

# A PAY NIGHT LOVE FEAST

BY C. E. DINGWALL.

Unconsciously, in the intensity of her pleading, she had put a little hand upon his arm. He covered it with his own big palm and gazed into her entreating eyes. "For your sake, Bob," he muttered absently. Then he pinched her fingers and gave vent to a little laugh in which there was no mirth, but an immense amount of happiness.

"Don't be alarmed," he said reassuringly. "I hardly think our men have any cause for such action, and anyway, we'll take care of ourselves—you and I, Bob. You sit here and I'll go out and see what they want."

He placed a chair in a corner and she obediently seated herself in it without a word. Somehow, now, she felt a perfect trust and confidence in his ability to protect both himself and her. She watched him absently while he took from a drawer a holster with a big revolver in it and deposited it in his pocket. Then, as a gust of wind brought the clamor distinctly to his ears, he turned to her and said, "Don't be afraid; it will amount to nothing," and hurried out. He stood in the half shadow between door and window and awaited the approach of the men.

Now that he heard the mingled curses, shouts and laughter at that short distance he felt the least bit of anxiety.



"Mr. Imrie," he began solemnly. It must be acknowledged. He remembered, as did every one else along the right way of the canal, the lawlessness and disorder that sometimes accompanied a pay night drunk. Only last month Lake and Stafford had paid the penalty of shotgun methods in handling their men when whisky had given the employees courage. But Imrie felt no fear or uncertainty as to the final outcome, for years of authority had given him confidence in his own capacity for making his commands obeyed now as well as on the work.

They were coming straight to the office without a doubt. As they turned the corner of a cluster of dump cars and sighted the office their uproar died down to a low murmur, and he heard ominous hoarse whispering. His ear caught, coming from half a dozen tongues of varying nationalities, the sound of "There he is!" and "That's him!" which did not tend to reassure him. The rustle of a mackintosh in his rear disturbed him, and he felt his hand clasped by the fingers of two trembling, rain wet little hands. "It is so lonesome in there," softly said a voice at his shoulder. He laughed again.

Emerging from the shadow into the dull light from open door and curtainless windows was a crowd of half a hundred men, almost all showing evidences of a too vigorous attack on the black bottle. Instead of beginning a debauch of destruction they halted in front of the office and looked respectfully at Imrie. No one spoke for a minute, and they seemed to be waiting expectantly for something, shuffling nervously from one foot to the other. Finally Stewart Broughly elbowed his way to the front and, taking off his hat, bowed with awkwardly exaggerated deference to the two wondering people standing before him. He took from his breast pocket a folded paper, much crumpled and laced with the marks of dirty thumbs, and handed it to Imrie.

"Mr. Imrie," he began solemnly, "we're a men of no great amount of learning and education, but for a' that we have got the souls and feelings of men. So we, employees of Donal McDonald and Company, do—" "Loud!" said a voice in the crowd. "Do—do—er—in meeting assembled, do hereby present ye wif a few resolutions which set forth in a few words the esteem in which ye are held by the said employees of Donal McDonald and Company." The assistant superintendent, nonplused at the unexpected turn of affairs, fumblingly opened the paper and made a pretense of reading the scroll that began with, "Resolved," with a huge and fantastically designed "R," and ended with "The Committee." It was bordered by a ruling of red ink, the line thicker in places, where clumsy fingers had failed to control the flow of ink under the ruler. "Ye'll mind, Ah'm no clerk," continued Stewart, "and a trowel fits because the fints of me hand better than a pen, so ye'll excuse the writing. But the idea is there. We wish to say Mr. Imrie, that we consider ye a man and a gentleman, though, of course, ye have yer shortcomings as the best of us have, and we're a' extremely sorry ye're going to leave the job. We have no suspicion of why ye're going, but if there is any leetle thing we can do to make ye change yer mind—and ye know verra weel the variety of our capabilities—we'll do it and welcome. If ye're set on going, weel, we can only say gud luck and success in a' yer undertakings, and may we get another 'assistant super like ye. Am Ah right?" He turned fiercely on the men and hurried the last sentence at them. A mighty answering roar could leave no doubt in the young man's mind of the

animosity of the sentiment. Stewart shook his head emphatically and then hemmed and hawed and squirmed while trying to remember the balance of his rehearsed speech. Finally he said abruptly, "Well these few remarks Ah'll close."

