was not to go with the procession, but to meet the team at the grounds.

It was a great procession, the band at the head puffing doggedly through a Sousa march; next the bus bearing Centerporters in white, with blue caps and hose; after them another busful of Gallias, also in white, but red on heads and feet; then swarms of buggies, hacks and farm wagons, packed with friends of both nines; last of all a frayed out drizzle of small boys intent upon finding cracks or knotholes in the fence through which they might at least view the promised land.

It would be hard to say whether there was more curiosity or anxiety in the glances which Gallia City folk bent upon their champions. Interest, of course, centered on the "phenom." The strain was not relieved when careful counting showed in the Gallia bus only eight regular players and two substitutes. Gloom deepened perceptibly. Those who had given odds on Gallia felt their coin already as good as lost. They began to feel also that they had been badly sold, and by their own. Without new blood in the home team the game was a gift to Centerport, and so far there was no sign of new blood.

About a minute after the appointed hour the umpire sent the Gallias to the field and the Centerports to the bench. Their short stop spat loyally upon the gleaming new ball and rolled it in the dirt, so the pitcher might easily grip it. There had been preliminary practice by both teams. Gallia partisans were amazed and somewhat cheered to see the substitute pitcher go to the bench, not the box. The points were empty. Almost before anybody could remark it, out from the dressing room beneath the grand stand shot a slight, wiry figure in white, with red stockings and red cap. When the figure walked briskly into the pitcher's place, a buzz rippled clean around the ground. Centerport's captain seemed to kick, but at a low word from the umpire dropped back, saying to himself:

"Fer Gawd's sake!"

"Batter up!" called the umpire. A modern Goliath, big Jim Bunker, stalked up to the plate.

"Play ball!" cried the umpire. The ball was passed. Brent faced the mighty slugger with a little irritating smile.

"Say, Jim," bawled the captain, "either this here 'phenom' is young, or it was picked mighty green. Anyway it ain't big enough to send a ball across the rubber. It oughter be set playin' marbles. This ain't no place for children. Now, then, Jim, swat 'er over the fence and break the 'phenom's' heart."

"You just watch my smoke," Jim said. "When I hit 'er a lick, she'll look like a saucer. I'm going to knock the dashed thing flat."

"Excuse me, but thar ain't to be no swearin' this game," a deputy marshal said, touching the big batsman's elbow.

"All right, boss. I didn't know this was a prayer meetin'," Jim said, amazement in every line of his face.

All eyes were fast on the pitcher, the "phenom." He certainly looked too slight for the game he was up against. Would he fail? Harwood screwed the ball into the palm of his right hand, sprang forward, then lightly, swiftly, as an archer might loose a tense bowstring, loosed his arm and sent the ball hissing across the plate to raise a puff of sand between the plate and Reed.

"One strike!" cried the umpire.

"Thunder!" shouted Jim. "I didn't see it!"

Harwood silently pitched a writhing rise that wound over the plate to the utter confounding of the batter.

"Two strikes!" said the umpire.

"Thought it was goin' to be a low ball," Jim said apologetically to his captain. The captain glowered. Bill Reed put on the mask and squatted close up behind the bat. Harwood gripped the ball peculiarly, a sign to Bill that the pitch would be a wide out curve. The ball started apparently for Jim's stomach. Jim doubted it would

*Harwood screwed the ball into the palm of his right hand.*

agree with him—he jumped very far back from the plate just as the ball, twisting like a serpent, sailed right over the middle of the rubber.

"Three strikes! Striker out!" bawled the umpire. "Batter up!"

The crowd was at first too amazed to applaud. It could hardly believe its eyes. A stripling had struck out the invincible Jim Bunker. Jim slunk toward the bench, growling at what he called "the empire." He was promptly silenced by the assertion that the "empire" was all right; it was himself, Jim Bunker, who had an oyster in his forehead in place of an eye.

When Centerport's captain had said that, he went to the bat himself. Harwood smiled. Back at college it had been said that Brent Harwood won at ball as much by his grin as by his curves. The grin was slow, insinuating, exasperating, calculated to drive the coolest batter wild. Harwood stood a half minute rubbing the ball and grinning at the captain.

"Aw, git a move on ye, there, kid," snarled the batter. Harwood grinned.

