A PAY NIGHT LOVE FEAST

By C. E. DINGWALL.

Copyright, 1901, by C. E. Dingwall.

IN the midst of a jumble of harsh and jarring evidences of industrialism there nestled a little boxlike shanty. Long lines of shabby dump cars, a couple of diminutive narrow gauge locomotives, piles of T rails, rock cutting and moving machines and rough boarded and tar paper roof repair shops and storehouses hedged it in on all sides. It differed from the neighboring structures only in that its sides were of planed stuff and painted. In other respects it was as dilapidated and strictly utilitarian in appearance as any shack on the job. As a guide for those having business thereabout there was a black and white sign running the length of the peak of its shed roof that bore the legend, "D. McDonald & Co." Over one of the two doors was another which said simply, "Office." The facade of each of its two long sides was divided with mathematical exactness into seven equal parts by two windows and a door. One of these spaces was punctured for a smoke pipe, which, with an abrupt turn, shot upward three or four feet and ended in a serrated edge that suggested a sudden separation of a rusted length during a high wind.

The view from one side was marred by the intervening low, rambling buildings of the boarding camp in the near foreground, with rows of bright hued articles of wearing apparel strung on lines along the wall to dry. Up the right of way of the canal immensely tall steel derricks towered high in the air, and the spider web ironwork of ponderous rock conveyors stood in sharp relief against the sky when the day was clear. From the excavation the smoke from hoisting engines and, farther away, from overworked steam shovels hung in a cloud over the land. Now and then the dull boom of a blast was heard and a mass of rock shot up into the air—another step was made toward the completion of the contract for section Z.

Men innumerable—thousands of them along the twenty odd miles of the drainage canal—and $2,000,000 worth of machinery worked hand in hand day and night. By night the immediate vicinity of the scene of operations was bright with the glare of electric lamps or powerful sputtering kerosene torches.

By night, too, the vicinity of the boarding shacks was made lurid by the boisterous carrying on of rough workers. On pay nights that playful tendency overflowed, and a night's carousing ended in broken heads and bruised faces. Sometimes the inborn viciousness of a few guided the actions of the many, and the plant and belongings of the contractors suffered.

The McDonald outfit at the time had on their section nearly 300 men, as disreputable a lot of navvies as ever swung a shovel. Of these there were old hands to the number of perhaps forty or fifty, mostly skilled workers, with a few common laborers who followed the company about the country from one job to another. Every land that breeds men that can do a hard day's work was represented. There were Italians, Poles, Lithuanians and other "ians" from the same garlic eating, benighted districts, Scotch engineers and stone setters, Scandinavian riggers, handy with a rope; Irish drillers and foremen, Canucks from down Quebec way, and negroes. A few had dependent families in faroff homes and saved their money; the majority threw it up in the air by the second night after pay night at the farthest.

At the end of a wet, sloppy Monday in September the day shift was congregated in and about the little office, while the bookkeeper, behind a wire screen, pursued his welcome biweekly occupation of passing out the yellow pay envelopes to the men as they called off their numbers. Outside, a continued drizzling rain fell upon the crowd, and the moisture trickled from their clothing to the greasy mud pool on the floor in front of the railing.

Standing back of the bookkeeper, watching the operation of paying off, was the company's superintendent, David M'Keon, a bulky weather tanned Scotchman, who feared neither God nor man. His fist was like a sledge hammer, and his voice could be heard half a mile across the section. A younger man, not so heavy, but as tall, leaned against the desk. His strong, beardless features also bore the tan of sun and wind. A little felt crush hat covered his head, the brim drawn down into a spout from which the water dripped unnoticed down his front. A long, black rubber coat, liberally splashed with mud, covered his form and hung open in front, disclosing a good breadth of chest and a muscular frame. High laced russet boots reached almost to the knee, the canal mud clinging in quantity to their soles.

His name was Imrie—John L. Imrie—and he, in the capacity of assistant superintendent, divided with M'Keon the responsibility for the success of the operations on section Z.

