Suddenly the sick man's voice qua- ing and fell again to his long task.

They're after Bill out there. That was Cooney slept uneasily and muttered in open? It was Bill, I tell you."

"Matey, for the love of God"-

up there shakin'."

ered swine. Hush it, or by"- His sheath. "Dan Cooney"-the Gaffer closed his

book and leaned out-"go back to your

"I won't, sir, not unless"-"Go back!"

"Flesh and blood"-"Go back!" And for the third time that night Cooney went back.

The Gaffer leaned a little farther over the ledge and addressed the sick

man. "George, I went to Bill's grave not six hours agone. The snow on it and came back, reporting that Long wasn't even disturbed. Neither beast Ede was nowhere to be seen. The old nor man, but only God, can break up man slipped a jumper over his suits of the hard earth he lies under. I tell you c'o hing, already three deep, reached that, an' you may lay to it. Now go to for a gun and moved to the door. "Take tleep."

Long Ede crouched on the frozen be five minutes boilin'." But the Gafsleeping bag, his knees drawn up and dragged the door open. the two guns laid across them. The creature, whatever its name, that had tried the door was nowhere to be seen, threshold, his outstretched hands albut he determined to wait a few min- most touching it, his moccasins alutes on the chance of a shot-that is, ready covered out of sight by the pow until the cold should drive him below. For the moment the clear tingling air was doing him good. The truth was Long Ede bad begun to be afraid of himself and the way his mind had been running for the last forty-eight hours upon green fields and visions of spring. As he put it to himself, something inside his head was melting. Biblical texts chattered within him like running brooks, and as they fleeted he could almost smell the brown meadow scent. "Take us the foxes, the little foxes, for our vines have tender grapes. · · · A fountain of gardens, a well of living waters, and streams from Lebanon, * * * Awake, O north wind, and come, thou south: * * * blow upon my garden, that the spice thereof may flow out." He was light headed, and he knew it. He must hold out. They were all going mad-were. in fact, three parts crazed already, all except the Gaffer, and the Gaffer relied on him as his right hand man. One glimpse of the returning sun, a glimpse only, might save them yet.

He gazed out over the frozen hills and northward across the ice pack. A few streaks of pale violet, the ghost of the aurora, fronted the moon. He could see for miles. Bear or fox, no living creature was in sight. But who could tell what might be hiding behind any one of a thousand hummocks? He listened. He heard the slow grinding of the ice pack off the beach-only dery snow which ran and trickled inthat. "Take us the foxes, the little

This would never do. He must climb down and walk briskly or return to the past the Gaffer's feet. hut. Maybe there was a bear, after shot, or the chance of one, would scatnotions. He would have a search round.

What was that moving on a humforward at gaze.

Nothing now, but he had seen something. He lowered himself to the eaves by the north corner and from the eaves to the drift piled there. The drift was frozen solid but for a treacherous crust of fresh snow. His foot slipped upon this, and down he slid of a heap.

Luckily he had been careful to sling the guns tightly at his back. He picked himself up and, unstrapping one, took a step into the bright moonlight to examine the nipples, took two steps and stood stock still.

There before him on the frozen coat of snow was a footprint-no, two, three, four, many footprints, prints of a naked human foot, right foot, left foot, both naked, and blood in each print, a little smear.

some returning. "The latch lifted." Suddenly he recalled the figure he had seen moving upon the hummock, and with a groan he turned and gave chase. Oh, he was mad for certain! He ran like a madman, floundering, slipping, plunging, in his clumsy moccasins. "Take us the foxes, the little foxes, * * * My beloved put in his hand by the hole of the door, and my bowels were moved for bim. * * * I charge you, O daughters of Je-

rusalem, I charge you, I charge"-He ran thus for 300 yards maybe and then stopped as suddenly as he had

started. His mates-they must not see these footprints or they would go mad, too, mad as he. No; he must cover them up, all within sight of the hut, and toer those farther afield. Slowly he re- three, four, five, and us two sick men traced his steps. The footprints, those | -seven. The Gaffer, David Faed, Dan And now a great happiness filled his pose"-

