

A LUNATIC CREW...

By C. B. Lewis.

Copyright, 1901, by C. B. Lewis.

WE were due east of the island of Luzon, one of the Philippine group, and heading down the China sea with a cargo for London when we caught the tail end of a typhoon. We were lying to and making fairly good weather of it when a Spanish ship, also lying to, hove into view. She was lighter and drove faster to leeward. She was about a mile to windward of us when first sighted, and no great attention was given her until it was seen that she was drifting squarely down upon us. As she came nearer we saw that her crew were dancing about on her decks like a lot of half drunken men and paying no attention whatever to the storm. Her foremast was overboard, and much of her canvas had been blown away, and she was being held in the wind's eye by a tarpaulin set in the rigging. A sheer of the wheel would have sent the Spanish ship clear of us by half a cable's length, but the fellows drifted down without paying us the slightest attention, and she did not miss us by ten feet. As she rushed past we could look right into the eyes of her crew. They were about twenty in number, and they yelled and screamed at us like so many lunatics. Brief as was the time, we all noticed one peculiarity about them. Their faces were as yellow as saffron, while their eyes appeared unusually large and brilliant. The ship was the Isotel of Cadiz.

Beyond cursing the Spanish crew for a gang of idiots we had little to say. The idea was that fear of the storm had made them take to drink, as is often the case, and that they were going to Davy Jones' with a jag. Six hours later the storm broke, and we headed our course, but within six hours we were pitching about in the troubled sea without wind enough to ruffle a feather. I turned in at 8 o'clock that night and turned out again at midnight for the morning watch. After midnight the sea began to go down very fast, and at 2 o'clock there was only what you might call a tumble on. It was then that we faintly caught the sound of voices singing and shouting to the south of us. It was a thick night, and nothing could be made out, but at 4 o'clock we got a light breeze and had not been waited along above a knot when we had the Spanish ship again under our eyes. All her topmasts were gone now, while a portion of her bulwarks were smashed in and she looked a bad wreck. The storm sail was still in the rigging, the wreckage alongside, and the crew were dancing, fighting and screaming.

We headed for the wreck at once, and when we had come within hailing distance we asked if help was wanted. The reply was a chorus of screams and shrieks, while many of the men shook their fists at us in defiance. It looked like a case of mutiny followed by a general massacre, and our captain was at a loss to know what steps to take. Before he had made up his mind about it the Spaniards lowered a boat and pulled for us. Every one of the crew grabbed up belaying pins, capstan bars and whatever else could be used as weapons. The boat came dashing at us with every man yelling and whooping, and they tried boarding at once. We had no better weapons with which to beat them off, and we were three less in number, but when we looked into their fierce eyes and saw murder there we struck to kill.

They fought like tigers, and they seemed insensible to blows, but we beat them off at last. Four of their number went to the bottom of the sea.



They tried boarding at once, with broken skulls, and of those pulled away all were more or less hurt. We knew now that they were lunatics instead of drunken men, and we stood by until noon in the hope that they would calm down. They appeared to after awhile, but as soon as we lowered a boat they woke up again and raged like wild beasts. We could understand nothing of their shouts except that they were oaths, and in the face of their determined opposition we could not board their craft. It was 2 o'clock in the afternoon before we squared away and left them, and then a fierce fight was going on, and at least one man had been hung overboard to drown.

You may well guess that we aboard of the Bristol were astonished and mystified by the singular incident, but the explanation when it came was very simple, in a sense. The Spanish ship had a Filipino for cook. He had had trouble with both officers and men and was determined on revenge. Before sailing from Luzon he had provided himself with a quantity of seed from the plant known as arripe. It is a wild kelp, and a decoction makes a madman of the drinker. How he managed to serve it out to the whole crew at once will never be known, but that was what he did and perhaps drank a share himself. The ship was manned by a lunatic crew when she drove down on us before the gale, and they were lunatic when we finally left them drifting and fighting. Ten days later the ship, which had become little better than a wreck slow and aloft, was picked up

by a steamer and towed into port. Not man, living or dead, was found aboard. They had fought each other to the last, and then the sole survivor had sought death beneath the waves. The cook had probably mixed the poisonous decoction with their coffee or wine soon after the storm struck them, though not before she was in shape to ride it out. How long it was after we left them no one could say, but very likely not more than a day had passed when the last of the lunatics yielded up his life and the ship went drifting and drifting with the sun drying up the hundred blood stains on her littered deck.

