

CIRCUS JACK

By Stanley Edwards Johnson

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NE morning long before the great shows took to the rails McAlpine's Combined Colossal Hippodrome and Consumption of Wonders was expected to pass through Prescott. The youngest generation of this village—that is to say, all that could be seen on two legs—had been anticipating this event for fully three weeks. The majority of the barns and sheds in the vicinity had proclaimed the allurements of spangled bareback riders, roaring lions, snarling tigers, daring contortionists and trapeze performers, elephants, monkeys and women who stood on tiptoes on the backs of swift horses and passed unscathed through hoops of fire.

All this had been seen and admired by Jacky Hopkins and Tilda Vinton, besides a score of others. Jacky was ten years old, and Matilda was four years his senior. According to the juvenile gossip of the village, they were "just gone on each other."

The passing of the circus gave rise to picturesque ambitions in the young hearts of Prescott. The career of that patron saint of New Hampshire, Daniel Webster, faded into insignificance in comparison with the attainments of the heroines and heroes pictured in rainbow colors. Such youthful yearnings for fame are familiar to all who have not forgotten that they were once young and are generally of brief duration.

"I think, Jacky, my pa an' ma are meaner than the peast, 'cause they won't let me go to the circus tomorrow," said Matilda, "but you can just bet I'm a-goin'."

Jacky's little blue eyes widened in surprise. Scarcely a day passed that Tilda's dynamic nature did not send thrills of wonder up and down his diminutive spine.

"Why, Tilda, you wouldn't run off down ter Woodbine all alone, would you?"

"'Course I would, Jacky—that is, if I jest had the money ter get into the circus with. An' I wanner line it, too; I wanner line the circus."

Little Jacky gasped in amazement. "You line the circus, Tilda Vinton? You couldn't do nothin', Tilda. Why, what was you thinkin' o' doin'?"

"Oh, I jest know I could! Jest let me git dressed up as them wimmen be an'—an' sleep in all sheets, an' I jest bet I could do anything. You know, Jacky Hopkins, I can do lots o' things that you can't. You couldn't git on the ridgepole o' pa's barn an' walk across it just as if it was a tight rope. An' I've shinned up the big pine back o' your house, an' you didn't git up but half way. An' I jumped forty feet from the upper hayloft in our barnyard onto the hay, an' you didn't dast try. Taldn' 'cause you ain't smart, only I'm made ter be in a circus."

She put her arm about the little fellow's waist, with all the superiority of her fourteen summers. Jacky was impressed. "Visions of the wonderful exploits he was seen Tilda perform since the advent of the circus posters rose before him. There wasn't a boy in the village who could do what Tilda had done, and he was the only one who had frankly admired her, while the others had hidden their chagrin by calling her tomboy and other names which only delighted her with their unintentional flattery.

Now she had stimulated his boyish fancy, and he believed she was right. She was the greatest of living wonders to him, and he longed to help her.

"Guess you'd do, Tilda, arter you'd been trained," Jacky admitted.

"An' it's real mean ter think that I can't be what I was made ter be. How d'you s'pose anybody was ever able ter be anything unless their folks let 'em try?"

"I never thought o' goin' down ter Woodbine, an' I know my folks wouldn't let me. But, then, I couldn't do anything. Now, with you, Tilda, it's different. You can do things, an' your folks had order let you."

"Well, I'm jest a goin' ter, somehow; thet's all."

And so Tilda resolved to join the circus. The really unfortunate thing about Matilda was that she generally put through all she made up her juvenile mind to do, and, still worse, oftentimes she was equally firm in not doing what she did not want to.

Their delicious speculation on the future was interrupted by the imperative summons of Jacky's mother.

"There's your ma a-callin'," Matilda sneered. "She's allus coddlin' you. You'll never grow up if you don't git outen her way. Arter I've jined the circus I'll git a chance for you ter sell lemonade."

"Oh, good, Tilda! I'd do jest anything ter go with you. An' don't forget ter be up by 4 o'clock tomorrow so's ter see the circus go through."

It was a long time before Jacky went to sleep that night. He was haunted with the mingled desire to help his "git" to fulfill her ambition and the temptation to contribute thereto by endorsing her with all his worldly wealth, just \$2.47, which he had made "plummin'."

