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

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remembered when, in the shadow of

the mind of a woman. This was not

"A fortnight," he said, "is the time

"Can't you understand?" be replied,

"Marie, Marie, aren't you glad to see

"I have my own confessor." she re-

"Marie, Marie," he whispered. But

with a laugh she sprang down from

the little platform among the dancers

swung both her and Babette through

"Marie, Marie," he whispered.

ewung through the changes, and that

her eyes had a hard kind of brilliance

It was not given him to read the heart

her chin on his knee, and many a time

for it seemed to them both that there

He had talked much with her from

for Medallion was a Protestant, and

that ended it, but Medallion had never

married, and, strange to say, the cure

and himself and Marie's father were

the best of friends. Medallion was also

busy watching M. Camille, for he felt

that here was something wherein a

friend might serve Marie, though how he did not know. He liked the young

man's face, for it had that touch of

loneliness and native solitary thought

which the present gayety of eye, voice

and manner made almost pathetic. He

even saw something more-a reckless

ness, not natural to the youth's charac

ter, which sat on him like a touch of

doom-and as he thought Marie's al-

legory - her "wonderful, beautiful

dreadful" (those were her words) tale

But if he could have read the young

man's mind, could have seen the strug-

gle going on there, the despair, the

wild hope, the daring, the revolt, the

breaking up of all the settled courses

of a life, he would have been as star-

tled as apprehensive, for while Camille

Debarres was urging on this mirth and

revel with a nervous eagerness be kept

saying to himself over and over again:

"I can't give her up! God forgive me!

The words beat in and out of the

time to time, and she had always

"A priest should be about his

en it to her.

She got to her feet.

warned her, and she dropped her eyes I'd be here if I was?" He drew the while he came on, the crowd still gath- bow across the E string with a vigor ering around him. more raw than sweet.

You will play for us, then, you will "How should I know?" she answer play for us?" they cried. ay for us?" they cried.
"Yes, I'll play for you," he answered.
He winced, and the bow rasped on

his eyes wide open and shining like the E string, so that the dancers looktwo black diamonds. "But see," he ed up wonderingly, but M. Camille's continued, "I must have the prettiest head was only nodding to the music, girl in the parish to supper, and at and the dancing went on the same every fourth dance she must sit beside Still her arrow had gone home, for he me while I play."

He laughed as he said it and tossed the great cathedral in Quebec one his fingers again in an airy, gallant Christmas eve, he had bade her forget fashion. It was strange, too, this buoy-ant manner, for in spite of his flash-of him only as Camille, her brother. ing eyes and smiling lips there was a who was vowed to become a priest. grave, ascetic expression behind all, Sorrow and pain had sharpened her something of melancholy, too, in the mind as only these things can sharpen turn of his straight, manly body.

Medallion, standing apart, watched the simple, loving girl from a country him musingly. He had not seen that village who had stolen his heart while first glance at Marie or Marie's glance he studied in Laval seminary. This in return, but he felt there was some- was a little woman, grown, oh. so bitthing strange and uncommon in the terly wise! And when a woman grows man. He had the bearing of a gentle-bitter and wise the bravest should be man, and his voice was that of edu-humble, for she needs neither the help cation and refinement. The giris sim- of gods nor of men to aid her tongue. pered and whispered among them- "When do you become a priest?" she selves, and the men turned with one asked with slow inquisition. consent to Marie.

"Well, it must be Marie," said An- fixed." "Then, as I said, why do you come?" toine. "She's the prettiest girl in the she asked sharply. parish.

"Yes, Marie, Marie!" said others. Alphonse had a mind to speak, but with a strong rush of feeling. he dared not, for he saw that he could not contradict Antoine, and he also ther's business, not at a dance," she saw that Marie would be handed over replied scornfully. to this handsome stranger.

"Good!" said the stranger. "Then me," he said, "running all this risk as let it be Marie," not looking toward I do?" He had his eyes on the little her-"that is," he added, "if Marie is cross at her throat. He had once givwilling."

