THE ANGEL OF THE FOUR CORNERS

By GILBERT PARKER
Author of
"The Right of Way."

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.... Gilbert Parker

"WHAT is the good?" said Babette. "There is no one to play—no fiddle, no music. What is the good?"

"Truly," replied Antoine. "Here it is New Year's day, snow three feet deep, the house so hot you can't breathe, thirty pair of feet waiting, lots of tobac, of cold pork, plenty of cider behind the door and no music! Well, it's droll, that! Pshaw! I'll stand on a tub and whistle!"

Babette laughed. "Look at Alphonse. Watch how he shake his black head, and his eyes dance so. Ah, poor man! He would give his head for Marie, but she sits with a half dozen gallants beside her, and she flash her big brown eyes over at Alphonse, and they drive him mad. Mon Dieu! You think she care for him, with his purty eyes and black hair? No, no. You see? You hear her feet tap the floor. She long to dance like us all, and Alphonse he long for her."

"So," rejoined Antoine. "I do not understand that Marie. Why is't all get on their knees to her and she care for no man?"

"You think that?" asked Babette. "Ah, you are only a man, with a man's eyes! You think because she not care for you she care for nobody. That's like a man. He is so vain. When a woman care not for him, he is so happy when she care not for any one else. Well, I'm glad I'm not a man."

Antoine bristled up. "Come, come, Babette. You think I care for Marie? No; only for you. You are the one great woman in the world!"

Babette laughed merrily, her little white teeth flashing. She tapped him on the arm.

"Oh, you foolish—foolish! A man can never see when it is a woman. He thinks her great when she's very little. He thinks he understands himself, and he knows nothing. There is Marie. What do you know? You think her all coquette. You think I'm better. Mon Dieu! If I were in the same way as Marie, I'd be like her."

Antoine ran his fingers through his hair, knotted his forehead and smiled in a droll way.

"By the holy, I do not understand," he said. "Who is there Marie loves? You can see she play the game with them all, but there is no one. She has them—Jacques, Adrien, Jules, Alphonse and the rest—comme ca! They are on their shins, and she put her little foot on them all. What does she care? Ah, Babette, what she care? There's no one!"

Babette suddenly became grave, and her eyes watched Antoine with a wondering kind of sadness. She was younger than he, yet she was wiser, for every good woman is wiser than any man. She wondered why he did not know that when love first stirs in a woman's heart she begins to be wise, when in a man's he begins to be foolish, for the one becomes unselfish and the other vain.

After a moment she said, with a serious little twist of the head: "Antoine, I do not know who 'tis, but there's some one Marie loves. Do you think I'm a woman and not know the look of love in another? There is some one somewhere, and it is all unhappy. I know that. Do you think if it was all right she would play with them like that—so cold, so heartless? No, but she must do something. A woman will go mad unless. Poor Marie! Perhaps the man does not love her. Perhaps he loved her and should not. Perhaps something prevents. Well, it is all the same. She is as you see."

Antoine was a little nervous, facing Babette's seriousness. He had not the care of life, only the shanties in the winter, the river in summer, the little farming in the autumn and courting Babette in a happy, irresponsible fashion all the time. But take it seriously—life—love? Watch how his feet tap the floor impatiently. He is wild for the dance.

It was New Year's day, the time of festivity beyond all others in a French Canadian home, and the young people of the parish were gathered, ready to dance until the morning, but to the house of Marie's father old Vigord, the fiddler, had not come. For the last hour there had been nothing but "Vigord! Vigord! Why doesn't Vigord come?" Every one seemed troubled save Marie. She did not worry. Perhaps that was because she had been a year at school in Quebec city and therefore had got a kind of manner, was playing the self possessed lady, or that if she could not enjoy herself in one way she could in another. There was something in her different from the other girls in the room. You felt that you did not know her as you knew them. All that they thought or were flashed in their brown eyes, on their red, careless lips and in the loose softness of their hair, but in Marie's strong chin, dark coquettish eyes and strong brow there hid something which had little to do with the life moving at the moment. Perhaps, as Babette had said, there was a man somewhere in the world whose love or lack of love had given her wisdom, but she said herself that she was only a trifler, that she cared for nothing save to enjoy herself.