Jacky had an account in the bank, and after the berry season each summer, when he had purchased a pair of shoes to wear in the winter to school, a necessity he dispensed with in the summer, he put the rest in the bank. He was allowed to keep the money in his possession, but once it got into the bank it was not allowed to come out. But this sum seemed great wealth to the little man. He wanted it to start Tilda on her life work, but somehow he could not quite justify his conscience to it.

Perhaps his dreams contributed in no small way to his final decision, for he saw his beloved Tilda performing all the various feats advertised in the great show. When he waked, he sprang out of bed with all his boyish eagerness to see the show go by. The cages were all closed and the widders had been taken from view, but it all seemed real. Tilda was up before him. The great

wagons had not begun to pass, and the stream of Prescott youth was wending its way toward the upper village by Cold Stream curve to meet the narrow-gauge train.

They followed far behind, their arms encircling each other, absorbed in a discussion of Tilda's great future.

"I think you jest orter go, Tilda," Jacky declared, with solemn earnestness.

"Oh, I'm so glad, Jacky, that you approve, for I shouldn't want ter do anything agin' your wishes, but I'm jest goin' ter, somehow."

"Got any money?"

"Naw, I hain't, but I'll get it somehow."

"Take this," And Jacky shyly held out his hand, palm down.

"Why, Jacky Vinton!" exclaimed the delighted Tilda. "If you ain't the best feller thet ever lived! Now I'm fixed!"

"But you mustn't ever tell on me."

"No, Jacky, never. But what'll your ma do when she finds out? She keeps 'count o' all you earn, mean thing!"

But she need not know till fall. By that time, Tilda, you'll be great!" Jacky's eyes fairly glistened at the thought.

Tilda gazed at the massive vehicles with an air of proprietorship, and in a fit of venturosomeness she aroused the envy of those about her by patting the elephant's huge leg as if it were only her pet dog.

That afternoon Jacky stole quietly from the dinner table, having tasted hardly a morsel. The show was to begin at 2:30 o'clock, so Tilda had decided to make her escape directly after dinner. Jacky was to meet her about a mile down the road. Jacky's father had told him to remain at home that afternoon "ter rake after the cart."

Tilda and Jacky walked some time without saying much. The resourceful Matilda, who had never found her powers of conversation circumscribed before, suddenly found it a most difficult matter to utter a sentence. Jacky was so affected that he couldn't even look Tilda in the eye.

At last Jacky, in view of certain kinds of chastisements that he had received at various times during his life, broke the stillness.

"I've got ter go back, Tilda." Then he discovered a tear in Tilda's eyes and added, "Oh, Tilda, I wouldn't, arter all!"

"I will, too, Jacky Hopkins! I ain't one o' the kind thet goes back on myself any more'n I do on anybody else. But, oh, Jacky, you will be true, won't you?"

Now, there had never been any very definite conversation on matters concerning love between this erring pair. Accordingly Tilda's remark sounded grand and grown up, and he solemnly answered:

"Yes, I will, Tilda; hope ter die, I will!"

Then Tilda almost picked him off the ground and kissed him square on the lips. It was the first time that Jacky had been performed on Jacky except in kissing games. Its effect was to make him turn directly around and run as fast as his little legs could carry him, and the tears were running down his cheeks.

The sensation of that kiss was not even dulled by the chastisement which followed a few minutes later owing to his absence from the hayfield. Nor was it even forgotten, many years after, when Jacky became a man.

It was not very long before Jacky came in kissing games. Its effect was an easy one to answer, but life was fast becoming very terrible to him.

Mrs. Vinton passed on. This was the beginning of an agitation which swept over the whole community in a grand crescendo until it occupied the attention of three adjoining townships. For two days Jacky kept out of sight as much as possible and passed his nights in sleeplessness and weeping. The pressure against his conscience was becoming harder and harder, while the difficulties of confession were growing greater.

He observed that if he had come forward with his information he might have maintained the peace of a hundred farms. As it was, the fields were deserted, and Jacky concluded that his reckoning would be something awful. Added to all this was an awful loneliness feeling which he rightly attributed to the absence of Tilda.

