I BU GILBERT PARKER, #

"The Right of Way."

Copyright, 1902, by Gilbert Parker

At that moment Alphonse entered, followed by Antoine, who grasped his boom told that the ice was cracking arm and held him back. "Don't be a on the river—a night of deep wfench-

ad just been drinking. He held the ove war must be the end thereof.

aid Alphonse in wild English idiom.
'He don't belong here—some lawyer's

she said some things to me about him-I know. I'm going to ask her to supper with me.

The two were standing silent at the end of the room, watching this scene. a day with a kind of savage irony. but not hearing the words. Marie. however, guessed what was meant.
Presently Alphonse with disjointed glances came and said to her, "Have upper with me, ma'm'selle?" He turn-

ed his shoulder on Camille. Marie did not hesitate. "Not now. Alphonse." I have a guest"-she reached out her hand toward Camille-"and

he's been working hard for us all the Alphonse looked at her with an attempt to be disdainful, then, snapping his fingers under Camille's nose con-

temptuously, said "Pah!" and walked away, with a shrug of the shoulders. "It wasn't so easy getting used to that again after I came back from Quebec three years ago," she said.

Singular how the priest in the youth ever quite know. I was younger. They was being so swiftly lost in the man. told me it was better for you, better Camille's fingers opened and shut, and



"Have supper with me, ma'm'selle?" his brow knotted. He smarted, to from Marie's last remark. He did not know that with all these bitter speeches she was ready to fall upon his breast and cry till she had emptied her heart out. But she had been humiliated once, and she would rather die than be humbled again, whether he

not be so long, for sentimental groups would wander back from the supper

As Alphonse disappeared Camille said: "Marie, I'm seeing things as I never saw them before. I want to talk with you alone, just ten minutes; that's all I ask, but alone, where no one can

"Would it be right?" she asked. He could not tell whether she was ironical or not.

"It shall be right," he said stoutly. 'You won't mind if it's cold?" she questioned.

"I won't mind anything if you'll only give me that ten minutes," he answered. "But if it's going to be cold wrap

yourself up well.' He took a man's coat from the wall. "Come," she said and opened a narrow door that led into a little hallway As she did so he threw the coat over

her shoulders. "Give me your hand," she added and, taking it, led the way for half a dozen steps in the dark. Then she took a key from the wall and turned it in a

lock, which clicked back rustily. "It's my brother Philippe's room, she said as she stepped inside, he fol-

The moonlight on the frosted pane gave a ghostly kind of light to the

chamber. Marie felt along the wall for a matchbox. 'Oh, there's not a match here," she

"Feel in that overcoat pocket," he "Its owner is a smoker

She did so and drew out a handful He took one and scratched it on the wall. Neither of them knew it, but it was Alphonse's coat. Camille lit a half burnt candle that stood on a chest of drawers and then turned to Marie. "We have never used the room since

Philippe died," she said. "I did not know," he rejoined gently. "Philippe had been to Montreal," she said. "There he'd fallen in with a girl"-her voice faltered-"an actress. He came back to see us, and mother begged him not to go to Montreal again, for we knew-a priest had written to us about the girl. One day he got a paper. He opened it at dinner. something, gave a cry and fell against the table. 'Elle est morte! She is dead? he cried. A man had shot the girl because she loved Philippe.

Outside the trees were snapping

with her it wouldn't have happe Since then the room has been as it was

fool!" Antoine said. "A row won't get fool!" Antoine said. "A row won't get fool steely sky brooding above. Presently as the two stood there the bells of the parish church rang out. It was

ode of the river—that where two men year. There were voices, too, of men singing as they drove past the house, ode of the river—that where two men and one woman were in the triangle of singing as they drove past the house, sive war must be the end thereof.

"I'll give him the grand bounce!" the church bella. They could not heat the words, but they knew the air, and

"He don't belong here—some lawyer's clerk or loafer."

"Bien," said Antoine, still holding him back, "suppose Marie stand up for him?"

"Pshaw! He don't belong here, and the third from the gallows tree.

"Pshaw! He don't belong here, and the third from the gallows tree.

C'est ca! Ho, ho! C'est ca!