Antoine, to relieve the situation, which was becoming strained, started a song. That did very well for a little. It was a pretty fantasy of love and wild life, dashed with a spice of devilry, but it soon lost its effect, for the spirits which it raised sent a mad sprightliness into the feet of all, which only the rasp of a fiddle or the breath of a concertina could appease or command. At last tall Medallion, whose ways were those of the blessed of this world and who had his fingers on all the little comedies and tragedies of the parish, stood up in the middle of the floor and proposed a game. Every one was still for a moment, for Medallion had great resources and whimsical ideas. His was the gift of making men and women laugh, not so much at himself as at themselves. Besides, he had a heart. Protestant though he was, even the cure trusted him, and the little chemist worshiped him.

"See, my children," he said, with his sharp eyes twinkling, "since Vigord is late, let's have something agen his coming. Give him a half hour longer, then if he isn't here I'll play the fiddle myself. Let's have now the dance of the Little Wolf. I'll whistle. Well, whoever at the end shall stand alone in the center must tell a very fine story. It must be of love, it must be like a play and it must be true."

At this every one laughed. "M'sieu' Medallion is so droll," they said. "The dance of the Little Wolf and then a true story of love. Certainly M'sieu' Medallion is amusing!"

They all came to their feet, eager for the dance, keen to see on whom the mantle of romance would fall.

"I will tell you a wonderful, beautiful, dreadful story."

Hand in hand, with tripping step, they wound in and out of the rooms, Medallion standing in the center of the floor, having changed his whistling to a singsong kind of chant. The long, waving, loving line linking like chains, curving into circles, parting, joining again, first slowly, then faster and faster, now suddenly in a pretty column back and forth, the men together, then the women—flashing eyes, waving black hair, the warm breath of youth filling the room with an ecstasy wherein every little care and alarm of life was swallowed up, and at last there came a sudden moment of confusion, the hurly burly of laughter and sweet affright or contentment, as the hazard of the dance grew. Presently all parted, and Marie stood alone in the center of the floor, with Antoine on one side not far and Alphonse on the other. There were laughter and a storm of clapping. "Marie! Marie!" they all cried. "The story! The true love story!"

Antoine ran his fingers through his hair, shook the little gold rings in his ears and grinned at Marie, then at Babette. Alphonse was nervous, and his eyes had a kind of wild hunger as he looked at Marie.

Marie glanced round the room, smiling naively, gave Alphonse a quick sidelong glance of torturing coquetry and then caught Medallion's eyes. He was looking at her with a whimsical, suggestive smile. She flashed one back. All at once something defiant swept over her face, a wave of emotion which seemed to lift her all at once into an atmosphere apart from them all, independent of them all. Some inherent dramatic strain in her mastered her for the moment. She was alive to her finger tips. She stepped back a little from Alphonse and Antoine. They drew away on either side, but Medallion folded his arms and watched her from under his bushy brows steadily, kindly.

"The story, the story, Marie!" they called.

The moment before Marie was lost to everything around her. Now she was back again, conscious of their presence, but still in the atmosphere where her inspiration was born. A smile too brilliant, too airy, played on her lips. Her voice had a feverish lightness. Her eyes, though, were burning with a look hard to read.

"I will tell you a wonderful, beautiful, dreadful story," she said.

"Once upon a time"—at this they all laughed—"once upon a time," she repeated very lightly, "there was a girl, and she thought herself beautiful. She used to dream of a great prince who would come one day and tell her that his houses, his lands and all the riches of his kingdom were for her. She only lived in a cottage in a village, but that didn't matter. She rode in a tiny carriole, and she had only a little Indian pony to take her to mass and to market, but that didn't matter. She was a woman, and a woman is like a bird—she has wings, and she flies where she will in the dreams of the night and in the quick hours of the day, when her hands work and her tongue is busy. A man may stoop, but a woman always soars—till a man breaks her heart.

