COPYRIGHT. The Beach

heart. There are times when the com-

mission of murder seems to sore souls

almost pardonable, and such it seemed

shivered under the cloudy skies as the

to her for years, hoping for his reward.

Mrs, Copeland showed him the room

"Who are you? Who said Hollo-

"Put that away," said the sailor

"Guest," he cried, "what brings you

your sake-to escape justice before?"

ows, like a sullen bear in its cave.

me alone, as you found me."

The man gave a growl in the shad-

"What ill luck brought you here?"

he snarled. "And now you have enter-

ed my room unasked, have you noth-

"Have I not a right"- the captain

began, with one of his sudden roars,

since you disappeared five years ago."

to know! You've wanted to know ev-

erything since ever you first meddled

with my affairs. You interfered about

say a word against that best"-

knock your brains out!"

ed on him benignly.

Now, as I was saying"-

"The right of a man" cried old Ted-

the God given right of a man to pro-

Stand back, Holloway! I don't care

course I'd know what brought you."

the smack on the night of the storm.

looking wretch who met his look smil-

"Why, that Dolly's dead. If she were

of Dolly's death four years ago."

in bringing him to Mrs. Holloway.

"But," said the outcast, with a sud-

know where Katie is. Between us let

and I are in the blackest of holes.

Where Katie is you know, and I'll

soon find out. Give me some money at

once to go west or I'll ask it from

For an instant the skipper grasped

of the scoundrel. A railroad ran a few

miles away. He pulled out his watch

close behind him, walking. Guest pull-

pocket and then shoved them back

again. No, this was not keeping his

promise to Dolly Holloway. If alive,

he had said he would bring her hus-

her."

free with my wi"-

wife?"

"You," growled the man-"you want

a laugh, holding out his hand.

Christmas joy in old Ted's heart.

mate to be off."

Old Ted roared at her explosively the morning, and mother and daughter and with an exaggeration of vehewere alone. Old Ted was wretched in mence.

"Yes, ma'am! You were frightened and nervous that night, and I would not have you bothered any more." She gave him her hand with a tender laugh.

"Ted," she said, "I don't know what I should do without you. You were always nursing me. It was kind of you to think of it. I was very, very nervous that night."

Guest held her hand and looked

steadily in her eyes. "Dolly," he said, "do you remember It was dark save for a candle's light. what you said that night? I had been looking for news of him. If he was whispered, "If you're goin' to ask him dead-if I could prove he was deadyou said you would listen to me."

"Yes," she said, and again her neck and face were softly red.

"But if I find-he is alive?" "I must know it," she said earnestly. "I must help him for Katie's sake. He is Katie's father. You and I know how wayward he always was. I live in continual terror that he does something—very bad. Then it will be "So you've got back, something—very bad. Then it will be "The work of the wo in the newspapers, and Katie will learn that her father is alive and a and in an instant had drawn a rehunted criminal. Jack Beaumont will volver. feel bimself deceived, and their happiness will be destroyed. Oh, Ted, don't way? What do you want here? My you see? I am unhappy. I have acted name's not Holloway!" a lie to Katie and Jack. I am never certain but that man will appear and sharply, but lowering his usually jolly, ruin my child's happiness. If he is roaring voice. "Don't you know me? alive-and, oh, surely it is no harm to Don't you know your old skipper, Ted hope him gone-my only safety is to Guest?" keep him quiet somewhere. I have The man gasped, and there was a money. He can have a good allowance minute's pause. Then he laid the pis--any allowance-if only he will not tol on the bed and came forward with disturb his daughter."

"I know," said old Guest, with a quiver. "Dolly, you were always good here? By Jove, but I am giad to see and wise and know best. If it was you again." your wish, I would do anything, what- Guest pushed aside the hand. ever it was. But think how hard it is "I'm not at all glad to see you," he on me, and I've been faithful, haven't said. "What ill fortune brought you The snow was falling heavily now,

"Oh, Ted, so true; so true!" "Still for Katie's sake you would see this man-if he is alive-and keep him quiet?"

"For Katie's sake, dear Ted." He left her, and he looked far older on this bright and sunny morning than he had on the night of the storm.

