THE SEVENTH MAN

BY "Q"

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IN a one room hut high within the arctic circle and only a little south of the eightieth parallel six men were sitting much as they had sat evening after evening for months. They had a clock, and by it they divided the hours into day and night. As a matter of fact, it was always night, but the clock said 8:30, and they called the time evening.

The hut was built of logs, with an inner skin of rough match boarding daubed with pitch. It measured 17 feet by 14, but opposite the door four bunks, two above and two below, took a yard off the length, and this made the interior exactly square. Each of these bunks had two doors with brass latches on the inner side, so that the owner, if he chose, could shut himself up and go to sleep in a sort of cupboard; but, as a rule, he closed one of them only, that by his feet. The other swung back with its brass latch showing. The men kept these latches in a high state of polish.

Across the angle of the wall, to the left of the door and behind it when it opened, three hammocks were slung, one above another. No one slept in the uppermost.

But the feature of the hut was its fireplace, and this was merely a square hearthstone raised slightly above the floor in the middle of the room. Upon this, a growing mountain of soft gray ash, the fire burned always. It had no chimney, and so the men lost none of its warmth. The smoke ascended steadily and spread itself under the blackened beams and roof boards in dense blue layers. But about eighteen inches below the spring of the roof there ran a line of small trapdoors, with sliding panels to admit the cold air, and below these the room was almost clear of smoke. A newcomer's eyes might have smarted, but these men stitched their clothes and read in comfort. To keep the updraft steady they had plugged every chink and crevice in the match boarding below the trapdoors with moss and paved the seams with pitch. The fire they fed from a stack of drift and wreck wood piled to the right of the door, and fuel for the fetching strewed the frozen beach outside, whole trees notched into lengths by lumbermen's axes and washed thither from they knew not what continent. But the wreck wood came from their own ship, the J. R. MacNeill, which had brought them from Dundee.

They were Alexander Williamson of Dundee, better known as the Gaffer; David Faed, also of Dundee; George Lashman of Cardiff; Long Ede of Hayle, in Cornwall; Charles Silchester, otherwise the Snipe, of Ratcliffe highway or thereabout, and Daniel Cooney, shipped at Tromso six weeks before the wreck, an Irish American by birth and of no known address.

The Gaffer reclined in his bunk reading by the light of a smoky and evil smelling lamp. He had been mate of the J. R. MacNeill and was now captain as well as patriarch of the party. He possessed three books—the Bible, Milton's "Paradise Lost" and an odd volume of "The Turkish Spy." Just now he was reading "The Turkish Spy." The lamplight glinted on the rim of his spectacles and on the silvery hairs in his beard, the slack of which he had tucked under the edge of his blanket. His lips moved as he read, and now and then he broke off to glance mildly at Faed and the Snipe, who were busy beside the fire with a greasy pack of cards, or to listen to the peevish grumbling of Lashman in the bunk below him. Lashman had taken to his bed six weeks before with scurvy and complained incessantly, and, though they hardly knew it, these complaints were wearing his comrades' nerves to fiddle strings, doing the mischief that cold and bitter hard work and the cruel loneliness had failed to do. Long Ede lay stretched by the fire in a bundle of skins, reading in his only book, the Bible, open now at the Song of Solomon. Cooney had finished patching a pair of trousers and rolled himself in his hammock, whence he stared at the roof and the moonlight streaming up there through the little trapdoors and chivying the layers of smoke. Whenever Lashman broke out into fresh quaverings of self pity Cooney's hands opened and shut again till the nails dug hard into the palm. He groaned at length, exasperated beyond endurance:

"Oh, stow it, George! Dash it all, man"—

He checked himself sharp and short, repentant and rebuked by the silence of the others. They were good seamen all, and tender dealing with a sick shipmate was part of their code.

Lashman's voice, more querulous than ever, cut into the silence like a knife:

"That's it. You've thought it for weeks, an' now you say it. I've knowed it all along. I'm just an encumbrance, an' the sooner you're shut of me the better, says you. You needn't to fret. I'll be soon out of it—out of it—out there alongside of Bill"—

"Easy there, matey!" The Snipe glanced over his shoulder and laid his cards face downward. "Here, let me give the bed a shakeup. It'll ease you."