"Needn't be 'fraid I'll bust the durned thing. Gimme er crack at 'er, an' I'll show ye a trick with a hole in it. Ye ain't pitchin' to no blind man this trip," the captain went on.

The parson kept on grinning.

The batter got explosively red. Harwood, watching him narrowly, gave the ball a little flirt and pitched a wabbling "dewdrop" toward the hot captain. Centerport's man was too disgusted and too mad to see it. The ball went over the plate—a strike was promptly called. Then Harwood repeated the pitch. It seemed an easy ball. Really it was a hard one. The Centerporter lunged at it like a wild bull before it came within six feet of him. All he did was to tear a big, ragged hole in the air. His eyes glared as Reed came close behind and crouched in his shadow. Harwood drew back his arm as if to deliver another "dewdrop." The captain fumed. Suddenly Brent shot his arm across his body and the ball sped over the plate like a bullet.

"Out-t!" yelled the umpire. "Batter up!"

Gallia City went suddenly insane. It stood up in mass, yelling, howling, cheering. The umpire, shrieking for silence, was like a cricket piping in face of a storm. But when, in the midst of the din, a third man walked to the plate, whacked the rubber with his bat and squared himself, the noise hushed as suddenly as it had begun.

Harwood deliberated. Should he give this new man a chance or clinch things with the game thus young? He did not quite know how it would be with the Gallias at the bat, so decided upon the latter course. Three wide outshoots, sent as fast as he could deliver them, yet give Bill time to come, bewildered the new batter and put Centerport out.

It was while the players were changing and pandemonium reigned that the "phenom's" identity was made known to the crowd. At first all Gallia City gasped, as from a cold plunge. A parson in knee breeches and red stockings pitching in a game of ball! For a quarter of a minute Gallia City was stricken silent. Then down in the bleachers a whisper began and swelled and grew, until a bold man leaped on the rail and called:

"Three cheers for the little parson!"

The cheers came with a will. From end to end the fair grounds rang with:

"Harwood! Harwood! What's the matter with Ha-ar-woo-od? He's all right!"

Faith in their unparalleled pitcher made the Gallias all superbly confident. Bill Reed, the first man up, went to the bat like a Trojan going to battle. Centerport's pitcher had tremendous speed and no curves. His third ball met Bill's ashen stick with a noise like the splitting of a mast. When the fielder recovered it, Bill sat at second, fanning himself with his cap. The next man made a sacrifice hit and advanced Bill to third. Colonel leaned against the ball for a single, and Bill came home amid the shrieks of the "fans."

"One run! One man out!" said the scorer.

Hollis reached first on balls.

"Jones to bat and Harwood on deck!" called the scorer.

Jones walked to the plate. Brent selected his stick. A bad fumble gave Jones his life and advanced each man a bag. The bases were full—Colonel on third, Hollis on second, Jones on first. Harwood stepped to the plate. He was a safe batter, but never a hard hitter—he was too light. Besides, phenomenal pitchers do not, as a rule, bat well. But this was Harwood's lucky day. The first ball pitched came at him like a rifle bullet exactly where he wanted it, and the parson rapped with all his might. It started on a low incline, rising as it sailed; passed over the heads of the fielders, who had edged in; struck the ground far back of them and rolled and rolled as though it couldn't stop.

Then Harwood made his first, last and only home run. To this good day he does not know how he did it. When he came, puffing and panting, across the plate, the Gallias became a cyclone, which filled the air with hats, coats, canes and umbrellas. A locomotive whistle would have been drowned in the hubbub. The grand stand and the bleachers joined hands and carried Harwood on their shoulders. And Harwood grinned.

As a chronicle of sport the game afterward was quite too one sided to be interesting. But Gallia City sat watching it, gorged, almost drunken with joy. No game could be too one sided for the Gallians. They owed Centerport much, you see. What did they care for close scores and fine points? Every one of the forty-four runs piled up by the red legged sons of Gallia was to them an increment of unalloyed bliss and as such hailed with tumult and shouting.

The Centerports! They played like old women and were trampled into the earth. Their two poor runs were earned by the rankest errors and gave no sort of comfort. Their glory had departed along with their nerve. Their name was "Ichabod" or worse. And they laid it all on "that dashed little parson," as the captain said sententiously that night. "Gallias—nothin'! The Centerports can wallop them easy. What we've been up against is Gallias and Gawd."

