88 88 88 88 00 00 00 00 00 00 DON'T mind just plain, ordinary stinginess," Miss Marticia said. "I never saw the good of it, but it may sometimes be worth while. What I hate is little, mean stinginess, like Lucindy-Tom

Warfield's. I do believe that woman would try to rise from the dead if she remembered in her coffin that she had paid for half a cent's worth of something she hadn't got. fashion, although they had wives and Marcia, a softened copy of Miss Marchildren of their own. ticia, even to the name, flushed and

turned away her head. Miss Marticia "I saw her do the meanest little thing and the littlest mean thing. She hired old Black Ben one spring to make

a garden for her. You know, he works for 50 cents a day and found. He got done about 4 o'clock, and Lucindy-Tom made him take up her beans and plant 'em over again three times just to make out the full day's work. She pretended to believe he had put 'em first two deep and afterward too shallow. I felt real sorry for the poor old fellow"-

"I dare say you gave him something extra," Marcia interrupted, smiling faintly. Miss Marticia nodded. "I had to," she said. "I couldn't let him think all white folks were so mean. About Lucindy-Tom, though. Strikes me the reason she never misses a Sunday at church is she thinks she's paid for part of all the sermons and 'twould be wicked waste not to go and hear 'em."

"Aunty Marfy! Aunty Marfy! You are wicked and uncharitable," Marcia parties. I can hardly think of anything else since my beautiful dress and my new white slippers came. They are just what I wanted, oh, so badly, but did not ask for because I doubted if we could afford them."

"I say people can afford whatever out leaving anybody else unpaid," Miss Marticia said. "My father said so too. I had just a fitting out for my first big party. The dollar never went in his pocket that was too big to be spent for anything he wanted or I wanted. He believed, as I believe, in putting his money in the bank of happiness. Lucindy-Tom thinks she has got thousands to my nothing, but I wouldn't swap with her any day in the

"Never mind about her," Marcia coaxed. Miss Marticla wheeled and caught her niece by the shoulders. "I bave got to mind about her," she

said, "when you sent John Warfield, her nephew, to ask me if he might have "I-I bope you don't object," Marcia said, getting crimson.

"I've got nothing to say against him," what's bred in the bone is bound to come out. By the time he's forty he may be the same as his Aunt Lucindy Tom. You're all I've got in the world. won't ever agree to your marrying where you might come to be grudged everything, even the air you breathed."

"I don't want to marry Miss Lucindy-Tom," Marcia said, pouting. Her aunt laughed grimly. "Anybody that did would be a curiosity," she said. Marcia pretended to pout more than ever, though a smile hovered in her eyes. She dropped them and half turned away as she said:

"I don't see what we are to do, Aunt Marfy. We thought you would be our friend and let us live with you. Miss Lucindy-Tom swears John shall never take me there."

It was her trump card. John and berself bad agreed merrily that all which was needed to overcome inevitable opposition was to let each of the aunts know that the other opposed their marriage. The two spinsters had been on terms of intimate enmity for at least fifteen years. Their bouses faced each other, standing each about 100 yards back from a broad beaten country road. The road was the boundary between the two farms, which stretched in flat fertile reaches beyond and behind the houses. Originally the bouses had been nearly alike-white, with green blinds, small front porches and tall red outside chimneys.

That was in the days of the fathers. The daughters had expressed differences in temperament largely by means of paint. Now the Warfield house was a violent vellowish drab with vermilion trimmings, the Ewing house slate blue, picked out on cornices and window facings with deep buff. The Warsmoke rarely came from more than one of them. The Ewing house boasted a furnace and had bow windows in most of the old chimney spaces. Miss Marticla had flowers in them all winter long-flowers which she gave away with an open hand, although she might have sold them for good money in town. The giving was Ewing all over. It fretted Miss Lucindy-Tom beyond measure. She was almost tempted to pull down her chimneys, be comfortable and raise flowers, too, but the shame of an open imitation was too

Still there had been constant passing back and forth. Each housemistress felt that she could not afford to remain ignorant of what the other was doing. They had run in upon each other at all bours and twice in each year had formally entertained each other-once at dinner, once at tea. Outsiders bidden boy. to these feasts said that Miss War-

and well dowered no man had ever back at him: "Well, say nothing about relieved by the application of a bag of make an "liad" of a daily paper.-R. summoned up the courage requisite to it yet. If you do, Tanty Tom will lock hot sait.