Now success, plainly speaking, is profit—profit for old Donald McDonald. He employs some sharp people in the home office who are good at figures and who know very soon when a job is running short and are not backward in writing to the superintendent to that effect. And profit, plainly speaking, is the sweat of the brow of the man on the pay roll. Therefore it behooves a good superintendent to make the most of a man's capacity for labor in every minute of the ten working hours of a working day, if he would appear to good report at the clean up. And in pursuing this profit and a consequent good character from the home office, it is the easiest thing in the world for those in authority to get themselves disliked.

But notwithstanding the easy possibility of friction between superintendents and employees, M'Keon and Imrie enjoyed, as yet, a fair degree of immunity from the dislike of the men under them. M'Keon was gruff and outspoken and used bad words and his fist at the drop of the hat, it is true, but he was fair and square and always impartial in his dealings with the men and did not haggle too much over claims for shortage in their pay. And he knew what a fair day's work. Likewise Imrie, under the tutelage of the big Scotchman, fell into the right way from the beginning of his career on contract work, and the "kid" was called a pretty capable man at the business by the old hands. So when a rumor floated about that he was going to quit the job it created some little concern.

"They were sayin' somethin' 'bout you goin' to pull out, cap'n," said Kirby, the boss rigger, spitting out his words brusquely as he counted his money.

"Yes; I leave the end of the week," replied Imrie.

"That right? Pretty sudden, ain't it? I never did think you'd shake the old man; always s'posed you was married to him, sure. You an' he ain't got so you can't hit it off together, have you?"

"Oh, the lad's got some kind of a fool notion that his health will not admit of his remaining longer in these parts," said M'Kean, the "old man" of the job.

"Aw, that's a bluff. You ain't goin' to quit McDonald?" said Kirby.

"No," said Imrie. "I'm going home for a week and then down to that levee work below Memphis."

A short, stubby, florid person, Andy Cusack by name, rigger by trade, spoke up:

"You sure goin' down to that river job, Mr. Imrie?" he said. "Is that a fact?"

"It surely is," replied Imrie, with a smile.

"I heard somethin' like that talkin' round on the job, you know," continued Cusack, "but co'se I didn't think it was so. 'Twas Chapin as told me. 'Who do you s'pose quittin'?' says Chapin. 'Don't know,' says I. 'Who?' 'The 'sistent super,' says he. 'You're a liar,' says I just like that. 'For why is he quittin' this job?' says I, 'before it's finished, an' him with a girl in Lemont, too, an' a'"—

"Shut up, Cusack," said Imrie sharply.

"All right, sir," promptly replied the little man very businesslike, as though he was obeying an order to make a line fast or go up on top of a derrick. M'Kean emitted a chuckle that came from away down in the cavernous depths of his throat and winked at Kirby. The bookkeeper grinned and took time to wipe the perspiration from his brow, while Imrie tried to look severe, but across his face sped a momentary shadow of pain, as if a sad memory had been recalled.

One after the other most of the old hands interrogated the young man on the why and the wherefore of his prospective movement and added in crude and inelegant terms, solemnly and with respect or familiarly, like Kirby, for it was pay night, an expression of their surprise and regret and a hope that they would meet on some other job of the company's. Stewart Brough, stone setter, stumbled around on his flat feet, getting his long and skinny body in the way of the file of men while this was going on, and finally grasped Imrie's hand in his own mortar crusted paw. He shook it heavily and tapped the superintendent's coat with the long bony finger while he said: "Weel, guid luck to ye, lad, and mind what Ah've

"Weel, guidby and guid luck to ye."

always telt ye aboot descecriminating between the guid and the bad. Night and day the de'l's abroad on the highway, ye'll mind."

"And no one knows it better than you, Stewart, for you have met him often and succumbed," said Imrie, with a laugh.

"If he don' meet him tonight, I don' know," began Cusack, "with the coin in his pocket an' his bowels cryin' out to you about their sufferin' cries, for a little drop that they have n' had since last pay, an' the beautiful"— He continued on in a low mumble, getting no attention to his words and expecting none and perfectly satisfied thus.

"Weel, guidby and guid luck to ye," he blurted out at last, pumping Imrie's arm again.

"I'm not going for five or six days, Stewart," said Imrie.