Imrie, completely taken aback, stood lamely holding the paper in his hands, with a pardonable sensation of elation filling him, while Barbara looked on in wonder. He took a step forward and said, "Men, this is very pleasant and gratifying, the more so because it comes unexpectedly. I'm glad I have merited this good opinion of those who have worked with me and thank you sincerely for this." He held up the paper.

"Three cheers for John L.," shouted some one immediately. A fellow from fifty healthy throats, three repeated, smote the air. Imrie grinned, and the girl, who was still unconsciously holding his hand, parted her lips in a smile of pride for the reason in which in some way she felt she came in for a share.

"Three cheers for the 'assistant super's girl." "Up, up!"

Her hands tore away from his as though they had touched hot iron. Again the answering roar, and the superintendent resignedly let it take its course. He charitably refrained from looking at the blushing face of Barbara.

"Now, then, bulles, lift 'im to our shoulders." It was Kirby's voice. Five or six jumped forward at the suggestion and laid rough hands on him. "Up with him, they shouted. 'Give him a ride.' 'Whoo!"

"Hold on, boys," said Imrie, pushing them back and chuckling amusedly at their eagerness. "Here, quit, hold on, wait a minute. I've got something to say." Whereupon they desisted, and he continued, "You may be a little premature with this whole affair, for I may not leave the canal after all. Certain—certain things occurred tonight before you came down here that may make me change my mind. Yes—er—Oh, how many are there of you?"

His hand went down into his pocket. Stewart Broughly glanced around at the sea of expectant faces, and with a shrug of his shoulders and a little jerky, comprehensive wave of his hand said indefinitely, "Oh, there do be quite a few, sir."

"So there are. Well, it's my treat tonight." He peeled off a bill from a roll and handed it to Stewart, who murmured a "thank ye, sir," and slowly folded it up. "Go over back of the blacksmith shop," said Imrie, "and try to make as little noise as possible, and, above all, don't go near town again tonight."

They moved off slowly, and Imrie watched them until the darkness swallowed them. "There'll be a lot of unnecessary hands on the job tomorrow," he meditated aloud.

At his side stood Barbara Elwell, filled with conflicting feelings of vexation at being so completely taken in by Cusack and of pride at the undoubted popularity of Imrie. Her eyes were unconsciously upon his face, but when he turned she quickly dropped them and said shamefacedly, "I was mistaken, wasn't I?"

"Indeed you were," replied Imrie; "mistaken twice, in fact. Once you said you did not love me, but you do." "I don't," the woman of woman is inscrutable. She brought the negative out very emphatically, though her heart was beating hard with the happiness his words brought into being, and she knew his assertion was beyond truthfulness. She quickly moved her hands away from his outstretched to take them and hid them behind her.

"Oh, but you do, Bob," he persisted. "Say honestly to me, you do." His arms stole about her with the bold assurance born of confidence in the return of his love. She drew back to the limit of the imprisoning circle in stubborn rebellion. "Say you do," he whispered pleadingly. "Don't, please don't, hurt me again as you did once before."

"Oh, I do, I do!" she burst forth passionately and hiding her face on his shoulder. "I love you! John, John, forgive me, forgive me!" she continued murmuring until he promptly stopped her with a kiss.

"And what did they mean when they said you were going to leave the canal?" she was saying a minute or two after. "Were you going away, John, because—because—?"

"Yes, Bob." "And I might have lost you if it were not for those horrid men and that dreadful little Cusack telling me that lie?"

"Don't call them 'horrid.' They are loyal, earnest, well meaning, every one of them, if they have not the gift of elegant language and are not 'clarks.'" He said, looking in the direction of the departing crowd. "And they have done us a good turn tonight, Bob. As for Cusack, I shall always have a warm spot in my heart for Andy Cusack."

"I think I shall, too, John," she said, with a sigh of happiness. Straggling along at the tail end of the procession that was making for the rear of the blacksmith shop were Kirby and Chapin and their henchman, Cusack. Kirby happened to look back at the office and softly called Chapin's attention to the old, old tabernacle there outlined against the lighted window. "Oh, Chapin," he said, "put your lamps on the kid, quick!"

Chapin looked and gave a long, low whistle. "I guess his health's improved much," he remarked. "It's sure enough his treat tonight, Kirby." And they turned again and sought their comrades, soon to join them in partaking till the sun's hours of the morning of the fruits of the assistant superintendent's gratuity.

