

# THE DELUSION OF JOHN IRWIN

BY... HOWARD FIELDING

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THE upstairs girl rushed into my room to tell me that something was the matter with Mr. Irwin. In itself the information was not important; indeed, it was no real information at all. Something always was the matter with Mr. Irwin—always had been, to the best of my knowledge and belief. The gentleman himself once told me that he began 300 years before he was born. His earliest known ancestor flourished—or vainly tried to flourish—in London near the close of the sixteenth century, and nothing is now remembered of him except that he was always in trouble. The capacity for being so was his only legacy, and it had never passed out of the family.

Such being the case, the servant's words meant nothing, but her manner was relevant. She was frightened out of her wits. The spectacle of ordinary human suffering could not have alarmed nor even interested one who had served in Mrs. Reardon's boarding house for a period of seven years; therefore I was led to suspect a distinctly unusual occurrence. If something was the matter with Mr. Irwin that had never been the matter with him before it must be worth looking at, and upon this consideration I ascended two flights of stairs to the gentleman's apartment.

It must not be inferred from what I have said about Irwin's troubles that he was blind or crippled or ill of any grave disease. Ill he frequently was, but his friend, Dr. Bland, who attended him gratis, always said it was mere accident—an obscure dietary misfortune, a stray pinnacone in the lobster salad or a mouthful of air from a New York street excavation. In appearance he was healthy enough, though worn thin by worry, and prematurely gray.

His room was the farthest from the front door and worth \$7 a week, with board. By Mrs. Reardon's scale of prices. It was a moderate charge for one who earned so good an income with his pen, yet Irwin was always bothering me on Saturdays for a couple of dollars to piece out Mrs. Reardon's money or to gratify the washerwoman, who must go to Coney Island on Sunday. What he did with his money heaven knows. He spoke of debt, but when he contracted it I cannot guess, unless the rumor that he had been so foolish as to assume his brother's care.

I found him pacing the floor, though there was little room for such exercise. His hair was rumpled, and the collar of his shirt had been ripped from its fastenings in front.

"Seven and seven are fourteen," said he, "and three are seventeen and one makes eighteen and four make—blessed heaven! I must have some money!"

"What's the matter, Irwin?" I demanded. "What are you raising such a row about?"

"Say ten," said he. "Ten and four are fourteen and one makes fifteen and four—"

"Sit down and keep quiet," said I. "You've been overworking in this hot place, and you mustn't do it any more. What you need is rest."

"Blessed heaven!" he cried. "I must have some money!"

"You worry too much," said I. "Don't do it. Let the other fellow walk the floor."

"And I tried to make him sit down upon the bed."

"Seven and four are eleven and one— for the washerwoman," he muttered, taking an old letter from his pocket and scratching upon the envelope with a pencil, "and four are sixteen and one— one for me. Two boiled eggs are fifteen, and coffee five, is fifteen. Twice fifteen is thirty, or, say, three times in two days."

"For heaven's sake, old man, quit figuring!" I exclaimed. "There's nothing in it. Come and take a walk. This room is an oven."

As a matter of fact that back attic is built on a plan which divine mercy rejected when perdition was in contemplation. Irwin was absurd to work in it. Yet for days and nights in the hottest August that ever baked New York he had toiled upon a long story that he was writing for the Gravenstein Literary syndicate. It was sheer foolishness, and I had often asked him why he did not hire a better room.

"Wait a minute," said Irwin. "I could fix it this way—seven and four are eleven and four ones make fifteen. But what's the use? Blessed heaven, I must have some money!"

"Money is of small value compared to health," said I. "Go down and engage Mrs. Reardon's back room on the second floor; coolest room in the house. I wish I could afford it myself. Hello, here's Dr. Bland!"

"What seems to be the matter, John?" inquired the doctor.

"In the name of heaven," replied Irwin, "I must have some money."

Bland rummaged in his pockets and finally pulled out a leather case, from which he extracted a physician's thermometer.