"So ye're not. Weel, guidby if Ah don't see ye again." Considering that he was liable to see the superintendent every time he cared to look up from his work during the ten hours of a working day, the remark was superfluous.

Taking their cue from Stewart Brough, the rest of those who were hanging around stepped up and shook hands with Imrie, with a word or two or saying nothing at all. Other employees, as they came in and lingered for a minute, caught the gist of the proceeding, and they also shuffled up to the young man and added their well wishes to what had already been expressed. The transient hands, not understanding, looked on in wonder.

"This your reception day?" queried the bookkeeper.

In fact, the assistant superintendent was holding a levee in the little office and for a few minutes was overwhelmed with the kindly and sincere good wishes of the uncouth but good hearted workers. It is not an everyday occurrence for a man's popularity among his workmen to be shown so unmistakably, and M'Keon felt proud, both of his protege and of the fact that such sentiment was possible on a job in his charge.

But, though outwardly Imrie was pleased and gratified at the kind felicitations, there were ever running through his mind a current of thought that tainted the sweetness of the occasion. And what to a young man should have been welcome and agreeable was all the more bitter and ironical by its order in the succession of events.

A matter of two weeks ago he had stood at the gate of an old fashioned homestead in the neighboring village of Lemont and had asked the girl he loved to be his wife. It was in the gloaming of a summer's evening, in the shadow of the house which, set back but a few feet from the picket fence, nestling in a cluster of half grown elms, was the home of Barbara Elwell. You can see from the top of the cantilever conveyors on the canal, or from the crest of the spoil bank, its white walls gleaming among the green of its surroundings. There, trembling, but with confidence born of hope, he had whispered the words that had lain on his tongue for a long time.

And she had given him his answer. He was forewarned by a laugh—a laugh apparently sincere, but that there was to afford merriment is beyond man's capacity for guessing. She was no more than a child, and it was the answer of a child, and of a spoiled child. She drew away quickly in a fleeting moment of surprise at the unexpectedness of it, and then a rippling laugh sounded the deathknell of his hopes. He had better taken that as final, cutting through as he did. But he must know the why and wherefore, and she had given him cause to hope and all that, and was there another?

Miss Barbara Elwell was a very pretty girl of a breezy, fresh, western brand of prettiness, and swains of Lemont and of the neighboring big metropolis had told her so in terms of varying frankness. Finishing school ideas still floated through her brain, and she looked upon worldly matters from the standpoint of a nineteen-year-old, novel reading girl. To her the good clothes of a man were the index of his worthiness, or at least such sentiment did in some degree at this period in her life mold her opinions of the other sex.

She put it this way to Imrie: "Marry a man whose duties require him to associate with those dreadful canal men? Oh, really, I could not think of it! And then your work is so—so well, dirty, you know. Besides, Mr. Imrie, I'm sure I do not love you." The last sentence was uttered with a marked effort to bring it out in a tone that would carry conviction with it.

Crushed and sore in heart, the unsuccessful suitor left her and wended his way to his lonesome and cheerless room in the hotel, there to make himself more miserable with bitter thoughts.

But do not allow yourself to become prejudiced against her, for she is the heroine of this story and is a brave little girl.

So Imrie was furnished with one woman's view of his calling and spent many minutes in the following days in wondering whether he had been wrong in liking a trade that built railroads and canals and such mean things and required him to mix up with ablebodied, strong men who wore overalls ten hours out of the twenty-four. It formed the only business he was conversant with and as yet he had been fairly successful at it for a man of his age, he did not contemplate a change in his line of work, but the next day he did write to the home office asking to be transferred to another job, preferably the Memphis work, where the climate would not be as severe on his health. Such was the reason he offered, and nobody knew that he wanted to get away from the vicinity of Lemont because it was the scene of his disappointment in a woman he had installed in his heart as an idol fit for his worship. He wanted to obliterate all recollection of her entirely, to forget her as though she had not been always in his thought ever since his advent on the canal. He wanted to forget the solitary walks, the buggy rides along together over shady roads of that part of the unchaperoned west, which he could not do while he was obliged to pass her house four times a day to and from the hotel where he stopped.