يائدها رقب دفت دفت دفت ده د د د د دف دفت دفت دفت دف د فددار

Within the hut the sick man cried "It's not him they want. It's Bill. softly to himself. Faed, the Snipe and Bill tryin' to get in. Why didn't you their dreams. The Gaffer lay awake, thinking. After Bill, George Lashman, At the first word the Snipe had wheel- and after George, who next? And who ed right about face and stood now would be the last, the unburied one? pointing and shaking like a man with The men were weakening fast, their wits and courage coming down at the last with a rush. Faed and Long Ede "I won't bush! There's somethin' were the only two to be depended on wrong here tonight. I can't sleep. It's for a day. The Gaffer liked Long Ede, Bill, I tell you. See his poor hammock who was a religious man. Indeed he fetched his concertina. The Snipe had a growing suspicion that Long Cooney tumbled out with an oath Ede, in spite of some amiable laxities and His Dinah." What is more, the and a thud. "Hush it, ye white liv- of belief, was numbered among the elect, or might be if interceded for. hand went behind him to his knife The Gaffer began to intercede for him silently, but experience had taught him

> sleep with a sense of failure. The Snipe stretched himself, yawned and awoke. It was 7 in the morning, time to prepare a cup of tea. He tossed an armful of logs on the fire, and once inquired for Long Ede. He had not returned. "Go up to the roof. The lad must be frozen." The Snipe climba cup of somethin' warm to fortify." • the Snipe advised. "The kettle won't

that such wrestlings to be effective

"Here, bear a hand, lads!" Long Ede lay prone before the



"Here, bear a hand, lads" cessantly, trickled between his long, disheveled locks and over the back of

his gloves and ran in a thin stream

They carried him in and laid him on all, behind one of the hummocks, and a leap of skins by the fire. They forced rum between his clinched teeth ter his head clear of these tomfooling and beat his hands and feet and kneaded and rubbed him. A sigh fluttered on his lips, something between a sigh and a smile, half seen, half heard. His mock not 500 yards away? He leaned eyes opened, and they saw that it was really a smile.

"What cheer, mate?" It was the Snipe who asked. "I-I seen"- The voice broke off,

but he was smiling still.

What had he seen? Not the sun, surely. By the Gaffer's reckoning the sun would not be due for a week or two yet, how many weeks he could not say precisely, and sometimes he was glad enough that he did not know.

They forced him to drink a couple of spoonfuls of rum and wrapped him up warmly. Every man contributed some of his own bedding. Then the Gaffer called to morving prayers, and the three sound men dropped on their knees with him. Now, whether by reason of their joy at Long Ede's re- time before the surprised passengers covery or because the old man was in could realize a murder had not been It had come, then. He was mad for splendid voice, they felt their hearts certain. He saw them. He put his uplifted that morning with a cheerfingers in them, touched the frozen | fulness they had not known for months. blood. The snow before the door was Long Ede lay and listened dreamily trodden thick with them, some going, while the passion of the Gaffer's thanksgiving shook the hut. His gaze wandered over their bowed forms, "The Gaffer, David Faed, Dan Cooney, the Snipe and-George Lashman in the bunk, of course-and me." But, then, who was the seventh? He began to count. "There's myself, Lashman in the bunk, David Faed, the Gaffer, the Snipe, Dan Cooney-one, two, three, four-well, but that made seven. Then who was the seventh? Was it George, who had crawled out of bed and was kneeling there? Decidedly there were five kneeling. No; there was George, plain enough, in his berth and not able to move. Then who was the stranger? Wrong again. There was no stranger. He knew all of these men. They were his mates. Was it-Bill? No; Bill was dead and buried. None of these was morrow he would come along and cov- Bill or like Bill. Try again-one, two,

which pointed toward the hut and Cooney-have I counted Dan twice? those which pointed away from it, lay No; that's Dan yonder to the right and close together, and he knelt before only one of him. Five men kneeling each, breaking fresh snow over the hol- and two on their backs-that makes Athenians, defeated them and returnlows and carefully Mding the blood, seven every time. Dear God, sup-

heart, interrupted once or twice as he | The Gaffer ceased, and in the act of worked by a feeling that some one was rising from his knees he caught sight following and watching him. Once he of Long Ede's face. While the others turned northward and gazed, making fetched their breakfast cans he stepa telescope of his hands. He saw noth- ped over and bent and whispered:

"Tell me, you've seen what?" "Seen?" Long Ede echoed.