"And so this girl watched for her prince, and when the mist was sweet and flashed in the violet light of summer upon the river he did not come that way, and when all the fields were white with snow in winter and all the world was waiting like the girl he did not come that way.

"And since he did not come to her she would go to him. So one morning she filled a bag with meat and honey and dried fruits, and she put on her thickest mittens and her little fur cap and her great coat of dogskin fur and a woolen cloud about her throat, under which was the little gold brooch given her by her mother, which she would wear before the prince when she found him that he should see she was born for the fine things of this world. She had braided a hand with a bow and arrow on one sidewalk and a hand with a sword upon the other. She started forth all alone. She traveled on and on through thick woods and the wild hills and over plains, and when the wind blew hard she laughed back at them, and when at night something cried in the trees like spirits begging her to speak to them sang the song of the Scarlet Hunter and the chant of the White Swan, for she had no fear. The birds are not afraid till a shot from the hunter's gun or an arrow from his bow strikes into the heart."

She paused and stood looking straight before her, repeating the phrase still again, as though, having learned the tale by heart, she had forgotten something. But she was merely lost for a moment in scenes which were flashing before her mind, having for the time passed beyond her audience to the world where in despair one's own soul flees, and the Angel of the Four Corners can show us no right of way as we travel.

Some girl in the crowd giggled nervously. Another, she knew not why, gave a quick, gasping sob. Babette, who was next her, said, "You goose, it's only a story."

This brought Marie back. She took up the thread again, lightly, but plaintively too:

"By and by she came to a city. It stood high on a great hill. It had splendid houses, churches and palaces, and beneath, at the foot of the mountain, there flowed a fine, wide river. Every stone of that city was made of gold, and every drop of that river was a sweet white wine. Whenever the girl looked at the city she knew it was so; whenever she looked at the river she knew that it was so, and when she looked in the eyes of her prince she knew it was so, for they were all gold and wine also, and she could have lived just ever and ever, looking at those eyes till the Scarlet Hunter blindfolded her and led her out on the lonely trail of the White valley, from which no man returns. Yes, she had found her prince. It does not matter where she saw him first—in a palace or a house or a church—for she saw him; that was enough.

"She was only a poor peasant girl, but he was a great man, so wise, so splendid, so kind. He said that she was beautiful, and she believed him; he said that he loved her, and she trusted, but when she threw herself on his breast and cried that she would never leave him there came into his face a strange, pitiful look. That look broke her heart, for it couldn't be—it couldn't be! She was only a foolish peasant girl or she would have known that a prince could never be her husband. Yet she knew that he loved her.

"Then there came a sad, terrible day, when all the great men of the kingdom came together and decided that she must go away or the prince would lose his kingdom as well as lose her. What could she do? She could not wait about the palace gates; she could not defy all the great men, who were so strong and who could make happy or destroy, as they wished. What could she do? But she saw him once again. It was at the altar of a great church—oh, a church like none any of you ever saw, with a beautiful Calvary above the altar and angels with large, flaming wings and a thousand candles burning and such wonderful, sweet music! It was so she saw him, and that was their goodby. She looked into his eyes, and they had the same look as when she first heard him tell his love, and she got up on her feet and called out to him, but he raised his hand at her as though to say, 'No; never, never!'

"And that was the end. She left the great city, and as she went she saw that it was only built of stone and not of gold and that the river was only cold, dark water and not wine, after all. Her eyes were not the same, and they would never be the same, never, never."

The strange, searching pathos of her voice filled the room, like the eerie music of a violin, and Medallion felt his face flush and his fingers tingle, for he was reading the story of a girl's life in the allegory. Perhaps only he and one other understood, and that other was the simple Babette. She pinched Antoine's arm.