Thenceforth Parson Harwood was Gallia City's idol. He had won the mass of citizens and could do what he pleased and have whatever he would take that lay within their gift. The church no longer lacked a congregation.

"We went to see the little preacher pitch," said the people; "now we must go to hear the little pitcher preach."

Everybody went. All sorts and conditions of men and creeds squeezed into the pews and even sat upon the pulpit steps and overflowed the choir loft.

Do you ask the sum and resultant of all this enthusiasm? Better ask the mothers of Gallia City—mothers whose sons are good citizens because Brent Harwood came to Gallia and played ball with them, for there has reigned a new era in Gallia City ever since the day her nine defeated Centerport.

### The King and the Seidlitz Powder.

On the first consignment of seidlitz powders to the capital of Delhi the monarch was deeply interested in the accounts of the refreshing box. A box was brought to the king in full court, and the interpreter explained to his majesty how it should be used. Into a goblet he put the twelve blue papers, and, having added water, the king drank it off. This was the alkali, and the royal countenance expressed no sign of satisfaction. It was then explained that in the combination of the two powders lay the luxury, and the twelve white powders were quickly dissolved in water, and as eagerly swallowed by his majesty.

With a shriek that will be remembered while Delhi lasts the monarch rose, stared, exploded and in his full agonies screamed, "Hold me down," then rushing from the throne fell prostrate on the floor. There he lay during the long continued effervescence of the compound, spurting like 10,000 pennyworths of imperial pop and believing himself in the agonies of death, a melancholy and humiliating proof that kings are mortal.—Indian Mirror.

### Historical Fiction.

In lecturing Dr. Gardiner was very fond of retailing the hackneyed old historical anecdotes that garnish the schoolbooks, and he would commonly append the comment: "Now, that story is not true. I have reason to know, indeed, that it is pure fiction, but for our purpose it is better than the truth because the truth cannot be rounded off and polished so nicely to su't one's conception of character or of circumstance." For similar reasons he was instant in praise of historical novels. "A genius like Scott or George Eliot, especially in 'Romola,'" he would say, "has many advantages over the plodding historian and can often arrive, by the intuition of genius, at truths which the most laborious research could never reveal, and, on the whole," he would add, "historical fiction is much more trustworthy and incomparably more respectable than fictitious history."—London News.

Before the date of inauguration day is changed the house will have to agree to Senator Hoar's resolution setting it on the last Thursday in April, and then the proposed amendment will have to be submitted to the legislatures of the states and agreed to by three-fourths of them.

# BOTTLED SUNSHINE.

## NATURE'S GREAT FACTORY IN WHICH IS PRODUCED COAL.

**A Lump of the Mineral Tells Its Interesting Million Year History In a Few Words—A Wonderful Process of Evolution.**

Your life to mine is as a second to a thousand years. I will let you know that in my time I have seen such sights as would make you gasp in astonishment. Once, in untold ages past, long before man had appeared on this old world, I was alive. Yes, the dirty old piece of coal was a living thing in those dim, distant ages. A thing of beauty, too—a thing to be admired. I was a fern. Not such a paltry thing as you decorate your homes with and grow in little earthenware affairs. My trunk alone measured five feet across.

Yet I was nothing out of the ordinary. In those days there were many little plants forty feet or so in height. Every bit of coal you toss about in such heedless fashion once was a living plant—a plant which grew and flourished, even as your plants of today grow and flourish. But in these degenerate days plants are poor, feeble little things. Plants were plants in those days. We had no petted and pampered ferns. We had no houses of glass, artificially kept warm so that the poor little dears shouldn't get cold. Those were the days of real ferns, of healthy ferns free from all newfangled nonsense about fertilizers and soils and aspects and such childish weaknesses.

In those early days the earth was not as it is today. It was hotter, for it had cooled from a globe of molten rock. Its atmosphere was heavy with warm vapors; close and oppressive, you would call it, but it just suited us, as we grew and luxuriated in it. The earth's crust was thin and heaved about, gradually raising vast continents from the bed of the sea and slowly dragging others deep into the ocean. It was a time of vast changes.