Aye, seen what? Speak low. Was t the sun?" "The s"- But this time the echo died on his lips, and his face grew full of awe uncomprehending. It frighten-

You'll be the better for a snatch of sleep," said he and was turning to go when Long Ede stirred a hand under

the edge of his rugs.

"Seven-count," he whispered. "Lord have mercy upon us," the Gaffer muttered through his beard as he

moved away, "Long Ede gone crazed!" And yet, though an hour or two ago this was the worst that could have befallen, the Gaffer felt unusually cheer-

ful. As for the others, they were like

different men all that day and through the three days that followed. Even Lashman ceased to complain and, unless their eyes played them a trick, had taken a turn for the better. "I declare if I don't feel like pitchin' to sing!" the Snipe announced on the second evening, as much to his own wonder as to

theirs. "Then why in thunder don't ve struck up then and there "Villikins Gaffer looked up from his "Paradise Lost" and joined in the chorus,

By the end of the second day Long Ede was up and around again. He went about with a dazed look in his must be noisy, and he dropped off to eyes. He was counting, counting to himself, always counting. The Gaffer watched him furtively.

Since his recovery, though his lips moved frequently, Long Ede had carcely uttered a word, but toward traordinary thing: "There's that sleepin' bag I took with me the other night. I wonder if 'tis on

ed the ladder, pushed open the trap the roof still. It will be froze pretty stiff by this. You might nip up an' see Snipe, an' "-he paused-"if you find it stow it up yonder on Bill's hammock." shut it again without speaking. The Snipe went up the ladder.

A minute passed, and then they heard ridge of the hut, with his feet in the fer pushed up the heavy bolts and othern all, trembling, choking, weeping, cheering, to the foot of the ladder. "Boys, boys, the sun!"

> Months later-it was June, and even George Lashman had recovered his strength-the Snipe came running with news of the whaling fleet, and on the beach, as they watched the vessels fer his story: "It was a hall-a hallucrazed, eh?" The Gaffer's eyes wandered from a brambling hopping about the lichen covered bowlders and away ships, and then came into his mind a Spy.

"I wouldn't say just that," he answered slowly. "Anyway," said Long Ede, "I believe us all."

"I wouldn't say just that either," the just for you an' me an' the rest were use?" presairved, as you say, inceedently."

A JUGGLER'S TRICK.

Clever Feat of Blusion Performed by an East Indian.

The wonderful feats of East Indian jugglers have formed the theme of orient, but none is more surprising than that for which an old seadog vouches. While he was an officer on board a P. and O. steamship two natives came aboard at Madras, he says. They were a juggler and his assistant. After they had performed a number of minor feats and gathered quite a crowd around them they called for a sack and a piece of sailcloth.

These having been provided, the chief juggler made a small tentlike structure with the canvas and some stools. He then placed his assistant in the sack and allowed a sailor to tie the knot which bound him a fast prisoner. This done, the chief carried the sack into an open space, warning the people to stand back some distance. and then carried on an animated conversation with his assistant, whose replies could be distinctly heard coming from the seck. Suddenly the chief rushed forward, picked up the sack and dumped it overboard, where, to the horror of the passengers and crew,

it sank out of sight. Immediately the captain rushed for ward and seized the man, under the full belief that he had murdered his companion, but the juggler only smiled and, pointing to the canvas. asked that it be raised. This was done, and the supposed drowned man was discovered squatting on the deck. So realistic had been the throwing overboard, however, that it was some committed.