"Can't you understand?" she said.

Antoine shifted from one leg to the other, ran his fingers through his hair and said only: "It's a good story, very good! Bien, she could go on the stage. Ah, once when I was in Montreal I saw a play. Voila, that was a good play! Well, she could act in such a play, that Marie."

Babette smiled, shrugged her shoulders, lifted her eyes and caught Medallion's, and each knew of what the other was thinking.

Marie now almost breathlessly hurried her story:

"So the poor girl came back over the plains and over the hills to her little cottage home. But she was never the same again. She laughed when others laughed, and she was gay, and she danced, and everybody said that she had good times in the world. But you, do you think she had? Because, when she thought of the city now it was no longer of gold, and when she thought of the river it was black and wicked, and when she remembered the man she saw the great rulers of his kingdom frowning at her and the hand of her prince raised as if it said, 'No, never, never!'"

When she finished, there was silence for a moment, so deep that only the breathing of her audience was heard. They could not read the thing. They took her story literally, and it did not seem so strange to them, for they were a simple people. But they were romantic, too, having in their veins—nor did they know this—the feeling of an antique time. So they applauded heartily, grandly. They called "Bravo!" and said there was no one in the parish, not in ten parishes, who could tell a fine true love story like Marie. And Alphonse looked at her with his hungry eyes as though to say that were he that prince he would have followed her from that city and have lost his kingdom and his soul for her.

The dance of the Little Wolf had been a success, and now Medallion bustled in and out among them, breaking them up into groups, while they kept calling for another dance. As he passed Marie he whispered to her: "Well done, ma'm'selle, well done. But you must find another prince, toute suite."

She shook her head at him, laughing in a protective kind of way, but said nothing.

Just then there was a footfall at the door. "Vigord! Is it Vigord?" some cried.

It was not Vigord, but the crowd parted, making way for a tall young man, with a handsome, clean shaven face, warm, keen dark eyes and a strong brow above them. He smiled in a grave kind of way on them, turning his face from right to left as though looking for some one. He carried under one arm a violin. Every one knew the old battered box. It was Vigord's.

"Why, it's Vigord's; it's Vigord's fiddle!" said Antoine.

"Yes, it's Vigord's fiddle," said the young man, still looking round. "Vigord is down at the house of Big Babiche. He was taken sick. I saw him there and told him I would fetch the fiddle and play for you, and here I am."

He tossed his hand up in a gay, free fashion. Just then he saw a face looking out at him from behind half a dozen others—a pale, half frightened, bewildered face, with the eyes full of an anxious questioning, and a smile, too, struggle for life about the lips, just such a smile as might falter at the lips of a condemned man who thought he saw the bearer of a reprieve. God gives even the poor, the laborious and the foolish of this world, whose brains are set to shine under gray skies, moments of wisdom and of feeling so deep that all the rest of their lives, in days and months and years, is as nothing beside them, as a guarantee that at the end, as at the beginning, all souls are the same, and the rest is according to the Angel of the Four Corners, who wards the thousand paths of life.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

WISDOM OF THE WIDOW.

Views of a Man Who Does Not Agree With Tony Weller.

The man who marries a girl just out of school has need of much shrewdness, tact and fortitude, for the first year of matrimony will produce a violent revolution in her mind. As she learns to know her husband—she who has never seen him except when he had his best coat on—she will deem him a brute and will be disappointed and disgusted, for she will compare him with that impossible ideal of manhood which every girl has in her mind and of which he, of course, falls short. But with experience will come wisdom. In time she will understand that her girlhood's ideal, if she were to have him in the flesh, would be an unbearable prig, and that her husband is about as good as men go and even—if she loves him—a little better than the next man.