"It'll make me quiet, you mean. Plucky deal you care about easin' me, any of you!"

"Get out with your nonsense! Dan didn't mean it." The Snipe slipped an arm under the invalid's head and rearranged the pillow of skins and gunny bags.

"He didn't, didn't he? Let him say it, then."

The Gaffer read on, his lips moving silently. Heaven knows how he had acquired this strayed and stained and filthy little demi-octavo with the arms of Saumarez on its book plate: "The sixth volume of letters writ by a Turkish spy, who lived five and forty years undiscovered at Paris, giving an impartial account to the divan at Constantinople of the most remarkable transactions of Europe and discovering several intrigues and secrets of the Christian courts, especially of that of France," etc., "written originally in Arabick, translated into Italian and from thence into English by the translator of the first volume. The eleventh edition. London: Printed for G. Strahan, S. Ballard" (and a score of booksellers) "MDCCXLI." Heaven knows why he read it, since he understood about one-half and admired less than one-tenth. The oriental reflections struck him as mainly blasphemous. But the Gaffer's religious belief marked down nine-tenths of mankind for perdition, which perhaps made him tolerant. At any rate, he read on gravely between the puffs of his short clay:

"On the 19th of this moon the king and the whole court were present at a ballet representing the grandeur of the French monarchy. About the middle of the entertainment there was an antique dance performed by twelve masqueraders in the supposed form of demons. But before they had advanced far in their dance they found an interloper among them, who by increasing the number to thirteen put them quite out of their measure, for they practice every step and motion beforehand till they are perfect. Being abashed, therefore, at the unavoidable blunders the thirteenth antique made them commit, they stood still like fools, gazing at one another, none daring to unmask or speak a word, for that would have put all the spectators into disorder and confusion. Cardinal Mazarini, who was the chief contriver of these entertainments, to divert the king from more serious thoughts, stood close by the young monarch, with the scheme of the ballet in his hand. Knowing, therefore, that this dance was to consist of but twelve antiques and taking notice that there were actually thirteen, he at first imputed it to some mistake, but afterward, when he perceived the confusion of the dancers, he made a more narrow inquiry into the cause of the disorder. To be brief, they convinced the cardinal that it could be no error of theirs, by a kind of demonstration, in that they had but twelve antique dresses of that sort, which were made on purpose for this particular ballet. That which made it seem the greater mystery was that when they came behind the scenes to uncase and examine the matter they found but twelve antiques, whereas on the stage there were thirteen."

"Let him say it! Let him say he didn't mean it, the blarsted Irishman!"

Cooney flung a leg wearily over the side of his hammock, jerked himself out and shuffled across to the sick man's berth.

"Av coorse I didn't mane it. It just took me, ye see, lyin' up yondher an' huggin' me thoughts in this—wilderness. I swear to ye, George, an' ye'll just wet yer throat to show there's no bad blood an' that ye belave me." He took up a pannikin from the floor beside the bunk, pulled a hot iron from the fire and stirred the frozen drink. The invalid turned his shoulder pettishly. "I didn't mane it," Cooney repeated. He set down the pannikin and shuffled wearily back to his hammock.

At that moment the door shook gently.

The Gaffer blew a long cloud and stared at the fire; at the smoke mounting and the gray ash dropping, dropping; at David Faed dealing the cards and licking his thumb between each. Long Ede shifted from one cramped elbow to another and pushed his Bible nearer the blaze, murmuring, "Take us the foxes, the little foxes, that spoil our vines."

"Full hand," the Snipe announced.

"Aye." David Faed rolled the quid in his cheek. The cards were so thumbed and tattered that by the backs of them each player guessed pretty shrewdly what the other held. Yet they went on playing night after night, the Snipe shrilly blessing or cursing his luck, the Scotchman phlegmatic as a bolster.

"Play away, man! What ails you?" he asked.

The Snipe had dropped both hands to his thighs and sat up, stiff and listening.

"Whist—outside the door!"