The industry of catching tunnles is a very ancient as well as lucrative one. Allusions to it run through the classics. Two hundred and twenty-eight years before the Christian era Athenæus took the trouble to prove that a brother scribe had made a mistake in attributing a panegyric of the tunny to Hesiod, and modern scholars have agreed that the first authentic classic reference to the tunny is by Herodotus.

That the capture of the tunny was a familiar feature in the daily life of these times is proved by the story re lated by Herodotus, who tells us how Pisistratus, returning to Greece after his second expulsion, pitched his camp opposite to that of his adversaries near the temple of Pallas at Pallene. Here a soothsayer, Amphilytus by name, moved by a divine impulse, approached him and uttered this prophecy:

Now the cast has been made, the net is outspread Through the moonshiny night the tunnies will en

ter the meshes. -Herodotus i, 62. (Rawlinson's Translation.) Pisistratus grasped the meaning at once, accepted the oracle, fell upon the ed to power.-Nineteenth Century.

Spitzbergen belongs to no country. and since the cessation of whaling it is deserted even in summer. There are deposits of coal and phosphates, but it does not pay to work them

A CONTRAST IN BOYS

TOWN AND COUNTRY LADS IN THE STRUGGLE OF LIFE.

of the Men Who Have Achieved ty to One Over the City Lads.

A country boy's lack of opportunity is his best equipment for the serious blushes is beyond my comprehension. struggle of life. This sounds paradox- The report does her a grave injustice, as the opposite proposition, that the no monopoly in blushes, but does not greatest hindrances a city boy has to make use of the share that properly contend with are the opportunities belongs to her. There are some wo which beset him when young and pur- men, of course, who blush if you ever ue him till he begins the real business blink an eyelid in their direction, but of life, a business which each individu- as a general thing men blush much ity boy everything is made as easy as women. ossible. Even pleasure becomes to "This is not a random statement that eens. Brought up in the feverish rush | ing myself talk, but a sober deduction of a place where great things are hap- founded on careful observation. Fo pening day by day, he sees the world years I have made it a point to study with a cynic's eyes and despises the the sexes in moments of embarrass strike up?" answered Dan Cooney and a house, go to the upbuilding of char-down prove that in nine cases out of acters and careers. He believes in us- ten the average man will fly the red ing large markers in the game of life; signal of distress much more quickly for pennies and small units of value he than the average woman. This holds has little taste and scant regard.

The conditions surrounding the country boy are as different as possible. he blushes; ply him with awkward There is a deal of regular work that questions, he blushes; subject him to every country boy must do, and this regularity of employment, mostly out of doors, inculcates industrious habits, while it contributes to a physical development which in after years is just as valuable as any athletic training that can be had. He cannot run as the noise awoke the Gaffer, who at noon on the fourth day he said an ex- fast perhaps as those trained by a system. He may not be able to jump so high or so far or excel in any of the sports upon which we bestow so much time and from which we get so much of pleasure, but his development enables him to buckle down to the hard work in which hours are consumed The Gaffer opened his mouth, but and from which very little or no im- old phrase that has done duty for genmediate pleasure is extracted. His strength may be something like that of the cart horse, but the cart horse a cry from the roof, a cry that fetched is to be preferred where a long and steady pull is required. The thoroughbred race horse has a fine flight of speed and canters with delightful lightness and grace along the park bridle paths, but the heavy work is the work most in demand, and for that we want the draft animals every time.