A widow has all this knowledge of men and of the world, which a spinster lacks. A man talks to a widow freely as to one who has found him out. She is expert in the arts of pleasing him, and if a bright young widow sets her cap for a man he can escape her only by flight. A widow has no illusions and no ideals. She is well trained and used to going double, while the spinster is an unbroken filly and is bound to kick up a good deal when she first feels a tug at the snaffle.—San Francisco Bulletin.

Fashionable Life In Italy.

The fashionable season in Italy, says Luigi Villari in "Italian Life In Town and Country," is from Christmas to Easter, the time generally known as the carnival. At Naples, Messina and some other places there is also a summer season. Commenting on the peculiarities of life among the upper classes, Mr. Villari says:

"Italians, even in the grandest establishments, do not wear evening dress for dinner unless there is a party. A black coat is enough for ordinary purposes. A few men who wish to be particularly fashionable wear a smoking coat with a black tie, which garment is sufficient for all save very large dinner parties and balls. On the other hand, there are occasions when a man dons his dress clothes by day. It is de rigueur at court functions, even in mornings, and at weddings. Ladies wear hats at the theaters except on gala nights. They display more jewelry by day than English ladies. The Italian aristocracy have magnificent jewels, and even in quite small towns, where there is no great wealth, the old families can make a fine display. The tall hat is only necessary at marriages, funerals and at court. Young men of fashion wear it also when paying calls during the season. Among the bourgeoisie evening clothes are hardly ever worn at all."

Faithful to the Last.

In many Scotch families the old manservant is a permanent institution. He enters the service of a family when he is a boy, sticks to his place and resigns only when the infirmities of age are upon him. Naturally he grows in time to claim as rights what were at first granted him as favors and if he is opposed asserts himself with a spirit of independence. An English paper tells a story illustrative of this.

A lady's coachman, a crusty old fellow, who had been in the service of the family in her father's time, gave her great trouble and annoyance on several occasions by not carrying out her instructions. At length his conduct became unbearable, and she determined to dismiss him. Calling him into her presence, she said with as much asperity as she could command:

"I cannot stand this any longer, John. You must look out for another situation. You will leave my service at the end of the month."

The old servant looked at her in amusement for a minute, and then the characteristic "loyalty" came to the surface.

"Na, na, my lady," he said. "I drove you to the kirk to be baptized, I drove you to your marriage, and I'll stay to drive you to your funeral."

His Question.

Sister—You've seen Mrs. Newpop's baby, haven't you?

Brother—Yes, but I'm afraid Mrs. Newpop must think I don't take any interest in babies.

Sister—Of course, if you don't ask questions about it she—

Brother—But I did ask a question; asked if it could sit up on its hind legs and beg yet, and she wouldn't answer.—Philadelphia Press.

PERSISTENT LOVERS.

WOMEN WHO WERE MARRIED IN SPITE OF THEMSELVES.

Some Matrimonial Experiences That Would Seem to Justify Voltaire's Cynical Declaration That "Any Man Can Wed Any Woman."

"Any man can marry any woman." Voltaire once cynically declared, "if he only pursues her long enough." This, at any rate, was the experience of Jacob Halliday, a well known character in the north of England a couple of generations ago.

Never did a lover win a wife under such discouraging conditions as Jacob, for after his first proposal he was soundly horsewhipped by the young lady's father and ducked in a convenient pond.

"I'll ask her again next year," Jacob spluttered as he emerged from his bath, the fire of his passion not a whit quenched by his cold douche. "Regularly once a year, on the anniversary of his first proposal and immersion," Nicholson says in his biography of Mr. Halliday, "Jacob attired himself in his finest raiment and presented his petition, always with the same negative result. When he presented himself, now a middle aged man, for the twenty-fourth time, the lady greeted his appearance with a peal of laughter. 'It's no good, Jacob, I see,' she exclaimed. 'I may as well give in now as later, but what a faint hearted creature the importunate widow was compared with you!'"