Try as Camille would, the second verse of the song kept beating in his ears. It did not leave him all that night, and it followed him for many Three men knelt down with a lover's

plea—
Ho, ho, for such a maid!
And she chose not him of the gallows tree,
And the roving blade had an eye too free.
But sweet is the tongue from the cloister's shade!
C'est ca! Ho, ho! C'est ca!

The song died away, but the bells kept on ringing, and there came to them distant!y laughing voices. There was a strange look in Camille's eyes and swimming in his face. He stood still and did not offer to touch the girl, though he stood very near and her hand rested so near his, she leaning against the bureau as though to steady herself, but standing as he spoke.

"Perhaps you will never understand," he said, "how it all was. No one can ever quite know. I was younger. They for me, better for the church, that we should part. I thought you would forget. I thought that perhaps I should never see you again. I used to pray for us both. I never heard from you or about you, but I could not forget. . . . This week it all came back to me -to shut myself out from you always, forever, by the sacred office! I sat up in my bed, choking. I could have shrieked. I could not rest till I had seen you again. I thought perhaps she is married, perhaps she no longer cares, perhaps she—is dead. So I came here. Somehow I seemed to break loose when I put off my student clothes, and you see me as I am tonight. You think I am wicked, that I am entrue to the church and to you. Ah, Marie, you no longer care as you once did and I, God help me-I cannot go back now to the other. And I cannot live without you. I am punished, punished!" He dropped his head, and a sob caught him in the throat. He was so boyish, so honest. There was a si-

"Camille." The voice was low and sweet and very near. It drew his head up We a hungry look; then there was a little cry from her, and in an instant he was kissing away two tears that slowly gathered and as slowly fell down her hot cheek. The woman had conquered at last, in spite of the "great men of the kingdom!" For the man there was no going back now. He had cast the die forever. But she was a woman, and, having conquered, having justified herself, she was ready for sacrifice. Now, when the man had wipe out all his past to begin life with her, she was ready to immolate herself She loved him so well that she thought only of his good.

lence.

"Camille," she said, gently disengaging herself, "I am paid for those three years. But now-now it must go further. The others parted us before and made you appear unmanly-'twas that which hurt me so. Now it is I that part us, dear. You must go back. You mustn't ruin your life. Think of it allwhat would be against you. Go back.

Be a priest, and I"-He was very pale and quiet. "Anyou-what would you do?" he said. "There is always the numbery left." she answered wearily, yet bravely. "You think that I ought to go?

questioned. "You wish me to go, "For your own good. Think of the trouble that would come unless. You

will go, Camille?" His reply came with a low force: "Never, never! Remember how your brother blamed himself, and she was an actress, you said. To leave you now, how I would hate myself! Nev-

His voice was strong and de cisive; there was no wavering. "There are a hundred men, better men, to take my place there, Marie, but is there any to take my place here?" He ran his arm around her waist. "There is no one," he added.

"No one, Camille," she said faintly. The man had in a vague yet direct way, too, realized that to save a bruis-ed life at your feet is better than to go a-hunting for souls with the king's men. He had wandered out to the crossroads and had been motioned back to his own door. The woman had heart beat for joy that he did not go. "Come what will, Marie," he said

ering her eyes to his, "we must not "You do not fear the church?" she asked.

fervently, clasping her hands and gath-

"I am a man!" he cried, drawing himself up proudly.

"Perhaps they will paused in a sweet confusion. "Perhaps they will not-marry

he said, piecing out the sentence. His eyes flashed. "How dare they not?" he added. "I was not yet a priest." How strange that sounded in her ears! Already they had begun a new life, and how proud she was of him, the rebel for her sake! She ran a hand

"to good M. Fabre. He knows all. 1 confessed to him."

He thought a moment.

have been here too long-I forgot!"

With a laugh he picked up the over coat which had dropped from her shoulders and carefully wrapped it around her. He was big with energy. emotion and courage, a rebel who doubted not of success.

A moment afterward they were about to issue into the other room.

"Wait," she said discreetly. "You

an go out another door leading from this room, and the cure lives just above on the top of the hill." She opened z creaking door. He shut it for an instant, clasped her to his

breast, then opened the door again drew his cap from his pocket, put i on and was gone into the frosty night. She shut the door slowly and went back to the dancing room. It was nearly filled, and dancers were clauoring for the fiddler and Marie. As she entered the room Alphonse strut

ted over to her. "Been for a walk with the fiddler is my coat?" he said in a rough way. "Here is your coat, and thank you Alphonse," she said quietly and re-

provingly. He flung it over his shoulder. "Luck that the fiddler wasn't wearing it of I'd never seen it again. Perhaps he was running off with it and you stop ped him, eh?" he added.