. The house of David Copeland, fisherman, and of Mrs. Copeland, tavern keeper, was not by any means of the comfortable and picturesque character which drew people to spend their summer in Mrs. Holloway's inn. A white, bare building, standing aloof from the little cottages of the other fisherfolk, it afforded no promise of cozy attentions nor any further pledge than that of ordinary barroom vulgar delights and the chilliest of bedroom accommodation. To an upper room furnished with two cots the fishermen had carried the wrecked strangers. Their appearance and their manners when the doctor had revived them somewhat were not such as to conciliate either their hostess or the medical man. They were unresponsive to kindness, and, but that



The foreign rascal was close behind him. they had a little money with them to pay their way, Dave Copeland, when they were able to walk, would have

bade them be on their road. "Dagoes," said Dave; "at least one on 'em is, an' the other looks brother to the devil. No wonder Mrs. Holioway didn't want 'em at the inn. Howthing?" be, they have saved something from the wreck, an' a poor man can't afford

to turn away money." Thus, the first interest in the castaways over, they were left to themselves, and the fishermen of the lonely beach pursued their own laborious way. One of the strangers was more badly hurt by the surf than the other, and he remained fretfully in his room. The other was able to wander about a little, frightening children with his bandaged head and repelling men and women by his furtive looks and sullen

answers. Ted Guest, in a manner, since his residence among them, the adopted chief of the primitive villagers, by reason of his roaring voice, his rank as a retired sea captain and his possession of an independence, made his way as at this chance to get immediately rid this is a pantry window, I guess." the sun went down to the Copeland tavern. It was Christmas eve, a very still evening, chill and gray. A flurry to look at the time. He was near the or two of snow from the gray clouds foretold a dark, cold winter's night with the promise of such a white carpeted earth on the morrow as befitted the Christmas season. He had left the Holloways at the inn preparing for Christmas and the wedding which was soon to follow. Jack Beaumont was band to her, for Katle's sake. Good! called away on business, to return on Let the villain have the chance the on the snow. Holloway passed into away; that's how it was.

keep his promise. These thoughts halled another. flashed through his mind in a moment. "Wait!" called the Cuban. "Come He drew himself erect. The foreigner back!" was close behind him. "Holloway," said the skipper almost gently, "Dolly is not dead. I came to

give you another chance to bring you". The butt of a revolver swung in the air and crashed on the captain's head,

and he fell. The Cuban was at him instantly, rifling his pockets of watch and bills. Holloway remained still, stunned at his comrade's action, stunned at the

news of his wife being alive. The Cutan leaped up, dancing in rage. For all his trouble he had found very little money on Guest, and the watch was not of great value.

"No enough-a!" he cried.

to the skipper that night. He stood near Holloway came to his senses. Copeland's collecting his thoughts and "You've done it now, Jose," said he, with a reckless laugh. "We are bound night closed in. He had been faithful to get away tonight at all risks-far away. How about the other thing? Now, when it seemed almost within Did you scout? Is it safe? Only wotouch, this-thing must come back from men? Then we'll have to make a try. the dead, and he had promised to take What time is it? Let's get out of this him to her. There was little of the quick, then. Dolly alive? If only I could find her, I would be safe! Come, Jose, softly now."

. In the snuggery of the inn mother and daughter sat together sewing on about who he is, you'll get short answers, sir. He's a sulky fellow, an', Katie's wedding dress. They were chatting cheerfully, according to the Christmas gone, I'll ask him an' his promise of there being no tears at the girl's wedding. The snow was falling. The skipper closed the door, shutting The night was very cold. Katle peephimself in the room. The man from

ed from the window. "Don't you find it dull without Jack, window. He turned swiftly around. mother, dear?" she said. "Perhaps "So you've got back, Holloway, you Captain Guest will drop in to keep us The man bounded up at the name company."

But Christmas eve passed and Captain Guest did not come. Mrs. Holloway did not disguise her disappoint. pistol. ment. "He is such an old friend." she said.

"and on this night of all nights in the year I thought he would call upon

Katie looked at her mother quizzially and bent over her and whispered n her ear.

"Mother." she said, "do you know ve bave made a very pretty wedding dress, but we might do still better with at the inn on the beach. Dolly followpractice. How nice it would be to ed, but Guest met her before she saw ractice next upon yours!"