Now they made way for her to come forward and said, "Here-here she is." plied-"the good Father Fabre. I don't Marie came down slowly, not look need another." Her fingers felt for the ing at the stranger, and his eyes did cross, then suddenly dropped it. not dwell upon her face. They rose no higher than her neck, where she wore

a little cross of gold. "Good," he said again, "good!" Then as she came nearer he contin- and caught Medallion's arm. ued in an offhand way, "My name is With rollicking laughter Medallion

Camille, Marie." She did not more than whisper the the firting changes of a cotilion. words, "M. Camille," and held out her hand, still not raising her eyes to his was gay, but Medallion noticed that her

hand was now hot, now cold as they He took her hand and clasped it. As he did so a sound almost like a moan broke softly from her lips. There was so much noise and chattering that perhans no one noticed it except Babette and Medallion, but they were watching-watching.

All at once Marie broke away with a wild little laugh. "Chut!" she said as she danced in among the other girls, changed all in an instant. "He'll be tired of me before the thing's over." "Yes," said Medallion under his

so sure either." Medallion was only speculating. Ten minutes afterward M. Camille was seated on a little platform at the end of the room, raised about six inches from the floor, playing for the dancers.

Marle was dancing with Alphonse. "You think he's handsome?" asked Alphonse furtively. "Oh, he's so vain!" she said. "Look at the way he switches the bow!"

"And listen how he calls off the dances," continued Alphonse, delighted; "not half so good as Vigord. And such airs; such airs! Who's he, anyhow? We don't know; likely some scalawag from Quebec." "Perhaps he's a prince," said the girl,

laughing. "Prince? Bosh! Where's his mustache?" Alphonse stroked his own carelessly, one arm around Marie's of this romance. He would not try to walst, "Why, he's shaved like a priest." probe the thing. He merely watched Something peculiar flashed into Ma- and waited. He had known Marie rie's eyes, and she looked for a moment inquiringly at Alphonse. just like a priest," she said. The dance went on. M. Camille's

clear, resonant voice rang out over the and wondered what her life would be, heads of the dancers: "Ladies' chainto partners-promenade all!" And so make her happy, that year in Quebec on, the words bending and inflecting had changed her so, had given her larto the music like a song, with here ger ideas of life and men. and there a laughing phrase thrown in at a stumbling habitant or a pretty compliment to some blushing girl, seemed glad of that. She thought him whose eyes, as well as her feet, danced a reply to the master of the revels. Never was such music heard in the He would have gone far to serve ber, parish of Pontiac. Vigord's sun had for the gossip, now almost legend, gone out in darkness, and M. Camille's that he had cared for Marie's mother was at high noon. Already had Me- before she married Marie's father had dailion made friends with the fiddler foundation. The cure had stepped in, and had become at once M. Camille's lieutenant in the jocund game, for Medallion had no vanity, and he knew a man of parts when he found him and

loved the man for the parts. In the third dance Marie took her place on a chair beside M. Camille. The crowd gave a little cheer for herfor them both-before the dance began, and then they were all hard at it, heel and toe, knee and elbow, warm shoulder to warm shoulder, enjoyment panting through the room. Suddenly M. Camille's voice was heard as he paused at the beginning of a set.

"It's my turn to talk. Who'll call off the dance? Will you?" he added, looking at Medallion.

Medallion nodded and took up parable. The music was riotous, and of love-kept showing in vivid pictures Medallion's voice abundantly cheerful in his eye. as he danced with Rabette.

And now behind the joyous riot there "Do you wonder why I've come, Marie?" said the master of the revels.

'Why have you come?" she asked.

"Have you forgotten my name?" urged reproachfully. Why shouldn't I?"