Martha McCulloch-

court her. It was just the other way twenty beaux, the best the county afculine, but she had dealt with them so kindly they were all still her friends- Then she took the bit in her teeth. her lovers even in a friendly, open

farm: she had her sweet supremacy. Most of all, she had Marcia. Marcia had come to her a child in arms or- ation. phaned by the fever plague which had desolated the city in which Robert Ewing had made a home and had hoped to make a name. He had always hated farming, so his father had given him money in hand, leaving to Marticia the land. The money was somehow pretty well swallowed up, but Marcia had I am." never known the feeling of dependence She was so entirely first in Miss Marticia's heart it was perfectly natural she

should be first in everything else. It was that, perhaps, which first inclined her keart to John Warfield, Miss Lucindy-Tom reminded him about once a day that needs must be save to thrive, since he had nothing of his own and could look for nothing beyond what she could give him-and that was preclous little. In the face of that she gave him everything heart could wish save and except liberty to enjoy the said; then coaxingly: "Let's talk about gifts. He had, for example, the finest watch in the county, but it stayed safely locked in a bureau drawer, and he carried about a wheezy open faced silver affair he was ashamed to look at in company.

It was the same with his gun, his clothes, his saddle and bridle-even his they've got the money to pay for with- books. Miss Lucindy-Tom had provided a fine case for them. If by chance he laid one down for a minute outside it she darted at the offending volume and whisked it in place, sighing that he could be so careless. It was even worse if he thrust the book in hastily, upside down or the least bit askew. What Miss Lucindy-Tom hated the very worst of all was to see things which had cost money abused. Patching and darning were rites with her, joyous if Miss Marticia would not think of let- a model, at least in title, for Franklin's austere. There was a color of truth in Miss Marticia's saying, "Lucindy-Tom ry-Tom's restrictions. Warfield thinks it is a sin to wear out behind the fashion."

Notwithstanding she loved her neph-Miss Marticia said. "So far as I know, the old home. His wife had been pret- fit exponent of its cheery mistress. She them in another, he's a pretty fair sort of man, but ty and extravagant, an offense out-



"I must speak with Marcia."

right to Miss Lucindy-Tom's economic instincts. Then when her baby came she needs must call it John, when every Warfield for 100 years had had Thomas somewhere in his name. Miss Lucindy-Tom said things when the boy, aged two, was sent to her keeping. Business was taking his father abroad, and his mother would not let slip so fine an opportunity for travel.

John was a pretty fellow, bold with the boldness bred of knowing only love. In the teeth of ber rebellion against him he crept close into the heart of "Tanty Tom." She gave him up with a mighty wrenching of her tenderest affections, and when he came back to her five years later orphaned she felt that even an erratic Providence is sometimes just. She loved him indeed better than herself. He came next to ber accumulations. They were to ber the central fact of life.

She bore him one grudge, but was field chimneys remained intact, though | just enough to feel that it was based on something wholly apart from his control. He could not have been born a girl even if he had chosen. But if only he had been so born then Miss Lucindy-Tom would have had the supreme satisfaction of showing that foolish Marticia Ewing how a girl ought to be raised. John was five became fixtures in their respective The difference in age made them companionable. John was big enough to be shy of girls as big, but this tiny thing in the white frocks, with hair like spun sunshine, who clung confidingly to his finger and could barely lisp his name, was nearly as good fun as the puppy he sighed for, but was forbidden to keep, and even better than the big dolls he saw in the shop win-