"Katie!" cried Mrs. Holloway, and he too, found it needful to run to the window and peep out at the weather. here? What wickedness have you and it was quite dark, with a heavy, clouded sky. The inn had never before been up to since I helped you-not for seemed so isolated. The silence with out was utter. Even the waves upon the beach rolled in with leaden noise lessness. Katie went to the piano. It was natural she should choose Jack's favorite song. Soon the soft notes of her voice stole through the house: ing to say but to recall the past? If

Ich weiss nicht was soll es bedeuten

you have not, you might as well leave Dass ich so traurig bin, She merely touched the instrument with her fingers, and her voice was and then, with an effort, he controlled very low and gentle. The song, fullest of yearning and regret and sweetness "Holloway," he said, lowering his of all songs, sounded with profound voice, "chance has thrown you upon tenderness in the mother's ears. Sudhad thrown you on it dead. You know Mrs. Holloway. The Dolly of old days I would not be here for your sake or was gazing with sad eyes far beyond because I want to see you myself. Be. the room, beyond the inn, beyond the fore I say why I came here I want you beach, and the eyes were filled with

to tell me what you've been doing tears. her side, "forgive me! It was thought less of me to sing that. I know how it affected you on the night of the storm. You are not nervous again tonight, are you, pet?"

my marriage; you made trouble for "I-I don't know," Dolly murmured, me after my marriage; you bent my wife's mind against me; you helped me not nervous, but I feel the same curito get away, that I might leave you ous sensation of sadness and forebod-"Silence, you blackguard!" yelled the ing. It is stupid of me, I know, when captain, and, rising to his feet from his we should be happy-Christmas and chair, he shook his stick furiously at your wedding both coming. Yet 'I the other. "You-you scoundrel, don't know not what has happened that I should be so sad." "What right have you to defend my

"I know what is going to happen." cried Katie. "You're going to have a to bed. See, it's late, and Maggie went tect all women against such as you! to bed long ago."

Shortly afterward Dolly kissed the that for your pistol! Touch it, and I'll girl good night on her pillow and went

to her own room. With soundless lips the snowflakes The man was panting with rage, but the skipper looked so determined in his kissed the earth and kissed the sea, wrath that the other sank back in his dying on the kiss. It was cold on the None of the villagers was abroad that bitter Christmas eve, but "Pshaw, Ted Guest!" he growled. from some of the cottages came voices Let this thing drop. What do you want? If it were not for one thing, of of merriment, and in the little lonely church at the far end service was be ing performed-the midnight service. "Goota night, camaradoes!" said a The tiny organ piped its best, and the voice at the door, and the other man fisher folk sang and prayed for forgiveentered, the same who had prayed on ness of sin and peace and good will on earth to all men.

Guest turned on him sharply. The ill To all men! Could there ever be forgiveness for such as these, creeping over the snow in the shadows of trees "Never mind him," said Holloway. and fences? Could there be such a "He does not understand much Engthing as peace and good will in the lish. He and I-you see, I repose spehearts of men like these, cursing the cial confidence in such an old friend" cold, cursing their "luck," cursing their fellow men?

(he sneered)-"have had to get away from Cuba best we could. I don't They crept softly on with the velvet know whether the Spaniards or Amerifeet of wildcats. It was almost midcans wanted us worst, We played night now, and they were close to the with both. That's why we're here. inn. A light yet shone from a window In the top of the house. "If it were not for one thing! What

"Confound it!" muttered Holloway. "Who is awake so late? I can't wait much longer or I'll be frozen to death. not, I should say she sent you. I heard Let's try it right away."

The other shrugged his shoulders, Ted Guest did not reply. If this were and soon they were beneath the winso; if the man really thought his wife dows, creeping about, feeling their dead, then- Surely there was no use way.

"Oh, rot!" said Holloway again. den thought, "there's Katie. I'd like said there were only three women. I to see Katie, my little girl. Guest, wonder what they are anyhow. You're cent.-Wendell Phillips. look here! I can see by your eyes you dead sure there's money? "The fisherman who talke muche say there be no fooling. My friend here plenty."

"Didn't hear their names, did you?"

"No needa names." "True enough. If we can only raise enough here, we'll be far on our way west by morning. It's a chance, but there's nothing else to do. Come on-"Sh-sh! What's that?"

There came from villageward a crunching-of hasty stumbling feet on candle, and the foreign rascal was the road.

"A drunken fisherman," said Holloed a roll of bills half way from his way.

"Wait!" "I've waited long enough. Do you want to freeze to death? Come on." For an instant there was silence, Then a window glass fell in fragments

white souled woman would give him. the inn. The approaching feet sound-Guest had promised her." He would ed more loudly and near. One voice



"Oh, have I killed him?" she cried.

it's a drunk fisher"-Guest and David Copeland thundered again to the bishop. at the door, Ted with cut and bleeding

"Are you hurt?" he cried. but firm. "I could not sleep and heard to protect Katie and Maggie, you I'm afraid I hurt the burglar."