"That's so, that's so," he answered. "You told me to forget it," she add-

"That's true," he agreed sorrow-

music. Youth, humanity, energies of There was a pause, in which nothing was said between them, and then in an ing for mastery in the breast of one awed, shrinking kind of voice she said, soon to be given to the separateness of "Are you—a priest—now?" the church, wherein the love of man His voice in reply had a kind of dis- and maid must be viewed with a dis-

tour partireast over & bundled forces that form at work to pur brok and have LIMI IN THE CHAPTE AND WHEN AN A student. Maybe came into his life these forces, with forcing for severe appeal benston, clused on him and on the girl and and separated them, as it seemed,

the final act that should set him apart mething in the young man's look dainful recklessness. "Do you think

able to catch Marie's eyes. She could not resist that pleading, the inexpressthle hunger in that look. She came and sat down beside him, and again writes. One day the whole dinner con Medallion called off the figures of the

dance. They spoke in very low tones, trying vent their bearts showing in their faces.

"What do you want to say?" she asked, her breath catching. "I want to know, Marie, if you still sore me?" his voice whispered through

the music. "What does it matter?" she said. "And is it right to ask?" "I've come all the way from Quebec

to ask it," he said. "You came to ask that? What did you come to say?" she flashed out, her

lips quivering a little. He understood. "Forgive me. I thought you knew I couldn't ask you

if you cared unless I"-

He paused, for if he spoke the words the die would be cast forever: he would never return to those quiet walls where incense and not the breath of woman-a breath like this, soft, sweet, instinct with youth and delight-would touch his senses. Yet what had he come for? To rack a girl's heart and oul and then return to his masses and prayers, leaving an injured life behind him? When he started from Quebec he scarcely knew what he was going to do, save that he must see this girl's face once-once again. He had had no thought beyond that. That desire was hot within him. He did not know-she might be married or dead or the betrothed of another, but he would see her, then return to his sacred duties and forget. In coming at all he had committed a sin for which he would have to atone bitterly when he returned, if he returned, but the latter thought had not presented itself to him definitely, though it had flashed in and out of the vapors of emotion like a

flying flame. But now here was Marie, and here was he in the garb of the workaday world, and frivolity and irresponsible gayety around them, and he, all on a sudden, with his faraway boyish reckssness again alive in him, the master

of the revels. "Unless?" Marie asked. "Yes, 'un less?" There were two little lines at the corners of her mouth-lines which never come to a girl's face unless she has suffered and lost. Marie had not only a heart, but a sense of honor, too, for the man. Having come to her thus, whatever chanced he should justify himself in so far as might be by saying what any honest man would say. She had a right to know if he still loved her, and he had no right to know if she still loved him until that was done. He must be justified in her sight. If he loved her and said so, then let the Angel point what way it would;

she would submit. She flushed with a kind of indigna tion. Must she always be the sufferer He, a man, had a work of life to interst him; she had nothing-nothing save herself and the solitary path of meager parish life. She would have her moment of triumph in spite of all. She would hear him say he loved her; she would make him give all up for her. She was no longer the wistful, shrinking girl who had been hurried back to her home from Quebec and handed over to the tender watchfulness of M. Fabre, whose heart had ached for her. vet who felt that what was was best. She was very much a woman now. and if only for an hour she would have

ber way. "Unless what-Camille?" she asked. since she was only big enough to lean Her voice dwelt softly on the "Ca nille." It was the first sound of tensince she had grown up he and old derness that he had heard from her Garon, the avocat, had talked of her since he came, and it thrilled him. It was three years since he had heard a roice with that sound in it. Life was there you go-right and left-balance was no man in the parish who could grave and far from sentimental in the seminary. His youth-the old Adamcame to swelling life in him. He put it all in the words, "I wouldn't have asked you if you loved me yet, Marie, unless I was sure you knew that I loved you"-he drew his bow caress wise, and he had wondered at some ingly along the D string, so that a deep, searching things she had said. sweet, aching joyfulness seemed infused into the dance-"and that I've

risked everything to come and tell you A low sound, half delight, half pain, came from her. But she turned her head away. There was silence for a

