

# A MAN'S A MAN

By Arthur Colton

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COMPANY A was cut up at Antietam so that there was not enough of it left for useful purposes, and Deacon Andrew Terrell became a member of a certain Company G, which nicknamed him "Is Dulness." Company A came from Dutchess county. There was a little white church in the village of Brewster and a little white house with a porch where that good woman, Mrs. Terrell, had stood and shed several tears as the deacon walked away down the street, looking extraordinary in his regimentals. She dried her eyes, settled down to her sewing in that quiet south window and hoped he would remember to keep his feet dry and not lose the cough drops.

The deacon took the cough drops regularly, he kept his gray chin beard trimmed with a pair of domestic scissors and drilling never persuaded him to move. Mrs. Terrell was more than the same self-conscious restraint. His sallow face had the same set lines. But no doorkeeper in the house of God—the deacon's service in the meeting house at Brewster—who should come perforce to dwell in the tents of wickedness would pretend to like it. Besides, Company G had no tents. It came from the lower wards of the great city, and if you take Dinkey Cott, for instance, that thin legged, stunted, limp faced, hardened little Bowery sprout put his left fist in the deacon's eye the first day of their acquaintance and swore for several minutes in the pleasantest manner possible.

And the deacon cuffed him because he had been a schoolmaster in his day and did not understand how he would be despised for knocking Dinkey down in that amateur fashion, and the lieutenant gave them both guard duty for fighting in the ranks.

The deacon declared "that young man Cott hadn't no moral ideas" and did his guard duty in bitterness and strict conscience to the last minute of it. Dinkey put his thumb to his nose and offered to show the lieutenant how the thing should have been done, and the big man laughed, and both forgot about the guard duty.

Dinkey's early recollections had to do with the cobblestones of Mulberry bend and bootblackening on Pearl street. Deacon Terrell's began with a lonely farm, where there were too many potato hills to hoe, a little schoolhouse where arithmetic was taught by a female, a white meeting house where the wrath of God was preached with enthusiasm. Both seemed far enough away from the weary tramp, tramp, the picket duty and the camp at last one misty night in thick woods on the Stafford hills, looking over the Rappahannock to the town of Fredericksburg.

What happened there was not clear to Company G. There seemed to be a deal of noise and hurrying about, cannon smoke in the valley and cannon smoke on the terraces across the valley. Somebody was building pontoons, bridges, therefore it seemed likely somebody wanted to get across. They were having hard luck with the bridges. That was probably the enemy on the ridge beyond. There seemed to be no end of him, anyway; up and down the valley, mile beyond mile, the same line of wooded heights and drifting smoke.

And the regiment found itself crossing a shabby pontoon bridge on a Saturday morning in the mist and blizzards. The bank into a mist battered and three looking little town, which was smoldering sulkily with burned buildings and thrilling with enormous noise. There they waited for something else to happen. The deacon felt a lump in his throat, stopping his breath.

"Git out o' me tracks," sneered Dinkey Cott behind him. "I'll stop you yer."

Dinkey had never seemed more impish, unholy and incongruous. They seemed to stand there a long time. The sheet ice kept whizzing and splashing around. They howled till they burst and then they whizzed. And now and then some one would cry out and fall. It was bad for the nerves. The men were growling.

"Aw, cap, give us a chance!"

"It ain't my fault, boys. I got to wait for orders, same as you."

Dinkey poked the deacon's legs with the butt of his rifle.

"Say, it's rotten, ain't it? Say, cully, my ma don't like me full o' holes. How's yours?"

The other gripped his rifle tight and thought of nothing in particular.

Was it five hours that passed or twenty or one? Then they started, and the town was gone behind their hurrying feet. Up a steep slope to a stretch of broken level, rushing and tramping and gasping for breath; fences and rocks ahead, clumps of trees and gorges; ground growling rougher and steeper, but that was nothing. If there was anything in the way, you went at it and left it behind. You plunged up a hill and didn't notice it. You dove into a gulley and it wasn't there. Time was a liar, obstacles were scared and ran away. But half way up ran a turnpike, with a stone wall in front that spit fire and came nearer and nearer. It seemed creeping down viciously to meet you. Up, up, till the powder of the guns almost burned the deacon's face and the smoke was so thick he could only see the red flashes.