Enthusiasm is the spur to endeavor, and at the same time it is the savor of come to anchor, Long Ede told the Gaf- life. The country boy whose ambition has taken him to town comes what d'you call it, I reckon. I was tilled with enthusiasms. Even the little things are novelties to him, and as he accomplishes this and that he feels that he is doing something no only to the sea fowl wheeling above the interesting, but valuable. His simple tastes have not been spoiled by a multale he had read once in "The Turkish | tiplicity of gratifications, and so he is glad of everything good that comes life, he has more of the boy in him than his city cousin has left at fifteen. cynically to question the value of do-

ce and high influence in our affairs of state the country boys are at | pulled; least twenty to one over the city lads. Nowadays indeed our cynical city lads look upon men who take an active interest in public affairs as rather low fellows and quite beneath their associmany a letter from travelers in the ation and notice. But the country boys are at the top in other lines of endeavor. In finance they are pre-eminent, and the great bank presidents today in the great cities nearly all learned to where birch and ferule had not succumbed to the civilizing influences of scientific pedagogy. Our great railways were in the main built by them, and today the administrators of these places where work began in early in cuit. Scribner's. fancy and a sense of duty developed while still the lisp of childhood lingered.

son of their inherent superiority. Othhave used their opportunities wisely and in real life have pursued the same course which enables so many country boys to win fame and fortune. The more honor to them for having survived their too great opportunities. But the country boy when he comes to town reaches out for the high places. Though not all find seats of the mighty, nearly all of the exalted stations are filled in the end by men of York Times. country birth and country rearing, for they usually start out with the sound theory that what is worth having is worth striving for.-John Gilmer Speed in Brandur Magazine.

Scotch Civility.

A lady went out in search of two others who had gone out for a walk some time before. She met an old man and asked him if he saw two ladies pass this way. "Na, nor I wisna lookin' for them.' She met another and asked the same

question. "Na, but there micht 'a' been ten pass't for onything 'at I ken or same question. He replied, "Na, I

At last she met a boy and asked the didna see ony ladies, but I saw twa aul' wives."-Scottish American.

His Boy's Future. "Are you educating you son for any

particular calling?" "Yes."

"Well, he made his own selection. and as near as I can find out he is educating himself to be the husband of an heiress."-Chicago Post.

His Revenge.

M. Colombies, a merchant of Paris, had his revenge on a former sweetheart, a lady of Rouen, when he left her by will a legacy of \$6,000 for baying some twenty rears before refused to marry him, "through which," states the will, "I was enabled to live independently and happily as a bachelor."

Act! In action there is wisdom and glory and happiness. Action rouses hope, and hope rouses action. Free-

A MAN'S BLUSHES.

It Led a Choleric Client Into the Le Will Fly the Red Signal More It seems always to have lain within

Quickly Than a Woman. "If there is any one thing that makes me want to get up and talk right out in meeting it is to hear it said of a Great Prominence in Public Affairs man that 'he blushes like a woman,' the Rural Boys Are at Least Twen- said the social philosopher to a representative of the New York Times.

"How women ever gained the reputation of having run up a corner in eal, but it is true. It is just as true for as a matter of fact she not only has I must carry on for himself. For the more readily and more violently than

alm an old story before he is out of his I am making for the purpose of hear small things which, like the bricks in ment, and the statistics I have jotted good in all sorts of situations.

"Crack a joke at a man's expense some humiliation or let some Indicron accident befall him in public, and he straightway rivals the boiled lobster in hue. A woman may redden slightly under the same circumstances, but her blush is diluted and perfunctory compared with the brilliant, sunlit glow that suffuses the countenance of man.

"I don't attempt to explain the phe nomenon physiologists and moralists may do that if they can-but merely give the facts for what they are worth in the hope that the next time a story writer has a crop of blushes to dispose of he will ring a few changes on the erations and say of the beroine that she 'blushed like a man.'