With a cold, stiff lifting of his hat he greeted her when she happened to be in the garden when he passed, and in the same spirit was his salutation returned. In her innermost heart, however, she longed for him to stop and speak, and yet that same heart was all a-flutter with fear lest he should do so as his steps brought him nearer the gate. Her eyes, when his back was turned, looked shyly out from under their lashes and, wistful and pleading, they followed him down the graveled walk. Could he on that evening have been induced to subdue his mental upbraiding of all womankind and look back he might have seen her standing on the porch with an arm encircling the post looking longingly in his direction. For a moment, then, his name was on her tongue to call him back. But it remained unuttered until his figure was lost in the gathering darkness. For awhile she stood there and then, with a little sigh, turned and went into the house.

During the next two weeks there was continued the homage due the prettiest girl in the village, and so her thoughts were diverted more easily from the seriousness of that night than were Imrie's. One there was, a young man of the family of Anson, who wooed more deeply than the rest, came down the thirty odd miles from the city of a Sunday to spend the afternoon and evening in her company. He was a nice young man, take it all in all, and was possessed of admirable assurance in ladies' society and more wonderful collars. On the last occasion of his weekly trip he had contrived to carry his visit over the succeeding Monday, which was a holiday, and this Monday was the pay day on McDonald's section with which this story has to do. About 8 o'clock that night they sat upon the veranda that filled in a corner between two wings of the house. The air was warm and moist and heavy, and from the canal came the soft patter of the machine rock drills and the dull coughing of hoisting engines. He was beginning to say goodby, as it was near train time. She was listening a little wearily, for he had outstayed his welcome.

Suddenly there arose from the direction of the center of the town a clatter of many voices raised apparently in anger. Breaking so abruptly into the quietude of a village night it sent a thrill of fear through her, and the startled young man lost his presence of mind. A shrill whoop punctuated the discord, and now and again a grating drunken laugh rose above the noise. Then the clang of a breaking window pane was heard; a moment's silence, and the babel, louder than before, and added to by an irate proprietor's blasphemous tongue, broke forth afresh.

"It's that dreadful canal crowd. This must be pay night," explained Miss Elwell to Anson in answer to his query.

A little figure glided down the street, hurrying from the noise as fast as two bowlegged pins could carry him. He mumbled some indistinct breathless words as he passed.

Barbara went to the gate and looked up the street, and Anson held an umbrella over her head. A couple of hundred yards away the light from numerous saloons that drew their sustenance from the canal workers shed a weird and infernal illumination over a crowd of men moving about unsteadily for the most part, for the liquor had circulated freely. All were talking at once and loud, and in the distance it sounded like the snapping and snarling of a pack of fighting dogs.

The neighborhood of the big ditch and the towns along its course often felt the blighting effect of the congregation of thousands of hard drinking men. Dissatisfied laborers, primed with alcohol, had wreaked vengeance upon bullying foremen upon one or two occasions, and once had gone further, and for some grievance, fancied or real, had wrecked expensive machinery of their employers. Good people, unused to the ways of construction hands, and supposing that all the men were equally bad with the parasites and hangers on who infested the vicinity, lived in a state of continual terror, especially when pay days came around.

Cognizant of all this, Barbara heard the clamor with alarm. A vague presentiment of impending danger to some one near to her possessed her, and her hand, resting on the gate, trembled. The crowd appeared to be forming into line with the object of marching down the road past the Elwell house and toward the canal.

From out of the shadow in the other direction two men appeared, talking volubly but low and walking swiftly to the scene of the uproar. A third followed in their wake, almost running at their heels. The latter was little Andy Cusack. Kirby and Chapin, who were the first two, looked with what appeared to be apprehending intentness at the mob ahead of them. Miss Elwell hailed the mannikin as he approached. "Mr. Cusack, what is it?" she said.

Cusack pulled up with a jerk and gazed questioningly at the girl and her escort. "Oh," he muttered as he recognized her and turned again to follow the other two.

"Cusack, stop!" said Barbara in a well simulated tone of command.

He halted obediently.

"What is the matter down there?" she asked again.