Marcia had remained a sort of glorifield gave you good, ordinary victuals fied doll to him until she became sudon the finest sort of china, Miss Ewing | denly and mysteriously a woman-the things that were simply ravishing in one woman in all the world. It took good, plain, everyday ware. She had him six months to muster courage to lution-an even teaspoonful in a glass china, of course, but she never made a tell her so. Throughout them he had of water, cold or hot-is excellent for parade of it and least of all before Miss been outwardly quite the same. Even indigestion. A solution of about the at the last there was no approach to same strength will often relieve a cold Miss Lucindy-Tom had been forbid- sentiment. He had said, "Marcia, I in the head if snuffed up through the ding from her youth upward, so much shall have to marry you to keep you nose. so that in spite of being also handsome out of mischief." Marcia had laughed Severe pains in the bowels are often

They had come to an agreement, notwithstanding. They meant to wait a AN INTERESTING COLLECTION IN year before speaking out, until Marcia should be nineteen and quite old enough to marry. But when man proposes to the wrong woman-wrong in the eyes of his pastors and mastersfate commonly disposes to bring on an early crisis. Fate's instrument in this case was Miss Sarah Ashbel. She came visiting Tanty Tom and saw and conquered that good woman.

Sarah was stout and black eyed and ruddy, comfortably rich withal, to say nothing of expectations from a bachelor uncle. Once more Miss Lucindy-Tom felt distinctly grateful to Proviwith Miss Marticla. She was single dence. Here was the wife John needed, solely because she had not been able brought ready to his hand. He would to make up her mind and heart among not have to stir to do his courting. Sarah was to stay a month. In the course forded. Somehow none of them had of it there was opportunity for the most quite measured up to her father, the decorously ardent wooing. Throughout standard in her mind of all things mas- a fortnight Miss Lucindy-Tom waited hopefully for the wooing to begin.

"John is so desperately shy, I shall have to speak to you for him, Sarah," she said one morning at the breakfast So far she regretted sending none of table, beaming upon the pair. Sarah them about his business. She had the blushed and bridled, but smiled amiably. John got fiery red, but since he was a gentleman tried to save the situ-

"That is mighty kind of you, Tanty," he said as airily as he could. "I didn't think you knew, but I see there is no use trying to fool you. I am so glad to have Miss Sarah the very first to congratulate me on my engagement. She has seen Marcia-she knows how lucky

"Marcia!"

Tanty Tom almost shricked the name. John nodded and murmured: "It is a little unlucky, our fancying

each other. Miss Marticia is certain to object"-"Is she?" Tanty Tom interrupted grimly. "Wait and see. Marticia Ewing never did a sensible thing in her

life. It is most too late now for her to begin. John waited to hear no more. In an plumply for her niece's hand. She had looked at him more sternly than he had tained notices of pastimes, court recepsaid:

"I must speak with Marcia, and I ealogy of the reigning house, etc. shan't do that until after I think over everything."

ting Marcia be subject to Miss Lucin-

glanced about it and sat up very straight as she answered Marcia;

felt to do it credit."

"I can't do that, aunty," Marcia said,

will let me." bence!"

She flung out of the house in spite of the lawn with her nose in the air. At cindy-Tom was just outside her gate and evidently bound for the Ewing manac." house, since she was on foot and it was the only dwelling within walking range.

"H-m-m! Coming to see me?" Miss Lucindy-Tom called, making as though she would re-enter her own portal. "Yes. But you were coming to see

me. Come on," Miss Marticla said, flinging wide open her gate and motioning the other woman to cross the road.

"No. We had better say our say here. The big road belongs to everybody," Miss Lucindy-Tom said grimly. "I'm not bunting a quarrel," Miss Marticia said, her nose higher than

"Nor I," said Miss Lucindy-Tom, with a sniff. "I just want to tell you my nephew John"

"And I just want to tell you. my niece Marcia"- Miss Marticia broke

-"has got just two hundred dollars years older than Marcia. Hence they to his name, and that's Christmas and birthday money I made him save,' homesteads at nearly the same time. Miss Lucindy-Tom went on. "I came to say, too, he never will have another penny of mine if he throws himself away on that doll baby you've been

dressing up for him all these years." "won't be allowed to throw herself away on a Warfield," Miss Marticia spluttered on, "She can marry whom he pleases or not marry if she pleases. She'll have all that is mine. It ain't Times. so very much, but enough to keep her dows and coveted in spite of being a lady as long as she lives."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Medicinal Uses of Salt. Salt is one of the greatest of natura remedies and antiseptics. A weak so

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS. Noted Men Who Are Credited With Being the First Almanae Makers. Yearly Almanacs the Rage Since

the Sixteenth Century.