FIRE ALARM BOXES. The System In New York and How It

Is Operated. Greater New York is thickly studded

with lamppost fire alarm boxes. The directions on each box, which is painted red and is surmounted at night by a red light, are:

"Turn handle to right until door opens; then pull inside hook once and shut the door." The opening of the box rings a large bell in the door, which alarm is intended to notify any one in the neighborhood, especially the nearest policeman, that the box has be a opened. The policeman will then make sure that this was not done out of mischief by some one who wanted to see the engines arrive or, as recently his way. At thirty, if he leads a clean happened, by a raw maidservant who wanted to mail a letter. When the inside lever is pulled down and let go, it the Lord sent a miracle to us to save He does what is before him because it sets in motion a certain clockwork that is his duty, while the other is ant licks out the number of the box three times in succession at headquarters in Gaffer objected. "I doubt it was meant ing anything and ask, "What is the Sixty-seventh street. Not only that, but it makes a record upon a tape, Of the men who have achieved great | showing the number of the box and the exact second at which the lever was

A clerk who sits night and day beside the headquarters instrument notes the number and selects from a drawer r certain disk which when inserted in the proper apparatus causes the alarm to be rung in the station houses of the district in which that firebox is situated. The average time required to select this disk and send out the alarm is ten seconds. There are always two read and to cipher in country schools | clerks and sometimes three in this department. Not a word is spoken. An outsider would hardly know that an alarm is going out. In order to prevent several alarms coming at the same time from people who see the same fire great companies are in great measure and run to different boxes no two from farms and country villages, from neighboring boxes are on the same cir-

Who Told the Fib?

The bell rang, and the occupier of Some city boys, however, are of such the apartment started to the window sturdy stuff and endowed with such to see who the visitor might be. To natural gifts that they succeed by real his annoyance he saw a persistent creditor who had evidently called ers succeed abundantly because they again for payment of his long outstanding account. The impecunious one instantly called to his youthful son and said:

"Tommy, go to the door at once. I don't want to see that man. Tell him

I'm not at home." "Oh, papa, I thought you never told fibs," remarked Tommy.

"I don't, my boy. It's you that's going to tell one. Now run off."-New

Fixing the Blame. Mr. Snow was seen holding the week-

ly paper as far away as he could get it and working his head from side to side, with squinted eyes, "Soho! Your sight's begun to fail ye at last," said the visitor bluntly. "Well, 'tain't surprising at your age." Mr. Snow glared. "My eyesight's all

right?" he roared. "The only trouble is my pesky arm isn't long enough!"-Youth's Companion.

Fame.

"When I grow up," remarked Bobby Toughmuscles, "I am going to be the people's choice." "Pugilist or president?" asked Tom-

my Sharpboy.-Cincinnati Commercial Tribune. Every one should occasionally say

"Whoa!" to himself. Because his

friends do not say it does not indicate

that he doesn't need it.-Atchison An orange tree in full bearing has

been known to produce 15,000 oranges;

Strangers Now.

a lemon tree, 6,000 lemons

"You ought to see the lovely letters my husband writes," said the bride of a month to one of her girl friends "Oh, I've seen a few," rejoined the dear girl friend, "In fact, I've got nearly a trunkful of them in the attic." Exchange.

What More!

you for over a week?

He-You might at least have given me some warning that you were going to throw me over. She-Well, haven't I been nice to

and humorist. Rufus Choate, to lead a choleric client from ways of anger into the paths of peace. Just before the war a southern gentleman was dining with a friend in one of the best hotels of Boston. He was of French reole extraction, and his name was Delacour, says a writer in Lippincott's Magazine. The waiter was a colored man, and the southerner gave his or ders in a very domineering fashion, inding fault freely with what was put efore him and the way in which it vas served. Finally the waiter became acensed and told Mr. Delacour to go to a place warm and remote. The lat-

CHOATE'S ADVICE.

Paths of Peace.

the power of the distinguished lawyer

iser friend, who said: "You can't do that sort of thing here You will have to remember where you

er sprang furiously to his feet and

would have shot the offender dead if

he had not been restrained by his

"Do you suppose that I am going to out up with such insolence and not be revenged?" said the enraged man. "Certainly not. But do it by proces of law.