**Placing Himself.** One day a drill sergeant in the British army had a number of recruits to drill and wanted the married men separated from the single ones, so he formed a line in a line and gave the word of command, "Single men advance and married men fall back in the rear!" All took their positions except one, an Irishman, who stood still. The sergeant asked the reason why he had not moved, but no answer came from Pat.

"Come, my man, are you married?" "No," replied Pat. "Then you are single?" "No." "Then what are you?" "I am courtin' Biddy," was the reply.

## LOST OPPORTUNITIES.

**Don't Waste Your Youth; Use It in Getting an Education.**

How the handicapped millionaire envies boys in school or college and would give half his wealth for the chance to lay a foundation which they are thinking of spending! How many an embarrassed man in public life longs to retrace his boyhood that he may correct the mistakes of his youth! How much more he could make of his life, of his position, if he had cultivated his mind when young! He does everything at a disadvantage. His grasp of documents, speeches and books is weak because he does not know how to study. He must employ a literary secretary to save himself from blunders of grammar, errors in history and biography or in political economy. He is forced to petty expeditors to hide his ignorance.

Oh, what a pity it is to see splendid ability, man to do the work of mediocre! A man of magnificent parts, feeling that he is by nature intended to shine as a leader, is pitiable when compelled to do the work of an inferior and plod along in hopeless obscurity.

The eager unrest of youth that chafes at restraining school walls and longs to rush to action makes havoc with countless careers. In after days the old proverb will ring mockingly in memory:

He that will not when he may, When he would he shall have pay.

What are investments in bonds and stocks, in houses and lands, compared with investment in an education, in a broad, deep culture which will enrich the life and be a perpetual blessing to one's friends?

To rob oneself of the means of enjoyment which education and culture give has no compensation in mere money wealth. No material prosperity can compare with a rich mind. It is a perpetual wellspring of satisfaction, of enjoyment. It enables one to bear up under misfortune, to be cheerful under discouragements, trials and tribulations which overwhelm a shallow mind and an empty heart.—Success.

## POULTRY POINTERS.

Fowls will not thrive with close penning or crowding. About one foot of space on the roost should be allowed for each adult fowl. A handsome appearance is worth 10 or 20 cents a pound on poultry in selling. Calcaneous matter for shells and gravel to aid trituration in the gizzard are indispensable.

Ground or crushed bone is so valuable for their health that it should at all times be kept before them.

The morning meal may be made more palatable and stimulating by adding cut onions with salt and pepper. Carelessness in the little details necessary to good management will soon show in the condition of the fowls.

Clean, pleasant and suitable quarters, with wholesome, nutritious food, have much to do in determining the flavor and quality of both the eggs and the flesh of fowls.

A good way to tell a fresh egg is by the air bubble in the large end. The smaller the air bubble the fresher the egg. A fresh egg must be examined closely to see the air bubble.

**"No Interference."** There is one thing anarchists will not consent to, one thing they rebel against (at least in thought, and sometimes in act), and that is anybody's assumption to rule another, whether it be czar, king, nobility or a democratic majority.

They are disagreed about many things. There are individualist anarchists and socialist or communist anarchists, believers in private property and believers in common property, but all alike believe in self rule, and they are as much opposed to democratic state socialism as to state socialism of any kind. They believe that power intoxicates the best of men and are not willing to allow it in any form. "No master, high or low," they say, after William Morris. "Let life shape itself." "Mind your own business," "No interference"—such is their demand.

**The Great Value of Saving Time.** Thrift of time is as necessary as thrift of money, and he who knows how to save time has learned the secret of accumulating educational opportunity. Men who regard it as sinful to waste money waste time with a prodigal's lavishness because they do not understand the value of short periods of time. Society is full of people who might enrich themselves, a hundred fold, and make their lives immensely more interesting if they learned this commonplace truth.—Ladies' Home Journal.

**The Word Treacle.** The word treacle has undergone an odd modification. At first it was applied to such decoctions of roots or other substances as were deemed beneficial in medical practice; then, as these were frequently sweetened, it came to mean any sweet concoction or confection, and lastly, as molasses was the sweetest of all, this name was exclusively applied to sirup.