"Won't you speak? What are you thinking? Don't turn your head away." he continued. Slowly her face came toward him, her eyes shining, her cheeks pale, her

lips slow and moving gently, but the words dropping like metal. "You are true to nothing." she said; neither to the church-nor to me.' "Marie, haven't you any pity?" He did not know what or how he was dust is the trouble. playing now. His fingers wandered.

the bow came and went, but he was not thinking of the music. "Why are you so selfish, then?" she "Why didn't you leave me here alone? A woman is always at a man's tal City?

mercy!" Something scorched him from head to foot. He now felt, as he had never

felt before, what that incident three years ago meant, what this girl's life had been since, what was the real nature of that renunciation. The eight hand reel was near its end. He got to his feet in his excitement, played faster and faster, and then with a call to the dancers and Medallion brought the dance to a close. In the subsequent jostling, as the revelers made their way to another room for supper he offered his arm to Marie, nodded the active world, were crying out, fight- as gayly as he could to the frequent "Merci, merci, monsieur!" and they walked together to the end of the room, saying nothing. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

E PERST THET PRILES

THE CIRCL OF A MAY-AND THAT WAS THOS FORST PROMOTICES MOTORS THOSE CAN ASSESSED FOR MISSAULTERS.

fr of workin the mornogy of many people that the custom of a nonlinearh ers "learding around" was the usual thing in country districts. Although He was older now, but as he negred a custom which feachers seldom liked. it is doubtful if many of them had as from the world and close up for always hard a time as a roung schoolmaster the springs of youth and desire the old who described his experience in the feeling had leaped up, had filled him; New England Galaxy for 1817. The he had somehow got a few days of settlele was written by Leonard Ap respite, and this was the result, this thorp, then an undergraduate of Bowmad escapade, this dangerous play- doin college. The young schoolmaster was to receive \$15 a month and his

From the first day I perceived that I was at board on speculation and at the mercy of a close calculation, he sisted of a single dumpling, which they called a pudding, and five sausages, which in cooking shrunk to the with what desperate anxiety to pre- size of pipestems. There were five of us at table.

A few days afterward, on my return from school, my eyes were delighted by the sight of an animal I had never seen before. It was a raccoon, which the young man, Jonathan, had killed and brought home in triumph. When skinned, he seemed to be one entire mass of fat and of a most delicate whiteness. I was overjoyed and went to bed early to dream of delicious steaks which the morrow would bring. Long before daylight I heard the family stirring, and the alacrity of quick footsteps and the repeated opening and shutting of doors all gave as

surance of the coming holiday. I was soon ready for breakfast, and when seated at table I observed that the place of Jonathan was vacant. "Where is Jonathan?" I asked.

"Gone to market," said they. "Market! What market, pray? did not know there was any market in these parts."

"Oh, yes." they said, "he is gone to about thirty miles to the southward of us." "And what has called him up early to go to market?"

PICKINGS FROM FICTION.

raccoon.

"He is gone," said they, "to sell his

The fool's ear was made for the knave's tongue.-Ramaswami's "Indian Fables." Bad habits are leeches that would

suck a Hercules to effeminacy. - "A

Speckled Bird." Money buys things, and love wins things; power takes things .- "Fame For a Woman."

Duty is what we think about when ill or are reminded of by creditors .-Davidson's "Dumas." When a man ceases to make love to his wife, some other man begins .-

"Fables For the Elite." People whose lives are anything but a joke are usually content with the smallest jests .- "The Vultures."

Mothers personify circumstances to children. We are symbols to them of baffling, cramping fate,-"The Rescue." A woman is like unto a volcano which, even when inactive, is palpitating to spit forth its fire and which, when it does vent its fury, bursts the bounds of its late enforced suppression .- "The Wooing of Wistaria."