The landlord was first interviewed and the waiter discharged. That was not sufficient to satisfy the wounded feelings of Mr. Debeour. He asked who was the best lawyer in the city and was told it was Rufus Choate Making his way to his office, he said: "Mr. Choate, I want to engage you in a case. What will your refaining

fee be?" "About \$50." The check was made out and handed

weeks old.

over. "Now," said the lawyer, "what are the facts of the case? He was told, Said Mr. Choate

thoughtfully: "I know the United States law on the subject well, and I know the law of the commonwealth of Massachusetts, and I can assure you, sir, that there is no power on earth strong enough to force you to go to that place if you don't want to go. And if

I were you I wouldn't." "Well," said the southerner, accept ing the situation, "I think I'll take your advice." And they pasted good friends.

POULTRY POINTERS

Supply plenty of gravel to fowls that are being fattened in confinement. Chickens should never be allowed to go on the roosts until ten or twelv

Lime is a purifier and should be used as a wash on the coops, perches and nest boxes. If a hen lays soft shelled eggs, give

her plenty of gravel, oyster shells and rushed bone. Ducks should be allowed as much iberty as possible. They are not par-

tial to confinement. Flat eggs, eggs within eggs, double volked eggs and other unnatural formations are due to the hens being over

Geese may be fattened on any kind

of grain if fed all that they will eat for about ten days before sending them to market. Corn, peas and barley are best. Young chicks of fancy breeding should not be permitted to roost on

perches until after they are eight months old, as it often causes crooked Accumulating filth is a prolific source of disease, especially gapes. After the poultry yard is cleaned up sprinkle it

little copperas. Adding Insult to Injury. She had just handed him the frosty

well with diluted carbolic acid and a

mitt, but he was game to the last hur-"If you are ever in trouble," he said. do not besitate to lift up your voice, and you will find me 'Johnny on the

spot. "I'm in trouble now," answered the human refrigerator, with a sigh long drawn out.

"And, behold," exclaimed the unsuspecting youth. "I am here."

"Yes," she said, "that's the trouble." -Chicago News.

No. Not You. "Mamma, what was that fuzzy bundle you took out of papa's vest pocket and threw in the fireplace just now?" "That was an accumulation of house hold recipes your father cut out of the papers downtown and put away for my benefit. I have to clean them out of his pocket about once a month."-

A Faulty Appraisement.

Chicago Tribune.

Mr. Spriggins prides himself on un derstanding the value of money." "And that's where Mr. Spriggins makes a mistake," said the liberal man. "He expects a dollar to buy two or three times as much as it has any right to and is continually being an noved and disappointed."-Washington

Star. Fatal to His Candidacy.

"You have just as much right and theoretically just as good a chance as anybody else to be president," says the patriotic citizen to his neighbor. "I cannot agree with you," sighs the neighbor. "We have no children, and

tographers' vote."-Judge, A Corner In Eggs. "That old hen just seems to be burst-

that fact alone would lose me the pho-

ing with pride," remarked the farmer's dog. "Pride? Nothing of the sort. It's eggs," replied the Leghorn rooster. "She thinks she's a financier, and she's

trying to stop laying until there's a

rise in price."-Exchange. A Bee Line.

The directness of the bee's flight is proverbial. The shortest distance between any two given points is called a bee line. Many observers think that the immense eyes with which the insect is furnished greatly assist, if they do not entirely account for, the arrowy straightness of its passage through the

A tomb of lapis lazun has been discovered among several others south of were many sarcophagi and inscriptions Chronicle-Telegraph found likewise

BLAKE. MOFFITT

IMPORTORS AND DEALERS WRITING and PAPERS & TOWNE

CARD STOCK

... Strawand Binders' Board ... 55-57-59-61 First Street Tel. Main 199, 47 SAN FRANCISCO.

ANOTHER PIONEER.

Bright's Disease and Diabetes Are Positively Curable.

When the San Francisco business men were avestigating the Fulton Compounds they heard that Dr. C. D. Zeile had both Bright's D sease and Diabetes, and was given up as inurable, and they waited on him and got him to ake it. Now for the sequel. This letter wa written 9 months later:

written 9 months later:

"522 Pacific St., San Francisco. Sept. 7, 1901.