**He Let Her Sleep.** Some years ago a Swansea vessel was caught in a terrible gale. The captain had his wife on board, and when the wind was still rising he told her to go down below and sleep, for all was well. He remained on the bridge till the mate came up and said: "We've done all we can. Hadn't you better tell the chaps to get out the boats?"

"Yes, yes, my lad, if you think so," said the captain, who knew the only choice left was whether to go down with the ship or in a small boat, which couldn't live ten seconds in that sea. The engineers came up with the news that the fires were all out. "Very well, my lads," said the captain quietly, "save yourselves if you can."

"Won't you fetch the wife on deck, sir?" asked one of the men.

"No," was the calm reply; "let her sleep, poor old girl. I am going down to have a smoke." And, smoking by the bedside of his sleeping wife, he went down with the ship.—London Standard.

**A Good Housekeeper.** Wife—Arthur, we'll have to go without breakfast this morning. Arthur—Why?

Wife—The cook's sick.—Woman's Home Companion.

## The Education of the Parrot.

To teach a parrot to talk it is never necessary to place the poor bird in a darkened room or to starve him. Common sense would suggest that he should be made as happy as possible in his surroundings. Give him good food—hemp, maize, oats, biscuit. As a slice of fruit is always beneficial, a bit of apple, pear, or banana or of carrot will do very well. Also see that your pet has pure drinking water, a large cage, some soft wood to gnaw, with plenty of coarse grit on the floor of the cage, for he needs the small stones to aid his digestion. A parrot in those comfortable circumstances may then be left alone in a room while his teacher conceals himself in another. The teacher, who should be heard, but not seen, should repeat, with infinite patience, over and over again the word or words he wishes his pet to learn. The female parrots do not talk—the female of the song birds, it should be remembered, is not a singer—so that efforts of education in that line are quite thrown away.—Our Animal Friends.

**Cleero.** Cardinal Newman was a master in the art of writing English. In one of his published letters he expressed the following opinion:

"As to patterns for imitation, the only master of style I ever had in Cleero. I think I owe a great deal to him and, so far as I know, to no one else."

Bishop Wordsworth of St. Andrews, another masterly writer of English, says in his autobiography:

"So far as I have derived benefit from any one in the matter of composition it has been from Cleero. I do not underestimate the advantage of a combined study of authors such as Addison, Swift, Bolingbroke, Johnson, Burke, Hume, Gibbon, Macaulay, and I may add, Horace Walpole, but I must repeat that I believe I got more good, not only in writing Latin, but for writing English, from reading Cleero and learning him by heart than from any other source."

**Long Flight of the Humming Bird.** That it may have the entire field to itself and escape the keen competition of hosts of tropical relatives for the nectar and minute insects in the deep throat of brilliant flowers that please him best that jeweled ant, the ruby throated humming bird, sole representative of his family east of the Mississippi, travels from Central America or beyond to Labrador and back again every summer of its incessantly active little life. Think what the journey from Yucatan even to New England must mean for a creature so tiny that its outstretched wings measure barely two inches across! It is the smallest bird we have.

Wherein lodges the force that propels it through the sky at a speed and a height which take it instantly beyond the range of human vision?—Ladies' Home Journal.

**Lack of Clothing in Uganda.** A lack of clothing was and probably still is the most salient characteristic of the Wa-Kavirondo. "I am afraid you will find them very naked," said a missionary to me on the borders of their country, and so we did; nothing could have been nakeder. From their walled villages they issued in swarms and crowded round the tents to gaze upon us, monsieur, madame and bebe, without a rag to their names nor a cloth between them, unless indeed a head neckpiece or a hippopotamus tooth stuck behind the ear could be accounted clothing. An airy, buoyant folk, very, and to missionary eyes a sad contrast to the semicivilized Waganda, with their greasy draperies of bark cloth.—Cornhill.

**Madagascar's Two Climates.** The island of Madagascar has two distinct climates of nature and two classes of fauna and flora. The island is about the size of France. Along the coast it is tropical and malarious, and the natives are darker than in the interior. The interior is a high tableland and mountainous. There the climate is cooler and the natives smaller, and lighter in color than on the coast. But in the interior they are more intelligent, and they rule the island.