Guest rushed on and found him prostrate, the man who had so strangely been thrown by fate at his wife's door, and led her back. "Don't look, please," he said.

"Do you know who it is?" "Yes," said Guest softly. "Why do you look so? Oh, have I killed him? Is he dead?" "Yes, dear, he is dead."

Dolly was sobbing now and shaking "It was for Katle's sake!" she cried hysterically. "I had to protect her. Poor man! Oh, the poor man! But, Ted, it was my duty-say it was my duty!"

"Yes, dear, yes," said the skipper tenderly. "It was your duty."

The wedding, that was to have been so merry, between Jack Beaumont and Katie Holloway had to be postponed, for the landlady of the inn was very sick after her adventure with the burglars. When she was better, she inthe beach where I live, and I wish it denly Katie stopped and looked at sisted upon the youngsters being married at once, when the skipper, who had been merely stunned and a little cut by the pistol blow, gave away his old sweetheart's daughter. When the lovers got back from their honeymoon, how found an amazing thing had hap pened. Dolly Holloway's hair was almost white, and-she was married to Ted Guest. What had passed between them neither said, but we may draw our own conclusions. No word has passed the lips of either to say how estehing at her child's hand. "I am the skipper ever told Mrs. Holloway whom it was that she shot on that Christmas eve when burglars broke into the inn on the beach.

The Plymouth Rock.

A schoolteacher in one of the charming rural suburbs of Philadelphia. where fancy gardening and the rais- on both sides of the cloth and is as ing of "Philadelphia fowl" are gentumbler of mulied port and go straight eral among the residents, recited to the class the story of the landing of the taking up the work, she requested each | perts to be one of the richest and handscholar to try to draw from the imagination a picture of the Plymouth rock. Then it was that the little fellow got up and raised his hand, 'Well, Willie, what is it?" asked the

"Please, ma'am, do you want a hen or a rooster drawn?" came the unexpected reply.

Musical Snails.

A French naturalist claims that there are few if any animals which have a higher appreciation of music than snails. Place some snails on a pane of glass, he says, and you will find that as they move over it they will make musical sounds similar to those which tained by using snails instead of fin- cross.

The American republic must live. but they shall roll back shattered. deluge, while the earth rocks at its The finest is a basso relievo above the "We'd better smash in at once. You feet and the thunders peal above its stalls, illustrating the litany of the head-majestic, immutable, magniti- virgin,

A Tale of Herolsm.

"I went for a bath yesterday," said an Auvergnat. "I had been in the tors. The organ in Itself represents a water some time when I suddenly per- small fortune.—Cleveland Plain Dealceived an enormous shark advancing er. toward me with its jaws open. What was I to do? When he was a yard off, I dived, took out my pocketknife and ripped up the belly of the monster." What! Then you are in the habit of bathing with your clothes on," said one of the listeners.-From the French.

now it Happened. Mrs. Nexdore-My daughter was practicing her new concert piece last

night. Did you hear her?

Mrs. Pepprey-Oh, yes. Mrs. Nexdore-How was it? Mrs. Pepprey-I simply couldn't get GUADALUPE SHRINE.

THE MOST DEARLY BELOVED SPOT IN OLD MEXICO.

Thousands From All Over the Country Make Pilgrimages to the Little Village Each Year-The Story That Is Handed Down by Tradition. There is no spot in all Mexico as

dearly beloved as the little town of Guadalupe, which is two and a half miles north of the City of Mexico. The little village has only 3,000 souls, but many more thousands visit the place on certain days in the year when

pilgrimages are made to the holy shrine of Guadalupe. The 1st of January and the 12th of each month the faithful visit this place and toll up the hill on which it is said that the virgin Guadalupe appeared to Juan Diego, an Indian boy.