I grew on the muddy banks of a great pool of water, which was fed by sluggish streams and bordered by monstrous reeds. On the other side stretched a vast swamp and a dark forest of tangled vegetation. For hundreds of miles there was no break to this forest beyond a few bogs and pools of brackish water. The sun shone hot upon me, so no wonder I grew well in this humid atmosphere. Then there were frightful storms, when mighty trees were flung down and swept by floods to the bottom of the pool. This had gone on ages before I appeared above ground; it went on ages after. The result was that the bottom of the pool was a mass of fallen trees. The newly felled trees pressed on the bottom ones, and after thousands of years the water, the mud, the heat and the pressure turned the mighty beds of vegetable matter into what you call coal.

In the dense forest it was somewhat the same. Trees were thrown down by hurricanes; fresh ones grew and fell victims to storms. So it went on for long centuries until the last forest grew on the top of a great thickness of buried trees, ferns and mosses. Amid this exuberant vegetation were many fantastic and uncouth animals. Round about me they made the forest resound with their hideous bellowings. They were so strangely shaped that I could not well describe them to you. Even some of the flies had wings half a foot long from tip to tip.

One day I saw a commotion in the midst of the lake far away from me. The bed rose up and belched forth steam and ashes and molten rock. In the years that followed the fluid rock rolled down the sides of the volcano into the water below. Mighty clouds of steam arose, and as the vapor condensed it fell upon us as warm rain. This is why I grew so well and why the vegetation around me was so rankly luxuriant.

Many years after the land began to sink. Slowly it went down; slowly the water closed over our heads until all the mighty forests were deep under the sea. Thus we stopped for countless years, and a heavy bed of sand accumulated above us. Then, just as slowly, we arose until we formed a vast elevated land. Then came other forests—trees whose limbs were tangled with enormous festoons and garlands of strange climbing plants. Terrible thunderstorms alone broke the silence of these wooded solitudes save when some mighty fern crashed to the ground or when the wind tore down young branches and hurled them into the swamps.

So all went on anew, as of old, and the continent sank once more below the waters of the ocean, taking with it the beds of buried verdure. Yet again it rose, and again it sank. So layer upon layer of plants and of sand were formed—vast layers, which took ages unthinkable to form—until there was a depth of 10,000 feet of hard baked wood and sand, of coal and dirt. Look at me, and you will find that you can trace my markings. In every pit you can find hundreds of delicate fern leaves and mosses as perfect as when alive. You can see even the veins of the fragile fronds, so beautifully pressed are they. Dirty, old coal, indeed!

It was the sun which made me. I absorbed his rays then. When you burn me, I give them back again. I am a mass of bottled sunshine. Do you realize that the fire you watch is the sunshine which blazed in those solemn forests innumerable ages ago? It is no flight of fancy to say that I am bottled sunshine; it is a fact.

### The Teacher Was Not Slow.

"Ha, ha!" laughed Willie. "I chucked a bananer skin in front of de teacher."

"I don't see any joke in that," spoke up his mother.

"Don't you? Well, he tumbled all right, all right."—Philadelphia Record.

### Lashed For His Discovery.

According to an old document discovered some time ago in Australia, gold was first found by a convict near Parramatta in 1789. The unfortunate fellow was at once charged with having stolen a watch and "boiled it down" and, being convicted by the rude court of those early days, was given 150 lashes for his pains. In later years the record of this incident was closely examined by an undoubtedly competent authority, who was quite convinced of the genuineness of the convict's story.

# THE TELLTALE THUMB.

**Its Marks and Lines and Its Signal From the Brain.**

A tremendous amount of nonsense has been written about thumb marks. It is claimed that the curious skin configuration on the ball of the thumb is never the same in any two people and that it never changes. The first statement is correct, and the same thing can be said of the lines on the palm and the creases on the bottom of the feet. But the assertion that the thumb marks never change throughout life is a decided exaggeration. The alteration may come from a variety of causes—anything, in fact, that will destroy the outer layer of skin.

Another modifying cause is the tendency of the thumb to develop little horizontal creases as one grows old. This is especially true of mechanics and other working people who use tools, and eventually the creases will break up the lines to such an extent that it is equivalent almost to a rearrangement of the pattern. Specialists in nerve diseases by an examination of the thumb can tell if the patient is affected or likely to be affected by paralysis, as the thumb signals this long before it is visible in any other part of the body. If the danger symptoms are evidenced there, an operation is performed on what is known as the "thumb center" of the brain, and the disorder is often removed.