FACT AND RUMOR.

The Story of One Postponed Cabinet Council is Enlarged.
Cabinet councils give rise at times to rumors that dodge fact and mislead public expectancy. One of Lord Beaconsfield's supplies a case in point. Queen Victoria, so runs the tale, was anxious about the state of wind and wave in the mid-Atlantic, which the Princess Louise happened then to be crossing. A lord in waiting knew a professor who was a weather diviner, and to him he went with a message from her majesty, who sent also a message to Lord Beaconsfield. The lord in waiting was sent to a theatrical supper—it was Sunday night—in search of the professor. Him he found in this lively company and was himself constrained to listen to the game of words that was passing round. Which would they choose if they had to marry, Gladstone or Disraeli? All said "Disraeli" except one, and she said "Gladstone, so that I might elope with Disraeli and break his heart."

The lord in waiting, much diverted, went forth and, finding Disraeli in rather low spirits, told him this tale as an instance of his great popularity with all classes of the queen's subjects. The whimsicality of the thing was congenial to Disraeli, who was kept waiting next day at a cabinet council for the arrival of an important colleague. To pass the time he told the assembled ministers the story of the theatrical supper. Lord Cairns (absit omen), hearing, did not smile, and his solemnity put out of countenance the prime minister, who at once made the nonarrival of the colleague an excuse for postponing the council for a couple of hours. The "balance of power" was then unstable, and that afternoon the papers had headlines: "War Imminent. A Second Cabinet Council Summoned." For once the ladies of the stage made history and staggered the Stock Exchange.—London Chronicle.

A Dampener.
A young man bashfully approached a popular official a few days ago and said:

"Judge, I have come to ask your advice. You have always been like a father to me, and I have now come to you in a very important matter. I am thinking of getting married."

"Well, young man," interrupted the judge, "if you are thinking of getting married go do it right away. Don't wait, because the girl might not be willing this time tomorrow."

"But, you see," protested the youth, "I'm afraid I'm not able to take care of her."

"But, tut, tut," deprecatingly retorted the judge, "Why, when I got married I was twenty-one years old and \$1,800 in debt."

"Is that so?" exclaimed the other, with happy encouragement gleaming from his eye. "And I suppose you must now be worth about—"

"And now," concluded the judge, "I'm only \$3,000 in debt."

"The young man has not yet married,"—Paducah (Ky.) Sun.

African Snakes.
The African cobra is regarded somewhat reverently by the natives of that country, who once a year kill a cobra de capello and hang its skin to the branch of a tree, tail downward. Then all the children born during the last year are brought out and made to touch the skin. This the parents think puts them under the serpent's protection. The cobra de capello divides with the horned viper of Africa the questionable honor of being the "worm of the Nile," to whose venomous tooth Cleopatra's death was due.

The cobra de capello divides with the horned viper of Africa the questionable honor of being the "worm of the Nile," to whose venomous tooth Cleopatra's death was due. The cobra de capello divides with the horned viper of Africa the questionable honor of being the "worm of the Nile," to whose venomous tooth Cleopatra's death was due.

PRESERVED BY WAX

FOUR HISTORIC PAINTINGS IN THE NATIONAL CAPITOL.

They Were Treated Long After Completion and When They Already Showed Signs of Dissolution—An Artist's Curious Blunder.

It is a curious fact that the same combination of chemicals which is preserved in a perfect state for over 500 years the remains and shrouds of King Edward I. of England have also been used to preserve four of the great historical paintings representing scenes in the foundation and establishment of this government.

These four paintings occupy perhaps the most conspicuous place for observation in the nation. They are the work of Colonel John Trumbull and hang on the eastern wall of the rotunda of the capitol.