"Take this," said he, "and put it under your tongue."

Irwin complied readily enough, but he would not stop pacing the floor, and he walked with the thermometer sticking out of his mouth, he continued to make figures on the envelope.

"How long has been this way?" asked the doctor of me.

"I don't know," I replied. "The girl told me about it. Did she call you?"

"Yes," said he. "I'm glad she had the sense to do it. John looks pretty bad."

"I told him he needed a rest," said I. "Rest and a change of scene," assented Bland. "He ought to go to the seashore for a month or two and take life easy."

"I'm afraid he can't get away," said I. "He's turning out a story for the

down town by and by. You'll look out for John?"

He nodded, with a look of decision which indicated that he would resort to heroic measures if a favorable change did not set in very soon.

I happened to meet two or three of Irwin's friends down town in the course of the day, and I mentioned his condition. We held a sort of mass meeting on the subject and decided that what he needed was an ocean voyage. Europe was out of the question because of expense, and the cheap southward runs to Bermuda, Cuba or the Gulf were unseasonable; so we settled upon a trip to Prince Edward Island. By using our united pulls for passes and collecting about \$25 among us it would be possible to start him off with all expenses paid both ways.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## A GOOD PRESCRIPTION.

Worry is but one of the many forms of fear, so that worry tends to the production of indigestion. Indigestion tends to put the body of the subject in a condition that favors worry. There is thus established a vicious circle which tends to perpetuate itself, each element augmenting the other.

It is necessary to secure a cheerful, wholesome atmosphere for the dyspeptic. He should eat his meals at a table where there is good fellowship and where funny stories are told. He should himself make a great effort to contribute his share of it at the table, even if it be necessary, as it was in one case under my care, for him to solemnly and seriously collect funny paragraphs from the press, and to first inject them spasmodically during lulls in the conversation at the table. The very efforts and determination of the man to correct his own sordid habits at table, to correct his feelings of discouragement and worry, were in themselves a promise of success. The effort made was adequate to the obstacles to be overcome. He succeeded, and the spectacle of that man trying to be funny at table when he felt thoroughly discouraged and blue is one we shall never forget.

Laughing is in itself also a useful exercise from the standpoint of digestion. It stirs up all the abdominal organs, it increases the circulation of the blood, it increases peristalsis, it increases the secretion of gastric juices. Five minutes' deliberate laughing after each meal would be an excellent prescription for some people.—Family Doctor.

## THE BIRTH OF JAPAN.

Curious Legend of the Creation Handed Down by the Japanese.

The following is the curious legend of the creation as it is told in Japan: Clouds formed the bridge on which once God Yanzanghi and his spouse Yanzanoda stood pondering on the riddle of existence, whether the beginnings of worlds and the beginnings of life lay slumbering in that sea of chaos. Yanzanghi, apparently more enterprising than philosophically inclined, seized his shimmering spear and plunged it into the black and seething fog. Pulling it up again, he discovered seven salt drops on its diamond point, which, dripping, condensed and formed the island of Cusokorosima.

Thereupon Yanzanghi and his spouse selected the spot of earth which had thus been created as their permanent dwelling place and peopled it with innumerable gull and animal and plant life and spirits of the elements. And around this "palace of immortality" rose eight other islands—Awawadi, the island of foam; the mountainous Cho, Yamato, blessed with fruit; Yyo, unsurpassed in its beauty; the quinquangular Tsukonsi, Sado, rich in copper and gold; Yki, one of the pillars of heaven, and Oko, surrounded by three satellites.

Such was the birth of Japan, of that curious land of Fusiyanu, with its amiable population of artist artisans, its graceful teahouses, its glistening silks, its grotesque dwarf trees, its white cranes and dreamy loon ponds.

—Harper's Magazine.

The Tired Foot.