She turned on him with a still, cold face, her eyes all fire. "Behind hi back, Alphonse. It's so easy."

"I'll say it to his face. He's only tramp anyway." "You'll find him at the cure's," she dded coldly, turning away to Medal-

Anxlety showed in Medallion's eyes. What has happened?" he said.

"I wish you would tell me," he add ed. "It's better that a girl should no go through some things alone."

Their eyes met. The love that he had once borne her mother gave now kind of fatherliness to his look. Vague ly she felt it and with her fresh, frank

nature responded at once.
"You remember the story I told aft er the dance of the Little Wolf?" she asked.

He nodded. "Yes, yes." "Well, that was all true. He-Ca mille-was studying for a priest. could not be, and we parted. He has come back; that's all." "What has he come back for?" Me

dallion gravely asked. A look of triumph showed in her eyes. "What do you think?" she said. "Is he a priest now?"

"He is giving it all up for you, Ma-

"For me," she said, with Medallion's hand closed on her warmly, strongly. "Begad, he's a man," be said, "and, begad, you're worth it and a hundred such men!

"Oh, you don't know, you don't know how good and brave he is!" she re

Medallion statled quizzleally. "Ah, know men, and I know no man, my dear, that's as good as a woman! And you're of the best. Where has he gone? Again a smile crossed her face. To woman there come but few moments of triumph, only a few great scenes in her life. She could not resist the joy of saying with a little dash of vanity.

"He has gone to the cure." Medallion gave a noiseless whistie Frankly and promptly he said: "Well, a happy new year to you both, my girl! It's just now five minutes inside

Meanwhile Alphonse had burried fro the room and was hard on the trail of Camille. Even in the vague glimmer he could see a swinging pride in the bearing of the stalwart youth striding on in the moonlight. When he left the house, he had no definite purpose in his mind. Now he had a kind of dev iltry which gets into the blood of men when a woman stands between them In the river driver's veins there beat the shameless agony of Abel's brother He broke into a run. Swifter, swifter, Before Camille had half climbed the hill to the cure's house he was panting hard after. A cry broke from him be fore he reached Camille, the snarl of a man in whom there are working envy

guized Alphonse. "What you go to the

asked Alphonse roughly. Camille shrugged his 'What's that to you, my man?" he

anid. Alphonse ripped out an oath. "What you put on airs with me for? 'My man, my man." By the holy heaven.

take that back, you tramp! Perhaps it was a long training in the cluister, perhaps it was superior na ture, but Camille responded calmly "Yes, I will take it back, if you like but you must not call me a tramp." You cannot exorcise a devil in a mo ent. The game had gone too far.

War was in Alphonse's heart. "I want to know what for you go the cure? For the banns?" he sneered But there was also in Camille's fac the freedom of his new life.

haps," he answered meaningly. "Then, by heaven, you fight me first! shouted Alphonse and blocked the

way. was not altogether an unequal battle for, although Alphonse was powerfu and hardened by laborious life, Camillo was well knit, supple and had, unlike most of his comrades in college, been constant in athietic exercises. Alphon discovered this. By a sudden trick Ca mille, who was being pressed and pun-ished hard, suddenly brought his as sailant to the ground just as a figure appeared on the hill above them, the

cure on his way to visit a sick parish The cure called out apprehensively At that instant, with a helpless moan Camille rolled Alphonse and blood gushed from his neck. Alphonse then sprang up and disappeared in the roods. A moment later the cure knelt side the youth, stanching the bloo from the wound. Sleigh bells sou near. He raised his head and calle loudly. The cure lifted him up and felt Camille's heart to see if the

the cure's little room, conscious now and able to tell, little by little, his story-why he had gone to the parish whose knife it was that left a scar ii on his neck. People guessed, for Al phouse never came back to the parish.

but guessing does not put a man it The cure was a wise man. There was but one way now, and he was sorry that that way had not been en ered on three years before, for the ives of these two young people had een on the road to misery ever since In any case, after this affair with Al phonse, the church was impossible to Camille. The best words that Camill

had heard in his life came now from the cure, who, after walking up an down the room thoughtfully for a time said, "My son, I will send for Marie." Marie, Medallion and the cure say he first sunrise of the new year from beside the saved and sleeping Camille The church had one priest the less but the Angel of the Four Corners was

SAFES FOR THE HOME.

glad to see two human souls on the

ighway to that tavern which men call

Cunningly Hidden, Even From th Eyes of Servants.