All listened. "I hear nothin'," said David after ten seconds.

"Hush, man—listen! There, again!"

They heard now. Cooney slipped down from his hammock, stole to the door and listened, crouching, with his ear close to the jamb. The sound resembled breathing, or so he thought for a moment. Then it seemed rather as if some creature were softly feeling about the door, softly fumbling its coating of ice and frozen snow.

Cooney listened. They all listened. Usually as soon as they stirred from the scorching circle of the fire their breath came from them in clouds. It trickled from them now in thin wisps of vapor. They could almost hear the soft gray ash dropping on the hearth.

A log sputtered. Then the invalid's voice clattered in:

"It's the bears—the bears! They've come after Bill, an' next it'll be my turn. I warned you—I told you he wasn't deep enough. O Lord, have mercy—mercy!" He pattered off into a prayer, his voice and teeth chattering.

"Hush!" commanded the Gaffer gently, and Lashman choked on a sob.

"It ain't bears," Cooney reported, still with his ear to the door. "Leastwise we've had bears before. The foxes maybe. Let me listen."

Long Ede murmured, "Take us the foxes, the little foxes."

"I believe you're right," the Gaffer announced cheerfully. "A bear would sniff louder, though there's no tellin'. The snow was fallin' an hour back, an' I dessay 'tis pretty thick outside. If 'tis a bear, we don't want him foolin' on the roof, an' I misdoubt the drift by the north corner is pretty tall by this time. Is he there still?"

"I felt somethin' then through the chink here like a warm breath. It's gone now. Come here, Snipe, an' listen."

"Breath, eh? Did it smell like beer?"

"I don't know. I didn't smell nothin' to notice. Here, put your head down close."

The Snipe bent his head, and at that moment the door shook gently. All stared and saw the latch move up, up, and falteringly descend on the staple. They heard the click of it.

The door was secured within by two stout bars. Against these there had been no pressure. The men waited in a silence that ached, but the latch was not lifted again.

The Snipe, kneeling, looked up at Cooney. Cooney shivered and looked at David Faed. Long Ede, with his back to the fire, softly shook his feet free of the rugs. His eyes searched for the Gaffer's face, but the old man had drawn back into the gloom of his bunk, and the lamplight shone only on a gray fringe of beard. He saw Long Ede's look, though, and answered it quietly as ever:

"Take a brace of guns aloft an' fetch us a look round. Wait, if there's a chance of a shot. The trap works. I tried it this afternoon with the cold chisel."

Long Ede lighted his pipe, tied down the ear pieces of his cap, lifted a light ladder off its staples and set it against a roof beam—then, with the guns under his arm, quietly mounted. His head and shoulders wavered and grew vague to sight in the smoke wreaths. "Heard anything more?" he asked. "Nothin' since," answered the Snipe. With his shoulder Long Ede pushed up the trap. They saw his head framed in a panel of moonlight, with one frosty star above it. He was wriggling through. "Pitch him up a sleepin' bag, somebody," the Gaffer ordered, and Cooney ran with one. "Thank'ee, mate," said Long Ede and closed the trap.

They heard his feet stealthily crunching the frozen stuff across the roof. He was working toward the eaves overlapping the door. Their breath tightened. They waited for the explosion of his gun. None came. The crunching began again. It was heard down by the very edge of the eaves. It mounted to the blunt ridge overhead. Then it ceased.

"He will not have seen aught," David Faed muttered.

"Listen, you. Listen by the door again." They talked in whispers. Nothing—there was nothing to be heard. They crept back to the fire and stood there warming themselves, keeping their eyes on the latch. It did not move. After awhile Cooney slipped off to his hammock; Faed to his bunk, alongside Lashman's. The Gaffer had picked up his book again. The Snipe laid a couple of logs on the blaze and remained beside it, cowering, with his arms stretched out as if to embrace it. His shapeless shadow wavered up and down on the bunks behind him, and across the fire he still stared at the latch.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Hanged and Buried and Lived.