A lady was watching a potter at his work whose one foot was kept with a "never slacking" speed turning his swift wheel round while the other rested patiently on the ground. When the lady said to him in sympathizing tone, "How tired your foot must be!" the man raised his eyes and said: "No, ma'am; it isn't the foot that works that's tired. It's the foot that stands. That's it."

If you want to keep your strength, use it. If you want to get tired, do nothing. As a matter of fact, we all know that the last man to give a helping hand to any new undertaking is the man who has plenty of time on his hands. It is the man and woman who are doing the most who are always willing to do a little more.—Philadelphia Ledger.

The Man and the Wave.

Once upon a time a man was telling a tale of woe that unveiled his matrimonial experience.

"It was all an account of a little dainty handkerchief," he said. "The first time that I saw the girl and before we had been introduced she waved that bit of lace at me, and I was carried away. It was a fall in love and then matrimony. But, alas, that delicate handkerchief was no index to the girl's nature, and I found myself wrecked on the sea of matrimony."

Moral.—A man may be carried away by a wave and wrecked without going near the water.—New York Herald.

Effect of Fruit on the Stomach.

The male acid of ripe apples, either raw or cooked, will neutralize any excess of chalky matter engendered by too much meat. It is also the fact that such fresh fruits as the apple, the pear and the plum, when taken ripe and without sugar, diminish acidity in the stomach rather than provoke it. Their vegetable juices and juices are converted into alkaline carbonates, which tend to counteract acidity.

An Envious Position.

Biggs—Met a man yesterday who makes his living by being envious.

Boggs—Well, what of it?

Biggs—Oh, nothing; only I've been buying military ever since I was married, and I never made any money by it.—New York Herald.

Not Discouraged by Compliments.

Husband—Your hair is your crowning glory, my dear.

Wife—That's all right, but I've got to have a new bonnet just the same.

## FAMOUS ILLUSIONS.

SOME SECRETS OF PROFESSIONAL CONJURERS REVEALED.

How the Mysteries Are Destroyed and the Tricks Shown of Their Charm by a Prep at the Mechanism Behind the Scenes.

A behind the scenes view of the famous illusions with which conjurers have mystified and delighted generation after generation has peculiar fascinations. There are few of us who value our own childish illusions so highly that we will not part with them for the fun of seeing how we have been fooled.

Here are examples of some of the best known tricks:

The box trick is as clever as well known and as old as any. A heavy, brass-bound chest is exhibited. An assistant is placed in a large canvas bag, the mouth of which is securely fastened, and the bag is placed in the chest, which is locked and roped.

The box is concealed for a few seconds, and when it is revealed the occupant is sitting upon it, the closed and sealed bag beside him. The cords and seals on the box are intact.

This astonishing feat is accomplished thus: The occupant of the bag has inserted a wooden plug in the mouth while the tying is being done. When the chest is locked, he pulls it out, slips out his hand, pulls out the cords, gets out and replaces the cords over the top of the sack.

By the time the chest is roped he is free. The chest has a secret opening usually at the end, and while it is hidden he crawls out. A slim man is usually employed to do the trick.

The vanity fair trick is one of the most baffling in the repertory of the black art. A woman stands before a large mirror about ten feet high and placed in a heavy frame. About three feet from the floor is a small shelf placed against the mirror, the bottom of which is about eighteen inches from the floor. The glass having been duly inspected, the young woman mounts the shelf. She then turns to arrange her hair by the mirror. She is asked to face the audience, but again and again turns her back, hence the name of the trick.

Finally, losing patience, the performer thrusts a small screen in front of her, fires a pistol at the spot where she was standing, snatches away the screen, and she has vanished.

The top, bottom and sides of the mirror, when in view all the time and only the center has been hidden for a few seconds.

The secret lies in the fact that the lower part of the mirror is made double, the bottom of the upper part being concealed by a second sheet of silvered glass placed in front of it.