One of the most curious collections as advertising mediums are left at the door, often to be at once thrown carelessly into the wastebasket, have a striking and venerable history. It is still contended by many author-

ties that the almanac of 1457 was the first specimen of printing, and it has been variously credited to Gutenberg, Schaeffer and Prister of Bamberg. Dr. Faustus, celebrated in legend, whose strange story has been immortalized by Marlowe and Goethe, was the accredited author of almanacs containing astrological signs (retained at the pres ent day) and necromantic secrets. 'Poor Richard's Almanae," the production of Benjamin Franklin, is well known as a treasury of homely wit and wisdom. One of the greatest of modern German authors. Auerbach. first won his way to popular esteem by using the almanac as a vehicle for

his talents. Reyiomontanus, a famous German mathematician, under the patronage of Matthias Corvinus, king of Hungary, published a series of almanacs from 1475 to 1506, and yearly almanaes became an established custom in the sixteenth century. Henry III. of France in 1579 enacted that the almanac should not be made the instrument of partisan politics by the introduction of prophecies against parties and individuals in the state.

The first almanac in the modern shape appeared in England in 1673. It was compiled by Maurice Wheeler, canon of Christchurch, Oxford, and was printed in that city. The sale was so great that the booksellers of London bought the copyright in order to mohour he had asked Miss Marticia nopolize its subsequent sales. The "Almanac Royal" of Paris, 1697, conbelieved eyes so kind could look and tion days, fairs and markets, to which were added soon afterward the gen-

In England James I, granted a monopoly of the trade to the universities She had taken a day and night to and the Stationers' company, subject think-a night nearly sleepless. She to the censorship of the archbishop of was just, but not judicial. She wanted Canterbury and the bishop of London. nothing so much as to insure Marcia's The universities accepted an annuity happiness. Marcia could not be deeply from their colleagues, and resigned the in love. She was too well used to John active exercise of their privilege into for that. She was so young, too, and the hands of the Stationers. Under other beaux so plenty. She might take their supervision were conducted the her pick of the county. Decidedly it popular almanacs known as "Moore's" would be wicked to let her waste her and "Partridge's," the latter of which self and her youth upon John Warfield. was humorously attacked by Swift. Of course John would not think of "Poor Robin's Almanac," published leaving his aunt. Equally of course from 1652 to 1828, may have furnished "Poor Richard."

Popular superstititions and the ex-She had led up to the subject with travagances of astrology found room anything until it is at least six years artless art as she sat by her snug fire- in these almanaes, the Stationers, like side toward 11 o'clock in the morning. a genuine corporation or "trust" of Logs still burned in the sitting room, the time, having no personality of ew with a force and concentrated pas- the furnace to the contrary notwith- their own, and exhibiting no special sion possible only to natures such as standing. What with the fire, the thick blas except for what would sell, as hers, she had not loved her brother carpets, the easy, well worn chairs, the was particularly proved in 1624, when overmuch. It had been a distinct relief flowers in the sunny south looking win- they issued a set of predictions in one to her when he chose to live away from dows, the room was a cheery place, a almanae and bitterly contradicted