Sheridan took an equally bold course when he sought to win the fairest of the beautiful daughters of Linley, the composer of Bath, who was strongly opposed to the suit of the brilliant young poet and dramatist. His ladylove, too, was beset by an army of suitors, many of them far more eligible than the penniless law student. The circumstances called for bold and decisive action. After threatening to destroy himself if the lady refused his advances and fighting a couple of duels with one of his most formidable rivals Sheridan took the bold step of running away with Miss Linley and conducting her to a French nunnery, where she remained in confinement until, succumbing to her lover's daring and persistence, she consented to marry him.

An amusing and characteristic story is told of Lord Beaconsfield in the days when he was wooing Mrs. Lewis, to whom in later years of married life he was so touchingly devoted.

One day Mrs. Lewis, who was then living in retirement at her seat in Glamorganshire, saw a gentleman walking leisurely up the drive. "Jane," she exclaimed to an old servant, "I really believe that horrid man Disraeli is coming up the drive. Do, please, run to the door and say I'm not at home." Jane opened the door to the undesired caller and gravely announced her message. "I know," Disraeli coolly answered, "but take my bag to a bedroom and prepare luncheon. I will wait until Mrs. Lewis is ready to come downstairs," which, of course, Mrs. Lewis felt compelled to do a few minutes later.

"Oh, dear, what can I do with such an obstinate, thick skinned man?" the widow asked desperately later in the day when Disraeli showed no sign of raising the siege. "Marry him, I suppose, ma'am," was Jane's philosophic answer, and, as the world knows, the persistent wooer had his way in the end in this as in most other things in life.

A judge, not long deceased, used to tell a diverting story of his wooing. In those days he was a struggling and obscure lawyer without even the prospect of an income, and the woman on whom he had set his affections was the daughter of a purse proud man with a high sounding name who was strongly opposed to giving his daughter to a "penniless lawyer."

"Do you know, sir," the father thundered when he was asked for his daughter's hand—"do you know, sir, that my daughter's ancestors have all been noblemen and that one of them was a favorite minister of Queen Elizabeth?" "Oh, yes, I know all that," the young barrister placidly answered, "and do you know that Queen Elizabeth once slapped your ancestor's face, and unless you are more civil I will do the same for you?" It is scarcely surprising that so bold and daring a lover had his way in the end, even in the face of such a barrier of ghostly noble ancestors.

The late Prince Bismarck, it is said, won his wife in much the same way. Although he had not known the lady of his love more than a few days and her parents were not even aware of his existence, he presented himself one day before them and boldly asked permission to marry their daughter. In vain the father fumed and blustered and threatened to have the young man forcibly ejected from the house for his impertinence. "I am sorry to annoy you, sir," the young soldier said, "but I must respectfully decline to leave the house until I have your consent." Nor did he, although the consent was given in these ungracious words: "Well, I suppose you must have your way, but I cannot compliment my daughter on her choice of a mule for a husband."

He Feels It.

"Does a draft give you cold chills down your back?" asked the philosopher.

"It does," replied the wise guy, "when my bank account is overdrawn."—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

Bobby's Comment.

Little Bobby was inspecting the new baby for the first time, and his dictum was as follows:

"I s'pose it's nice enough, what there is of it, but I'm sorry it ain't a parrot."—Tit-Bits.

The Wary Purchaser.

Mrs. Youngwed—And what are these?

Dealer—Salt mackerel, mum.

Mrs. Y.—Are they quite fresh?—Chicago News.

Largely Supplied.

"Are you a man of family, sir?"

"Yes, sir. My third son-in-law moves in today."—Detroit Free Press.

There is no case on record of a man having committed a crime with a pipe or cigar in his mouth.

AMERICAN AUDIENCES.

Men and Women and Their Effect Upon Public Meetings.