According to tradition, Juan was trudging over the hill of Tepeyac on his way to the city on the morning of Dec. 9, 1531, and as he reached the eastern slope of the hill he heard sounds like music. He stopped to listen, and at that moment a cloud appeared and in the midst of it a beautis ful lady. She told him to go to the bishop in her name and to tell him that it was her wish that a church should "Come back be blowed!" a flerce be built on that spot, where she would voice snarled from within. "I tell you always be found to give aid to all in trouble. Juan Diego hurried to the He interrupted his own words by bishop with the story of the virgin, but giving a horrible yell, as on the instant no attention was paid to it. Upon his of work from week's end to week's a pistol cracked inside the house. The return home the lady appeared again end. The most ordinary English kitch-Cuban fled. A moment later old Ted In the same spot and urged Juan to go

The following day was the Sabbath, head and raging eyes. The door was and after mass Juan found the bishop opened, and the captain ran straight and repeated the message once more. into Dolly Holloway, who carried a The bishop told him to bring a sign from the virgin. Juan saw the virgin again upon his return home, and she "No, no," she answered, trembling promised to give him a sign, which she did on Dec. 12 as he was going to cona noise at the pantry window. I have fession. He passed this time near the foot of the hill, where she appeared know, and sleep with a pistol. I think once more, and while in conversation with Juan she stamped her foot by way of emphasis, and water flowed at once from the dry, barren hillside, and two holy wells mark that spot today.

The virgin then told Juan to climb to the summit of that barren rocky hill slaves, are not necessarily so and are and he would find roses growing there, which he was to gather and carry in his "tilma" to the bishop. Juan did as he was told and found the loveliest roses growing just where she had told him to search for them. He gathered them all and placed them in his "til-

ma," a sort of blanket. When he arrived at the house of the bishop and opened the blanket, the roses fell to the floor, and a picture in colors appeared on the blanket representing the virgin as she had appeared to Juan. The bishop fell on his knees in prayer and arose with a promise to build a chapel on the spot the virgin had designated.

Bishop Zumarraga set about to build the church, and when it was completed the "tilma" was placed above the altar In a frame of gold and silver.

That little chapel has since been replaced by the magnificent church to be seen today. There are also two other churches to mark the spot on which the roses were gathered on the summit and at the holy well where the virgin last appeared to Juan. This miracle was recognized in 1663, and in 1754 it was fully sanctioned and confirmed by papal bull. Later, in 1824, congress decreed Dec. 12 to be a national holiday. Hidalgo took a picture of Guadalupe for his standard, around which rallied the first army of the revolutionists, and the happy issue that her assistance gave to that war endeared her still more to the people. This picture on the "tilma" is a wonderful piece of work. Artists from all over the world have examined it and have testified that it is of no known style of painting. The Indian garment of ixtli fiber is of a coarse weave. The picture appears bright as new, although said to be over 300 years old. The Church of Nuestra Senora de Guadalupe, in which this pilgrims, and, as the children had been | marvelous picture hangs, is said by exsomest on earth today. Its treasures can be counted by millions. It was dedicated May 1, 1709, and is 184 feet long by 122 feet wide. It has a vaulted roof, supported by Corinthian columns. The whole is surmounted by a dome, the lanteru of which is 125 feet above the floor. The building cost \$1,181,000. The jewels, gold and silver plate and

other rich belongings nearly all belong to the government and are estimated at \$2,000,000 more, The church possesses a very costly crown for the virgin. It is of solid gold and weighs many pounds. There are six shields on the crown for the six archbishops of Mexico, and they are all surrounded by diamonds. There a person can produce by wetting his are a number of angels, each having an finger and then rubbing it around a immense ruby on the breast, while the glass tumbler. Complete airs, he points rest of the surface of the crown is covout, have been played on tumblers in ered with sapphires and emeralds. This this way, and he expresses the opinion crown is surmounted by the Mexican that quite as good results can be ob- eagle, holding aloft a large diamond

The poor pilgrims are not able, many of them, to form an idea of the richness of this church, with its communion rail and balustrades from the Popular commotion and partisan fury sanctuary to the choir of solid silver. may dash their mad waves against it, They are three feet high, with a top molding a foot wide and a still more spent. Persecution shall not shake it, massive base. The sacred vessels are fanaticism distort it nor revolution all of pure gold embedded with prechange it, but it shall stand towering clous stones. The choir has some fine sublime, like the last mountain in the carvings done in ebony and mahogany.

> Artists were brought from France to paint the frescoes on the walls, and the paintings and statues were the work of the best European artists and sculp-

Not Ready to Arbitrate. "Stop! Don't fight, boys! Can't we arbitrate this thing?" asked one of the bystanders

"Yes, sir," panted the fellow who was on top. "Just as soon as I've blacked his other eye!"-Chicago Tribune.