Some British Lawmaking. It may surprise some folks to learn that plenty of British laws have been drawn up so carelessly and written in such muddled language that they are quite useless for their intended pur

One of the acts passed in George III.'s reign, for instance, states that the proceeds of penalties were to be given half to the informer and half to the poor of the parish. The absurdity lies in the fact that the only penalty which could be inflicted was one of transportation for fourteen years.

In 1865 a well known Q. C. created a lot of amusement by proposing an amendment worded as follows: "Every dog found trespassing on inclosed land unaccompanied by the registered owner of such dog or other person, who shall on being asked for his true name and address may be then and there destroyed by such occupier or by his orders." This gem of meaninglessness was, however, not passed.-London Tit

He Knew Some Costly Ones. In order to discourage the use of objectionable words, says the Chicago Post, the father had evolved a system of fines, somewhat after this fashion:

Hang it, 1 cent. Darn it. 2 cents. Gosh, 3 cents.

Gosh darn it, 5 cents.

The boy who was to be reformed by this method studied the tariff with considerable interest, but it was some time

before he spoke. "Well," he said at last, "I guess know some words that would cost a

To Clean Nickel Clocks

Cheap nickel clocks that have proved their convenience through much popular use play tricks with their timekeeping occasionally for want of cleaning This fault may be quickly remedied with naphtha. The backs should be unscrewed and the works taken out and immersed in the fluid, a treatment that will speedily restore their service unless some more radical defect than

The Honorable Members. "I suppose the arrival of new congressmen from time to time has a tendency to give variety to life in the Capi-

"Not a great deal," answered the man who is more or less cynical. "It merely means the introduction of new names into the same old anecdotes."-Washington Star.

In His Mind. "Braggy says his grandfather lost his mind because of the loss of his for

"He's just got the story twisted. He lost his fortune because of the loss of his mind. That's where he had his for tune."-Catholic Standard and Times.

Bridle your tongue and you saddle your temper.-New York Press.

Cast iron articles were first made t England in the year 1700.

BOCTORS IN CHINA

or a donkey must be sent to fetch him. | story: As sonn as he reaches the house he is meats; or, if he has come a good disfance, with a meal of several courses.

he will not approach him until he has

When at last he goes to his bedside, he first asks the patient if he is still able to eat, and he next examines his pulse. After the patient has bared his entire forearm the physician places his finger on the pulse and for several moments does not utter a word. Sometimes only one of his fingers and at other times all of them are employed at this work. When he breaks his silence, he describes minutely the disease from which the patient is suffering and

The probability is that it would, even if, as the question supposes, all the type kept up by the various printers of Bibles and Testaments and prayer books were also destroyed. In the first place, such a vast number of commentaries have been published in different languages on various portions of the Bible that it would almost be possible to reconstruct the Scriptures from them, and such deficiencies as existed would be supplied by ancient writings, mainly controversial works, which reproduce the text very fully. Sermons, homilies and kindred works would als be of great assistance, and such deficiencies as might still remain would certainly be supplied from the memo ries of the vast numbers of Biblical students who have studied the Scriptures in so many different languages .-London Answers.

No reason exists, says a foreign jour nal, why persons should not keep their beloved ones with them after death, since their bodies can very easily be mummified. The ancient Egyptians, it continues, were experts at this art, and a close study of some of their mummles shows how they did the work. The body is placed in a boiler which contains chloride of calcium and which is heated to 125 degrees and after re maining there for a certain time is tak en out and steeped for twenty-four hours in a cold solution of sulphate of

home and install it in a place of

A man with daughters need not feel ashamed in New Zealand. He's a political power, a big man in the district in which he resides. All women over Globe. twenty-one years of age can vote, so the man with many daughters often decides a closely contested election Then, again, women are much sought after matrimonially, for they are out numbered by the men two to one. There is no need for a woman becoming an old maid. The women are good dressers, and the styles are as nearly up to date as those of London and New York.

Sea Talk.