American audiences are strangely alike in some things and strangely dissimilar in others. A good committee will take as much pains in the arrangement of its audience as of its speakers. An audience seated without crowding is seldom enthusiastic. Neither is an audience whose hands are occupied with bundles or umbrellas, an audience largely composed of women or an audience in a cold room. The easiest audiences to address, the most responsive and inspiring, are those composed of men crowded and packed together and warm.

Women naturally do not applaud or cheer. They are by instinct more self restrained in the public expression of their emotions than men. Every public speaker is complimented by their presence, knowing that their quiet word at home is oftentimes more effective in results than the most enthusiastic shouting on the street corners by the other sex. In a public meeting, however, the audience gets its cue from those nearest the speaker. I remember well two audiences, both from the same social class, both crowded, both in large theaters and both largely attended by women. One happened to be in Colorado, one in Massachusetts. In one meeting the orchestra was reserved for women. In the other meeting the men had the orchestra and the women had the lower gallery and all the boxes. In both cases the audiences were entirely friendly to the speakers. The second meeting was marked by wild enthusiasm, the first one by respectful attention. In the second case the mass of men in the orchestra urged on the speakers by continued applause. In the first case the men in the galleries who started to applaud were checked because between them and the speakers was a mass of absolutely silent femininity in the orchestra. I do not say that one meeting was less effective than the other, but the difference in the strain on the speaker was marked.—From "The Spellbinder," by Colonel Curtis Guild, Jr., in Scribner's.

A Supreme Court Coincidence.

While in session the associate justices of the United States supreme court are seated on either side of the chief justice, in the order of their commissions, the oldest in commission on his right, the next oldest on his left; the third is second on the right and the fourth second on the left, and so on alternately, the youngest in commission occupying the seat on the extreme left.

When Justice Field was the senior associate, this arrangement produced this curious result: The names of the justices on the right had but a single syllable—Field, Gray, Brown and White—while the names of those on the left had two syllables—Harlan, Brewer, Shiras and Peckham. All were married, but no one of the justices on the right had ever had any children, while each of those on the left had both children and grandchildren. The colors were all on the right—Gray, Brown and White—while the left was colorless.—Youth's Companion.

No Influence Above.

In Dr. John Hall's time it was the custom in his church to use the old fashioned, simple hymns, and the singing was congregational.

On one occasion William M. Evarts discovered E. Delafield Smith, then corporation counsel of New York city, singing with all his heart and whispered to his friend:

"Why, there is Smith singing 'I want to be an angel!' I knew he wanted to be district attorney, but I didn't know he wanted to be an angel."

The remark was repeated to Mr. Smith, and quick as a flash came the retort:

"No, I have never mentioned the matter to Evarts, knowing that he had no influence in that direction."

Loading Satan Down.

"Lightning knocked the church steeple down," some one said to Brother Dickey. "Yes; Satan's eyes always flash fire when he sees a church steeple gwine up." "And here's a colored brother killed another at a camp meeting." "Yes; Satan goes ter meetin' 'long wid de res' er dem en sometimes shouts de loudes'." "And a preacher was drowned in the river last week." "Oh, yes; Satan's in de water too. He 'bleege ter go dar ter cool off." "So you blame everything on Satan, do you?" "Bless God!" was the reply. "Ain't dat what he's fer?"—Atlanta Constitution.

Conspicuous Example.

"Women are belittled and made of no account in every possible way," exclaimed the indignant head of the family. "Even the geographers willfully and deliberately slight her. How many really important towns in this country are named in honor of a woman?"

"Well, my dear," said her husband, scratching his chin reflectively, "there's Janesville, you know."—Chicago Tribune.

A Touch of Sarcasm.

Mr. Skinflint (on receiving a deputation from his employees)—Well, what's the matter now?

Clerk (spokesman)—We want to be paid every week instead of every month.

"Ugh! You get all that's due to you, don't you?"

"Yes, sir."

"And promptly to a day?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then why do you want to be paid weekly instead of monthly?"

"Please, sir, it's so we won't be get tin' the lumbago carryin' home our wages."—London Answers.