An arithmetic man calculates the newspaper and periodical output of the United States at 2,865,466,000 dailies 1,208,190,000 weeklies and 263,452,000 monthlies; total, 4,337,108,000 copies an amount of printed matter equal to 2,000,000,000 average novels.

When Moore Sang.

In singing his own songs Moore altered the arrangement of the airs and sang the first part of each verse twice & TOWNE over at the beginning instead of as a refrain at the end. In that glorious song of his, "Oh, the Light Entrancing!" Moore's own singing of it was a matchless treat. With head upraised, he seemed almost to revel in the fresh morning light as he gazed on the 'sight entrancing." and his eye sparkled as "files arrayed with helm and blade" seemed to pass before him, while a deeper feeling awoke as the passion of the song came upon him. His voice, one of infinite modulation.

out of small compass, rose clear and thrilling to its highest pitch as he sang:

Go ask you despot whether His armed bands could bring such hands

And hearts as ours together. His song was an inspired recitative, his fingers over the notes, and as the

nmaid would accomplish in a couple of hours what a Wazan slave does in a second only in importance to the discovery of a cure for consumption.

"CARL D. ZEILE." enmaid would accomplish in a couple week. All are free to come and go as they please, but none avails himself of this freedom. The reason is not far to seek. In Wazan they are fed and clothed by the shereefs and on holidays and feast days receive presents of

Thus all the necessities of life are would be obliged to do. Nor is it only the necessities of life that are thus supplied to them free, but they are given each his room to live in and married at the expense of the shereefs to slave women. Their children, by law often apprenticed to workmen to learn some trade or if they wish are free to seek their fortune in other lands.-Blackwood's Magazine.

An elephant hunt on the Muar river is described in the Straits Times of Singapore. The beast turned hunter, and the man, fleeing, caught his foot in a rattan creeper and fell. He discharged his rifle, however, and that fortunately frightened the animal away. The Times continues: "It is not every man who has the good luck when pursued by an elephant to be crossing a swamp, so that when the animal has carefully kneaded his prostrate foe and passed along thinking him completely pulverized the said man should come up smiling behind the elephant none the worse for his massage treatment. This actually happened to a well known man in the Straits Settlements."

In Sweden and Norway there are everal homes for spinsters. One of beginning to fear for her. these at least is as attractive as it is unique. It is a monument to the memory of an exceedingly wealthy old man, who, dying more than 200 years ago, left the major part of his fortune to the old maids among his descend ants. A superb home was built, furnished and managed by salaried trus tees. It flourished and has continued. Any unmarried woman who can prove blood relationship to the founder of the institution is entitled to admission to the home. She is given a suit of rooms, a servant, private meals and is subject to no rules save such as ordinary good behavior demands.

Grimes-Yes, I'm fond of music. There's Tinnerman, for instance-Brady-You don't call his born blow-

ing music? Grimes-It has been very enjoyable to me. I got Tinnerman to keep at it night and day, and the result was that I bought the house next door for a thousand dollars less than the man who lived in it asked a week or two before.-Boston Transcript.

Two Sinners.

"It is very wrong to tell a falsehood," said his mother to little Jimmie, who had caught him in one.

"Then we're both offul sinners, ain't we, maw?" queried Jimmie.

"Both! What do you mean?" "Why, you told Missus Smith yesterday that you hoped she'd call again, an' after she wuz gone you said you wished she'd never come again."-Ohio State Journal.

Ministers' Maids. "Are you a minister's wife?" was a

query encountered so frequently by a young matron in search of a maid that she scented a story. "Why this mania to live under the

droppings of the sanctuary?" inquired the matron or words to that effect. Then it appeared that the minister's family is considered a most desirable place because of the opportunities for are few bridegrooms who come withnot bestow a generous tip upon the

Home Life In England and America.

girl who furnishes this small but nec-

York Tribune.

society of the invasion of Americans. In the United States home life is almost unknown. The meaning of the it." word "home," as understood to Britishers, is a mystery to Yankees. To a certain extent we have always envied you your home life, and I certainly agree with some of your correspondents that it would be disastrous for your country to lose the elevating and refining influences of the home.-Anglo-American in London Mail.

To Improve the Horse. they would have more spirited animals.-Atchison Globe.

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Bright's Disease and Diabetes Are Positively Curable.