His little face was a picture of grief and escaped no one, but it was set down to the fact that he loved Tilda, or, as the neighbors put it: "Poor little Jacky! He did set great store by Tilda." So they forbore mentioning the girl in his presence.

But at last it came out. Mrs. Hopkins had taken to putting him to bed, "for the little man is that meachin'," she said. So after his prayers had been set he turned himself to the wall in an agony of tears and blurted out:

"Tilda's runned away ter the circus!" Mrs. Hopkins comprehended it all in a minute. She did not wait to give Jacky his deserts and left him in a storm of tears, in which he sobbed himself to sleep.

It was hard for the little fellow to hold up his head during the next few days. "That Hopkins boy" became quite as much a part of the history of the town of Prescott as Tilda herself. The world looked very solemn to Jacky, but it was positively frightful when the truth became known to him.

Jacky was growing tinner and soberer. This sad episode in his life had left a deep impression, and then once by one the years were added, and all hope of ever knowing the fate of Tilda vanished from the hearts of Prescott, all except one.

When the enraptured Tilda had feasted her heart on the wonderful feats of the bareback riders and trapeze performers, she was more convinced than ever that she was "made ter line the circus." After the show was over she asked to see "the man thet bosses the show." The attendant smiled and humored her wish.

The manager was also in a contented state of mind and punctuated Tilda's enthusiastic account of her exploits with guffaws both loud and hearty.

"Waal, leetle girl," he said, with a perceptible southern accent, "Ah kinder reckon you would amount ter suthin' o' you's ter be given a chance. You seem purty pert. We'll try you—give you some trainin' an' plenty o' work ter do—how you kyant edzactly line this ere show. We'll be a new combination when we git over the river, about forty miles in the interior. Now, you must remember you hain't anything ter do with McAlpine's Combination. Will you?"

Tilda was ready to do anything, and she soon found that she had to do everything. No one seemed to be able to find time to give her any training, but she did have something to eat and a place to sleep. Each night when she cried herself to sleep her last thought was of little Jacky.

The little prisoner of the caravan as the years rolled on found herself doing the things she had fondly dreamed of in her childish ambitions under a high sounding name, but sometimes in her sleeping dreams she saw the green hills and wandered over the fields with little Jacky, and always when she waked the tears would come to her eyes.

When Jacky became a man, he did what a great many enterprising New Englanders have been doing for four generations—he went west "ter cause farmin' pays out there." But his heart told him that it was because he wanted to be where "that Hopkins boy" was never heard of.

He not only succeeded, but he also won a new sobriquet. He was known over more than seven states as "Circus Jacky."

Yet he never revealed the real cause of his interest in the circus world, and the cowboys supposed it was his weakness.

Circus Jack had been known to go as far as 500 miles to see a circus, and at last he became known as the most generous patron of the trade, and the fraternity of the ring blessed him and wished there were more like him. In time he came to be the personal friend

of many of the greatest artists and gained the reputation of knowing more about the inside of a circus than any man west of the Mississippi river.

It was also noted by those who occasionally went with him that his greatest interest was always in the gayly dressed women who rode the horses, jumped through the hoops and swung and leaped among the trapezes. He often sought their acquaintance and seemed to be very earnest when in conversation with them.

Twenty years had passed and were growing nearer to thirty. In the meantime "Mlle. Celestine, the world's equestrienne and trapezienne, the wonder and admiration of two continents," had passed her zenith, for the days of a circus rider, even when full of glory, are few.

The two greatest circuses in the country had bid high against each other to secure her services. In the midst of her exciting career she would occasionally long for her old life, but such yearning was only momentary.

Both unknown to herself and to Circus Jack the pair had many times been under the same canvas together, which was not surprising, for there was but little in Mlle. Celestine to suggest the whimsical Matilda Vinton of Prescott.

But now Mlle. Celestine earned a small salary on the strength of her former fame. She could do only a few simple feats, and even in these she often came near disaster. What was to become of her in later years was a question.

The combination of which Mlle. Celestine was the chief attraction was wending its way across the Texas plains, where the cowboys went away disgusted that they had been faked by the show. Besides walking across the tent on a tight rope, Mlle. Celestine did none of those things which were accorded to her repertory in the advertisements. The ringmaster invariably announced that she was indisposed.