The Wise Deacon.

"Deacon," began the old colored parson, "do you ebeh say, 'Git behind me, Satan?'"

"No, bruddah, Ah do not," said Deacon Green. "Ef Ah told Satan to git behind me, he might stick me when Ah wa'n't lookin'. Ah keeps him right in front whah Ah kin see him."—Chicago News.

I wonder why it is we are not all kinder than we are. How easily it is done! How instantaneously it acts! How infallibly it is remembered!—Drummond.

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Six Physicians Said Diabetes.

Bright's Disease and Diabetes Are Positively Curable.

John A. Phelps, of the Hotel Repeller, 781 Sutter street, an old-time San Francisco business man, interviewed December 21, 1901:

Q.—It is hard for people to believe Bright's Disease and Diabetes are curable. Will you let us mention your case?

A.—You may. I've told many about it.

Q.—Did physicians declare it Diabetes?

A.—A half dozen did. For three years I declined steadily till finally I had to sell my business. The last doctor thought I'd live only about six weeks and advised me to straighten out my affairs.

Q.—How soon did you begin to mend under the Fulton Compounds?

A.—The specific gravity soon began to drop, but it was nearly a year before I was perfectly sound.

Q.—Did any whom you told of it take it?

A.—Several cases of Diabetes and Bright's Disease, upon hearing my experience, took it and recovered.

Q.—Can you recall the names?

A.—I don't like to mention them without their permission. One was a fr end in Collingwood, Ohio, who was pensioned off by his company as incurable. He recovered. Another was that of a well-to-do lady in this city, who was also given up by her physicians. She is now perfectly well.

Q.—What do you think now of the curability of chronic Bright's Disease and Diabetes?

A.—I have known for several years that they are curable.

Q.—But the books say that they are not?

A.—Certainly they do, and f r that reason many will not at first believe it, but they will gradually.

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 feevishness, weakness, sweating, fever, diarrhoea, brain troubles, convulsions, etc., that prove terribly fatal. The deaths in 1900 under three years were 264,988, 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.

2934 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.

NESTING WOOD DUCKS.

The Courtship Period Is Followed by a Very Prosaic Married Life.

When a pair of wood ducks find water and a hollow tree to suit, little time is lost in preparing the nest. This task and the covering of the eggs are performed by the female, for, to the best of my knowledge, the male does little more than sit around on handy limbs and look pretty. During the period of nest building and while the duck is laying he is the beau ideal of a handsome and loving cavalier, ever attentive and seemingly most anxious as to her whereabouts should she happen to get out of his sight. But with the waning of the honeymoon he seems to feel rather bored with the whole business, and gradually he gets clubby—i. e., wanders from his own fireside and hunts up another drake or two to help him loaf away the summer. The busy little duck keeps her own counsel and "sits tight" on the dozen or more highly polished ivorylike eggs crowded together in a bed of soft decayed wood and down from her breast.

Quite frequently the nest is at the bottom of a hollow several feet deep, and no doubt the strong, hooked claws of the wood duck are a special provision for the oft repeated climbing out of the hollow.—Edwyn Sandys in Outing.

A School of Poisoners.

A merciless school of poisoners once flourished in Venice. During the fifteenth century even the government of the state used poison without any disguise as a weapon. A body called "the council of ten" was appointed to determine who should be dispatched, and they dealt with the lives of princes, kings and popes as one would deal with superfluous trees in a wood. A curious document is still extant in which the proceedings of this council are recorded. It shows that one John of Ragusa prepared a selection of poisons and scale of fees. The fee varied with the importance of the victim and the length of the journey to be made for his dispatch. For poisoning the Duke of Milan he charged 60 ducats, for the pope 100 ducats, for the king of Spain 150 ducats, for the "great sultan" 500 ducats.

If you want to win the gratitude of a dog, feed him. As to men, the material difference is the quality of the food.—Baltimore News