It is not given to many men to be hanged and buried and yet be able to tell the tale, but such was the experience of one John Bartendale, who was executed at York in 1634 for felony. After his body had hung for nearly an hour it was buried. A gentleman passing by the grave, which had not been filled up, thought he saw the earth move, and with the help of his servant he disinterred the convict, who was still alive.

It was the custom in those days to bury suicides and executed criminals without any coffin. The man was carefully treated and entirely recovered. He became hostler at the coaching house in York and lived a most exemplary life. When asked what he could tell in relation to hanging, as having experienced it, he replied, "That when I was turned off flashes of fire seemed to dart from my eyes, from which I fell into a state of darkness and insensibility."

Not Superstitious, But—

"No, I am not a believer in the supernatural," said the hard headed woman. Nevertheless, she went on to tell how some oriental personage she had met had declared that if you lost anything it is no good to look about for it, but to visualize it. Last week this woman lost a valuable hatpin. She searched high and low for it in vain. Then all of a sudden she remembered the words of the native, and she sat down and closed her eyes tightly and thought of nothing but her loss. A few minutes passed, and upon a disk of darkness there appeared the bright outline of a hatpin seen through the folds of a blanket. Immediately afterward my friend was startled by her maid's voice: "I have found the pin, ma'am. It was lying in the folds of a blanket on your bed!"—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Thwarted.

Mrs. Gabbie—Mrs. Kraft has been married ten years, I'm sure. I wonder how old she was when she married.

Mrs. Bizzy—I tried to find that out the other day.

Mrs. Gabbie—What did she say?

Mrs. Bizzy—I asked her at what age she was married, and she said, "At the parsonage."—Philadelphia Press.

THE FEAR OF DEATH

IT SHOULD FIND NO LODGMENT IN ANY RATIONAL MIND.

Yet This Dread of Meeting the Inevitable Is So Universal That Our Entire Social Fabric Is Largely Built Upon It.

Do we dread death on the same principle that half a flock of sheep leap through a certain hole in a fence—because the other half has done so? For unless the fear be traditionary and hereditary it is hard to account for it.

Death is a change, occupying a moment, from one form of life to another. Whether it come in the course of nature or by accident or design, it is seldom painful; never probably so painful as a bout of the toothache. It brings us from a condition of bondage and uncertainty at best to one of freedom and security. But often it is a change from slavery, both physical and moral, to emancipation comparatively perfect, or, if we hold the materialist view, to everlasting unconsciousness. The spiritual state is emancipated from the inertia of matter and the tyranny of space; therefore thought will be presence, and a man's surroundings as to both thing and person will be inevitably such as are most desirable to him. The evil will be emancipated from the opposition of the good, and the good will not be grieved and hampered by the machinations of the evil. The whole chapter of accidents which here looms so large will there be eliminated. Time, which now makes us long for the arrival of an appointed hour and now dread its too speedy coming, will be no more. But we shall measure life by its intensity and by its opportunities. In other words, we shall be the makers of our own times and seasons.

Death takes us from a world of effects to one of causes. The soul is made of will and thought, and, as we may daily perceive, it is only the obstruction of material conditions that prevents us from immediately accomplishing our desires and beholding the realization of our thoughts. Again, death is inevitable to all and to any one who chooses is at any moment attainable. By what logic can our fear of it be defended?

Yet we fear it so much and so universally that our entire social fabric is built largely upon that fear. Our law makes death the supreme penalty. Our funerals are occasions of mourning, and the medical profession, one of the most numerous extant, spends its existence in combating death. We seek eagerly all nostrums or elixirs that promise us continuance of life. We ascribe supreme merit to the soldier who risks his life for his country or to the individual who sacrifices it for others. We laud the stoicism which affects to despise death, but which bases the virtue of that despising upon the acknowledged terror of the event. Our humanitarians spend sympathy and money in attempting to prolong the miserable condition of the poor and diseased. We shudder to hear of a vast natural calamity like that of Martinique or of avoidable accidents such as are furnished daily by railways and other instruments of civilization. And all the while it is the survivors who suffer, if any one does, though they, too, are soon comforted by time or the insurance companies. The dead man, the man who has entered upon the new and spiritual life, whom we absurdly pity, is free, and his troubles are over.