The clumsy safe which formerly held the precious stones and documents of the wealthy has practically been abol shed in the homes of those who car afford to keep abreast of the times in such matters, and in its place have been introduced curiously wrought places of concealment which the professional burglar would have great difficulty in finding. A little secrechas been found to be worth more than a foot of chilled steel. The old fashoned home or office safe is a direct in vitation to a burglar. He knows that the diamonds, jewelry and spare cash and valuable documents are kept there. Otherwise, why have a safe in the nome? There is hardly a man who dees not at some time have considerable valuables in his home which he must intrust to his private safe.

The most ingenious method of mod ern safe builders is to construct a re ceptacle for valuables in the walls floor or ceilings of the house. The work is as ingenious as it is effective. in expert examines the different parts of a room selected for the purpose and finally hits upon a place where concealment can be made the most effective square of a couple of feet or more is taken out of the plaster, and a chilled steel safe is made to fit in the hole thus made. The inside of the safe is lined with plush for holding diamonds and precious jewels, and there are compartments for bills and valuable documents. When fitted in its niche in the wall, celling or floor, the most ingenious part of the contrivance is the made by an expert. The opening of the safe door is made so carefully that it appears as if the side of the wall moves outward as if by magic. The spring which controls the mechanism is often concealed in the picture molding or cornice some distance from the safe

itself. one would accidentally touch the spring and reveal the hidden safe, with its treasures, there is usually a second spring. The first one consists chiefly in removing a small piece of the molding or wooden base of the rim, and this discloses nothing but a bare surface of wood. A little examination will show, however, that this wooden surface is it will spring open the door of the safe, located probably half a dozen feet away. Consequently if workmen or servants should accidentally knock off the piece of molding or wooden base which reveals the second spring the secret would still be intact.-Philadelphin Ledger.

A Surprised Ohioan. An American who has been traveling in Japan says the Japanese have a word of salutation which sounds like Ohio When he was in Yokohama, a fellow countryman was seeing the sights from a rickshaw. The Japanese are very po lite, and when even the American met them they gave him the usual word of greeting. At first he wasn't quite certain, but as party after party bowed profoundly and said "Ohio" he became convinced that they were uttering the name of his own state, and he was a badly puzzled occidental. Finally, or passing a group of a dozen or more who were more than usually courteous and who vociferated the word of wel come, he couldn't repress his astonishment any further. "Yes," he said, "I am from Ohio and from Jefferson county, but how did you fellows get on to the fact?"

The Roorbach.

Over fifty years ago a writer of mon nental but plausible lies in Thurlow Weed's Albany Evening Journal signed his letters "Baron Roorbach." There was no such baron. There was no man named "Roorbach." But the absolute falsity of the writer's statements was such that a "roorbach" became a synonym for any kind of lie, especially for he kind against personal character suddenly issued against a man for his injury when he could not meet it in time to avert the harm. The lie of politics, the lie started for political purposes, is the "roorbach" most in use the reek before election.-Brooklyn Eagle,

"But," said the bright and good look ng young woman, "haven't you any ursuit that you follow for the simple ove of it in the hours when you ar

not at your office?" The great and powerful organizer of capital stood for a moment abashed by the simple candor of a young girl. There a ray of inspiration swept over his countenance, and he answered: "Oh, yes. I'm a coin collector."-

Rain Hats In Korea. Korea is a country of strange headlresses, but perhaps the most curious

headgear of all is the immense rain hat worn by the farmers' wives while working in the fields during the rainy These extraordinary covering are often as much as seven feet lon and five feet broad and protect the Free Press. body as effectively as any umbrella could do

It is better to spare the rod and spoil the child than spoil the child by using the rod too much.—Chicago News. UNIQUE PROPOSALS.