The shelf fits against the line of junction, and enables the mirror to be examined by the audience. As soon as the screen is placed the mirror slides up a foot into the top of the frame. The bottom of this mirror is cut away in the middle, leaving a hole about eighteen inches square, which was previously concealed from view by the double glass at the base.

Through this hole the lady instantly slips, and escapes by a board which has been pushed forward from behind the scenes while the vanity fair play was going on. The glass then slides down again, the screen is removed, and the mirror appears just as solid as it was before.

Another of the most astounding feats of modern magic is that of making a person or object apparently float in the air. A couple of ordinary chairs are placed on the stage—well toward the back, which is draped with black cloth—and upon these is laid a broad, thick plank. A young lady is then introduced and is assisted to place herself in a recumbent position on the plank.

He then draws aside the chairs, and the plank, with the lady on it, remains apparently suspended in the air. To prove that the plank is not supported, the exhibitor takes a large mop and passes it backward and forward over and around the plank.

Yet there is an attachment. As soon as the lady is placed in position on the board a carriage, placed behind the black curtain and supporting a strong iron bar twice bent upon itself, is pushed forward by an assistant so that the iron bar, which is covered with black cloth, comes out through a slit in the curtain while the exhibitor is pretending to mesmerize the lady. The bar has at its end a very strong clip, and the performer, while making his hypnotic passes, guides this on to the board. The chairs are then removed, and the board remains suspended by the invisible iron bar.

The hoop is passed along from one end until it reaches the bend where the bar passes through the curtain. The performer passes it round the end of the board and himself was behind, passing the ring along in the opposite direction. Next it is brought back again, and the effect is such that the average spectator is convinced that the hoop has really been passed over the lady and the board from end to end.

Another very effective illusion, arranged upon the same principle, shows the head and bust of a lady supported on a three legged stool resting on a small table. One can apparently see not only between the legs of the table to the back of the stage, but through the space between the stool and the table.

In this case the three legged stool is arranged with mirrors precisely as in the tripod illusion, but the table, which has four legs, is managed differently. A large mirror is placed diagonally under the table, joining to opposite legs. Thus the spectators really only see three of the legs, the fourth being simply the reflection of the first.—New York World.

## SCIENCE SIFTINGS.

While volcanic eruptions are usually restricted in area, earthquakes are not. If all the mountains in the world were leveled, the average height of the land would rise nearly 250 feet.

The face of Jupiter presents a considerable number of markings, notably one great scarlet patch covering nearly 400,000 square miles.

The amount of heat produced by an average man in a day's work would be sufficient to freeze sixty-three pounds of water from freezing to boiling point.

Cirrus clouds were once observed at a height of 43,800 feet. This is by far the greatest height at which cloud vapor has ever been noted above the surface of the earth.

Experiments made while in a balloon show that when a height of 15,000 feet has been reached the number of corpuscles in the human blood has increased by one-third.

The atmospheric pressure upon the surface of an ordinary man is 32,400 pounds, or over fourteen and a half tons. The ordinary rise and fall of the barometer increases or decreases this pressure by 2,500 pounds.

His Offhand Manner.

"Dan," said a contractor to one of his trustee employees, "when you are seeing about that line this morning, I wish you to mention to Dempsey that I would like to have that bill paid. You needn't press it, you know, but just mention it to him in an offhand manner."

"Yes, sorr."

"I got the money from Dempsey," said Dan on his return.

"I'm very glad. You merely alluded to it in an offhand way, I suppose?"

"Yes, sorr," replied the contractor, and told him if he didn't pay it I would let off my hand and give him a black eye that he wouldn't forget for a month, and he paid it at want."—London Answers.

Filial Sympathy.

"When I was your age," said Mr. Goldbags sternly, "I earned my own living."

His son looked uneasy, but was silent.

"Well, have you nothing to say for yourself in that connection?"

"Nothing, sir, except that I sympathize with you, and congratulate you on the fact that it's all over."—London Tit-Bits.

Not as Considerate as He Might Be.

"He's a good friend of yours, isn't he?"