No matter how carefully the individual may attempt to conceal incipient insanity, the thumb will reveal it infallibly. It is the one sure test. If the patient in his daily work permits the thumb to stand at a right angle to the other fingers or to fall listless into the palm, taking no part in his writing, his handling of things, his multiform duties, but standing isolated and sulky, it is an unanswerable confession of mental disease.—Kansas City Independent.

# POULTRY POINTERS.

A dark comb is an indication of a congested state of the system.

Land that dries quickly after a rain is well adapted to poultry raising.

When one does not care to raise chickens, it is better on the score of economy to keep the layers without cocks.

See that the hens are well developed and not too fat. Mate them to males also well developed, and the chicks will be all right.

When the hens are too fat, reduce them in flesh by giving them shorter rations and give more bulky and less fattening food.

Fowls appreciate good food as well as other animals, but it is unwise to limit them to one kind, be it ever so good or wholesome.

Crude petroleum thickened to a proper consistency with red or brown mineral paint is good to use on the outside of poultry houses and other farm buildings.

Bone and grit of some kind are an absolute necessity to fowls confined in small yards and unable to supply themselves with these little items always obtainable by birds at liberty.

### Unnecessary Suffering.

How much wretchedness and misery there is in the world! Do you add to it or do you try to help those with whom you come in contact? Every time you speak, every time you act, you add to some one's happiness or misery. On which side do you throw your influence? Your opportunities may not be great, but do you ever cause unnecessary suffering in a world wretched enough at best? It is worth thinking about. Do you say cruel things when you might say things that would be kind? If you have the habit, doesn't it sometimes occur to you that you should quit it? The writer of this has been thoughtless many times, but as he grows older he tries very hard to avoid giving unnecessary pain.—Atchison Globe.

### Fate Wouldn't Supply Funds.

A woman left her husband a short time ago, giving as a reason for it that she had consulted an astrologer and been told by him that it was her destiny to be a great woman, but that in marrying she had committed a serious error. As long as she remained with her husband she would fail to achieve the greatness fate intended for her. She stayed away from home only four weeks, however.

"I see you doubt the astrologer's interpretation of your destiny," said her sister.

"Not in the least," replied the woman, "but neither the astrologer or fate provided the money, and as I had to give up money or fame I chose to sacrifice the latter."—New York Press.

### The Love of Nature.

A real love of nature is one of the most valuable possessions which you can have, since it will continue to afford you happiness as long as you live. But in order to have this love you must get it while you are young—while you still have leisure to give it first place in your thoughts. Nature must be your first sweetheart or she will not be your sweetheart at all.—Woman's Home Companion.

### Didn't Reckon Foreigners.

It was a little boy in an American Sunday school who in reply to his teacher's question, "Who was the first man?" answered, "George Washington," and upon being informed that it was Adam exclaimed, "Ah, well, if you are speaking of foreigners, perhaps he was!"—Stray Stories.

### Forgiving and Forgetting.

"Woman," said the crusty person, "may say that she will forgive and forget, but she will never let you forget that she forgave."—Baltimore American.

### The Legislative Way.

"But this bill should have been settled long ago," objected the tradesman.

"Well, sub, de gemmen's out; enyhow, you cayn't expect a membuh of congress to settle anything widout a lot of talkin'."—Baltimore Herald.

### Gentle.

Waiter—How would you like to have your steak, sir?

Frank Customer (who has been waiting twenty minutes)—Very much, indeed, thank you, if it isn't too much trouble.—Exchange.


# CLARK'S LATEST AND BEST.

Furnished with solid Disc if you want them. Wood Extension Head if you prefer it.

All Steel, Reversible, Double Lever, Extension Head. The best Disc Harrow now on the market. Lightest draft. Does the best work. Can be used to throw the earth to or from the tree. Can be drawn together and used in the regular length or extended as shown. 5, 6 and 8 feet cut are reversible and carry the Extension Head. 10 and 12 feet cut are not reversible.