Bobby-You have always shown predilection for sea tales, haven't you' I know you always used to be reading hem when we were in college.

Dicky-Yes; and I still like them as nuch as ever. By the way, on that sea voyage I took last year I was much astonished to find how unfamiliar the sailors were with sea language. They didn't talk a bit like the sailor the books tell about.-Boston Transcript.

"Auntie," said the judge to the battered lady of color, "did your husband strike you with malice aforethought?" "'Deed he didn't, jedge," was the indignant reply. "He didn't hit me wid that mallet afore he thought. He'd been figgerin' on dat er long time jedge; 'deed he had."-Baltimore News.

The beggar had a notice up. "Deaf and Dumb," and the passing philan-

thropist stopped in front of him. "I'd like to give this man something. he said to his companion, "but how am I to know that he is deaf and dumb?" "Read the notice, sir." whispered the beggar cautiously.-Chums.

Rubbing It In. He-If you wefuse me, I shall put a bullet thwough my bwain. She-The idea! How could you! He-I suppose you think I'm talking

Philadelphia Press. Great After Dinner Speech Spunger-The best after dinner peech I ever heard was once when I vas out with Goodley. Winks-And who made the speech?

She-Oh, no, like a sharpshooter.

like a cwazy man?

have the check, please, waiter." -- Phil- ry means defeat for de udder chap."adelphia Record. Meanness of Brown Green-Brown told an acquaintance of mine that he could have beat my

Spunger-Goodley. He said, "Let me

time and married you himself if he had wanted to. Mrs. Green-The idea! I wonder why he didn't do it, then? Green-Oh, I can readily understand why he didn't. He had a grudge

against me.-Chicago News. Her Idea of 1t. "Do you believe in short engage PAROLES NOT REVOKER

Bratter treat tale flowe the tent Whose a man in China incomes ill, his francot ff. Gooding, for many years a mile south for a doctor, and as no distinguished couldess of Washington Chinese physician of established reput and chairman of the commission to free tation will walk to a patient a carriage | the slaves of the District, once fold this

"One morning soon after the surren conducted into the best room and is en- der at Appomattox 1 was one of tertsined with tea, brandy and sweet group of gentlemen standing on Pennsylvania avenue, discussing the mo mentous questions of the day. As we No matter how ill his patient may be talked General Grant rode toward us smoking his usual cigar. Recognizing thoroughly refreshed himself in this several of us, he dismounted and joined

> " 'What's the news?' he asked. "I answered, 'We are discussing a piece of news which comes to us directly from the White House and which gives me no little concern. What is it? asked the general.

> "I understand that President An drew Johnson intends to revoke the parole of General Lee and other generals of the late Southern Confederacy.' General Grant.

from which the patient is suffering and writes a prescription.

Then the doctor takes his leave, promising to call again if necessary. He receives, as a rule, no fee for this service, but if he is a druggist he charges a large price for the medicine, or if he is not a druggist he receives a satisfactory commission from the one who prepares it. Moreover, the patient, if he recovers, generally gives him a handsome present.

"Who was your informant? asked General Grant.

"I gave him the name of the gentle man who had given the information.

"General Grant quietly said, Thank you, genglemen,' remounted his horse and rode rapidly away toward the White House.

"We leisurely turned our steps in the same direction, and as we entered the portice we saw Grant coming down the steps looking more excited than I had ever seen him before. I went upstairs and met a friend who had been in one of the large c ty topitals, had been tapped nearly a dozen times and was so weak that his case was looked upon as so hopeless that his recovery would erate a fine test for the compounds. We told Joy to send the patient. Joy started for a trip around the world, fully expecting on his file the patient is proticed we gave him to treatment. Joy started for a trip around the world, fully expecting on his silent majority. We now skip ten months. Joy has returned. His the steps looking more excited than I had ever seen him before. I went upstained that he had been in one of the large c ty topitals, had been tapped for over y would create a seastion and that it would be and of the gentlem.