"Where? Down there? Oh, 'tain't anything, 'cept that McDonald's pets is goin' to celebrate the occasion with appropriate cer'monies."

"What occasion?" said Anson as Cusack stopped.

The little man blinked absently at the stranger and, turning to Miss Elwell, said, "They're settin' out to give a reception or somethin' like that—I don't know what—to Mr. Imrie for the—whoop!" He had put out his hand to steady himself against the open gate, but missed it, and as he tipped over his stiffened outstretched arm brought up against a tree. He struck an attitude, with one leg crossed before the other, the toe of one boot dug into the gravel and arm akimbo. "S'cuse me," he said to no one in particular.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Disadvantages of Heroism.

It would be a good thing if in our public school courses in heroism to teach the boys and girls that, after all, while heroism is a fine thing and a great thing, it is a most uncomfortable thing and that possibly, on the whole, the best and most lasting work that is accomplished in life comes from a steady application of all one's best energies to a noble purpose, meeting with honest and patient effort the emergencies and vexations of daily life and holding true to the middle course, which assures success without bringing notoriety. A fixed purpose to do well that which one has to do will in the end bring laurels of more permanent value to the world at large and to the unheralded band that achieves its purpose than those which are even worthily bestowed upon the brow of him who avails himself of an unusual chance in an abnormal fashion.—Harper's Weekly.

Smothered In Roses.

The Sybarites slept on beds stuffed with rose leaves; the tyrant Dionysius had his couch filled with them; Verus would travel with a garland on his head and around his neck, and over his litter he had a thin net, with rose leaves interwined; Antiochus luxuriated upon a bed of blooms even in winter days and nights, and when Cleopatra entertained Antony she had roses covering the floor to the depth, it is said, of an ell.

We are told that Heliogabalus supplied so many at one of his banquets that several of his guests were suffocated in the endeavor to extricate themselves from a abundance—victims of a surfeit of sweet odors.

Lapsus Linguae.

"You understand, of course, that my daughter has been reared in the lap of luxury?"

"Why, she told me last night that mine was the first—er, that is, I hope, sir, that I may be able to make such provision as to keep her from pining for the lap you mention."—Chicago Herald.

The Same Old Climate.

"Is not your climate rather changeable?" asked the tourist.

"No, it isn't," answered the old settler who always contradicts. "If it was, don't you suppose we'd have changed it for something else years ago?"—Washington Star.

How Greeley Learned to Read.

By a singular adaptation to the changes of motion on his mother's part while spinning Horace Greeley when a youngster acquired the unwonted quality of reading with the book in almost any position, sidewise or upside down, as readily as in the usual fashion without at that time thinking it anything unusual.

A DROLL CHARACTER

"COUNSELOR" NOLAN WAS A WIT OF THE NEW YORK BAR.

Some of the Quaint Sayings of This Picturesque Legal Light, Who For Years Kept Gotham's Judges and Lawyers Laughing.

In a book entitled "The Barrister" Charles Frederick Stansbury has brought together the best of the anecdotes of Tom Nolan, who was known popularly among members of the New York bar as "Counselor Nolan." For many years the counselor kept judges and lawyers of New York laughing, and at political conventions he was one of the important, if not serious, attractions. The counselor was himself sui generis. His drollery was individual. Some characteristic stories from Mr. Stansbury's collection are here set down:

At a political convention a friend asked Nolan:

"Isn't it strange, counselor, that your friend Croker, who is such a mighty power down your way, does not get a nice political job for himself?"

The barrister drew himself up, looking his inquisitor over from the corner of his eye, and then replied, with severity: "'Tis a peanut brain you have, Clancy, to ask me that. Is there anny job he hasn't got?"

Judge Horace Russell told the following story: Nolan once had a client whose name was Mrs. Moriarity. After her case had been placed upon the calendar Mrs. Moriarity appeared every day in Nolan's office with her eleven witnesses. Finally the case reached the top of the calendar, and Nolan was on hand to try it. The opposing counsel asked for a postponement. Nolan fought the postponement with great eloquence, laying much stress upon the fact that Mrs. Moriarity had been put to enormous trouble and expense of coming every day to his office with her eleven witnesses. Judge Dugro, who was sitting, was not convinced apparently by Nolan's perfervid oratory and granted the adjournment. Then the barrister arose.