And then suddenly he was alone. At least there was no one in sight; for the smoke was very thick, Company G all dead or wounded or gone back. There was a clump of brambles to his left. He dropped to the ground, crept behind it and lay still. The roar went on, the smoke rolled down over him, and sometimes a shell would chip through the brambles, but after a time the small fire dropped off little by little, though the cannon still boomed on.

His legs were numb, and his heart was beating his sides like a drum. The smoke was blowing away down the slope. He lifted his head and peered

through the brambles. There was the stone wall not five rods away, all lined along the top with grimy faces. A thousand rifles within many yards wanting nothing better than to dig a round hole in him. He dropped his head and closed his eyes.

His thoughts were so stunned that the slowly lessening cannonade seemed like a dream, and he hardly noticed when it had ceased, and he began to hear voices, cries of wounded men all down the slope and other men talking up above. There was a clump of trees to the right and two or three crows in the treetops cawing familiarly. An hour or two must have passed, for the sun was down and the river mist creeping up the slope. He lay on his back, staring blankly at the pale sky.

A group of men came down and stood on the rocks above. They could probably hear the snoring, but a man on his back with his toes up was not hearing particular there. They talked with a soft drawl. "Doggonedest clean up I ever saw." "They ain't no business to come up here, yuh know. They come some distance now."

"Shual! We ain't huntin' rabbits. What'd yuh suppose?"

"They'd want on."

The mist came up white and cold and covered it over. He could not see the wall any longer, though he could still hear the snoring. He turned on his face and crawled along below the brambles and rocks to where the clump of trees stood with a deep hollow below them. They were chestnut trees. Some one was sitting in the hollow with his back against the roots.

During the rush up the slopes and terraces Dinkey Cott fairly enjoyed himself. The sporting blood in him sang in his ears an old song that the leopard knows, it may be, waiting in the mottled shadow, that the rider knows on the race course, the hunter in the snow—the song of a craving that only excitement satisfies. The smoke blew down the hill in his face. He went down a hollow and up the other side. Then something hot and sudden came into the middle of him, and he rolled back against the roots of a great tree.

"Hully gee! I'm plunked!" he grumbled disgustfully.

For the time he felt no pain, but his blood ceased to sing in his ears. Everything seemed to settle down around him—blank and dull and angry. He felt as if either the army of the north or the army of the south had not treated him rightly. If he had given them a minute more, he might have clubbed something worth while. He sat up against a tree, wondered what his chance was to pull through, thought it poor and thought he would sell it for a drink.

The firing dropped off little by little, and the mist was coming up. Dinkey began to see sights. His face and hands were hot, and things seemed to



He crawled along below the brambles.

be riproaring inside him generally. The mist was full of flickering lights, which presently seemed to be street lamps down the Bowery. The front windows of Rell's saloon were glaring, and opposite was Gottstein's jewelry store, where it happened that he hit one Halligan in the eye for saying Babby Rellly was his girl and not Dinkey's, and he bought Babby a ninety cent gold ring of Gottstein, which proved Halligan to be a liar. The cop saw him hit Halligan, too, and said nothing, being his friend. And Halligan enlisted in Company G with the rest of the boys and was picked out in the dark one night on keel duty somewhere up country. All the gang went into Company G. The captain was one of the boys, and so was Pete Murphy, the big lieutenant. He was a sort of ward sub-boss, was Pete.

"Rellly, he's soured on me, Pete. I dunno wot's got the ole man."

The lights seemed to grow thick till everything was ablaze.

"Aw, come off! Dis ain't de Bowery," he muttered and started and rubbed his eyes.

A queer transaction. Sir Arthur Sullivan discovered at Monte Carlo one time that certain restaurant proprietors had a way of regulating their charges with the appearance and standing of their customers. When lunching alone, Sir Arthur was in the habit of frequenting one particular place where he knew to a centime what the prices were.

One day there sat at the table adjoining his own a wealthy Russian nobleman. Upon asking for his bill the proprietor found that the prices were exorbitantly high. He sent for the proprietor and demanded an explanation.

"The man, an Italian, recognized Sir Arthur as an influential client and was profuse in his apologies. He explained that the mistake lay with the cashier. Going over the items to which exception was taken, the proprietor said: 'The convert I take him off directly, and the butter I charge him to the grand duke. He not notice it.'