"Who was your informant?" asked of Bright's Disease and was beyond human aid. Joy explained that he had a dozen times and was so weak that his case was dozen times and was so weak that his case was dozen times and was so weak that his case was a fine test for the compounds. We told Joy to send the patient of the patient in one of the gentlem.

"He same direction, and as we entered that he had a an addence in one of the large that he had a friend who obserued th time. He is angrier than I have ever seen him. A moment ago General
Grant strode into his presence and peremptorily demanded, "Do you intend
to revoke the parole of General Robert
E. Lee and other officers of the late
Confederacy?"

""I am considering the subject,"

Medical works agree that Bright's Disease
and Diabetes are incurable, but 87 per cent are
positively recovering under the Fulton Compounds. (Dropsy, Bladder Trouble, Rheumatism
from urlc acid, and the minor kidney diseases
are soon relieved.) Price, \$1 for Bright's Disease
and Diabetes are incurable, but 87 per cent are
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are soon relieved.) Price, \$1 for Bright's Disformation in the pounds. (Dro

Johnson replied. "You need not consider it. Those paroles were signed by me as general commanding the army of the United States. My promise to them shall be kept in good faith if it takes the army of the United States, plus the army of the late Confederacy, to enforce it." "'Saying this, Grant retired and lef

Johnson white with rage." "We never heard any more of the revocation of the paroles."-Indianapolis Sentinel.

OLD FASHIONED.

What has become of the old fashion ed man who called a boil a "gathering?" What has become of the old fashion

ed man who referred to coal as "stone What has become of the old fashion ed woman who bought wall paper and

hung it herself? What has become of the old fashioned boy who believed that eating gun-

powder would make him fierce? What has become of the old fashioned mustang pony that had to be brosodium. By that time it is transformed ken every time it was hitched up? into a perfect mummy, and the mourn-What has become of the old fashioning relatives or friends can safely take ed person who said to a child that had fallen, "Come here, and I'll help you

> ed woman who used to say to her boy when he came in late, "I'll attend to your case after supper?"-Atchison

Carefulness of Surgeons. It is an object lesson in godliness to see a surgeon washing his hands after performing an operation, says the Chicago Chronicle. He works of course with sleeves rolled up to the elbow, so that the washing extends from the crazy bone to the tip of the finger nail. First there is a hard scrubbing with plain soap and sterilized water. This is followed by a swabbing with tincture of green soap and sterilized water. Then comes a genuine scouring with equal parts of quicklime and soda in sterilized water and finally a rinsing in a solution (1 to 2,000) of bichloride of mercury. Without these four separate washings no surgeon would think of venturing out to scatter germs of dis-

Romance of a Marriage License. There is a record of a marriage ifense issued to two parties, and written across the face of the entry in red ink is the note by the judge: "Returned unused. See page so and so." On turning to the page referred to there is another record and the same red ink note. In short, the record shows that a license was procured and returned unused four different times. The fifth time, however, was the charm, and they were married, he at the age of sixty-four and she at forty-eight years .- Ottawa Re-

publican. Photography. She-I took this picture with my "ko-

He-What is it? She-Well, that building that stands up perfectly straight is the leaning tower of Pisa: those leaning buildings are the perpendicular edifices in the

vicinity. "Isn't it strange that humorists are nearly always melancholy?"

"Oh, I don't know. You see, they sell all their good humor, and then they have to get along the best they can on what's left."-New York Herald.

The Other Man. "Dar am two sides to a victory." said Uncle Shad. "Dar's de p'int ob view ob de victor and de p'int ob view ob de man dat gets licked. Mos' ebery victo-

What He Realized.

San Francisco Bulletin.