Suicides, it is true, are said to increase with civilization. But few philosophical suicides occur. The majority are induced by dread of life overcoming dread of death. It may be doubted if suicide be ever the act of a man at once perfectly brave and thoroughly sane. The value of this life—and it is a real value—is in the discipline and experience it gives, which it is our honest and sensible duty to improve to the utmost and to the last. Life may be interesting and arduous; it may be disappointing and irksome. It is very seldom if ever uniformly and positively agreeable. Fear, on the other hand, is one of the worst and basest of evils, and fear of death the most irrational. It must have originated in sheer ignorance and thoughtlessness. It ought to vanish before our modern enlightenment and sagacity, and with its disappearance will appear social changes that cannot but be revolutionary and salutary.—Julian Hawthorne in Brandur Magazine.

Dangerous Criminals.

"Why," said a lady reproachfully to her husband, "you know when I say Denmark I always mean Holland!" Perhaps the city girl in the following story, told by the Philadelphia Telegraph, allowed herself a similar latitude of expression:

She was sitting on the porch, lazily rocking to and fro and watching the fireflies flitting about through the shrubbery. Suddenly she turned to her companions and said in a musing tone:

"I wonder if it is true that fireflies do get into the haymows sometimes and set them afire."

Everybody laughed at what was apparently a pleasantry, but the young lady looked surprised.

"Why," said she, "it was only yesterday that I saw in the paper an article headed 'Work of Firebugs.' It said they had set a barn on fire. Really."

Following Good Preaching.

Vicar (severely, to his cook)—Mary, you had a soldier to supper last night.

Cook—Yes, sir; he's my brother.

Vicar—But you told me you had no brother.

Cook—So I thought, sir, until you preached last Sunday and told us we were all brothers and sisters.—London Tit-Bits.

The Astute Salesman.

An astute salesman was enjoined by his employer to be strictly honest, but to sell goods. Next day the salesman displayed some new fabrics, saying to the lady shoppers, "Here is some calico that looks just like silk." But they turned up their noses scornfully. The following day he said to the same shoppers, "Here is some silk that is made to look like calico," and they bought every yard of it. This shows us that we should use due judgment as to which end of a truth is first presented.—Judge.

WOMEN WARRIORS.

Many Have Fought Bravely—Escapades of a Queen.

The muster rolls of the civil war show a number of cases of soldiers who were discovered to be women.

One of the most remarkable women was Christian Cavenagh, who lived in England in the nineteenth century. She was married and had three children. Her husband was carried off to Holland, where he had to enlist as a private soldier. His wife dressed as a man and enlisted so as to be near her husband. She was wounded at the battle of Landen, made a prisoner by the French and carried to St. Germain-en-Laye, where she remained until she was exchanged. Then she quarreled and fought a duel with her sergeant and was transferred to another regiment. Again she was wounded at Ramillies, when her secret was discovered. She was, however, permitted to remain with the regiment as a cook.

Many English officers recall the case of "Dr. James Barry." This woman served in the British army about fifty years ago as a surgeon at the Cape, at Malta and at Barbados. At the Cape "he" fought a duel with an officer who had called "him" a woman.

Mrs. Lindley, the wife of a soldier, went through some of the sharpest engagements of the civil war. She enlisted in Company D, Sixth Ohio cavalry, and fought at Fort Magruder, Hanover Court House, Bull Run, Antietam and Boonsboro. She is said to be still living and the mother of several children.

Christina, queen of Sweden, was educated and dressed like a boy from her birth because her father was disappointed at not having a son. She was more a king than a queen and after four years of rule resigned her crown and went off to amuse herself in Europe. She was dressed in men's clothes and acted as uproariously as any man who ever owned his clothes by right of sex. She was only twenty-eight at the time.—Savannah News.

BOILING IT DOWN.

A Valuable Lesson In the Gentle Art of Omitting.

"It was this way," was explaining a quite fresh and young appearing gentleman to a much older companion as I took a seat near them in the restaurant. "I thought that it was quite a clever short story, and as the professor had asked me to read it to him for the purpose of criticism he listened patiently for the thirty minutes that it took me to go through it.