"Your honor," said he, "has seen fit to grant a postponement of the case, and, while I humbly submit to the ruling of the court, yet I would like to ask your honor to do me a personal favor."

"Certainly, counselor, with pleasure," replied Judge Dugro. "What is it?"

"Go you to my office," thundered the barrister, "and inform Mrs. Moriarity that this case has been postponed."

Witty and keen as Nolan was, he once in awhile got the worst of an encounter with a witness, as the following incident illustrates:

The plaintiff, Mr. Foley, was suing Mr. W. for damages sustained by carelessness of defendant in allowing his donkey to escape from his stable and trespass upon plaintiff's lawn. Foley is in the witness box.

Barrister Nolan (for defendant)—You say that Mr. W.'s animal caused all this injury to your property?

Foley—Yes, sor.

Barrister—Where did you first see this donkey?

Foley—Tied up in defendant's stable.

Barrister—Where did you next see him?

Foley—On me premises.

Barrister—How do you know it was the same donkey?

Foley (emphatically)—If I saw yez tied up in the stable, didn't yez suppose I'd know yez whin yez got loose?

The barrister excused Mr. Foley.

It was in the old superior court before Judge David McAdam and a jury, and the counselor was trying a case on behalf of the plaintiff in a negligence suit against the Twenty-third street crosstown railroad, which was controlled by Jacob Sharp, who afterward gave the name of "boodle aldermen" to the world. On rising to sum up on behalf of his client Nolan launched forth into an attack upon Sharp, who had in no manner appeared in the case. Raising his voice to a pitch that could be heard by citizens in the City Hall park, he concluded his peroration as follows:

"And who, gintlemen of the jury, is Jacob Sharp? I will tell you, gintlemen. He is a man so lost to all his sinse of ethics and the rights of man that for the sake of paltry prospective dividends he would run a railroad up your spine and make ties out of your ribs!"

When the bar of the city of New York gave a dinner at Delmonico's in honor of former Justice Abraham R. Lawrence on his retirement from the bench, one of the remarks Nolan made was:

"There's Recorder Smyth. He's a good judge, a foine judge, but he thinks ivery man ought to go to prison at least wance."

Nolan on one occasion was a candidate for a municipal office, and in the course of his canvass he asked a woman of his acquaintance if she would use her influence in obtaining for him her husband's vote. "Sure, I will," said the woman. "Are we not everlastingly grateful to you ever since you got my husband off for stealing a gun?"

"No, no, my dear woman," cried the barrister, "not for stealing a gun, but for the alleged stealing of a gun."

"Alleged be bothered," replied the woman. "Come up stairs and I'll show you the gun."

Once arguing a case in behalf of clients who were sailors and while in the midst of an exhaustive display of nautical scholarship Nolan was interrupted by the court:

"How comes it, counselor, that you possess such a vast knowledge of the sea?"

"Does your honor think," responded Nolan, "that I came over in a hack?"

Sad Reflection.

It happens quite frequently that the self made man has a son who is simply tailor made.—Puck.

Escape One Infliction.

Jasper—Now that Scadsby has made a fortune he doesn't know his old friends.

Jumpuppe—Well, that has its advantages. They don't have to listen to the story of his early struggles.—Judge.

A Modest Thespian.

Briggs—That fool Stephigh considers himself the greatest actor on earth.

Benson—Is that so? He's getting strangely modest. He used to consider himself the greatest actor that ever lived.—Tit-Bits.

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.

Book Plates.

The question of the use of the family coat of arms vexes the American very seriously. Originally all book plates were heraldic. That was in an age when people generally could not read and when the blazon of each family, as shown on wearing apparel or small belongings, was as well known and quickly distinguished as an autograph or photograph today. In the main, it is safe to advise Americans not to use coat armor on their book plates. The uncertainty of the actual right to arms and the extreme difficulty of getting a drawing that one knows is undeniably correct in every detail are strong reasons against its use. Heraldry is too exact a science to admit of liberties, and it is no small achievement to draw the coat of arms with absolute correctness and yet with artistic feeling.