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


### The First London Theater.

The first playhouse to be built in England was the Theater. It was erected in the year 1576, and its builder was James Burbage, father of the famous actor Richard Burbage and himself an actor of some repute. Access to the Theater seems in old times to have been over Finsbury fields. The Curtain, which, curiously, is named from the region or old manor on which the playhouse was erected and not from the familiar drapery of the stage, was situated south of Holywell lane, in Moorsfield (modern Gloucester street), and is first mentioned in the following year, 1577. Shakespeare's "Romeo and Juliet" was among the many plays first acted there. The Theater was moved away to the Bankside, and the old materials were employed in building the Globe, Shakespeare's chief theater, in 1598. The Curtain continued to be used as a playhouse far into the reign of King James. No picture of either of these original theaters has been handed down, and owing to their position without the walls none of the old maps represents their precise location.—Lippincott's.

### Poor Old Lady Beaconsfield.

There is nothing in his life, says Lord Ronald, that redounds more to Lord Beaconsfield's credit than the manner in which he treated his wife. She could never have been but a somewhat commonplace though good hearted woman. As she grew old she became a wreck of humanity, but the poor, faded, painted old lady was ever treated by her husband with a deference and regard truly touching. It was painful to see how, in what we are pleased to call the highest society, poor old Lady Beaconsfield was made a butt and a laughing stock. Knowing how sensitive Lord Beaconsfield was to anything approaching ridicule, I felt how bitterly he must have suffered when in a crowded hall or drawing room his hosts would what they called "draw out old Lady Beaconsfield" and laugh at her to her face, showing no reticence, regard or decent feeling for the poor husband, who, imperturbable as he ever appeared, was probably suffering acutely at the conduct of his ill bred hosts.

### A Thief, but No Liar.

Magistrate (to new policeman)—Did you notice no suspicious character about the neighborhood?

New Policeman—Shure, yer honor, I saw but one man, an' I asked him what he was doin' there at that time o' night. Sez he, "I have no business here just now, but I expect to open a jewelry sthore in the vicinity later on." At that I sez, "I wish you success, sor."

Magistrate (disgusted)—Yes, and he did open a jewelry store in the vicinity later on and stole seventeen watches.

New Policeman (after a pause)—Begorra, yer honor, the man may have been a thafe, but he was no liar.—London Answers.

### He Was Rather "Close."

An English clergyman of the eighteenth century, the Rev. Mr. Jones of Blewbury, with a nest egg of £200 and a stipend amounting to £50 per annum, left at death the sum of £10,000. He had been rector of his parish for forty years, and during all that time only one person had been known to sit at his festal table. No fire was ever lighted in his house, nor was a servant kept. In winter he would visit his parishioners to keep himself from perishing of cold rather than light a fire at the rectory.—Cassell's Journal.

### A Peculiar Politician.

"He's a mighty hard man to get along with," said the practical politician sadly. "Mighty hard."

"He seems thoroughly honest."

"Of course he is. That's what makes him so erratic and unsatisfactory. Every once in awhile he insists on doing something simply because he thinks it is right, without waiting to figure out what its effect on his political prospects is liable to be."—Washington Star.

### Interrupted Grieving.

A woman in Scotland had lost her husband, and the minister, calling to condole with her, found her sitting in front of a large bowl of porridge.

"Terrible loss, terrible loss!" sighed the minister.

"Aye," was the reply, "it's a terrible loss to me. I've just been greetin' a' nicht, and as sune as I finish this wee drap porridge I'm just gaun to begin again."

### The Encroaching Lake.

One of the humorously attractive characteristics of a child is his large sense of personal importance. A little girl was walking with her father on the shore of a large lake, where the waves were gently lapping up on the beach. Suddenly one came up higher than the others and swept over her foot, when she exclaimed, "Oh, papa, the lake stepped on my toe!"

### No Latitude.

A national school inspector in Ireland was once examining a class in geography and, having reason to correct an answer to a question regarding longitude, proceeded to ask for a definition of latitude. There was a slight pause, and a young lad answered: "Please, sir, we have no latitude in Ireland. The government won't allow us any."

### A Soldier's Reply.

A soldier of Marshal Saxe's army, being discovered in a theft, was condemned to be hanged. What he had stolen might be worth 5 shillings. The marshal, meeting him as he was being led to execution, said to him, "What a miserable fool you were to risk your life for 5 shillings!"