"'Good for the first writing,' he said, 'but you must learn the art of omitting. You have unnecessary sentences. Find them, omit them and come and read it again.'

"I followed his advice, and the next time it took me twenty minutes to read it.

"'Better,' he said. 'Try it again, for there is more you can omit.'

"I didn't show the annoyance that I felt, but did some more cutting and condensing. Then I read it to him again in fifteen minutes.

"'That is nearer to the correct thing,' he said, with an approving nod, 'but there is chance for a little more pruning.'

"It was with an effort that I restrained myself, but knowing that he is an authority in literary matters for the third time I went to the slaughter of the innocents and, returning the next day, read it to him in ten minutes.

"'That is something like,' he exclaimed, slapping me on the back. 'Another little omitting seance will fix it.'

"'This is a little too much,' I answered as I seized my manuscript, with a show of feeling. 'You had better tell me to omit every word of it.'

"'That's it, my boy, that's it,' he replied. 'It is too much. Omit the rest, and you will never hear a word of adverse criticism.'

"I'll be hanged if I didn't take his advice again and throw the story in the wastebasket.'—New York Herald.

The Extinct Northern "Sea Cow."

In the year 1754 the Bering explorers discovered gigantic species of rytinæ, or northern sea cow. These enormous manatees were similar in general habits to those of the South American coast and were from twenty to thirty feet in length and from ten to twenty feet in girth. They were very stupid, harmless beasts and lived by browsing on seaweeds and other marine growths near the land. The sailors were not slow in finding out that a sea cow steak beat seal meat "all hollow." From 1754 until 1768 they were the principal food of the sailors and explorers on our western coast. This being the case, it is not at all surprising that the northern sea cow, never a very numerous species, should become extinct in the short space of fourteen years. The last of the giant manatees was killed in September, 1768, a few months less than fourteen years after the discovery of the first one.

A Wise Answer.

The shah once asked a group of courtiers whom they thought the greater man—himself or his father. At first he could get no reply to so dangerous a question, the answer to which might cost the courtiers their heads. At last a wily old courtier said, "Your father, sire, for, though you are equal to your father in all other respects, in this he is superior to you—that he had a greater son than any you have."

Logic.

"The vessel is on the rocks!" shouted the captain, thrusting his head in the ship's saloon.

"That's good news," remarked the idiotic passenger who was taking his first trip abroad. "So long as we are on the rocks we can't sink."—Ohio State Journal.

Still Under the Spell.

Mrs. Powers—Hezekiah, if you were to live your life all over again and it came to the matter of choosing a wife do you think you would choose me?

Mr. Powers (submissively)—There's no doubt about it, Maria, provided you wanted me.—Richmond Dispatch.

All the actions and attitudes of children are graceful because they are the offspring of the moment, without affectation and free from all pretense.—Fuseli.

TRIVIAL, YET POTENT.

The Tyranny of the Small and the Helplessness of Mankind.

The "tyranny of littleness" is the cruel despotism not of one master, but of a multitude of small ones. Witness the ironclad sway which any sovereign ruler of the kitchen may wield over a helpless household. What happiness or misery is bestowed lightly by one who turns a toaster or brews a pot of coffee!

We are all slaves to milliners and tailors. The milkman holds us helpless in his clutches. The chore man orders us about. The maid of all work beckons, and we follow. We bow and scrape before the haughty plumber.

We who would strike down monarchs and measure swords with ministers of finance, what sorry figures we cut in the community if slighted by the laundrymen! We scarce can hold our own against a surly railway porter, and it is but by the courtesy of Master Boots that we emerge from our hotel apartment. And who shall stand before the overwhelming power vested in an offended waiter? We cannot even mount a trolley car if the conductor and motorman choose to ignore us.

The man who rules the Stock Exchange cannot rest at night because an infant's voice banishes dreams. He is a victim to the insect world. Who will abolish the tyranny of flies and of mosquitoes?

Behold the tyranny of horses, dogs and cats, to which the great majority of mortals submit without a murmur. What master is as exacting as a tight shoe or a torturing collar? A parrot or a pet canary can sadly try men's souls! Yes, "things are in the saddle and ride mankind."