ported to be edited by Francis Moore, "Go there indeed! I should think not! physician. The original Francis Moore But that ought to settle the matter for died in 1724, but the publication was good and all. Ewing is a better name still isued as if under his supervision, than Warfield anywhere you speak it, and in 1775 a vigorous rival arose in If you have any pride in your blood, another almanae claiming to be the any love for me, you'll tell John War- genuine Francis Moore. A great lawfield you will marry into no family suit followed, which was decided where you are not only welcome, but against the monopoly of the Stationers' company. A bill to renew and legalize the privilege was brought in growing pale. "You-you have brought the house of commons by Lord North me up always to speak the truth, and I in 1779, but Lord Erskine, the great am going to marry John as soon as you barrister, most brilliantly exposed the absurdity and even indecency of the "Then you'll wait forever," Miss publication, and the bill was defeated. Marticia said, her eyes snapping. "I Although the privilege was thus deam ashamed of you, I am. It almost stroyed, the Stationers purchased their makes me hate my own blood, and I rival and continued to hold the field have been so proud of it always. John with a but slightly improved style of Warfield too good for you, indeed! I'm publication until 1828, when the Socigoing right over there and tell Lucindy- ety For the Diffusion of Useful Knowl-Tom what I think of such imperti- edge published the "British Almanac" and demolished their predecessors with the able assistance of the daily Marcia's pleadings and marched down press, which so vigorously assailed the Stationers' publication that that comthe gate she stopped short. Miss Lu- pany was constrained to follow the new example in the "Englishman's Al-

The uniform price for an English almanac for many years was a penny, but the monopoly increased the price, and the imposition of the stamp taxes after Queen Anne's time raised it still more. In 1781 "Moore's Almanac" was ninepence, two being for the stamp. In 1796 it rose to 1s. 4d. and in 1816 to

2s. 3d. An almanac was established by Isaiah Thomas in Worcester, Mass., which gained and established an extraordinary repute in 1780 from the happy accident that, as it was being set up, one of the boys asked what should be placed against the 13th of July. Mr. Thomas, in careless haste, answered: "Anything! Anything!" The lad, literally obedient, set up "Rain, hail and snow." The diligent readers were surprised, but when the day came the prediction was fulfilled-it really did rain, hail and snow on the 13th of that July, and the fortune of the

almanac was made. The "Almanac de Gotha" is the best known of the German publications. Whittaker's is the standard English publication of the kind, while in this country several of the large newspapers issue annual almanacs. The stray production, however, with its old astrological and magical symbols of Faust, must ever possess an interest for the curious who are versed in the history of almanacs. - Washington

An Interesting Teacher.

The dominie was trying to explain the Darwinian theory to his class when he observed that they were not paying proper attention. "Boys," he said, "when I am trying to explain to you the peculiarities of the monkey I wish you would look right at me."

There is but one art-to omit. I would ask no other knowledge. A man who knew how to omit would L. Stevenson

ALMANAC VAGARIES. THE COLLECTOR WHO KNEW

An Illustration of the Danger of D. ing Too Self Confident.

"The trouble with you fellows is you want things, but you know nothing about 'em. You come over here and carry home a lot of truck that a European collector wouldn't give house room, and when you see a really good thing you don't know it, or you won't pay a price for it unless some at the library of congress is that of dealer makes you. You see, you don't almanacs. These publications, which know; that's what's the matter; how can you? Nobody in America wanted antiques before the Centennial. If you'd lived here twenty years, like me, you'd learn something, you'd find out that collecting isn't a thing of money, but knowing."

We had been walking in Venice down a narrow calle while the collector was speaking. "Look at that old brass scale," he resumed, pointing to a fish stall in the little outdoor market on which we had just emerged. "There's a gem, not very old, but of the finest seventeenth century Venetian work. If you saw that in a New York dealer's, all cleaned up, you'd give up a good deal for it; but you'd 'a' passed it by a dozen times if I hadn't spoken about it. See that old junk stand over there? I never pass a thing like that. You can never tell what you may pick up-if you only know."

We had scarcely reached the stand when the collector thrust out his hand with the swiftness of a hawk darting on its prey, and swooped upon a little jewel box.

"Carnelian! Russian, I should say, from the Ural mountains. It's not of great value, but it's a pretty little thing, if it was cleaned up. It's mine, anyway." To the keeper of the stall: "Quanto?"

The Venetian slowly uncoiled himself and came down from the church steps, where he had been sleeping. "Does the signore want the pretty trifle? The signore knows its value better than I, and he'll be generous?" "I'll give you a lira for it. It isn't worth it, but one mustn't be hard with the poor.

"I had hoped I should get five!" "Well, I'll make it two."

"It is the signore's." "There, you see!" exultingly chuckled the collector. "That's what it is to know. An exquisite carnelian Russian jewel casket for 40 cents! You'd never have thought of looking among a lot of rusty old iron for a thing like that, would you?"