When the San Francisco business men were investigating the Fulton Compounds they heard that Dr. C. D. Zeile had both Bright's Disease and Diabetes, and was given up as incurable, and they waited on him and got him to and he seemed to improvise as he ran take it. Now for the sequel. This letter was written 9 months later:

his fingers over the notes, and as the tide of thought came over him it was poured forth in harmonious cadences of exquisite variety. Had he been tied to a chair, with the added doom of a prosy companion, he would have exploded and gone off like a rocket or a bottle of sparkling champagne.—Westminster Review,

Moorish Slavery.

It would do those good who write passionate articles on Moorish slavery to see the well fed, lazy slave of Wazan lounging in the sun, kiff pipe in mouth and scarcely doing a stroke of work from week's end to week's end. The most ordinary English kitchenmaid would accomplish in a couple of hours what a Wazan slave does in a couple of hours what a wazan slave of one a care in cash of the best old school physicans. I had choole but the constant a couple of hours what the earnest cond of the best old school physicans. I had choole obstitutes of hours one passociates number one some of the best old school physicans. I had choole obstitities of the best old school physicans. I h

Medical works agree that Bright's Disease and Diabetes are incurable, but 87 per cent. are positively recovering under the Fulton Com pounds. (Common forms of kidney complaint and rheumatism offer but short resistance. Price, \$1 for the Bright's Disease and \$150 for the Diabetic Compound. John J. Fulton Co. found them without their having to 430 Montgomery street, San Francisco, solt work for them, which otherwise they compounders. Free tests made for patients Descriptive pamphlet mailed free.

> IGNORANT OF GEOGRAPHY. How a German Put Posers to an

American Girl. "A thing about Americans which has surprised me more than anything else," said a German artist who has been visiting in New York city for six months past, "is that with all your patriotism you know so little about the geography of your own country, to say nothing of

the rest of the world." There were several Americans in the circle, and they looked rather surprised. None of the men spoke. They knew that they were weak in geography and that here was a challenge which would have to pass.

Not so a bright young woman of twenty, who rushed into the breach with her head in the air.

"We do know the geography of our country," she said decidedly, "Of tourse we do. Every child learns it in

"Might I ask you a question or two?" the foreigner said quietly. "The names of the capitals of some of your states, for instance?" "Certainly. I'll be glad to answer."

And she nodded confidently at the

young American man who was already What is the capital of Massachusetts?" was his first question.

"Boston!" was the prompt answer from the girl. "And of North Carolina?" That seemed to puzzle her a little,

and it was a full minute before she answered "Charleston!" The foreigner smiled, but made no effort to correct her. "What is the highest mountain in the United

States?" he asked. "It's not fair to ask about moun tains," she protested. "You said I didn't know the capitals."

"The capital of Illinois is?" "Chi-Springfield, I mean." "Of Montana?"

For the life of her she could not think of a town in Montana. "It's been an age since I studied geography." she explained.

"Your answers were better than the average," said the man. "You got one right out of four. As I said, American geography surprises me."-New York

Candles.

"I thought candles went with stagecoaches, but a good many people must use them yet," said a shopper who pointed to a collection of candlesticks, all of the utility sort, arrayed in a house furnishing department. There were big and little, ornamental and plain, practical and unpractical ones. Some had broad trays, and others had none at all, and some had devices for lifting the candle, while others were made with deep necks. There still remain people who cling to the traditions of their ancestors and will have none of the modern lighting inventions for their sleeping rooms. Certain women prefer a light in their bedrooms until they are asleep, and for this purpose a candle is just the thing, for it will put itself out at the time proportioned by its length.-New York Tribune.

Saw No Reason For Swearing. General Grant was asked why he

never swore. He replied: "Well, when witness fees in wedding cases. There a boy I had an aversion to swearing. It seemed useless, an unnecessary habout a witness to be married who will it, and besides I saw that swearing usually aroused a man's anger. I early had a desire to have complete command of myself. I noticed when a essary feature of the ceremony.-New man got angry his opponent always got the better of him. On that account also I determined to refrain from The decay of the home life is to be swearing. Then the swearing men of attributed partially to the influence on my acquaintance when a boy were not the best men I knew. I never saw any reasons for swearing. All were against

Honesty.

If honesty is the best policy in bustness, it is also the best policy when one has done wrong and is confronted with the question whether he shall confess everything frankly or make excuses. A transparent excuse is worse than none at all.

After a man is married he discovers If some owners of horses would that his wife's golden tresses are nothspend more for feed and less for whips, ing in the world but red hair.-Philadelphia Record.