The paintings were put in place in 1824 under the supervision of the artist himself, but not without much hesitation and objections on his part because of the dampness of the walls and air in the rotunda at that time. The fears of the artist were proved to be well founded, for four years later the changes on the surface of the paintings became so apparent that congress passed a resolution authorizing their removal from the walls of the rotunda by Colonel Trumbull for inspection and remedy if possible. It was at this point that Colonel Trumbull's knowledge of the preservative chemical compound was drawn.

In a letter to congress, dated Dec. 9, 1828, Colonel Trumbull explained in detail his treatment of the paintings at that time, and an inspection now of these four pictures shows that they are in a perfect state of preservation both as to brightness of color and condition of canvases.

In the letter referred to Colonel Trumbull says: "All of the paintings were taken down, removed from their frames, taken off from the panels over which they were strained, removed to a dry, warm room and there separately and carefully examined. The material which forms the basis of the paintings is a linen cloth whose strength and texture are very similar to those in the topgallant sails of a ship of war. The substances employed in forming a proper surface for the artist, together with the colors, oils, etc., form a sufficient protection for the face of the canvases, but the back remains bare and exposed to the deleterious effects of damp air. The effect of this is first seen in the form of mildew, it was this which I dreaded, and the examination showed that mildew was already commenced and to an extent which rendered it manifest that the continuance of the same exposure for a few years longer would have accomplished the complete decomposition or rotting of the canvases and the consequent destruction of the paintings."

Colonel Trumbull then explained how he first thoroughly dried the canvases and prepared them for the preservative. On this point he continues: "I had learned that a few years ago some of the eminent chemists of France had examined with great care some of the ancient mummies of Egypt with a view to ascertaining the nature of the substance employed by the embalmers which the lapse of so many ages had proved to possess the power of protecting from decay a substance otherwise so perishable as the human body. This examination had proved that, after the application of liquid asphaltum to the cavities of the head and body, the whole had been wrapped carefully in many envelopes or bandages of linen prepared with wax. The committee of chemists decided further, after a careful examination and analysis of the hieroglyphic paintings with which the castings, etc., are covered, that the colors employed and still retaining their vivid brightness had also been prepared and applied with the same substance."

"I also know that toward the close of the last century the Antiquarian Society of England had been permitted to open and examine the stone coffin deposited in one of the vaults of Westminster abbey and said to contain the body of King Edward I., who died in July, 1307. On removing the stone lid of the coffin its contents were found to be closely enveloped in a strong linen cloth, waxed. Within this envelope were found splendid robes of silk enriched with various ornaments covering the body, which was found to be entire and to have been wrapped carefully in all its parts, even to each separate finger, in bandages of fine linen which had been dipped in melted wax, and not only was the body not decomposed, but the various parts of the dress, such as a scarlet satin mantle and a scarlet piece of sarsenet which was placed over the face, were in perfect preservation, even in their colors."

Colonel Trumbull then states that, with this knowledge, he melted common beeswax and mixed with an equal quantity of oil of turpentine, which mixture was applied hot with brushes to the backs of the paintings and afterward rubbed in with hot irons until the cloth was perfectly saturated. The niches in the walls were backed with cement and the paintings so placed in them that air could circulate behind the canvases. Spring doors were also ordered placed in the entrances to the rotunda by Colonel Trumbull. Since that treatment these paintings have had nothing done to them, and from present appearances they need nothing.

Another peculiarity in one of these pictures is pointed out to persons being shown the capitol under the care of a guide, and that is in the scene of Washington resigning his commission. The two daughters of Charles Carroll, who stand embracing each other, are given five hands.—Washington Star.

WHILE WE SLEEP.

The Muscles and Organs of the Body Are Still Working.

If the organs of the body cannot be said to sleep, neither can the voluntary muscles. Witness the phenomena of sleepwalking, the positions in stage-coach days who slept in their saddles and cavalrymen who do it today, infantry who have been known to sleep on forced marches, sentinels who walk their beats carrying their guns in a fixed position while they sleep. For all we know polioemion may do it too. People who talk in their sleep are familiar to all of us. Experiments made by Spelt, Armstrong and Child on 200 college students of both sexes showed that 47 per cent of the men and 37 per cent of the women talked in their sleep. A number of things might be proved by these statistics. Of these sleep talkers one-half of the women and one-third of the men are able to answer questions while asleep. More women than men could answer questions on any subject, not alone that of which they had been talking. It has also been found that most sleep talkers are under twenty-five years of age.