**McSwiney's Gun.** Near Horn Head, County Donegal, Ireland, there is a hole in the rocks called McSwiney's gun. It is on the seacoast and is said to have connection with a cavern. When the north wind blows and the sea is at half flood, the wind and the waves enter the cavern and send up jets of water from the "gun" to a height of more than 100 feet. The jets of water are accompanied by explosions which may be heard for miles.

**The Rapid Moving Fly.** The rapidity with which insects travel is astonishing. The common house fly makes 100 strokes per second when in the act of ordinary flight, that number of strokes causing an advance movement of twenty-five feet. Our best naturalists say that this can be increased sevenfold.

**Rhinoceros Horns.** The horns of the African rhinoceros sometimes grow to the length of four feet. In olden times rhinoceros' horns were employed for drinking cups by royal personages, the notion being that poison put into them would show itself by bubbling. There may have been some truth in the idea, inasmuch as many of the ancient poisons were acids, and they would decompose the horny material very quickly.

**Modern Teaching.** "How is it, my dear," inquired a schoolteacher of a little girl, "that you do not understand this simple thing?" "I do not know, indeed," she answered, with a perplexed look, "but I sometimes think I have so many things to learn that I have not time to understand."—Schoolmaster.

**He Wasn't Satisfied.** Landlady (who has been looking for the boarder's umbrella)—I'm satisfied, Mr. Blake, that it has been stolen. The Boarder—You may be satisfied, Mrs. Hasher, but I'll be blown if I am.—Glasgow Evening Times.

**Solemn Affairs.** Inquiring Child—Papa, why do people cry at weddings? Papa (abstractedly)—Most of 'em have been married themselves.

## PERPETUAL MOTION.

**One Inventor Has Accomplished It by Harnessing a Cyclone.**

It was during the portion of his career when he lived in the valley of the south fork of the Big Sandflower river that Henry Plymshaw, the inventor, made his most notable invention. This invention had to do with cyclones.

One afternoon Inventor Plymshaw saw a splendid specimen of a funnel cyclone coming over the prairie, and he called to me and said he would go out and study it, since it was evident that it was going to one side. The instant the cyclone sighted us it came straight in our direction. We weren't prepared for this exactly, so all we could do was to run. We were just on the point of giving up when a most extraordinary thing happened. Curious thing. Sort of natural gas. And there it was. Only one leg, and that down a steep pasture in the middle of a heavy pasture. If it had had two legs, no doubt it could have scrambled out, but it couldn't make it with one. Couldn't do anything except revolve. And it did do that. I never saw a cyclone revolve like that one. Mad apparently because it had missed Plymshaw and me and got caught. So it just buzzed around like a top. Nothing in the world to stop it.

Most men—mere men of action—would have been satisfied at getting away and not having to revolve with the houses and lots, but not Plymshaw. No. He got to thinking, and what was the result? Put a belt around the stem of that cyclone just at the top of the well, set up a dynamo, strung wire and ran all the machinery and electric lights in that part of the country. Regular Niagara for power. Going yet, nothing to stop it, you see. Wonderful what a thing mind is!—H. V. Marr in Harper's Magazine.

## A DOMESTIC EXPERIENCE.

**The Reason One Woman's Cook Was Dissatisfied With Her Place.** "This is a queer age we live in," sighed a young housekeeper. "We've just lost a very good cook for a very absurd reason, I think. She came to us about four months ago and was satisfactory in every way—neat, industrious, respectful and last, but not foremost, an excellent cook.

"As she was so very quiet I could not tell whether or not she was as well pleased with us as we were with her, but about six weeks ago the trouble began. She asked me suddenly one day why we entertained so seldom.

"Ella," I said, "we don't care to entertain except a few choice friends now and then. It costs more than we can afford, and we really don't care for it."

"Your house is just as handsome as anybody's," she went on. "Other people that I've lived with entertained all the time, and their houses weren't near as pretty or as nice as yours. You never have anything but a club meeting once in awhile. Why don't you have teas and receptions, Mrs. Blank?"

"I reiterated my two reasons—that we couldn't spend money in that way and that we preferred simple amusements. Ella didn't seem satisfied, but the matter was dropped. Last Monday she asked to spend a week at home with her sick aunt, and, as I couldn't well refuse, she departed. Today I received a postal card from her couched in these words:

"Dear Mrs. Blank—My aunt is better, but I'm not coming back. I've got a more stylish place."—Detroit Free Press.