SOME RATHER CURIOUS METHODS OF POPPING THE QUESTION.

Writing an Order of Marriage With a Shotgun-Inditing a Love Letter With a 'Vaterfall-Fireworks and Vegetables Pressed Into Service.

Miss Annie Oakley, the champion rifle shot, was practicing in a London shooting gallety one day, firing at the regulation cardboard target, when a stranger happened along and, picking up a spare rifle, fired 109 shots thereat, the whole spelling out the following message: "Will you marry me?"

The lady was naturally somewhat surprised; but, not to be outdone, she promptly replied after similar fashion with her own match rifle, "Certainly

This is probably unique as an offer of marriage, but it is a fact that a young matron living in a south London suburb has in her possession at this present moment several rifle written

love letters. The lady in question was formerly in attendant at a shooting gallery in a certain popular place of amusement soon, alas, to be closed forever) which s "down Westminster way," and her sweetheart that was and husband that is used to drop in of an evening to practice. He became so expert after awhile that he could place the shots where he liked to within a fraction of an inch, and he frequently used his skill when no inconvenient onlookers were around in the manner indicated. Needless to say that as soon as he had finished the little perforated squares of cartridge paper were carefully removed and preserved by her for whom alone the messages so curiously writ

ten thereon were intended. The most farfamed feature of the peautiful Yosemite valley, in California, is the Bridal Veil fall. It descends from the plateau, nearly 3,000 feet above, in a single ribbon of silvery water limned luminously against the dark vertical face of the precipice.

Perhaps it was its romantic name which suggested to Charles Evelyn, a young and wealthy San Franciscan, to utilize the falling streamlet in an altogether novel fashion. Anyhow he spent several thousand dollars in constructing at the summit of the cliff, just where the water gathers itself together for its final terrific I ap into the abyss below, a sort of vertically sliding sluice door which worked so smoothly and so perfectly that it could be lowered and raised several times in the ourse of a single minute.

Then when his preparations were complete he brought to the valley from her far eastern home the young lady to whom he was engaged, and by alternately raising and lowering the sluice gates above for longer or shorter intervals, as the case might be, he caused the cascade to tell her in spurts and jets, corresponding to the dots and dashes of the Morse alphabet, of the love he bore her. Whether the lady exactly approved of this blazoning abroad of what should have been a message sacred to her eyes alone is not recorded, but she has, at all events, the supreme satisfaction of reflecting that she is the only woman in the world to

ten aloft in particolored globes of flame and addressed by a Magyar noble to his affianced bride at Herrmannstadt

is said to have cost £800. In a Sussex garden a lovelorn but bashful swain sowed in mustard and cress a marriage proposal to the daughter of his next door neighbor, and the fair one, not to be outdone, answered, 'Yes," in radishes. They were married without delay, and both the proposal and the answer were served and eaten at the wedding breakfast.

After all, however, it is doubtful whether the modern lover has, on the whole, progressed very far in the matter of inventing novelties, either in marriage proposals or love letters Nearly 4,000 years ago a proposal for the hand of an Egyptian princess was nscribed elaborately on a block of solid stone and can be seen to this day by any one curious in such matters in the British museum. Machares, an old time king of Colchis, wooed his wife by sending her presents of young and beautiful child slaves, each of whom had some tender and loving message tattooed on the skin of the back, while, coming down to more recent times, it is recorded of the Prince de Conti that he sent to a certain great lady a proposal indited on golden plaque, exquisitely engraved, the letters of the words of the epistle being formed of diamonds, rubies and

emeralds set in the metal. The lady's answer was, however, in the negative, whereupon the prince requested that she would at least do him the honor of accepting a ring containing a miniature of himself. this she assented, but stipulated that the ring should be destitute of jewels. The tiny portrait was accordingly set in a simple rim of gold, but to cover the painting a large diamond, very thin, served as a glass. The lady promptly returned the jewel, where upon the prince had it ground to powder, which he used to dry the ink of ject.-London Tit-Bits.

There by Right. One of them went over and whispered to the stranger who had come and taken a seat:

"I beg your pardon, but this is gathering of working women, met to protest against"-'I am a traveling preacher's wife, said the stranger.

And they made her the president of

the meeting.-Chicago Tribune.