Evidently, then, with the muscles and organs of the body all working, it is the brain only that sleeps, and by no means all of the brain. The senses of sight, hearing, touch, smell and taste may be very much awake while the subject sleeps. A sleeping person hears and answers questions, rearranges his bedclothes, covers his eyes to keep out the light, draws away his hand when the experimenter tickles it. A child who has broken the habit of sucking his thumb while asleep by putting a lock on it, is conscious of the bitter taste and dreams of wormwood. The nerves, then, and the brain centers corresponding to them are awake. A busy lawyer, exhausted by overwork, one night went out to supper with some friends, ate, talked and walked with them, and the next day remembered absolutely nothing of the occurrence. He had not been drinking. The man was simply asleep during the whole evening. His conscious memory—that is, consciousness itself—slept.—Anstee's Magazine.

FLOWER AND TREE.

Fruit trees and fruit require potash for their best development. With house plants all extreme changes of temperature should be avoided. Too many trees prevent rapid growth and extend the time when a grove is well shaded. Grapevines like their roots to be near the surface, and the food for them should not be placed at too great a depth. Small growth and too much small fruit go together. Thrifty growth furnishes a few large and fine specimens of fruit.

There is no use in growing a tree very tall. The top limbs are apt to become slender and break if fruit is produced on them. All members of the poppy family are hard to transplant. By choosing a rainy day and not exposing the roots one can sometimes manage a transplant. Avoid straight lines as much as possible. There is no straight line in nature. It is for this reason that groups and masses are so much better than formal or set beds.

What Puzzled Louis.
Louis Philippe was a wit. What he specially excelled in was the clinching of an argument, such as the following: His final remark on the death of Talleyrand. He had paid him a visit the day before. When the news of the prince's death was brought to him, he said, "Are you sure he is dead?" "Very sure, sire," was the answer. "Why, did not your majesty himself notice yesterday that he was dying?" "I did, but there is no judging from appearances with Talleyrand, and I have been asking myself for the last four or twenty hours that interest he could possibly have in departing at this particular moment."

A Queer Library.
A curious collection of books is contained in the library of Warstenstein, near Cassel, in Germany. The books appear at first sight to be logs of wood, but each volume is really a complete history of the tree it represents. The book shows the bark, in which a small piece is cut to write the scientific and common name as a title. One side shows the tree trunk in its natural state, and the other is polished and varnished. Inside are shown the leaves, fruit, fiber and insect parasites, to which is added a full description of the tree and its products.

A Roman Dinner.
A Roman dinner at the house of a wealthy man consisted chiefly of three courses. All sorts of stimulants to the appetite were first served up, and eggs were indispensable to the first course. Among the various dishes we may instance the guinea hen, pheasant, nightingale and the thrush as birds most in repute. The Roman gourmands held peacocks in great estimation, especially their tongues. Macrobius states that they were first eaten by Hortensius, the orator, and acquired such repute that a single peacock was sold for 50 denarii, the denarius being equal to about eightpence halfpenny of our money.—Chambers' Journal.

No Need of Assistance.
The father of the family had stepped into a bookstore to buy a birthday present for his fourteen-year-old son. "What kind of book would you like?" asked the salesman to whom he had confided his purpose. "Something that would be useful for the boy," was his reply. "Well, here is a very good one on 'Self Help.'"

"Self help!" exclaimed the father. "Ben don't need anything of that kind. You'd ought to see him at the dinner table!"

THE "SANKERO."

Enhappy Lot of a Peonile Figure of the Irrigation Country.

An eastern farmer coming to an irrigated valley finds everything as different from his accustomed life as he can well imagine. He must learn an entirely new language of farming and a new set of farming rules. His neighbor greets him, not with the remark, "It looks like rain," but "Have you heard when the water is coming in?" or "The ditches are low today." He learns to speak of miners' inches and acre feet of water, and he can soon tell at a glance whether a ditch is carrying 50 or 100 miners' inches of water. He hears wise discussions of headgates, weirs, laterals and canals. He finds that he is "under" a certain canal, which by and by will come to seem to him like an inexorable fate.