The idea of charging to the grand duke an item against whose extortionate price another customer protested always struck the great composer as a decidedly humorous way of getting out of the difficulty.

Beyond Him.

Uncle Josh (at the theater)—Be gosh darned! Ef they calls this yer gosh 'n' thunders stuff mellow drama, what in sufferin' harricks do they think is real ripe stuff?—Town and Country.

deacon never thought the adventure a credit to his judgment.

But he went back, guiding himself by the darker gloom of the trees against the sky, and groped his way down the hollow and heard Dinkey muttering and babbling things without sense. It made the deacon mad to have to do with irresponsible people, such as go to sleep under the enemy's rifles and talk aloud in dreams. He pulled him roughly by the boots, and Dinkey fell over, babbling and muttering.

Then it came upon the deacon that it was not sleep, but fever. He guessed the young man was hit somewhere. They had better be going anyway. The Johannes must have out a picket line somewhere. He slipped his hands under Dinkey and got up. He tried to climb out quietly, but fell against the bank. Some one took a shot at the noise and splattered the dirt under his nose. He lifted Dinkey higher and went on. Dinkey's mutterings ceased. He made no sound at all for awhile and at last said huskily:

"Wot's up?"

"It's me."

"Hully gee! Wot yer doin'?"

His voice was weak and thin now. He felt as if he were being pulled in two in the middle.

"Say, ole man, I won't jolly yer. Les' find Pete. There's a mill ball messed up on stomach gettin' the dirt under his nose. 'Tain't far, Dinkey," said the deacon gently.

And he thought of Pete Murphy's red, fleshy face and black, oily mustache. It occurred to him that he had noticed that most men in Company G, if they fell into trouble, wanted to find Pete. He thought he should want to himself, though he could not tell why. If he happened to be killed anywhere, he thought he should like Pete Murphy to tell his wife about it.

Dinkey lay limp and heavy in his arms. The wet blackness seemed like something pressed against his face. He could not realize that he was walking, though in the night, down the same slope to a river called the Rappahannock and a town called Fredericksburg. It was strange business for him, Deacon Terrell of Brewster, to be in, stumbling down the battlement in the pit darkness with a goddess little brat like Dinkey Cott in his arms.

And yet, why goddess, if the same darkness is around us all, and the same light, while we live, will come to all in the morning? It was borne upon the deacon that there is no man elected to the salvation of the sun or condemned to the night apart from other men.

The deacon never could recall the details of his night's journey except that he fell down more than once and ran against stone walls in the dark, and, as for direction, he kept in mind that he was to go down hill. It seemed to him that he had come through an unknown, supernatural country. Dinkey lay so quiet that he thought he might be dead, but he could not make up his mind to leave him. He wished he could find Pete Murphy. Pete would tell him. It was very well to remember to walk down hill, but there it was down hill in many directions, so uneven was the slope. He walked not one mile, but several, in the blind night. Dinkey had long been a limp weight. The last thing he said was "Les' find Pete," and that was long before.

At last the deacon saw a little glow in the darkness and, coming near, found a dying campfire with a few flames only flickering and beside it two men asleep. He might have heard the ripple of the Rappahannock; but, being so worn and dull in his mind, he laid Dinkey down by the fire and fell heavy to sleep himself before he knew it.

When he woke, Pete Murphy stood near him with a corporal and a guard. They were looking for the pieces of Company G. "Dead, ain't he?" said Pete.

The deacon got up and brushed his clothes. The two men were sleeping, woke also, and they all stood around looking at Dinkey in awkward silence.

"Who's his folks?"

"Him?" said the big lieutenant. "He ain't got any folks. Tell you what, ole man, I see a regiment drummer some, where a minute ago, he'll do a roll over Dinkey 'juz for luck, sure!"

They put Dinkey's coat over his face and buried him on the bank of the Rappahannock, and the drummer beat a roll over him. Then they sat down on the bank and waited for the next thing. The troops were moving back now across the bridge. Company G had to take its turn. The deacon felt in his pockets and found the cough drops and Mrs. Terrell's sealions. So he took a cough drop and fell to trimming his beard.

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A Serene Temperament. "Mike," said Plodding Pete, "don't you wish you was rich?"

"Kind o'," answered Meandering Mike. "Course I couldn't eat any more than I does, but I'd be saved de trouble of sayin' 'much obliged' so often."—Washington Star.