**Three Rules For Fishing.** One day as the Rev. Mark Guy Pearse of London was strolling along a river bank he saw an old man fishing for trout and pulling the fish out one after the other briskly. "You manage it cleverly, old friend," he said. "I have passed a good many below who don't seem to be doing anything."

The old man lifted himself up and stuck his rod in the ground. "Well, you see, sir, there be three rules for fishing, and 'tis no good trying it if you don't mind them. The first is, Keep yourself out of sight; the second is, Keep yourself further out of sight, and the third is, Keep yourself further out of sight still. Then you'll do it."

**Didn't Know Her.** "What has become of Miss Blank, who was always such a favorite in your set?" "Her father failed some weeks ago, and all they had was sold at auction."

"Poor thing!" "And now they have to live in a little house in the suburbs."

"What a change! How she must feel it!" "Yes. She is so much changed that even her best friends would not recognize her. I met her in the street today and did not know her at all, poor thing."

**Matched Puzzlers.** "Papa," said the inquisitive youngster, "why is it that people rescued from drowning are always saved just as they are going down for the third time?" "Why is it," returned the father, "that a small boy always picks out unanswerable questions to ask?"—Chicago Post.

**He Did It.** Teacher—No one can arrest the flight of time. P—Well, as I was coming to school this morning I stopped two minutes.—Detroit Free Press.

**As Good as Any One There.** Brown—Were you the best man at Holson's wedding? Green—No, I guess not, but I was just as good as any man there.—Chicago News.

**He Was Sorry.** "A man just called, doctor, an ugly fellow, who asked if you were in and said he wanted to give you a horse-whipping."

## CLARK'S LATEST AND BEST.

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

**Dorothen's Stolen Cheese.** Little Dorothen is one of those children whose silence when awake is regarded as a certain sign that she is in mischief. One day when she was about two and a half years old her mother gradually became aware of a silence which boded trouble. She was about to look for the baby when Dorothen came in, her rosy lips still bearing the traces of a feast.

"Where have you been, Dorothen? What are you eating?" "Cheese," said Miss Dorothen. "Where did you get it, dear?" asked her mother.

"In the moustrap," answered the delinquent. "In the moustrap?" exclaimed the horrified mother.

"Yes." Then the mother laughed. "But what will the poor mouses do? You will frighten them all away." "They wasn't all away," mammy. Dey was two mouses in de trap when I eated the cheese."—Brooklyn Life.

**The Fishes of Japan.** The islands of Japan are remarkable for their richness of animal life. The variety in climatic and other conditions, the nearness to the great continent of Asia and to the chief center of marine life, the East Indian islands; its relation to the warm black current of Kuro Shivo (the gulf stream of the Orient) and to the cold current from Bering sea, all tend to give variety to the fauna of its seas. Especially numerous and varied are the fishes of Japan. It has been noted that the fish fauna of Japan bears a striking resemblance to that of the Mediterranean, and Dr. Gunther has suggested that this can be accounted for by supposing that in recent times a continuous coast line and sea passage extended from one region to the other, the Isthmus of Suez not existing.—Popular Science Monthly.

**Hair and Grass.** There is a major in a certain English regiment who has a great contempt for incapacity of any kind and is somewhat impatient into the bargain. Some time ago he was in charge of a detachment of men, and a sergeant complained that he could get no man to undertake the duty of barber to the company.

"Is there no gardener in the company?" asked the major testily. "I seem to remember one. Send him to me."

The man was duly sent, but on receiving orders to act as barber ventured to expostulate.

"Great heavens!" yelled the major. "If you can cut grass, you can cut hair! Go and do it."

The man went, but what the others said is unprintable.

**Uncalled For Courtesy.** The Vicomte Toussaint was formerly a colonel in the French army and mayor of Toulouse. He was a brave man and a dashing officer. During one of the hottest engagements of the terrible war, noticing that his troops were bounding forward under a galling fire to escape the bullets of the enemy while he alone maintained an erect position, he exclaimed, "Since when, I should like to know, has so much politeness been shown to the Prussians?" The sarcasm took instantaneous effect, for the soldiers rushed forward and carried everything before them.