Though it is not very generally practiced, it is legal to copyright the book plate design. At least two plates are so protected in this country. This would seem to leave a door open for those who wish to secure for themselves a personal distinguishing mark, a quasi-heraldry, for the drawing may be in heraldic form as well as in any other.—Century.

Wanted Crude Eggs.

"Bring me crude eggs, shredded wheat biscuits and a glass of milk," said the man on the Boston boat.

"Yes, sah," replied the waiter. "What kind of aigs was them, sah?"

"Crude eggs."

"Yes, sah; yes, sah," repeated the man, walking away with a perplexed expression. Shortly he returned. "We ain't got them aigs, sah, but we's got 'em boiled, fried, poached an' scrambled, very nice, sah."

"No, no," protested the Boston man. "I want them crude, raw."

"Oh," gasped the waiter, "you wants 'em raw?"

"Certainly."

Having brought them, the waiter looked on curiously while the man broke the yolks of the eggs over the shredded biscuit and stirred the whites up in the milk. "Dat's one of dem food cranks," reported the waiter to the next table.—New York Press.

Tree That Turns to Stone.

There is a tree that grows in Mexico called the "chijol," or stone tree. It is of enormous proportions, both in circumference and height. It has a number of branches spreading out widely and carrying leaves of a yellowish green color. The wood is extremely fine and easily worked in a green state. It is not given to either warping or splitting. The most remarkable thing about it is that after being cut the wood gets gradually harder, and in the course of a few years it is absolutely petrified whether left in the open air or buried in the ground. From this timber houses can be built that would in a few years become completely fireproof and would last as though built of stone.

First Railroad Charter.

The first charter ever granted in this country or probably any other for the building of a railroad was granted in 1819 to Henry Drinker by the Pennsylvania legislature for a road of that kind from the Delaware valley to the headwaters of the Lehigh river over the route now occupied by the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western railroad from the Water Gap to Scranton. That was before the days of steam, and the "wagons" that were to be run on the road were to be moved by horse power. That old charter and the rights it conveyed were purchased by the original Delaware and Lackawanna company for $1,000.

The Diagnosis.

There are things that only a doctor can successfully accomplish, and there are other things which the physician may safely relegate to a competent assistant.

"I understand the doctor has just been to see your husband, Mrs. McCarthy," said Mr. McCarthy's employer. "Has he made a diagnosis?"

For a moment Mrs. McCarthy was submerged in a sea of doubt, but she rose triumphant.

"No, sorr," she said confidently, "he left it to me, him saying I was well able to do it, sorr. It's to be made wid linseed on a shtout muslin, sorr."

Took the Second Man.

One evening recently a well to do bachelor volunteered to teach a sprightly young widow the game of checkers. He quite overlooked the possibilities of the game.

"There, now; it's still your move," he exclaimed to the lady shortly after the game had commenced. "You have taken only one man, and you are bound to take another."

"Thanks for your advice," said the widow sweetly. "Suppose I take you, then?"

She did subsequently.

A Costly Prayer Book.

Queen Elizabeth used to carry about with her suspended by a chain of pure gold a book called "The Golden Manual of Prayer," a dainty volume of 300 pages, bound in "hammered virgin gold." One side of this costly volume gave a representation of the judgment of Solomon, the other the brazen serpent on the cross in the desert.

A Fad and a Cult.

A Boston editor, asked to define the difference between a cult and a fad, rose to the emergency in this manner: "A fad is anything that arouses evanescent mentality, while a cult is anything that inspires permanent mentality."

Extenuation.

Visitor—That painting is by an old master, I see.

Mrs. McShoddie (apologetically)—Y-e-s, but the frame is new.—New York Weekly.

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. 21 SAN FRANCISCO.

We Were Too Late.

Bright's Disease and Diabetes Are Positively Curable.

Upon hearing that Charles A. Newton, the yardmaster of the Southern Pacific Company at Sacramento, had a certain case of Diabetes, the business men who were investigating the Fulton Compounds, wrote him asking him to take it; but they were late, as he had already heard of it, as per his letter in answer as follows:

"SACRAMENTO, July 21, 1901.