A Series of Failures. A coroner's jury in Ireland delivered the following verdict on the sudden death of a merchant who had recently failed in business:

"We, the Jury, find from the new doctor's statement that the deceased came to his death from heart failure superinduced by business failure, which was caused by speculation failure, which was the result of failure to see far enough ahead."

## FATE OF HINDOO GIRLS.

Nepal Rajpoots Cause Their Daughters to Be Murdered.

A Capuchin monk engaged in missionary work in Nepal, writing of Hinduo family life, remarks that it is very difficult for parents to make advantageous matches for their daughters. The Hinduos therefore find a means of ridding themselves of too many daughters by murdering them. It is a well known fact that Hinduos of high birth, those who are called Rajpoots, caused their daughters to be put to death after their birth by men specially engaged to do so. This criminal custom had become so general that in 1810 in the seventy-three villages of the Allahabad district there were only three girls under twelve years of age, and three years later in the town of Agra there was not one to be found under that age. All had been put to death.

The English government has very naturally passed severe laws against this abominable crime, but to evade them the Hinduos allow their girls to live until the age of twelve, after which they do away with them by administering poison in small doses. Orientalists are past masters in the art of poisoning and after some minute inquiries it transpires that in many districts twenty-five out of every hundred girls have been got rid of in this manner. Those girls who have been spared their marry very early, generally between fourteen and fifteen years, and that not according to their own choice, but by the will of their parents, which is decisive.

An Italian family of good rank could not keep an unmarried daughter. It would not only be a public shame, but also a crime against religion. To procure husbands for their who have not already found them there are a number of Brahmans, old and decrepit, called Kulin Brahmans, who go about with one object of going through the ceremony of the seven steps with as many young girls as they can upon receipt of a large sum of money, but who afterward leave the country and perhaps never see them again.—Pall Mall Gazette.

## KINGS AND QUEENS.

The king of England who could not speak the language of his kingdom was George I.

In the battle of Rosworth Field, 1485, a king was killed (Richard III), and a king was crowned (Henry VII).

The motto, "Dieu et mon Droit," was first assumed by Edward III of England when he took the title of king of France.

Your majesty as a royal title was assumed in England in 1527 by Henry VIII. The title before that was "your grace" or "your highness" for the king or queen.

William IV. was at the time when he succeeded to the throne the first William of Hanover, the second William of Ireland and the third William of Scotland.

Henry VIII. was the first to assume the title of king of Ireland. The title king of Great Britain was assumed by James VI. of Scotland when he became James I. of England.

Richard I. was the first to call himself king of England. Every king from William to Henry II. called himself king of the English. The title was assumed by Robert, the first king of England, in 1152.

King of France was a title borne by the monarchs of England for 432 years, and when Elizabeth became queen of England she was also queen of France, asserting that if she could not be a queen she would be king.

The Spendthrift. Once upon a time there was a spendthrift who made his father very unhappy through his profligate habits.

"My son," said the parent, "you spend every penny that you get, and it must cease. Remember that the pennies make shillings and the shillings make pounds. If you do not change your habits of always spending to habits of judicious saving, I will not spare the rod."

The admonition had no good effect on the youth, and he continued to spend the pennies before they could accumulate into shillings.

His father spoke no more about the matter, but he applied the rod most vigorously to him until he howled with pain.

Moral.—He who spends the pennies will get the pounds.—New York Herald.

Instinct of Horses in War. Arabian horses manifest remarkable courage in battle. It is said that when a horse of this breed finds himself wounded and perceives that he will not be able to bear his rider much longer he quickly rears on his hind legs, uttering a loud neigh, as if to place of safety while he has still sufficient strength. But, on the other hand, if the rider is wounded and falls to the ground the faithful animal remains beside him, unmindful of danger, neighing until assistance is brought.

Plenty of Color. "That Mrs. Wadhams to whom you introduced me the other evening reminds me very much of a portrait by Rembrandt."

"Which one?"

"Oh, any old one. They all look, when you get close to them, as if the paint had been thrown on by the hand."

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Mad as a Hatter. Being informed that he was to be taken before a judge whose name was Justice, a Georgia negro exclaimed: "De goodness en gracios! Ef he gimme what his name call fer, I sho' is zofe!"—Atlanta Constitution.