Kidder-Skinner played a mean trick in his wife. He told her if she learned w to cook he'd give her a surprise. Slimkins-Did she learn to cook? Kidder-Yes, and then he surprised er by discharging the cook.-Detroit

Differently Put. Wigwag-Are you interested in n's rights, Miss Caustique? Miss Caustique — No; rrongs.—Philadelphia Record

LOST IN HOTELS.

Queer Things That Absentminde Guests Forget to Take Away. Every hotel in New York has a store room for articles left behind by guests It is one of the important department of the establishment and often earn the gratitude of travelers whose w fortunate habit of forgetting leads them to look for things that are missing. In hotels a book is kept in which are jotted down descriptions of arti-cles forgotten. When a hotel does a large transient business, it is frequent-ly with difficulty that lost articles are

arranged for identification. The integrity of servants must be relied upon to a large extent. The chambermaid takes immediate possession of a room upon the guest's de-parture. She picks up anything that appears to have been left unintenti ally. A note describing the article and giving the name of the guest, the room number and the time of departure taken to the clerk. The property is turned over to the housekeeper and by her to the "lost" department.

Said the clerk of one fas lonable l tel: "I remember a singular case of a man who didn't respond at once to the hall boy's call for an early train. The result was that when he did get up he had to run. From the station we got a call on the telephone:

"'Hurry to my room,' he shouted and on the table you'll find a very valnable package. It's my eyes. Send

them to the station.'
"Sure enough, we found two glass
eyes on the dressing table in a plush case. One was for dally use and the other for an emergency. Guests often forget their false teeth, but that was the only case I ever knew of a man les vine his eves "

Rings and pins are often found on the washstand. Valuable pins are found everywhere, the window curtains being a favorite depository. Watches and revolvers bob out from under pillows. Of course when the owner's address is known and anything valuable is left he is notified and the article sent to him. If not could for in a few months, the forcet. Rings and pins are often found on called for in a few months, the forgotten article usually becomes the perquisite of employees. - New York

PRIMITIVE PUMPS.

The Mechanism Used In Ancient

Egypt and In China. A representative piece of mechanism occurs frequently on the sculptures of early Egypt. It has the appearance of and is generally believed to be that of a portable pump: The hydraulic screw their main reliance seems always to have been the shadoof, seen everywhere along the banks of the Nile, an invention so simple and so well adapted to their needs that it remains today substantially the same at it has been

exoad

origin of which antedates the Christian
era. This simple machine, which seems
never to have been improved upon, is
in such common use that every agricultural laborer is in possession of one.

Where irrigation is conducted on a larger scale the chain pump is made proportionately larger and moved by a
very simple tread wheel, and still larger ones are operated by yoking a burtalo or other animal to a suitable driving machine.

The application is conducted or a suitable driving machine.

The application is conducted or a suitable driving machine.

The application is conducted or a suitable driving machine. whom a love letter has been indited by very simple tread wheel, and still lardivided into little square lines. One of these squares holds the second hidden Love letters spelled out in fireworks falo or other animal to a suitable driv-

The application of steam to raising water is of uncertain origin. Long be fore the Christian era certain applications of fire to vessels containing water, by which effects were produced calculated to astonish ignorant wor shipers, were practiced by the priests of Egypt, Greece and Rome, but their knowledge seems never to have been turned into any channel of secular use

A striking incident of the relief of Cawnpore was the rout of the Ninth

ancers by a swarm of bees. A village in the line of march was found to be defended by a hastily improvise stockade, on the top of which a numper of hives were stuck. Into one hese a young officer jabbed his sword, with a result that in far less time than it takes to tell it the whole advance guard was racing for dear life to the ear, and Sir Hope Grant hastily formed line of battle, believing it re pulsed by the mutineers in force.

Rice stuffing for roast chicken or turkey is considered preferable to the usual breadcrumbs. To prepare it brown one chopped onion in a tablespoonfu of butter and mix with it four cupfuls of cold boiled rice and one cupful of breadcrumbs that have been moistened n one cupful of milk. Season with sage, parsley or other sweet herbs, as desired. Add half a pound of sausage meat or finely chopped sait pork and salt and pepper to taste.