He will very promptly make the acquaintance of the king of the irrigated land, the zanjero, in Arizona called "sankero," in California sometimes shortened to "sanky." The water master or ditch rider, a hounded man in overalls and a sombrero, who drives about in a two-wheeled cart, with a shovel and a long crooked tined fork by his side and precious keys in his pockets. He is the yea and nay of the arid land, the arbiter of fate, the dispenser of good and evil, to be blessed by turns and cursed by turns and to receive both with the utter unconcern of a small god, for it is the zanjero who distributes the water. He opens the headgate of each farmer's canal, and when the water has run the necessary over-heats it down again and again locks it securely. If the water is short, he sees that it is divided properly between Smith and Jones and Brown, usually with Smith and Jones and Brown watching him like cats. It is a hard place, that of zanjero in the valleys, subject to accusations, temptations, heartburnings; but, he it said to the credit of the American, there is many a zanjero who is universally respected in his community as a honest man.—Ray Standard Baker in Col.

MEN AND BOOKS.

Chopin rarely read anything heavier than a French novel. Lord Clive said that "Robinson Crusoe" beat any book he ever read. St. John Chrysostom never tired of reading or of praising the works of the apostle John. James I. of England was a lover of the classics and very familiar with most of the Latin writers. Bunyan read little besides his Bible and often said that Christians would do well to read no other book. Salvator Rosa liked any kind of poetry, but more especially that relating to the country or to country scenes.

Hume said that Tacitus was the ablest writer that ever lived and himself tried to model his style on that of the Roman historian. Locke gave most of his attention to works of philosophy. He said, "I stand amazed at the profundity of thought shown by Aristotle." The elder Pitt liked Shakespeare, but not the labor of reading plays. Tennyson heard hearing them and once said that he had learned more English history at the theater than at the university.—Literary Life.

Philosophy of Fatigue.
"Some may be interested to know that there is now almost a new kind of philosophy of fatigue," says a writer in Anstee's. "Some speculators think man became conscious because his intuitions were slowed up by exhaustion, so that the mind has to pick its way slowly and logically instead of diving instantly, as it used to do. It was the fall of man. Wilder dreamers have even described the origin of cosmic gas and nebulae, from which all the worlds come, as due to progressive fatigue of the ether, which is far more subtle and back of it. It is a little as if they were attempting to rewrite the first phrases of the Old Testament so that it should read, 'In the beginning was fatigue.'"

Got His Answer.
"While on a trip through the south soon after the civil war," said a Chicago man, "I stopped overnight at the little town of Warrenton, N. C. The next morning, strolling around looking for a place over, I met a countryman who greeted me with a 'Howdy' and 'passed the time of day' most cordially. I was considerably taken aback when I noticed that he was barefooted, and I ventured to ask him if it was the custom of the country for the men to go without shoes. He answered, with a drawl, 'Waal, some on us does, but most on us tends to our own business.'"

A Curious Relic.
A curious relic of Louis XVII. is the "game of dominos" made of pieces of the Bastille which were given to the dauphin before he and his parents left Versailles forever. It is said that when the box containing it was brought in the queen exclaimed to her bedchamber woman, Mme. Campan, "What a sinister plaything to give a child!" The sinister plaything is now added to the other revolutionary objects preserved in the Hotel Carnavalet.—London Chronicle.

What He Wrote On.
"Hello, Starveling! How is literature?" "First rate." "Writing anything now?" "Yes, a book." "What on?" "An empty stomach principally. You couldn't lend me the price of a dinner, could you?"

A Matter of Fact.
"Do you see the horizon yonder, where the sky seems to meet the earth?" "Yes, uncle." "Boy, I have journeyed so near there that I couldn't put a sixpence between my head and the sky?" "Why, uncle, what a whopper!" "It's a fact, my lad. I hadn't one to put."—London Tit-Bits.

Unnecessary Interruption.

If the children of the absentminded professor of literature in a New England college were not blessed with a caretaking and practical mother, it is doubtful whether they would ever reach maturity.