## WOMAN AND FASHION

Convert Cloth Jacket.

This jacket can be worn over the most delicate waist without crushing it. The shaped belt and peplum give distinction to this mode. The use of the peplum is optional. The sleeve



A HANDSOME JACKET is made from the newest cut in bishop sleeves. Convert cloth, homospun, broadcloth, serge or silk, trimmed with fancy gimp, braid frogs and stitching, would develop a handsome jacket.—New York Evening Journal.

Satins and Brocades. Next to the sumptuous yellow satins, moires and brocades that rank prominently among the evening textures to be worn for two seasons to come the beautiful rose tints stand supreme. In dancing toilets of silk or satin draped with lace and trimmed with satin ribbons a soft pink gown imparts an exquisite glow to the complexion. Many of the French toilets in cameo, orchid or seashell pink and pink alone are of chiffon or mousseline de sole over taffeta or peau de cygne de a deeper shade. Other toilets are mixed or delicately toned with pascas or sea greens, palest mauve or honey-suckle yellow and also a certain very beautiful faint shade of fawn color.—New York Post.

Skirts of Simple Cut. The most graceful skirt is still the one severely simple in cut. The lines are long and flowing, a judicious shaping of the bottom producing the requisite full flare. Sometimes the flare is made by the deep flounce seen this long while, but the newer method achieves it with the skirt cut alone. A concession to novelty, for fair woman must have some change, is to outline a hip yoke with several rows of stitching which extend down the almost straight apron gored. With this decoration a graduated flounce is often simulated by the stitching, which if it is in the color of the gown and well done is very handsome.

Coat For Schoolgirl. The illustration shows the latest design for traveling or school wear. Although severe in its outlines, it is not only practical, but very becoming to a girlish figure. It is extremely easy of construction, being cut in sack



COAT FOR SCHOOL WEAR shape and the only decoration needed being machine stitching. The sleeves are two piece, with stylish flare cuffs. Broadcloth, chevot, satin faced, or bay cloth in shades of tau, dark blue or black will make a serviceable garment, with lining of plain satin in a harmonious color or in black.

Beverly Hats This Winter. The woolly beaver of last winter is with us once more, but it is more shaped and less graceful than last year. Then its broad brim drooped at its own sweet will, forming becoming curves over the face. Now the crown is crushed in, dented, crumpled and otherwise tortured, and the brim is caught up in plaits or pushed up a bows of ribbon placed beneath it. White is the favorite beaver, as it was last winter, but deep cream shades look well with ribbon and velvet of oriental colors.

Walking Skirts Are Short. New walking skirts are made short enough for easy walking, but the flare about the bottom is much exaggerated. New coats to go with them are lined with figured silk of soft finish. Norfolk and tight fitting jackets are also mated with walking skirts.

Creasing Him. Mrs. Gay—Yes, I know my husband can't afford all these things, but I'm buying them to please him.

Mrs. Schoppen—To please him?

Mrs. Gay—Yes, there's nothing that pleases him more than a chance to tell his people what a martyr he is.—Philadelphia Press.

A Fair Offer. Tim Tuff—Aw, I cud lick youse wid both me hands tied behind me.

Swipsey Mulligan—Will yer let me tie em?—Ohio State Journal.

## Mines on Mountain Tops.

Nothing in engineering is more romantic or curious than the fashion in which the ordinary conception of a mine as an opening penetrating far below the ordinary level is reversed where inducements offer to climb high above the earth's surface before piercing into it.

There is, for instance, the Eureka gold mine, probably the highest in the world, situated 14,000 feet up in the Andes range, not far from the city of Jujuy, in Argentina. So high is this mine that it is only worked with great difficulty owing to the "mountain sickness" and to similar troubles to which workers at this immense altitude, at most three miles in the air, are subject.

Near Choceya, in Bolivia, there is the Veta del Cuadro mine, where silver ore is extracted 12,000 feet above sea level, while the same metal is wrought near Potosi, in the Cordilleras, 12,000 feet above tide water. The produce from all these is carried on mule back over tremendous mountain paths to points where it can be placed on rail or be concentrated into more portable form for further transit by wagon to the seaboard.—Stray Stories.