"General," replied the soldier, "I have risked it every day for my pay, fivepence." This repartee saved his life.


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# ANOTHER CITY EDITOR

**Bright's Disease and Diabetes Are Positively Curable.**

Editor Engelke, editor and proprietor of the California Journal, the German paper of 42 Montgomery St., San Francisco, interviewed:

Q.—Will you help us convince the people that Bright's Disease and Diabetes are positively curable by referring to your recovery?

A.—I've told it to a great many myself, and some of them profited by it and were cured.

Q.—How long ago was it?

A.—About six years ago. I was so ill with Bright's Disease that the doctors, being unable to help me, advised me as a last resort that I try some of the springs. Before going I heard of the Fulton Compound and took it and didn't have to go. I began to get better, and kept on with it till I was finally as well as ever.

Q.—Any symptoms of a return of it?

A.—None, although I don't permit a year to pass without taking some of it.

Q.—You say you told others?

A.—I told Charles F. Wacker of 131 Sixth St. about it on learning he had diabetes. He took it and is entirely well. I told a well-to-do German lady afflicted with Bright's Disease. She had been to Europe for treatment without result. She, too, took it and got well. I've told a great many. I know these Compounds to be certain cures in Bright's Disease and Diabetes. It is so incredible that one has to be cured to be convinced, and it even then dawns on one slowly.

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. 430 Montgomery St., San Francisco, sole compounders. Free tests made for patients. Descriptive pamphlet mailed free.


### Curran and Sir Boyle Roche.

Sir Boyle Roche, a famous Irish character of a century ago, was proud of his alliance with an English family of ancient lineage and was fond of referring to his titled father-in-law's kindness in giving him his eldest daughter, a boast which provoked Curran's retort, "Aye, Sir Boyle, and, depend on it, if he had had an older one he would have given her to you."

Whether it was this sarcasm which provoked Sir Boyle's hostility or that an enmity had already been created between Roche and Curran, it is certain that the two men were perpetually sparring at each other in the house of commons, as the debates of the Irish parliament testify.

Nor was the witty advocate and orator always successful in these encounters. Curran had observed one night, somewhat magniloquently, that he needed aid from no one and could be "the guardian of his own honor," whereupon Sir Boyle instantly interjected his sarcastic congratulations to the honorable member on his possession of a sinecure.

### Babies and Monkeys.

A frequent action with babies is to turn the soles of the feet sideways, opposite to one another, while the legs remain straight. Just this attitude would be assumed by a monkey when climbing a tree or walking on a branch in order to grasp the stem with its hind legs.

The inherited effects of thus grasping tree trunks or limbs with the hind hands are often very marked in young babies. The bow legs, which are a feature of infancy and a matter of some anxiety to mothers, are no more than the relics of the tree climbing stage, and the mother need not be frightened about this character; any normally healthy baby will grow out of it soon enough.

Then, if a young baby be held so that its feet touch the ground, one may see that the feet are not put flat to the surface. Instead, the outer portions of the feet rest on the ground, while the soles of the feet are more or less opposed to one another; they have the bough grasping attitude.—Pearson's Magazine.

### Old English Police Tax.

The chief authorities of towns in past ages incurred much responsibility. At Ripon we have a good example of their liabilities. Here formerly, after the blowing of a horn at 9 o'clock at night and until sunrise next morning, if a house were robbed and the owner and his servants had taken proper precautions for its safety, the wakeman had to make good the loss sustained. Each householder paid an annual tax of twopence if he had one door and fourpence if he had two doors to his dwelling for maintaining a watch over the city. The tax has long since been discontinued, but the horn is still blown at night.

### Making Drinking Water Safe.

Uncomfortable consequences may follow the use of the best of water by persons who are not accustomed to it, as we all know from experience in changing our usual daily beverage. A simple and efficient way of preventing trouble from a change of water is to carry a small vial of the crystals of permanganate of potash with you and to put one of the pieces in each glass of water that you drink. It will turn the water a slight pinkish tinge and, according to an authority, make it a safe beverage for strange stomachs.

### Too Optimistic.

"Everything into which he put money seems to have turned out wrong. I wonder what the trouble was?"

"He has persistently insisted on making a molehill out of a mountain in considering obstacles."—Chicago Post.