While speaking he held the box with miser's clutch. "May I see it, please?"

He reluctantly handed it to me as though fearing I might make a sudden dash down the calle with his treas-"Phew!" said I contemptuously,

handing the box back to him. "It's not carnelian at all. It's glass, nothing but glass.' "Glass!" drawing a magnifier from his waistcoat pocket and mutely ex-

amining the purchase. "I'm-I'mafraid-it is!" he said sheepishly. "Of course it is." "I-don't know," sadly. "Yes, it is glass! You see, it's so dirty. Oh, well, we all make mistakes at times. Do

you want it?" disgust taking the place of sadness. "You can have it for a quarter." "Well, I guess it's worth a quarter."

I think my eyes must have snapped. And that is how an almost unique example of the cinque cento came into my collection of Venetian glass.-New

Honesty In Perfection. To find honesty in its full perfection t is said that one must go to the Welsh colliers of the Ogmore valley, who travel by a workmen's train which runs from Maesteg to Abergwynfi ev ery morning and returns in the evening. There are heavy penalties for taking pipes and matches down the pit, so when the train reaches its destination in the morning every smoker lays his pipe on the seat, and when he returns in the evening it is exactly where he left it. During the day the coaches are shunted to a siding, the doors are not locked, but there is no single instance of a pipe having been

stolen.-London Answers. Mrs. De Jarr-Is there an idiot asy-

um near here? Mr. De Jarr-I believe so. "Do they take people on their own ecommendation?"

"My stars! How should I know! Why? "Oh, nothing, only today I got hold of a package of my old love letters."-

New York Weekly. A Friend In Need. Wederly-Did I understand you to

say that Enpeck is a relative of yours? Singleton-You did. He's my stepfriend by marriage. Wederly-Stepfriend! Why,

that? Singleton-He stepped in and eloped with the girl I was engaged to.-Exchange.

His Locust. "O'Brien siz he hos bin carryin' the same stick iver since he hos bin on

the force." "How long hos that bin?" "Sivintane years." "Bedad, ut must be a sivintane year

ocust!"-Philadelphia Record. A Musical Accompaniment. "Don't you think Will has a musical

augh?" "Indeed I do! I notice he always laughs when you try to sing."-Denver News.

Nearly every person you meet is look ing for "encouragement." but the most successful men have found it necessary to encourage themselves .- Atchison Globe.

Quite Romantie. Miss Gaygirl-Did you say you have lved in New Mexico all your life? Mrs. Hansom-Yes. Miss G .- And been married five

times? Mrs. H.-Yes. Miss G.-Ever divorced? Mrs. H .- No; husbands all shot. Miss G. (gushingly)-How romantic!

Paper possessing the transparency of glass is made in Paris from kelp and other seaweeds

Exploding a Theory.

At the beginning of the nineteenth MOFFITT century the French Academy of Sciences offered to give a prize to the first & TOWNE person who would solve the following problem: If you take a vase full of water and put a stone or any similar body in it, the water will flow over If, however, you put into it a fish, the volume of which is equal to that of the stone, it will not flow over. Explain this phenemenon.

Learned essays on the subject poured in from all quarters, but the problem was not satisfactorily solved in any of them, and consequently the prize was not awarded.

In the following year the same question was again propounded, and for five years answers continued to pour in to the academy. Then it suddenly occurred to one of the academicians that, after all, the problem might be incapable of solution, and he deter mined to make a test for himself.

Filling a vase with water he put a stone into it and saw that the water flowed over. Then he took out the stone, filled the vase again with water and put into it a fish, the volume of which was the same as that of the stone, and saw, to his surprise, that the water again flowed over.

He told the academy of his discovery and the result was that the offer of a prize was at once withdrawn.

Misplaced Confidence,

An Irishman once applied for a job on board a certain ship. "Well," said the captain, "where are your recommendations?"