Circus Jack listened to the accounts of the inferiority of the show, but he made no exceptions and with a few of his friends was found on a certain August afternoon twaddling on one of the upper seats of the tent.

When the time came for Mlle. Celestine to appear, the heat had become almost intolerable. She stepped languidly into the ring and feebly acknowledged the applause. Then she turned to the ringmaster, holding out her hands appealingly, and was answered in an undertone roughly. She then grasped her wand and ascended the rope. It had already become evident that she was ill. Circus Jack, almost unobserved, had stepped down and was approaching the ring. He seemed to

be seized with a sudden excitement. He went to the ringmaster and in a commanding manner said: "I want you to stop this. It is an outrage to let that woman go on. She's sick, mad!"

His words were greeted with applause. "It's Circus Jack!" the crowd shouted.

But the ringmaster was about to eject him forcibly from the place when Mlle. Celestine, turning to take her return journey on the rope, suddenly swayed. She seemed to have forgotten her position, and her gaze was fastened on the scene below. Then, fairly shrieking the words "Jacky Hopkins! Oh!" she fell fainting into the net.

Many years have passed since Tilda Vinton, formerly the celebrated Mlle. Celestine, returned to the old farm in Prescott as Mrs. Jacky Hopkins.

Another Jacky takes up the attention of that happy household, but as his adoring mother looks into his deep blue eyes her own grow misty with the pictures of other days, and she is thankful that some men are faithful to their childhood sweethearts.

Well Placed Generosity.
In 1835 Liszt went on a tour in the French provinces. He arrived at the little town of L— to give a concert, as announced. But the inhabitants appeared to take but little interest in musical matters, for when the musician appeared on the platform he found himself face to face with an audience numbering exactly seven persons.

Liszt stopped very calm to the front and bowed respectfully to the array of empty benches, he delivered himself as follows:

"Ladies and gentlemen, I feel extremely flattered by your presence here this evening, but this room is not at all suitable; the air is literally stifling. Will you be good enough to accompany me to my hotel, where I will have the piano conveyed? We shall be quite comfortable there, and I will go through the whole of my programme."

The offer was unanimously accepted, and Liszt treated his guests not only to a splendid concert, but an excellent supper into the bargain. Next day, when the illustrious virtuoso appeared to give his second concert, the hall was not large enough to contain the crowd which claimed admittance.

Pat and the Parrot.
At a little dinner not long ago a wager was laid that Marshall P. Wilder, the entertainer, could not tell fifty parrot stories in succession. He did it without turning a feather, and so many of them were new that the man who came away and told about it could remember only one.

It was of the parrot which escaped through a window and perched in a tree. The owner's efforts to capture it

Appetite and Hunger.
"Most persons do not discriminate between hunger and appetite," said a doctor of long experience. "Appetite is what makes a man drink or smoke and what makes most men and women eat. Many go through life never knowing what hunger really is. I often fast sixty hours and never feel the worse for it. A friend of mine, a physician in Brooklyn, goes without food sixteen days at a stretch and keeps up his work meanwhile. There isn't an organ that can contract any disease from lack of food. Most of them do become diseased through the effort to take care of too much food. They are all in better tone after a fast. Another thing, hunger is felt only in the mouth and throat. That one feeling that many complain of is not hunger; that is a form of disease. If persons would eat only when they were hungry and only as much as hunger, not appetite, called for—well, we doctors would have to fast."—New York Press.

The Greatest Men.
It would be a difficult task, if not an impossible one, to persuade any half dozen men casually brought together into unanimity of opinion concerning the greatest man who ever lived. Most of them would agree no doubt with Lord Brougham that Juno Cæsar was the greatest man of ancient times, but how many of the six would accept Professor Gardiner's estimate of Cromwell as "the greatest Englishman of all times?" Each of them, we may be reasonably sure, would accept Shakespeare as the greatest poet, yet Lord Lytton once spoke of Milton as "the greatest poet of our country." And where will be found two men out of Scotland to agree with Charles Mackay that the greatest Burns that he was "the greatest poet—next perhaps to King David of the Jews—whom any age has produced?"—Leslie's Weekly.