**Cats in Ancient Wales.** An ancient statute ascribed to Hovel the Good, a Welch prince, who ruled in 948, regulated the price of cats. A penny was the price of a kitten before its eyes were open, twopence until it had caught its first mouse, fourpence when it was old enough for combat. He who stole a cat from the royal granaries forfeited either a milk ewe, with its fleece and lamb, or as much wheat as would cover the body of the cat suspended by its tail, with its nose touching the ground. A penny was a coin of great purchasing power in the tenth century.

**A Question of Dinner Time.** A cardinal who commanded the troops of Pope Boniface IX. in the march of Acona, finding himself on one occasion in a position in which he must conquer or die, promised his soldiers that if they secured the victory those who fell should dine that very day with the angels. They marched to the combat with alacrity, but finding that the cardinal was careful not to expose himself, "How is it," said one of them, "that you show no anxiety for the celestial banquet to which you have invited us so warmly?" "Because it is not yet my dinner time, and I am not hungry."—All the Year Round.

**The First Knitting Machines.** In the reign of Queen Elizabeth first mention is made of hand knitting. William See in 1589 invented the first knitting machine, called a knitting frame or stocking frame. He was refused a patent in England and went to France and established a factory at Rouen. This machine shortly after the Revolutionary war, was modified and improved by a Yankee and a factory established at Cohoes, N. Y., in 1822.

**A Startling Metaphor.** For a "startling metaphor" take Sydney Smith's when he saw a little girl stoop down and stroke the shell of a turtle.

"Why are you doing that, Belle?" he asked. "To please the turtle." "My child, you might as well stroke the dome of St. Paul's to please the dean and chapter."

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## A PIONEER MERCHANT

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

Adolph Weske, the well-known pioneer of 920 Green Street, San Francisco, one of the founders of the California Cracker Company, interviewed December 11, 1911:

Q.—Will you permit us to refer to you as one of those cured of diabetes by the Fulton Compounds?

A.—You may. It ought to be known. I have told a great many about it myself. Q.—You found it hard to convince them. A.—Only those cured can best convince them. You will have great difficulty in making people believe it. Q.—Had physicians diagnosed your case as diabetes? A.—Several. The kidneys were also affected. I had to sleep with my hand under my back to sustain me so I could rest. Q.—How long before you began to improve? A.—It took hold slowly—it must have been several weeks. Q.—How long before you were fully restored? A.—About a year. Q.—Can you recall any one told about it? A.—There was a Mrs. D., a friend of ours in the country. Her trouble was Bright's Disease. Q.—Any other? A.—A lady friend in Windsor, Seneca County, who, swollen with dropsy, I sent her the Fulton Compound. The second dozen completely restored her. Q.—What do you think of the curability of Bright's Disease and Diabetes? A.—Cure awaits the patient who will take these Compounds for a sufficient length of time.

Medical works agree that Bright's Disease and Diabetes are incurable 92 per cent, are positively cured under the Fulton Compounds. (Common forms of kidney complaint and rheumatism offer but short resistance.) Price, \$1 for Bright's Disease and \$1.50 for the Diabetic Compound. John J. Fulton Co., 425 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, sole compounders. Free tests made for patients. Descriptive pamphlet mailed free.

## Downing Street.

Downing street, London, perpetuates the name of a clever man from Massachusetts. Those were the days before the Fourth of July had any significance in American annals, and George Downing, the first scholar in the first public school in Massachusetts and the first graduate sent out by Harvard college, came to England and became a chaplain in Cromwell's army.

By a remarkable stroke of fortune he was sent to represent England at the Hague when Europe was trembling before Oliver, and during three distinct eras in England's history he held the office of British ambassador at the Dutch court. He was as popular as or cleverer under the Merry Monarch as under the protector and the commonwealth; and it came to pass, in the reign of Charles II., that the man from Massachusetts was granted a great tract of land at Westminster, where he built huge mansions and laid out Downing street.

To this day Downing's street is Downing street still, and, though George Downing is forgotten, there is no name in the British empire which is more familiar to us than his.—St. James Gazette.

**Guests Pass With Glaciers.** Hotel keepers in the Alps have a new trouble and are complaining of the loss of patrons, who are moving away from the glaciers. Yes, the attractive glaciers are actually passing from the landscape, and as they recede the hotels along their borders find that their registers are shortening.

These glaciers are not running away by any means, but they are deteriorating slowly with a persistency that means their final annihilation. Hotels that a few years ago stood very near to a great river of slowly moving ice now find themselves a considerable distance away, and the attractiveness of the site is lessened.