Who will do justice to the tyranny of the depraved inanimate taskmasters? A diamond necklace changes the history of empires. A courtier's cloak may pave the way to royal favor. A glove, a handkerchief, a glass slipper, what things to conjure with! Slaves of the lamp! Slaves of the ring!

Ah, the supremacy of trivial things, that one real tyranny to which we all bow down! Is there no hope that we may some day throw off the heavy yoke? Well is it for us to meditate upon this vital problem which touches each so closely. And as we meditate we may grow wise enough to break some of the multitudinous shackels that hold us spiritless and helpless in the power of the arch tyrant, "Little Things."—Caroline Ticknor in Brandur Magazine.

FLAG LANGUAGE.

The black flag is a sign of piracy.

To "strike the flag" is to lower the colors in submission.

Dipping the flag is lowering it slightly and hoisting it again to salute a vessel or fort.

The yellow flag shows a vessel to be in quarantine or is a sign of a contagious disease.

A "flag of truce" is a white flag displayed to an enemy to indicate a desire for parley or consultation.

The red flag in our service is a mark of danger and shows a vessel to be receiving or discharging her powder.

A flag at half mast means mourning. Fishing and other vessels return with the flag at half mast to announce the loss or death of some of their crew.

Flags are used as the symbol of rank and command, the officers using them being called "flag officers." Such flags are square to distinguish them from other banners.

The white flag is a sign of peace. After a battle parties from both sides often go out to the field to rescue the wounded or bury the dead under the protection of the white flag.

If the president of the United States goes aboard, the American flag is carried in the bow of his barge or hoisted at the mast of the vessel on board of which he is.—New Education.

Didn't Want Too Much.

A Lone Star State man tells the following story of a negro baptizing in Texas:

An old negro preacher did the honors, and the candidate for baptism was a coal black negro woman. The preacher led his victim far out into the stream, where she could be thoroughly immersed, and at the auspicious moment he cried in a loud voice:

"Be stiddy, sister, be stiddy, and you'll cum up whitah den snow!"

"Oh, parson," she exclaimed, "dat's askin' too much; a cream colouh'll do!"—New York Times.

March of Refinement.

"Now that I think of it," remarked the passenger with the skullcap, "there used to be a little place on this line they called Kiss Station, but it must be something else now. I haven't heard the conductor call it out."

"We're pretty close to it, I think," replied the passenger with the goatee. "But it isn't Kiss Station any more. They've changed the name, but retained the idea. It's now"—

"Happy Junction!" bawled out the conductor as the train slackened its speed for the next stop.—Chicago Tribune.

Proud.

"I want you to understand, sir, that my pride forbids me to accept anything from you after I marry your daughter."

"How are you going to live?"

"Well, I thought you might make some kind of a settlement beforehand."—Life.

The Good Time Coming.

"Jerry," said Fleharty, "phwat is the m'anin' of this worrud 'millinnium?'"

"It manes that glad time a-comin'," said Jerry, "whin ivery man will be his own boss an' shtuck on his job."—Indianapolis News.

Conservation of Energy.

"What was your idea in having Bertha learn typewriting?"

"Well, she was always drumming with her fingers, and I thought she might as well do it to some purpose."—Chicago Tribune.

For a hundred years Portland, Me., has been the American port most intimate with Martinique. Many of the sawmills within fifty miles of Portland have been kept busy with lumber and cooperage orders from St. Pierre and Fort de France.

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ANOTHER CITY EDITOR

Bright's Disease and Diabetes Are Positively Curable.

Editor Engelke, editor and proprietor of the California Journal, the German paper of 42 Montgomery St., San Francisco, interviewed:

Q.—Will you help us convince the people that Bright's Disease and Diabetes are positively curable by referring to your recovery?

A.—I've told it to a great many myself, and some of them profited by it and were cured.

Q.—How long ago was it?