Portsmouth Harbor.
There has existed a harbor at Portsmouth, England, resorted to by fighting ships from the most ancient times in our history. The Romans undoubtedly used it when they had their stronghold at Portchester, and they appear to have named it Portus Maris, or the Great Port. The footsteps of the Roman provincials and of the Saxons and Normans may be traced, and from these times onward the name of Portsmouth occurs frequently in our history. The place had attained some measure of importance in the reign of Henry I. Richard Cœur de Lion set sail thence when last he left the shores of his kingdom, and in the time of his successor a naval establishment existed at the port.—London Globe.

Practical Inquiry.
The town council of a thriving burg in the west of Scotland recently acquired a piano for their town hall and appointed three of their number to inspect and report on the purchase. The councilors were not musical experts, but one—a joiner—bending down and applying his eye to the several corners of the instrument, remarked, "I'm no judge of music, but I'll warrant ye a' the boards are plumb."

No Satisfying Her.
"Women are hard to understand."
"Think so?"
"Yes; I told her she carried her age well and she was offended."
"You don't say!"
"Yes; and then I told her she didn't carry it well, and she wouldn't speak."—Philadelphia Record.

Never Failing.
Sister—What is the best way to retain a man's love?
Brother—Don't return it.—Chicago News.

A woman does not begin to command until she has promised to obey.—Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

It has been discovered that the building in Richmond, Va., where Poe edited the Southern Literary Messenger is still in existence, and it is proposed to place a suitable commemorative tablet on its walls.

NEW SHORT STORIES

The Paris Interviewer.
The Paris reporter boasts that he is imbued with the American spirit. That is, when he is sent out to get an interview he gets it. Sometimes he sees his man, but the latter "has nothing to say." Then the reporter makes him say it, and the article appears as an "interview." Here is an interview with J. Pierpont Morgan translated literally from the Echo de Paris, one of whose principal men went to see him at the Hotel Ritz recently: "I have been able to seize M. Morgan as he was on the point of vanishing up the elevator shaft. I said to the great street dictator: 'Sir, I shall permit myself to put to you several queries about your trip to Paris, your secret designs and—' 'Hein! Quoi!' exclaimed the illustrious trust disciple. He makes believe not to hear, but in his depths he reflects; then, with a strong accent and a fierce expression, the renowned railroad king says to me: 'I will not speak. I shall not speak, not one word.' Then I: 'But you are conscious, sir, of the numerous comments your visit arouses. Are any street dictator: 'I have naught to say; no, not one word, even so small as that!' He clicks his thumb nail backward upon his teeth. His face is purple with brutal will. He goes toward the elevator, always escorted from our vigorous questions. Then I: 'But will you not say if you intend to merge the Compagnie Transatlantique with the other—' Then the busy monopolizer of industries replies: 'You will not make me speak one word, not one small ejaculation shall I make pass my lips.' And, with a bound, the feared billionaire and Napoleon of stock exchanges disappears."

Americans Abroad.
The mere fact of an American citizen taking a trip abroad or residing there for a short period does not constitute a native born citizen of this country of his citizenship, nor does he lose the right to the protection of his government by so doing. If he abandons his residence here, he loses his right to vote just as if he moved to another state, but acquires it again by returning to this country. Nearly all the nations on the globe claim the right of authority over native born citizens of their own countries even after those citizens have acquired citizenship elsewhere—that is, if a native Russian comes here and is naturalized, then returns to Russia for a visit, the Russian government might compel him to do army service despite his American citizenship. This principle was embodied in the famous expression "once an Englishman, always an Englishman," so much quoted during the war of 1812.—Detroit Free Press.

The Coroner and the Bottle.
The following little scene at an inquest upon the body of a murdered man is reported by a correspondent of the Anglo-Russian from Astrakhan: The coroner dictating to his clerk: "On the table was found a bottle—No; stop for a moment. We must ascertain its contents." The coroner, tasting the liquid, dictates: "The bottle contained English gin. Perhaps not; I am not sure; taste it yourself." The clerk, having done so, replies, "I think it is simply strong vodka." The coroner, tossing off another glass: "No, really, it tastes like gin." The clerk, tasting the liquor again, "I still think it is only vodka."