One day the mother stepped into the library, where the professor was supposed to be entertaining his youngest boy and particular pet. There was a suspicious silence, and then she saw that her husband was deep in a book, while the baby, perched on his father's knee, was endeavoring to swallow a large black headed pin which he had pulled from a tempting coat lapel. "Dear me, Henry!" gasped the mother, as she flew into the room, rescued the pin and seized her child. "Didn't you see that baby was trying to swallow a pin he had pulled out of your lapel?"

The professor looked at her with a dazed smile. "No, my dear, I had not noticed," he said mildly. "And in any case I have another pin there. Yes, there it is. You see, I could easily spare one to the boy. It almost seems a pity to have disturbed him when he was playing so quietly, does it not, my dear? And all for a pin!" said the man of learning, with an air of gentle reproach, as he returned to his book and the mother withdrew the baby to a place of safety.—Youth's Companion.

Lava Streams.
It is scientifically reported that the lava streams from Vesuvius in 1858 were so hot twelve years later that steam was issuing from the cracks and crevices, while the lava beds from the eruption of Etna in 1787 were found to be steaming hot just below the top crust as late as 1840. But still more remarkable are the scientific reports of the volcano Jorullo, in Mexico. This sent forth immense streams of lava in 1759. In 1780 the lava beds were examined by a party of scientists, and it was found that a stick thrust into the crevices instantly ignited, although there was no discomfort experienced in walking on the hardened crust. Again some forty years after the eruption it was visited by scientists and reported to be steaming in many places, and even eighty-seven years after the eruption two columns of steaming vapor were found to be issuing from the crevices. Sometimes the upper crust of such a stream of lava cools so that plants and lichens find precarious growth on the surface, while a few feet beneath the lava is almost redhot.

Her Mistake.
Two elderly women and an old man, evident strangers in the city and who were carefully guarding a huge telescope between them, stood in front of the Grand for an hour the other day, waiting for some kind of soul to direct them to the residence of a friend they had come to visit. The noise and bustle of the city evidently confused them, and they stood bewildered, not knowing which way to turn. Finally one of the women plucked up courage to address a man who was passing, saying, "Could you tell me where Will Blank lives?" "Who?" inquired the man. "Why, Will Blank. He used to live next door to us at Linton, and we have come in to see him."

The man had to acknowledge he had never even heard of Will Blank, and the old lady turned away with a scornful smile, saying, "Oh, I thought perhaps you lived here."—Indianapolis Sentinel.

Baths in Finland.
One of the greatest trials a visitor in Finland has to endure is a Finnish bath. The method of procedure is unique. Dressed in outer clothing and attired in a light and airy cotton garment, you are slung in a sort of hammock composed of cord above a large receptacle like the boilers in public laundries. This is almost filled with cold water, into which at the right moment is flung a large redhot brick or piece of iron, which of course causes an overwhelming rush of steam to ascend and almost choke you. Then when that process has gone on sufficiently long you are shaken out of your hammock, immersed in cold water, and after very drastic treatment you resume your former, sadder and wiser than before your novel experience.

No Sunset For Five Days.
At the head of the gulf of Bothnia there is a mountain on the summit of which the sun shines perpetually during the five days of June 19, 20, 21, 22 and 23. Every six hours during this season of continual sunshine a steamer leaves Stockholm crowded with visitors anxious to witness the phenomenon. At the same place during winter the sun disappears and is not seen for weeks. Then it comes in sight again for ten, fifteen or twenty minutes, gradually lengthening its stay until finally it stays in sight continuously for upward of 120 hours.

A Question of Color.
Benjamin Constant when painting the portrait of Queen Victoria made the grand ribbon of the Garter, which was part of his illustrious sitter's costume, a certain tone of blue. The queen criticized this part of the picture, but Constant stuck to his color. One day he received from Windsor a little parcel containing the order of the Garter. The queen, fully convinced that she was right, had sent him the ribbon to prove his color sense was wrong. She did not confer the Garter upon him, however.

Albumentized Milk.
Albumentized milk is a most nourishing drink for an invalid, and in hot weather, taken at intervals of three hours between breakfast and a 5 o'clock dinner, would be all the nourishment required by a person in health. Drop the white of one egg in a glass, add two-thirds of a cupful of milk, cover and shake until thoroughly mixed. Strain into another glass and serve.