"Oh, only medium."

"What do you mean by medium?"

"Oh, he listens while I tell him all of my troubles, but he also wants me to listen while he tells me all of his."—Chicago Post.

He Had It.

"Yes; it's Fuller's hobby that advice is cheap and within the reach of every person."

"What does he mean, anyhow?"

"What he says, I suppose. He's a confidential divorce lawyer."—Baltimore News.

An Aesthetic Soul.

"Well, did she buy the book?"

"No," replied the clerk. "She said she didn't like the cover design."—Detroit Free Press.

If we could raise our neighbor's children instead of our own, there would be a model generation.—New York News.

More Than Clumsy.

"My fingers seem to be all thumbs today," apologetically remarked the clumsy butcher.

"Ah," said the customer significantly, "that accounts for them getting in the weigh."—Philadelphia Record.

One firm of clockmakers in the Black Forest, Germany, employs 2,500 men, who make 8,000 clocks daily.

The best cork comes from Spain, which has 620,000 square miles of cork forests.

## AERIAL POLO.

A Queer Kind of Amusement on a Pacific Ocean Island.

Writing on "Our Equatorial Islands" in the Century, James D. Hague says: It became an amusing diversion to overturn the large flat stones beneath which the rats were hiding in solid masses and watch them as they scampered in all directions, pursued and quickly snatched up by the man-of-war hawks. These crafty birds were apt to learn that the appearance of a man walking on the island, especially with a dog, meant rats for them, and any one thus going forth was usually followed by a hovering flock, ready and impatient for the sport they had learned to expect. A rat brought to hand by the dog was quickly tossed in air, where the birds were ready to snatch it, sometimes with a contest on the wing for the disputed possession. One form of this sport, a sort of aerial polo, which seemed to be as good fun for the birds as for the observers, consisted in tossing two rats into the air at the same moment, not singly and apart, but tied together with about six feet of strong twine.

Instantly the birds made a dash for the rats, and the successful winner of the first prize went sailing off with one rat in his bill and the other swinging in the air beneath until snatched by the second winner. Then, after a quick, sharp struggle and a taut strain on the cord, the bird with the weaker hold was compelled to let go. This then went on as a continuous performance, with somewhat Jonah-like but rapidly repeated disappearances and reappearances of the little rats, swallowed and reluctantly disgorged by the birds in quick succession until the flock, thoroughly exhausted by their impetuous flight and extraordinary exercise, alighted on the ground for a short space. The two temporary stakeholders would be found sitting face to face, keenly eyeing each other from opposite ends of the string still connecting them, each anxiously on the sharp lookout for sudden jerks and unpleasant surprises, while all the other pursuers gathered around in a ring, waiting for the two prize birds to fly. The general aspect of all participants seemed to verify the familiar adage that the pleasure is not in the game, but in the chase.

Way of a Professional Beggar.

M. de Blowitz in the Paris Matin tells an amusing story of how a subscriber to the "Encyclopaedia Britannica" used that work. He was a professional writer of begging letters, and in them he represented himself to be now one sort of a person and then another, "getting up" from the pages of his encyclopedia the necessary historical knowledge to give his letters plausibility. Thus, he explained, that having written a letter in which he was a potter who had been chemically poisoned and unfitted for work, "he used the encyclopedia for details of his pottery trade, of which he himself was entirely ignorant. The one word, 'kaolin,' which he used in his letters, and the explanation of the use of the material made every one believe in the genuineness of his appeal and brought him a perfect harvest of banknotes and postal money orders."

Bogus Antiques.

The remarkable disclosure that one of the ancient Roman statues in the museum at Vienna is found to be rich in tobacco products and to be, in fact, indisputably made from the worn-out moustache of a pipe and cigar holders will send a shock through all the cabinets (with a small c) in Europe. It is now asserted that the majority of the antique works of art of this description are the work of contemporary tricksters, who appear to have made this unsavory industry theirs. As Lord Macaulay has it in a well known lay—

Such cunning who live on high Have given unto the Greek.