The bottle having gradually become empty, the coroner proceeded to dictate in a decisive tone: "Write: An empty bottle was found on the table, and all measures taken to ascertain what it contained were of no use."

Joshua Wedgwood's Work.
Joshua Wedgwood's work deserves collecting for special reasons. It is an English art, invented and perfected by a native of England. The designs used for its decoration were made by the best native artists of his time. It was made of English clay, by native craftsmen, without state aid or subsidy, without foreign inspiration. All nations acknowledge his lifelong services to the world's ceramic industry. As his epitaph truly records, "He converted a rude and inconsiderable manufacture into an elegant art and an important part of national commerce."

His countrymen are advised to collect good specimens of his work while it is possible to do so. A time may come when they may find it difficult to purchase at any moderate price. Greater Britain and English speaking America are already competing. Wedgwood ware has grace of form and charming color, and it daily grows in the estimation of its possessor.

The blue examples have been called "cold," but the same objection might be applied to the Venus of Milo. The Chinese—poetically call one tint of blue on their porcelain "blue after rain." Wedgwood blue is a pure color, but never tires and reminds one of the celestial blue where the skylark soars.—Connaisseur.

Napoleon as a Scientist.
The seat in the class of mechanics of the Institute made vacant by the flight of Carnot was filled in 1797 by the election of a young artillery officer, Napoleon Bonaparte, just returned from his Italian campaign covered with glory. The first counsel paid much favorable attention to the Institute, and it continues to this day very much as it left his hands in the new constitution which he gave it in 1806.

He exhibited his admiration for the pure sciences and his dislike to the speculative sciences, philosophy and ethics by the expansion of the convention's first class and the entire suppression of the second class, thus creating four classes—sciences, physics, mathematics, in language of the literature française, in langue of the letters, sciences and beaux arts. It was Louis XVIII, who, in 1816, restored the old names of the academies to the four classes of Napoleon.

Inconsiderate Words.
It is very evident that many are not aware of the painful wounds they are constantly inflicting upon others by inconsiderate words. This is manifest by the censures which they pass upon others for that of which they themselves are guilty. It is difficult to listen with an impartial ear to one's own speeches. They do not impress themselves as they do others. They are not able to place themselves in the exact position of others. Hence, though they do not mean to violate the Golden Rule, they are yet continually doing it through a want of consideration.—Christian Instructor.

An Impression.
"Now, I have an impression in my head," said the teacher. "Can any of you tell me what an impression is?"
"Yes, I can," replied a little fellow at the foot of the class. "An impression is a dent in a soft spot."

Book, Beer and Sausage.
Nearly 30,000 yards of sausage were devoured in the eleven days of the book beer season at the Hofbrauhaus in Munich the past spring. It made 162,500 sausages.

Didn't Count in the Bill.
Dr. Jalap—Well, you may thank your fine constitution for pulling you through. Nothing else could have saved you.
The Convalescent—But I cannot see that you have made any reduction in your bill for my fine constitution's share in the cure.—Boston Transcript.

Congreve would prepare a drama for the stage in a week or ten days, though four or five times this period was spent in revision.

The Du Ponts of Powder Fame.
The Du Ponts own powder mills in all parts of the country from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Among the Du Ponts themselves, there is a process of selection for those who are to have to do with the powder works. The youngsters are watched, and when one shows nervousness in the face of danger he is placed somewhere else than in the powder mills. The rule is that a Du Pont in person shall always be there where there is imminent danger. A number of Du Ponts first and last—and some of them important ones—have been killed under this rule, and there repeatedly have been heroic escapes from death through this disregard of the fear of it.

The family rule is a despotism, and a very strict one. The family always has a head, and what this head or chief says the other members of the family do. This headship does not necessarily descend from father to son, even when there are sons. Sometimes it goes from uncle to nephew, the main point being to secure a Du Pont thoroughly competent to manage the business affairs of the family.—New York Tribune.

Bright's Disease and Diabetes
Are Positively Curable.