Judge-You do not seem to realize the enormity of the charge against you. Prisoner-No; I ain't got my lawyer's bill yet, but I'm expectin' the charge 'll be enormous, all right.-Philadelphia

Great Britain is still the greatest tea drinking country. The consumption is five pounds per head of the popula tion. In Switzerland it is estimated at one and a half pounds per head and in the United States about one pound per & TOWNE DAND STOCK ... Stenward Bladers' Board ... 55-57-58-01 First Street THE STATE PARK I HARRY PRANCISCO

Tapped 14 Times

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

WHEN THE SAN FRANCISCO BUSINESS men who incorporated the Juo. J. Fulton Co. were putting the Fulton Compounds to practical tests in cases of Bright's Disease and "Who was your informant? asked said he had a friend who had an advanced case of Bright's Disease and was beyond human aid.

Save the Baby.

The mortality among bables during the three teething years is something frightful. The census of 1960 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, all these coming at once create a demand for bone material that nearly half the little systems are deficient in. The result is jeevishness, weakness, sweating, fever, diarrhoea, brain troubles, convulsions, etc., that prove terribly fatal. The deaths in 1960 under three years were 204,588, 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 cryout in sleep don't wait, and the need is

when bary begins to sweat, worry or ut in sleep don't wait, and the need either medicine nor narcotics. What title system is crying out for is more boaterial. Sweetman's Teething Food sulles it. It has saved the lives of thousan f babies. They begin to improve with brty-eight hours. Here is what physicialink of it.

San Francisco, June 2, 1992
Gentlemen—I am prescribing your food the multitude of baby troubles due to it peded dentition. A large percentage of I fantile ills and fatalities are the result slow teething. Your food supplies what t deficient system demends, and I have h surprising success with st. In scores of cast this diet, given with their regular food, h not failed to check the infantile distress Several of the more serious cases would, feel sure, have been fatal without it. It can not be too quickly brought to the attentiof the mothers of the country. It is an a solute necessity.

L. C. MENDEL, M. D.

Petaluma, Cal., September 1, 1902.
Dear Sirs—I have just tried the teething
of in two cases and in both it was a sue
as. One was a very serious case, so criti
that it was brought to me from another
y for treatment. Fatal results were feared a this case was remarkable. I would ad-ise you to put it in every drug store in this

I. M. PROCTOR, M. D. Sweetman's Teething Food will carry baby

O'CONNELL'S COOLNESS.

A Story of the Irish Liberator and a

Falling Floor. Daniel O'Connell was once address ing an enormous meeting in Kings town, and the crowd was so large that fear was felt for the safety of the building. As he was about to speak a gentleman ascended the platform and said, trembling with fear: "Liberator, the foor is giving way! The beams are cracking, and we shall all fall through In a few minutes." It is not given to many men to live through such moments as O'Connell lived through as he rose to address the meeting nor to preserve such magnificent courage in the face of great peril. Warning the man to keep quiet, the liberator said, "I find this room too small to contain the number who desire to come in, so we must therefore leave it and hold the meeting outside." A few rose to leave, but the hall was still packed, and then O'Connell said: "Then I will tell you the truth. You are Irishmen and therefore brave men. The floor is giving way, and we must leave this room at once. If there is a panic and a rush to the door, we shall all be precipitated into the room below, but if you obey my orders we shall be safe. Let the dozen men nearest the door go quietly out, then the next dozen, and so on until all have gone. I shall be the last to leave." The Irishmen followed the advice, the hall was quickly cleared, and as O'Con-. nell walked across the floor the broken beams gave way.-Oxford Chronicle.

Mrs. Green (who thinks of hiring)-But is the girl honest? Can she be

trusted? Mrs. Brown (the girl's former mistress)-You need not be in the least alarmed. She is perfectly honest. All the time she was with me I never knew her to take a thing-not even my advice as to how things should be

Deep Sea Feelings. Tomdix-Did you ever cross the

Tomdix-What were your feelings? Hojax-Oh, same as usual. I wanted the earth.-Kansas City Independent.

Many a man's haste to get ahead in the world results only in his getting a headstone before it is due .-