Cool Garden Spots. A glacier when it dislodges itself and sails away over the Arctic ocean never travels alone. In the wake of every large one floats a line of smaller companions.

The Eskimos call this phenomenon "the duck and ducklings," and any one who has watched the progress of the elder duck followed by her brood will appreciate the aptitude of the name.

Strange as it may seem, plants grow and blossom upon these great ice mountains. When a glacier is at rest, moss attaches itself to it, protecting the ice beneath, just as sawdust does. After a time the moss decays and forms a soil, in which the seeds of buttercups and dandelions, brought by the wind, take root and flourish.

Those who have traveled in arctic lands say they have found no point yet where the poppy does not bloom during the brief northern summer.

The Skin. Bathing to many persons is a term embodying an expenditure of time and considerable trouble. It is probably because they do not cleanse the skin until it gives visible signs of its needs. Now, the skin is everlastingly throwing off impurities which you cannot always see with the naked eye, but which will be readily found in the appearance of the bath water even when one bathes each day. When you can wear a white collar a few hours without marring its spotlessness where it comes in contact with the skin, you may have some excuse for thinking that you are perfectly clean and not before. The nearest person I ever saw could not boast of such an achievement, for the thing is well nigh impossible. Nature has provided the pores for drainage purposes, and in health they work without ceasing.—Boston Traveler.

The Singing Mouse. The power of song among the brute creation has so long been associated in our minds with the feathered tribe alone that we do not think of it as belonging to any four footed animals. Yet there is a mouse that sings—why, nobody knows. It is a small animal, with very large ears, which are moved about much while singing, as if they were necessary to the success of the vocal performance. The song is not, as you think, a prolonged squeak with variations, but a succession of clear, warbling notes, with trills, not unlike the song of a canary, and quite as beautiful, though some of the notes are much lower. One great peculiarity is a sort of double song, an air with accompaniment quite subdued. Upon first hearing this one believes that he is listening to more than one mouse, so perfect is the illusion.

The Louis Styles. It was the French King Louis XI. who invented gold lace, and it was Louis XIV. who ordered all the silk upholsteries of the palace done in white with figures of gold and blue and a touch of red. The lousine silks are named after him, and at the French kings of the name of Louis have had their names brought down to posterity through the invention of some article of dress, whether it be a Louis Quinze heel or a Louis Seize coat, while to Louis Quatorze belongs the honor of a cuff and a hat.

A Genius. Small Son—I know what I'll be when I grow up—I'm going to be a great inventor.

Papa—That's encouraging, certainly. What makes you think you have inventive genius?

Small Son—Why, I wanted to take a screw out and I couldn't find a screw-driver, so I invented it with my razor.—Short Stories.

Ancient Sky-scrapers. Numerous conflicting estimates have been made of the height of the tower of Babel, but one fact never has been denied and that is that it was a sky-scraper. St. Jerome in his commentary on Isaiah says that the tower was already 4,000 paces high when God came down to stop the work. A pace is about two and one-half feet; therefore 4,000 paces must be 10,000 feet; consequently Babel was twenty times as high as the pyramids (which are only about 500 feet). Father Cyprien says the tower was 81,000 feet high and that the languages were confounded because the architects were confounded, as they did not know how to bring the building to a head. Moreover, it is understood that the Chinese language of today was originally the same language as the high German.

A Pretty Custom. South American lovers have a pretty custom. It is well known that when the petals of the great lark magnolia are touched, however lightly, the result is a brown spot which develops in a few hours. The fact is taken advantage of by the lover, who pulls a magnolia flower and on one of its pure white petals writes a motto or message with a hard, sharp pointed pencil. Then he sends the flower, the young lady puts it in a vase of water, and in three or four hours the message written on the leaf becomes visible.

Grandma's Object Lesson. "My, my, my!" said the little girl's grandmother. "You mustn't make so much fuss when you have your hair combed. When I was a little girl, I had my hair combed three or four times every day."

"Yes," said the child, pointing at the poor little gray knot on the back of the good old lady's head, "and see what you've got for it!"—Chicago Record.

The Word Bible. The word Bible furnishes a striking instance of a word's rise from very low to high estate. To the bulk of English speaking folk it now means the book of books. In Chaucer's day it meant an book which ever is scrupulously to speak by the card lest equivocaton undo us. Tracing the word Bible straight home, we find it as bulbul, but another name for the papyrus reed of Egypt.—National Review.