"Shure, an' I haven't enny, sur." "Can't take you, then; got a German here with fine recommendations; have

to give the job to him." Pat begged so hard, however, that the captain finally agreed to take him and the German both on a trial trip, the best man to have the permanent

job. They were well out at sea when a storm arose one day while Pat and the German were scrubbing the deck. A big wave came along and swept the German overboard with his bucket. Pat immediately picked up his bucket and started after the captain, whom

he found below. "Well, Pat, what's the matter now? the captain inquired.

"Faith, sur, ye know that German what had such foine ricommindations?

"Yes; what of him?" "Begorra, sur, an' he's gone off with one of your buckets."

Difficult Dentistry.

The nawab of Rampur, whose domain is about 600 miles to the northwest of Calcutta, came down from his home to call on Dr. Smith, says a London paper, and brought 150 people with him to see about his mother's teeth. She wanted a set of false teeth, and because Englishwomen had two sets the maharima must have two sets also. The nawab of Rampur is a Moham-

not show her face. Likewise on that account Dr. Smith had to go to Rampur to do the work. Two thousand miles to make two sets of false teeth! It cost the nawab 4,000

rupees. The old woman lay back with her face covered, and the dentist worked at her mouth through a hole in a sheet.

A Question of Notes.

"Yes, sir." said the man with a frayed collar, "that land is worth \$1, 800 a foot, and only a year ago I could have bought it for a song."

"But you couldn't sing, eh?" cackled the funny man. The man with the frayed collar eyed him distantly and haughtily and re-

plied in cold, cutting tones: "Oh, I could sing, but I couldn't get the right notes!" And the funny man looked as crushed

as an overripe strawberry at the bot-

tom of the basket.-Exchange.

Must Have Thought Her Old. Miss Clara-I declare I was never s insulted in my life. Oh, how I hate

Miss Angie-Whom? Miss Clara-That young snip of

Dashaway. Miss Angle-What has be done? Miss Clara-Why, he asked me this afternoon if I thought there was much difference between the people ten years ago and now. Just think-ten years!

Easily Adjusted.

"I have come to the city with my son, who is about to enter the law school. The first thing is to find a boarding place. Do you know any place that you can recommend?" "Well, no: not pear the law school, But I know a good place near the med-

ical school." "Indeed. Then I'll have him study medicine."-Lustige Blatter.

Hard to Satisfy. She-You will love me always, won't

you, dear? He-Always, darling. She (petulantly)-Oh-He-What in the world is the mat-

She-Why on earth don't you say twice as long as always?

His Friends. Jinks-I tell you what it is, there is nothing like having lots of friends. Winks-I presume not. Jinks-No. sirree. As quick as I lose

Longs No Longer. Once upon a time there was a man

who thought he wanted the earth Then he had a vision and he dreamed he did own the earth. He thought the assessor came around, and he woke up with a groan. He has never wanted the earth since.-Hudson Register.

A Genealogical Tree. Briteman-What do you know about

your genealogical tree? Groucher-Genealogical tree be hanged! The only ancestral timber I know about is the aboriginal forest, where, according to Darwin, my remote progenitors used to swing by their tails. Los Angeles Herald.

A man fifty years old has walked 12,000 miles, eaten nine and a half vegetables, and drunk 7,000 gallons of BLAKE.

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Interview with the ploneer manufacturer, N. W. Spaulding, president of the Spaulding Saw

Company, San Francisco. Q .- We are told a member of your family was oured of a case that the doctors pronou-Bright's Disease, although it is believed to be

Q.—Know of any other cases ?
A.—Numbers of them. I'm sure I told scores

season.

Q — Can you recall any indiv'dual cures?

A — Several. I told an English acquaintance about it. He began to mend and ultimately recovered, and took a supply of the Compound with him on his return to England. I consider it a cure for Bright's Disease when taken in time. It ought not to be permitted to die with its aged discoverer, and I am glad to see business men are going to perpetuate it.

Medical works agree that Bright's Disease and Diabetes are incurable, but 87 per cent. are positively recovering under the Fulton Compounds. (Common forms of kidney complaint and rheumatism offer but short resistance.) Price, 81 for the Bright's Disease and 81 50 for the Diabetic Compound. John J. Fulton Co., 420 Montgomer: St., San Francisco, sole compounders. Free tests made for patients. Descriptive pamphlet mailed free.