Importers and dealers in
BLAKE, MOFFITT & TOWNE
Book, News, Writing and Wrapping...
GARD STOOK
STRAW AND BINDERS' BOARD
55-57 FIFTH ST.
TEL. MAIN 199. 30 SAN FRANCISCO

ANOTHER CITY EDITOR

Bright's Disease and Diabetes Are Positively Curable.

Editor Engleke, 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 resorting to our 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 leaving 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 in Europe for treatment without a 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 a marvelous fact that our plan to be cured is so convinced, and it even then dawns on our slowly.

Medical works agree that Bright's Disease and Diabetes are incurable, but 90 per cent. are positively recovering under the Fulton Compound. Common sense, common sense and common sense. Price \$1 for the Fulton Compound and \$1.50 for the Diabetes Compound. John J. Fulton, 50-52 Montgomery St., San Francisco, sole coin compounders. Orders made for patients. De scriptive pamphlet mailed free.

Birds Made a Slave.
In the mountains of Tennessee a stranger came upon a man who was shoveling coal upon a wooden sieve. Upon inquiry how on earth he got such a curious thing the old man replied: "Stranger, I don't think you'll believe me if I tell you." "Oh, yes, certainly," said the man; "I will believe you." "Waal," said the mountaineer, "it was this way: About five years ago I lived down on the side of the mountain where woodpeckers and other kind of birds is powerful thick. That 'ar thing,"—pointing to the sieve—"was my door to my cabin. It 'ud mock any bird that flies. I'd jest sit there some summer evenin' and jest move it, and every bird came that way initiated. "Howsomever, one day I left my cabin to go huntin' and went preambly down the mountain. Waal, some wind come along and made that 'ar door imitate a woodpecker. First one come and then a whole pile of 'em. They lit in on the door, and when I come it was jest like you see it."

The man thanked him and moved on. "I declare," said the mountaineer, "I don't believe he thought I was tellin' the truth." And he resumed shoveling coal.—New York Herald.

Thoughtless, Selfish.
Thoughtlessness in others is nothing more than downright selfishness, which is the curse of humanity. The man who on leaving an elevated train pauses at the head of the stairs to light his cigar is selfish. He incummodates all who are behind him. The woman who insists on passing up or down the stairs ahead of the eager crowd, slowly indifferent to the haste of others, must be an awful thing at home. He who pauses to tie his shoe regardless of the interruption of traffic is a brute in his family. I see all these things a dozen times a day and wonder what kind of lives such persons lead in the family circle. One of the common evidences of thoughtlessness is seen in those who stand in the middle of the sidewalk to chat while multitudes are forced to deflect or make an effort in order to pass them. The more I see of men the greater is my respect for asses, dogs and mules.—New York Press.

A Well Satisfied Girl.
At an old fashioned revival meeting the minister approached Minnie, who was only ten years old, and urged her to go forward to the "mourners' bench" for prayers, as many of her young friends had done. "No, thank you," said Minnie, holding back. "But why?" questioned the minister. "Don't you want to be born again?" "No," replied Minnie, "I'm afraid I might be born a boy next time."—Brooklyn Life.

The Giant Squid.
Undoubtedly the giant squid has frequently been mistaken for a sea serpent. In all qualities which can render a marine monster horrible, this huge and frightful mollusk may be said to compare favorably with any creature of fact or fiction. When full grown, it weighs 10,000 pounds, having a body fifty feet long and two arms each 100 feet in length, as well as eight smaller tentacles.

For No Living Man.
Examining Counsel—What do you for a living?
"I don't do anything for a living soul. I'm an undertaker."—Boston Transcript.

The Difficult Part.
Husband—I don't believe you can keep account of the money you spend.
Wife—Oh, yes, I can. It's the money I cannot keep.—Town and Country.

More Filling.
The girl who filled the pot and married a butcher did an eccentric thing.
"Not at all. She recognized the great fact that beefsteak is more filling than blank verse."

Just Cries.
"What makes the baby cry?" asked the little visitor.
"Oh," explained Ethel, "our baby doesn't have to have anything to make it cry."—Chicago Post.