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A Man's Word. The greatest liar on earth tells the truth to his doctor. The most truthful man alive is tempted to lie to the assessor.—San Francisco Bulletin.

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## A CITY EDITOR

Bright's Disease and Diabetes Are Positively Curable.

Before the business men who incorporated the Fulton Compounds invested their money in the text in dozens of cases. Hearing that it was 31. Wood, the editor and proprietor of The Wisconsin and Spirit Review, of 501 Montgomery St., had a certain case of Bright's Disease, he was one of those urged to test it. The following letter will now be understood:

"501 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Sept. 21, 1901.

"Gentlemen: I consider it my duty to tell the world what the Fulton Compounds did for my case. In November, 1899, after a long illness, which carried nearly the verge of grave, a scientific analysis by the most noted analyst in this city (Dr. J. C. Wood) revealed the condition of Bright's Disease. My physician told me that my only hope lay in a strong constitution and a change to a warm climate. He suggested Santa Barbara, and I went there, having fallen from 225 pounds to about 100 in a short time.

"During my absence in the south a San Francisco business man called upon my wife, and told her of the Fulton Compounds, that it was actually curing Bright's Disease, and urged that I try it. I began my protest, 'I won't do better. Normal sleep returned, and in a few months I regained my health. I now weigh 220 pounds, and enjoy better health than I have in fifteen years. Naturally I told several friends, and in every instance the results were the same, even where the patient was suffering for years. The world ought to know that Bright's Disease is at least curable, and that by the use of the Fulton Compounds. Free tests made for patients. Descriptive pamphlet mailed free.

"R. M. Woods."

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 the following ailments cured.) Price, \$1.00 for Bright's Disease and \$1.00 for the Diabetic Compound. John J. Fulton Co., 439 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Calif. Descriptive pamphlet mailed free.

## Save the Baby.

The mortality among babies during the three teething years is something frightful. The cause is apparent. With baby's bones hardening, the fontanel opening in the skull coming up and its teeth forming, for some time at once create a demand for some material that may help to form the little system are deficient in. The result is nervousness, irritability, convulsions, etc. that prove terribly fatal. The death in 1900 under three years of age was 30 per cent. A safe teething food, that has saved the lives of thousands of babies. They begin to improve within forty-eight hours. Here is what physicians think of it.

251 Washington St.  
San Francisco, June 29, 1902.

Gentlemen—I am prescribing your food in the multitude of baby troubles, severe indigestion. A large percentage of infantile ailments and fatalities are the result of slow teething. Your food, being so gentle, is the best and most reliable, and I have had surprising success with it. In scores of cases this diet, given, the fontanel opening has not failed to check the infantile distresses. Several of the more serious cases, would, I feel sure, have been fatal, had it not been for the food you have given me. It is an absolute necessity.

L. C. MENDOLF, M. D.

Patelonia, Cal., September 1, 1902.

Dear Sir—I have just tried the teething food in two cases and in both it was a success. (One was a very serious case, so critical that it was thought to be a hopeless case for treatment. Final results were feared. In three days the baby ceased crying and commenced eating and sleeping well. In this case was remarkable. I would advise 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 his life. It remedies the swelling of the gums unnecessary. It is the safest plan and a blessing to the baby to not wait for symptoms but to begin at once. It can be used from birth to the fourth or fifth month. Then all the teeth will come healthfully, without pain, discharge or itching. It is available in all the regular drug and soap stores. Price 10 cents enough for six weeks of use. Retail on receipt of price. Pacific Coast Agents, Infant Drug Co., Mills Building, San Francisco.

Her Sentiments. It is related of a clergyman who was the father of a charming and beautiful daughter that one day while preparing his Sunday sermon he was suddenly called away from his desk on a mission of mercy. The sentence at which he left off was this: "I never see a young man of splendid physique and the promise of a glorious manhood almost realized but my heart is filled with rapture and delight."

His daughter, happening to enter the study, saw the sermon and read the words. Sitting down, she wrote underneath, "My sentiments, papa, exactly!"

Anxious to Go Right. The children had quarrelled, and Willie had struck Tommie. Instead of returning the blow Tommie turned and ran down the hall.

"Where are you going, Tommie?" asked his mother.

"Kitchen," answered Tommie