Wabash-I wonder what makes old Gotrox dress so shabbily? Monroe-His pride, my boy Wabash-Why, how's that? Monroe-He's afraid his customers

Chicago News. A Tiresome Person "No," said Mr. Bliggins; "I haven't

ill mistake him for one of his clerks.

any use for philosophers." "My idea of a philosopher is a man who pretends he enjoys hard luck. Washington Star.

For some reason or other we often read that some man or other has "disappeared suddenly." It would be re narkable to read of one who disap-

peared gradually.-Washington Times.

In the Conservatory. He-There is something, darling, vant to tell you. She-Oh, then, let us get away from the rubber plant. Come, tell me under

he rose.-Balt more American. "Confound these literary clubs, I say tiy wife's crazy over Browning."
"So's mine, but I'm not raising

ngton Times.

BLAKE. MOFFITT & TOWNE

WRITING and PAPERS

CARD STOCK ... Straw and Binders' Board ... 55-57-59-61 First Street Tel. Main 199. 2 SAN FRANCISCO.

Said Diabetes.

Bright's Disease and Diabetes Are Positively Curable.

People either cured or recovering from the above diseases are in every ward in this city.

Mrs. C. C. Mathewson, proprietor of the Clifton
Hotel. 502 Powell street, is one of them, and

mak s this statement: 502 Powell St., San Francisco, Nov. 21, 1901. For two years I suffered greatly from dishetes. Finally I had to go to one of the hospitals, going to one of this city's very best. Three physicians there confirmed my case as diabetes, and put me under treatment and strict diet. Getting no relief, I went home. I got steadily worse and went to another life, but that I could never be well. I left the hos pital after a few months completely broken down, the percentage of sugar being il per cent. It was at this juncture I heard of the Fulton Compound and sent for it. The second and third weeks I began to sent for it. The second and third weeks I began to steep uninterruptedly, and found that the awful thirst I had suffered with a for over two years had left me. I am now an entirety different person, though still taking it to insure permanency. I have ecommended it to a number all getting favorable results. One was a warm friend and another is a Berkeley attorney who had Bright's Disease and is now perfectly restored. I dislike publicity, but feel that this thing ought to be known.

MRS. C. C. MATTHEWSON.

Save the Baby.

The mortality among babies during the three teething years is something frightful. The census of 1900 shows that about one is every seven succumbs.

The cause is apparent. With haby'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 jeevishness, weakness, sweating, fever, diarrhoes, brain troubers, convulsions, etc., that prove terribily fatal. The deaths in 1960 under three years were 204,888, 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 narcotles. 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.

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,

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.

CANINE INTELLIGENCE.

A Dog That Felt He Had More Sense My friend was staying one autumn n Wales. Smoking and chatting one evening with a local farmer, the talk fell upon dogs. The farmer's sheep dog lay before the fire, and the farmer instanced his sagacity. He made an exclamation in Welsh. At once the dog rose and went to the door. "You might let him out," said the farmer. "The sheep are in the corn' is what I said to him." The dog passed eagerly out. In a few minutes there was a scratching at the door. The dog entered panting and lay down at the fire again. Shortly afterward the farmer repeated his Welsh remark. Again he dog ran to the door, and my friend let him out. Again in a few minutes was the scratching at the door, and again he lay down before the fire pantng. After an interval the farmer remarked in Welsh, quite in the way of conversation: "I am not easy about those sheep. I do believe they're in The dog, without rising, the corn." looked up at the farmer, gave two sharp yelps and turned round to his sleep again. He said as plainly as though it had been in words: "Don't be a fool. I've been out twice, and ther're not in the corn."-London Out-

Von Moltke on Watst. A German magazine published the subjoined anecdote about Moltke: "Did you, your excellency, play whist when you were in France?" asked Herr von Bennigsen of the great battle thinker one evening over a rubber. "Every day, when it was possible," replied Moltke. Ve played half farthing points, so that at worst the players could not lose more than a shilling." One day Count Berthusy was his partner. "Why, my dear count, did you play spades?" said Moltke, in a sharp and serious tone. "I had an idea, your excellency, that you wanted spa "But, my dear count, one does not play whist according to ideas, but according to rule," replied the field marshal,

In the Netherlands, where electricity is rapidly taking the place of gas and oil for lighting, incandescent bulbs are sold for 12 cents each and nerst lamps for 48 cents.

shaking his head.