We may even adapt another line from the same source by the alteration of one word to form a motto for the collector of such curiosities:

Leave to the Greek his amber nymphs! —London News.

The Oldest Vessel in Use.

A curious old boat arrived at Whitehaven, England, the other day. At one time, a hundred years ago, the vessel sailed regularly from Portaferry to Whitehaven and was then called the Portaferry frigate, and afterward the name of the "Three Sisters" was bestowed upon her. But, most extraordinary of all, it is solemnly alleged that she was used in 1688 at the siege of Londonderry to carry provisions up the famous Hugh Boyle in those strifing times. It is the work of contemporary tricksters, who appear to have made this unsavory industry theirs. As Lord Macaulay has it in a well known lay—

Such cunning who live on high Have given unto the Greek.

Salary One Dollar Per Year.

Charles Henry Gibbs, keeper of the "bug light" at Nantucket, annually, about July 20, receives a check for \$1, his yearly salary. The oldighthouse has been put out of action by shifting sands on the south side of Nantucket harbor, but the government allows the aged mariner to live in it and pays him the smallest of all federal salaries to give him official sanction. In his youth Captain Gibbs chased the whale for a livelihood. Now he breeds cats and hens.

Women as Judges.

That women are shown at times in judicial positions is now by the case of the woman who applied to the courts for a divorce from her husband on the ground of cruelty, alleging that he had given her three dresses only in four years. No man, though a reincarnation of Solomon in wisdom and herald of the depths of such brutality as that.—Baltimore American.

White House Visitors.

Every stranger who enters the White House at Washington is counted by an automatic register. The instrument is held in the hand of one of the watchmen stationed at the door and for every visitor he pushes the button. Congressmen, senators, members of the cabinet and newspaper men are not counted.

Taxed Cats.

In the German town Augustsburg a tax of 25 cents on one cat and of 75 cents on a second cat in the same household was imposed some years ago. It worked so well in reducing the number of stray and valueless animals that the cities are thinking of following the example of the town.

Trees as a Monument.

Trees are to be planted and a general monument erected by the municipality in the quarantine harbor at Odessa, where several British seamen are buried.

Expressive.

It was Tommy's first glass of soda water that he had been teasing for so long.

"Well, Tommy, how does it taste?" asked his father.

"Why," replied Tommy, with a puzzled face, "it tastes like your foot's asleep."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

A New Suit in Prospect.

"All my best gowns were destroyed in that railway wreck."

"And didn't the company give you any redress?"—New York Press.

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## Tapped 14 Times

Edwin W. Joy's Test Case of Bright's Disease.

WHEN THE SAN FRANCISCO BUSINESS men who incorporated the J. J. Fulton Co. were putting the Fulton Compound to practical tests in cases of Bright's Disease and Diabetes, Edwin W. Joy, the Kearny street druggist, stopped out of the investigators and said he had a friend who had an advanced case of Bright's Disease and was beyond human aid. Joy explained that he had been in one of the largest hospitals and had been treated nearly a dozen times and was so weak that his case was looked upon as hopeless that his recovery would create a sensation and that it would be a fine test for the compound. We told Joy to send the patient to the hospital. He called on us and we gave him a treatment. Joy started for a trip around the world, fully expecting on his return to find that his friend had joined the silent majority.

We now skip ten months. Joy has returned, his friend is not only still living, but looking as well as a man who has been treated for a long time. Joy has not been in the hospital for a day, and instead of being confined in a hospital he is living at home and is now down on the street daily and growing stronger. The doctor here is no wider known druggist on the Pacific Coast than Edwin W. Joy.

Interested parties will find him at his store at Kearny and California streets, where he will furnish more information. He has a large stock of the Fulton Compound. The Fulton Compound is a registered trademark. The name of the Overland Monthly investigated the above case and certified to its entire correctness.