"Dear Sirs: I have conducted my own pharmacy of my own property on Pacific St. for for ty eight years, hence my associates number some of the best old school physicians. I had chrotic Bright's Disease and Diabetes of long standing, which got so serious that in October 1 st the judgment of my medical friends was that three months would see the end. We all looked up in the mere suggestion of a cure a empirical and visionary. But I yielded to the earner-tness of the parties, and the insistency of one of my family, and went on the Fultox Compound for Bright's Disease as a test. The first week I improved, but thought it a coincidence. But every week thereafter the improvement continued. The time for the fatal enc pass d and I was still growing stronger. This continued till July, when the last trace of bott albumen and sugar disappeared. I surpose have given the Compounds to a dozen, and they all re, orted favorably. However unreasonable it may appear, the cure has been found I those interested care to call at my drug it may appear, the cure has been found if those interested care to call at my drug store I will be glad to tell all I know concerning this important matter. The discovery is second only in importance to the discovery of a cure for consumption.

"Carl D. Zeile."

Medical works agree that Bright's Disease and Diabetes are incurable, but 87 per cent. are positively recovering under the Fulton Comcounds. (Common forms of kidney complaint and the matism offer but short resistance. Price. \$1 for the Bright's Disease and \$150 for e Diabetic Compound John J. Fulton Co. (20 Montgomery street, San Francisco, solt emo-unders Free tests made for patients Descriptive pamphlet mailed free.

Save the Baby.

The mortality among babies during th ree teething years is something frightful, ne census of 1900 shows that about one in

every seven succumbs. The cause is apparent. With baby's bones hardening, the fontanel topening in the skull) closing up and its teeth forming, ell these coming at once create a demand for bone material that nearly half the little systems are deficient in. The result is revisiones, weakness, sweating, fever, diarrhoea, brain troubles, convulsions, etc., that prove terribly fatel. The deaths in 1990 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.

babies. They begin to improve within rty-eight hours. Here is what physician

dentition. A large percentage of e ills and fatalities are the result teething. Your food supplies what ent system demands, and I have

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 ity 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 addise you to put it in every drug store in this city.

I. M. PROCTOR, M. D.

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 routh 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 59 cents tenough for six weeks), sent postpaid on receipt of price. Pacific Coast Agents, Inland Drug Co., Mills Building, San Francisco.

Church and Workmen.

It would be an exaggeration to say that all working people feel antagonistic toward the church. Their general attitude is rather that of indifference. The thinking poor are well enough aware that there is nothing unnatural in the situation and that if the tables were so turned that world advantage shifted to their side it would probably remain unchanged. At times their feeling, especially toward the clergy, is curiously sympathetic. "Say," remarked a labor leader of vivid mind to the writer-"say, I'm awfully sorry for ministers. Most of them are real good men." They know well enough what Christ meant, and they'd like first rate to preach if they dared. But, Lord, how can they? They've got to draw their salaries; they've got families to support." All this quite without a touch of irony.-Vida D. Scudder in Atlantic.

A Delicate Compliment.

To be able to compliment without seeming to flatter is a rare gift, and probably no race of men is endowed with that gift more extensively than the French. An example of the Frenchman's rare

tact in matters of this sort is shown in that sweet little story of a man who had ventured to compliment a white haired old lady upon her beauty. "Ah," said she, 'I fear you flatter me. You call me pretty? Why, I am

an old woman, my hair is white, and see here is a wrinkle." "A wrinkle?" he replied. "Never, madame; that is not a wrinkle. It is but a smile that has drifted from its

Supply at Hand. Employment Agent-I have a cook

that will just suit you. She is a young widow and is very fond of children. Mrs. Richleigh-But we have no children.

Employment Agent - Oh, that'll be all right, ma'am. She has six of her own.-Chicago News.

The Mother's Ruse. "Here," said Mr. Snaggs as he laid a volume on the table-"here is a book

that I am very desirous Lucy shall

read. "Very well," replied Mrs. Snaggs; the great pyramid of Gizeh. There "I'll forbid her to touch it."-Pittsburg