"Dear Sirs: Yours of the 19th received, and I thank you for your information regarding the Diabetes medicine made by J. J. Fulton. I was permanently cured of Diabetes by this medicine, and I now enjoy good health once more. I commenced taking it March 3d, and June 5th was pronounced cured. I now enjoy my old diet in a mild form, but advance more on it as time goes by, not wishing to attempt too much at once. I was very bad with the disease. The gravity was 1046, and I was so weak I could scarcely walk. The physicians helped me some, but said there was no cure. I then heard of and went to treating with the Fulton Compound, and only took three bottles when I commenced to feel better, and then kept on improving until I was restored to health.'

"I know of another case of Diabetes, an engineer on the road who had the disease for four years. He went to Tucson to die. When I was getting better I sent for him to come to Sacramento to go on the same treatment. On his return he believed no medicine would cure him; but I prevailed upon him to try it. This was in May. He is now so much improved that he is on his engine working every day. There are also two cases of Bright's Disease taking it whom I told of it. I hope some syndicate will get this medicine and build sanitariums all over the country for the treatment of these dreadful diseases. Trusting I have not said too much, Yours.

"CHAS. A. NEWTON,
"Yardmaster, S. P. Co., Sacto."

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

Tung Po and Teamaking.

There is but one way of making tea, for

Unless the water boiling be
To pour on water spoils the tea.

The teapot itself should be heated very hot before the tea is placed in it and the boiling water poured on. It should be scalding hot water, or the leaves will float to the top.

No less authority than Tung Po, the Chinese poet, is quoted for a recipe for teamaking. He says: "Whenever tea is to be infused, take water from a running stream and boil it over a lively fire. It is an old custom to use running water, boiled over a lively fire. That from springs in the hills is said to be best and river water the next, while well water is the worst. A lively fire is a clear, bright charcoal fire. When making an infusion, do not boil the water too hastily. At first it begins to sparkle like crabs' eyes, then somewhat like fish's eyes and lastly it boils up like pearls innumerable springing and waving about. This is the way to boil water."

A teaspoonful of tea for two cups, with one for the pot, is the rule.

Saint's Powder Recipe.

In Germany and Italy great honor is paid to St. Barbara, but until now no one has been able to discover the exact reason.

A German officer says that she is honored because the invention of powder is in a large measure due to her.

Berthold Schwarz, a monk, he explains, opened the "Lives of the Saints" on St. Barbara's day and read the story of her martyrdom, after which he reasoned as follows:

"The heart of the Virgin was white as salt, the soul of her tormentor was black as coal, and it was sulphur from heaven which punished him for his cruelty. I will mix these three things, and it will be a wonder if I do not discover the philosopher's stone."

He did mix them, and as soon as he put the mixture in a fire a tremendous explosion followed. Such, according to German soldiers, was the origin of gunpowder.

The Wedding Gift.

It is a golden rule to send a wedding gift in good time, the first to arrive being much more appreciated than that which is one of the many pouring in from all quarters during the last week.

By adhering to this rule one will be saved the annoyance of hearing that the saltcellars are charming—the third set already received.

A month before the wedding day is not too early to send the present, which should be accompanied by a visiting card.

The package should be addressed to the bride, if one is intimate with the happy couple, and to the bride's house, addressed to the bridegroom, if it is he with whom one is best acquainted.

Living in a Crater.

There is no more interesting or curious sight on this earth than the interior of the extinct crater, Aso San, about thirty miles from the city of Kumamoto, in Japan. This peculiar locality is inhabited by 20,000 people, who live and prosper within its vertical wall 800 feet high. The inhabitants rarely make a journey into the outer world, but form, as it were, a little nation by themselves.

Titles.

Give a Georgia darky a "chaw" of tobacco and you're a cap'n.

Give him a quarter and you become a colonel.

Paralyze him with a dollar and you are a general for life.

Throw in an old suit of clothes and two stiff drams of corn liquor and he raises all his children to call you governor.—Atlanta Constitution.