A.—About six years ago. I was so ill with Bright's Disease that the doctors, being unable to help me, advised me as a last resort that I try some of the springs. Before going I heard of the Fulton Compound and took it and didn't have to go. I began to get better, and kept on with it till I was finally as well as ever.

Q.—Any symptoms of a return of it?

A.—None, although I don't permit a year to pass without taking some of it.

Q.—You say you told others?

A.—I told Charles F. Wacker of 131 Sixth St. about it on learning he had diabetes. He took it and is entirely well. I told a well-to-do German lady afflicted with Bright's Disease. She had been to Europe for treatment without result. She, too, took it and got well. I've told a great many. I know these Compounds to be certain cures in Bright's Disease and Diabetes. It is so incredible that one has to be cured to be convinced, and it even then dawns on one slowly.

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, $1 for the Bright's Disease and $1.50 for the Diabetic Compound. John J. Fulton Co. 420 Montgomery St., San Francisco, sole compounders. Free tests made for patients. Descriptive pamphlet mailed free.

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 succumbs.

The cause is apparent. With baby's bones hardening, the fontanel (opening in the skull) closing up and its teeth forming, all these coming at once create a demand for bone material that nearly half the little systems are deficient in. The result is feverishness, weakness, sweating, fever, diarrhoea, brain troubles, convulsions, etc., that prove terribly fatal. The deaths in 1900 under three years were 304,988, to say nothing of the vast number outside the big cities 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 neither medicine nor narcotics. What the little system is crying out for is more bone 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.

2024 Washington St.,
San Francisco, June 2, 1902.

Gentlemen—I am prescribing your food in the multitude of baby troubles due to impeded dentition. A large percentage of infantile ills and fatalities are the result of slow teething. Your food supplies what the deficient system demands, 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 distresses. Several of the more serious cases would, I feel sure, have been fatal without it. It cannot be too quickly brought to the attention of the mothers of the country. It is an absolute necessity.

L. C. MENDEL, M. D.

Petaluma, Cal., September 1, 1902.

Dear Sirs—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 brought to me from another city for treatment. Fatal results were feared. In three days the baby ceased worrying and commenced eating and is now well. Its action 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 child life. It renders lancing of the gums unnecessary. It is the safest plan and a blessing to the baby to not wait for symptoms but to commence giving it the fourth or fifth month. Then all the teeth will come healthfully, without pain, distress or lancing. It is an auxiliary to their regular diet and easily taken. Price 50 cents (enough for six weeks), sent postpaid on receipt of price. Pacific Coast Agents, Inland Drug Co., Mills Building, San Francisco.

A Cold Snub.

Edmond About was once invited to the house of the Princess Mathilde, and before dinner, seated beside his hostess, he was sending off a brilliant display of fireworks. Looking up, he noticed that the Count Nieuwerkerke was coming over to join in the conversation. "Go away," he called to him familiarly. "Leave us alone, you great, jealous person!"

At which the princess rose, touched her finger to the bell and said to the servant: "Conduct M. About to his carriage. He is not dining here tonight!"

A Grand Success.

The story of a Scotchman who attended a funeral which lasted two days is told by a man who was present. On the second day, having imbibed too freely, he rose and proposed the health of the bride and groom.

A friend urged him to sit down, saying, "This is not a wedding; it is a funeral."

"Well," retorted the Scotchman, "whatever it is, it's a grand success."

Presence of Mind.

The Caller—Is Miss Araminta at home?

The Maid (who has received general instructions)—She is not—

A voice from the upper landing: "Oh, yes, I am, Janet."

The Maid (continuing)—Apt to be out when you call, sir.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Attended To.

"I've sent for you," said the old merchant, "to paint a new sign for us. I've taken my son into partnership."

"Yes, sir," said the sign painter, "but your son gave me the order for the sign several days ago."

"He did?"

"Yes, sir. He told me to make it read, 'Job Lotz, Jr., & Father.'"—Philadelphia Record.

Reward of Merit.

Papa—Where did you get that dollar?

Little Son—That's the one you gave me on my birthday.

Papa—My, my! And you haven't spent it? Here's another dollar.

Little Son—Thank you. I hope mamma won't borrow this one, like she did the other. She just paid it back.