Medical writers agree that Bright's Disease and Diabetes are incurable, but 87 per cent are positively recovering under the Fulton Compound. (Dropsy, Bladder Trouble, Rheumatism, Gravel, Gout, and all the kidney diseases are soon relieved.) Price, \$1 for Bright's Disease and \$2 for Diabetes. Descriptive pamphlet mailed free. Call or address J. J. Fulton Co., Mills Building, Montgomery street, San Francisco.

## Save the Baby.

The mortality among babies during the three teething years is something frightful. The census of 1900 shows that about one in every seven succumb to the teething process.

The cause is apparent. With baby's bones hardening, the teething process in the skull closing up, and its teeth forming, all these coming at once create a demand for some material that the teething child's systems are deficient in. The result is prostration, weakness, sweating, fever, diarrhoea, brain troubles, convulsions, and that poor terribly fatal. The deaths in one year three years ago were 204,500, and say nothing of the vast number of babies that were not reported, and this in the United States alone.

When baby begins to sweat, worry or cry out in sleep don't wait, and the need is immediate. Give the baby the best teething material. Sweetman's Teething Food supplies it. It has saved the lives of thousands of babies. They begin to improve within forty-eight hours. Here is what physicians think of it.

2901 Washington St., San Francisco, Cal., June 2, 1902.

Gentlemen—I am prescribing your food in the multitude of baby troubles due to imperfect teething. The teething process creates the infantile ill and fatalities are the result of slow teething. Your food supplies what the deficient system needs, and I have had surprising success with it. In scores of cases this diet, given with their regular food, has not failed to check the infantile diarrhoea. Several of the more serious cases would, I feel sure, have been fatal had I not advised you to put it in every drug store in this city. Yours,

I. M. PROCTOR, M. D.

Sweetman's Teething Food will carry baby safely and comfortably through the most dangerous period of child life. It renders teething a painless and untroublesome process, and a blessing to the baby to not wait for symptoms but to commence giving it the fourth month of its life. Sweetman's Teething Food will come healthfully, without pain, distress or laxating. It is an auxiliary to their regular diet and easy to take. Free of cost (except for six weeks), sent postpaid on receipt of price. Pacific Coast Agents, Inland Drug Co., Mills Building, San Francisco.

The Word "Picnic."

Few people know the original meaning of the word "picnic." It is to be found set out in the London Times of a hundred years ago. "A picnic supper consists of a variety of dishes. The subscribers to this entertainment have a bill of fare presented to them, with a number against each dish. The lot which he draws obliges him to furnish the dish marked against it, which he either takes with him in his carriage or sends by a servant. The proper variety is preserved by the talents of the maître d'hôtel, who forms a bill of fare. As the cookery is furnished by so many people of fashion each strives to excel, and thus a picnic supper not only gives rise to much pleasant mirth, but generally can boast of the refinement of the art."

Where He Rode.

A schoolboy who was going to a party was cautioned by his father not to walk home if it rained and was given money for cab hire. It rained heavily, and his was the father's surprise when his son, in spite of the instructions he had received, arrived home drenched to the skin.

"Did you not take a cab as I ordered you, Alfred?" the parent asked sternly.

"Oh, yes; but when I ride with you you always make me ride inside. This time I rode on top with the driver. Say, dad, it was grand!"—Utica Observer.

A Wonderful Echo.

At a watering place in the Pyrenees the conversation at table turned upon a wonderful echo to be heard some distance off on the Franco-Spanish frontier.

"It is astonishing," said an inhabitant of the Gironne. "As soon as you have spoken you hear distinctly the voice leap down rock to form the echo as precipice to precipice, and so soon as it has passed the frontier the echo assumes the Spanish accent."—Pearson's Weekly.

Safer Too.

Lover—One kiss is worth a hundred letters.

Damsel—Oh, you're very sentimental.

Lover—Oh, no. The kiss, you know, can't be introduced in a breach of promise suit.