Adolph Wessie, the well known pioneer of 90 Green street, San Francisco, one of the founders of the California Cracker Company, interviewed December 11, 1901:

Q—Will you permit us to refer to you as one of those cured of diabetes by the Fulton Compound?
A—Yes, my friend. It ought to be known. I have had a great many about it myself.

Q—You found it hard to convince them?
A—Only those cured can believe easily. 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 head under any back to keep the urine from falling on me.

Q—How long before you began to improve?
A—I took hold slowly—I 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—One was a Mrs. M. friend of mine in the country. Her troubles were Bright's Disease, Stomach, and Liver.

Q—A lady friend in Windsor, Sonoma County, was swollen with dropsy, and I sent her the Bright's Disease Compound, and I sent her completely restored her.

Q—What do you think of the curability of Bright's Disease and Diabetes?
A—Cures await those who will take these Compounds for a sufficient length of time.

Medical works agree that Bright's Disease and Diabetes are incurable, but our sales are positively increasing under the Fulton Compound. (Common forms of kidney complaint, rheumatism, dropsy, etc., are cured by the Fulton Compound, and \$1.50 for the Bright's Disease and \$1.50 for the Diabetes Compound. John J. Fulton Co., 23 Montgomery street, San Francisco, sole importers. Free tests made for patients. Descriptive pamphlet mailed free.)

THE FEMINE MIND.
Some Men Think They Fathom It, but They Are Mistaken.

A man can very seldom tell what is passing in a woman's mind. He talks with another man, and he can follow his processes; he gets his point of view; he can read between the lines; he can make a shrewd guess as to how he came to say that or why he refrained from saying the other, says the Watchman.

But a woman's mental processes are not those of a man. Her mental machinery is geared differently. You hear what she tells you. You can make inferences from it. They will be wrong because you do not know how she came to say what she did; you do not have the clue. Try to guess what she will say next, and you will find that you are all at sea.

The man who says that he understands woman is himself a woman. No man can understand a woman. He may love her. There may exist between his soul and hers that indefinable and celestial sympathy which is the sweetest thing on earth, but he does not understand her.

Her mental operation, her ways of thought, her point of view, will always be as inscrutable to him as the mental processes of an angel. Whether women understand each other is not quite certain. A greater part of the delight that men find in the companionship of women arises from their inscrutability. You cannot measure or exhaust them.

Their charming inconsequence, as it seems to you, will never cease to puzzle you, and every fresh conversation reveals a novelty of attitude or opinion.

Making It Plain.
A writer in the Lancet, says the Chicago Record-Herald, generously sets himself the task of giving out valuable information as to the amount of food one should eat. He proceeds to make the matter plain to the masses by saying:

"If you desire to know how much you ought to eat per diem, you must first determine whether you are temporarily anabolic or katabolic. Then, taking into account your age, sex, size, the amount of exercise you get and the temperature of the atmosphere, you should calculate the amount of food necessary to maintain the minimum weight of the body consistent with the best health of which you are capable."

Hereafter there should be no excuse whatever for overeating or under-eating.

The Discovery of Florida.
Juan Ponce de Leon, sailing from Porto Rico in search of new land, discovered Florida on March 27, 1512. He landed near St. Augustine, planted the cross and took possession in the name of the Spanish monarch. In 1763 a treaty ceding east and west Florida to Great Britain, in exchange for Havana and the western part of Cuba, was ratified. In 1781 part of Florida was ceded to Spain, and in 1783 Great Britain ceded east and west Florida to Spain. On Feb. 22, 1819, Florida was ceded to the United States by treaty and purchase, Spain receiving \$5,000,000.

The Way He Gloried.
Two buses were traveling down Regent street in close proximity when the conductor of the foremost one took off his badge and dangled it in the air, to the obvious annoyance of the rival driver.

"What did you do that for?" asked a passenger.

"Why," said the conductor, pointing a derisive thumb at the infuriated driver, "his father was 'ung.'"—London Tit-Bits.

Witely Appreciation.
"There's one thing I will say about Charley," said young Mrs. Torkins; "he has a lovely disposition even if he doesn't always display it at home."

"How do you know that?"
"I heard some of his Wall street friends talking about him. They say he is a perfect lamb."

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