A Lucky Meeting.

Some years ago a young London sowould only marry the man who underhome some years previously, and restore him to her mother.

As the runaway had been last heard of in a South American copper mine, the solicitor had no important clews to aid him in his work. Nevertheless, pocketing a photograph, he gave up his business and set out only to return to England in despair when two years were over and he had come to the end of his resources without success. But just as he was leaving a London terminus a man passed him in the street who bore a small regenbl..nce to the photograph, and he inquired his name. Judge of his astonishment when the stranger replied that he was the individual in question, and the reunion of the family was followed shortly afterward by the admittance of the solicitor as a fully qualified member.

A peculiar kind of blundering known as "folk etymology" is responsible for some of the queerest freaks of language. An easy example will make this clear, says Harper's Magazine, Our American word "carryall" for a kind of vehicle is not a compound of "carry" and "all." but a slight distortion of the French "carriole," a diminutive car. The change was made in obedience to the universal tendency to assimilate the unknown to the known, to make words mean something by associating them with others which they resemble in sound. Often there is no etymological relation between the words associated, as when sparrow grass is made out of asparagus. This particular corruption was once in such good colloquial use that Walker, the lexicographer, wrote, "Sparrowgrass is so general that asparagus has an air

the storm. "Come inside." said the clergyman

waiting for it to clear." phatically. "Of'll not go inta th' house uv me inimies!"

"Well, that's rather harsh," answered

phia Times.

A Story of Charles Reade. Charles Matthews was fond of telling a story of Charles Reade when the curtain fell at the old Queen's theater in London on a pronounced failure called 'A White Lie." There was no shadow of a call for the author. The curtain divided the audience from the author, a job my friends go all round hunting who stood on the stage shaking his fist a new place for me so as to save me at the invisible foe, still smiling blandthe trouble of borrowing money from ly and in mellifluous accents saying: 'Infernal idiots! When shall I teach you to respect Charles Reade?"-Lon-

Time For Business,

Pa-Has that young man who has of late any steady occupation?

Pa-Indeed! Well, please tell him when he calls again I'd like to have him attend strictly to business when the clock strikes 10.-Richmond Dis-

In systematic zoology the place accorded to the musk ox is intermediate between those of the sheep (ovis) and the ox (bos), and for its special accommodation a new genus has been created, "ovibos," Most writers notice its tons of meat and fish and eggs and resemblance in many ways to the buffalo or bison, and it undoubtedly has

incurable f

fineurable?

A.—That is co rect.
Q.—Don't you think the facts ought to be known?

A.—Yes. If it will help anyone else you may say that a cure was effected.
Q.—You say physicians had diagnosed the case as Bright's Disease?

A.—Several had. They told us the condition was critical, when my brother, who had been helped by the Fulton Compound, told us of it, and I sent for it.
Q.—Was it long before a change was noted?

A.—In a few weeks the improvement was marked. The sleep was better, and t ere was a gradual return to health, although it was a year bef re we considered the cure full a d permanent.

O.—Krow of sweeks are the sevent was a fine the second of the sleep was better and the second of the second o

Q.—Were there any failures? A.—I know of none where it was taken in

licitor, in order to win the girl of his choice, carried out a task which all but those of unusual courage would have shirked. The lady rejected his attentions on the ground that she took to find her brother, who had left

medan; so of course the mother could

of stiffness and pedantry."

A Precedent Established. A Methodist clergyman in the upper portion of the city encountered a Celt one recent rainy Sunday standing close to the wall of the church in an effort to utilize the coping as a shield from

cheerily. "You'll be out of the wet, and you can have a seat while you're "No, thank yez," said the Celt em-

the clergyman. "When our Lord was on earth, did he not go among his ene-"Yis; he did that," assented the Celt with growing warmth, "and yez didn't do a t'ing to htm, ayther!"-Philadel-

don Telegraph.

been calling on you rather frequently Daughter-Oh, yes, pa. He's a traveling man.

patch. The Musk Ox.

much affinity with this species.