

OLD HEARTS AFAME

By P. Y. BLACK

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CORPORAL HEALY walked round the wire fence at the corner where the little school-house stood with the elaborate air of one who is strolling about for want of something better to do. Yet he turned his head now and again and eyed the long verandas of the barracks and the men kicking about a football on the frozen parade ground in a way which was almost guilty. They were not thinking of him at all, but the soldier twisted his stick and whistled with unusual loudness, an apparent attempt to convince observers that he was merely enjoying the fresh, cold wind that whistled over the brown plains and reddened his thin and leathery cheeks. One eye, however, he kept sharply on the schoolhouse door, and twice in five minutes he looked secretly at his watch. The door opened, and the children of the post came charging out, a tumbling group of boys and girls, little folks of the plains, solemn, pale-eyed and self-reliant. Healy walked more quickly round the corner and presented himself at the side door of the school, out of sight of barracks and parade ground. Graves, the soldier-schoolmaster, was clearing his desk and preparing to follow the youngsters.

"Hello!" he cried, looking up at the tall, straight, reddened figure in the doorway. "Coming to school, corporal? What reader shall I put you in?"

Healy grinned benignly.

"For many's the year, Graves," he said, "the school of the battalion has been the only way I've found necessary to practice law in the army. Since I wuz passin' an' lookin' in upon yez, it's a wearin' job yez have, Graves, 'echin' them kids, near as bad as drillin' rookies, I'm afther thinkin'."

"About," said Graves, taking up the door key.

"Ye've a great head, Graves," the corporal said sweetly, with a flattering cock of his blue eye. "Ye've bin hearin' the major towl the chaplain to have yez be, as yez knew more than he did."

Graves laughed and sat down.

"When you flatter me like that, Healy," he said, "I know you're after something. What is it?"

"Not at all, at all," cried Healy, suddenly becoming nervous. "I wuz jist passin'. But, seein' yez ain't busy, wud yez do me a favor, Mr. Graves?"

"Mister!" cried Graves, laughing again.

"I'll be beggin' yez, though, to kape it to yerself," said Healy earnestly and plunging headlong into the matter on the corporal and read aloud:

"Sweet girl, accept a lowly heart,
Which now thy lover (with the major's permission) lays at thy feet,
For from thee, oh, darling, I cannot dwell apart.
Be mine I respectfully (and, according to the rules and regulations of the service) do entreat."

"It's poetry, ye'll be afther notice in," said Healy, beaming with such pride that he failed to observe the schoolmaster's red face and burst of chuckling coughs. "But I wanted yez, seein' ye're well known for a scholar, to tuck it up a bit, Graves. Ye'll observe it don't sing itself, for it's the first attempt since a boy. There's no poetry shud lin' av' to a chune whin yez rade it, I believe."

"Well," said Graves, "my boys usually read the very best poetry sing-song, corporal. Is this a—a declaration?"

Healy blushed; at least his neck grew even redder than was customary. But he drew himself up very straight indeed and answered boldly:

"In confidence, it's afther ye've been same, Graves. Is it all right?"

"Why spoll the sentiment by these bracketed assurances of the major givin' his permission?"

"Aw, Graves," said the corporal, winking shrewdly, "whin I wuz younger an' runnin' afther the gurrils 'twas mosst wuz all since me, an' it wuz but ignorance has harmed me that it's the practical man gits there. I'm afther dilligently insinuat' to the lady that she'd need never fear the major's object. Shure she knows a sojer requires to ask leave to marry a woman, an' the commandin' officer. But it splices the chune av' the poetry, an' that's whin I'm askin'. Will yez jist dril' it into shape, Graves, seein' ye're a scholar, which, I believe, includes poetry."

The schoolmaster good naturedly assumed the task and, much to the corporal's admiration, succeeded shortly in submitting to the old soldier a sufficiently creditable effusion, when Healy gratefully took his departure, leaving Graves to chuckle by himself for a long time in the deserted schoolhouse.

As the soldier left and took his way round the rear of the buildings, avoiding the neighborhood of the post traders and the guardhouse, his manner was more suspicious than ever. The twirl of his stick and the blitheness of his whistle were affectedly nonchalant. He could not, though, if such were his purpose, avoid all notice nor help meeting some one. He was almost beyond the post limits and had settled to a businesslike walk when, just as he turned the corner of the corral, he ran fairly into Fin Strait, the farrier of his own troop. Like the corporal, Fin was a veteran, and the two were chums of long standing. The farrier's room in the stables had been the scene of many a quiet carouse, with none to join in but the cronies themselves, and when Healy's pockets were empty and his throat hot coppered of a morning he was always sure of a punch coming pounded from Fin's stock of alcohol, supplied to the farrier as a horse medicine. Together they had come out of the war, together had campaigned in fre-

standing stiffly to attention along with his troop, answering the call of his name at tattoo, with the snore gathering thickly about them, that Fin Strait was comfortably seated in the neat little unfortified house, protecting from all comers the neat little widow.

"But I must be going," he said for the tenth time. "It's getting late, and the snow gets deeper every minute. If I want to get home at all tonight, I should be going now, Mrs. Bell."

"Yes, Mr. Strait."

"I was thinking you must be very lonely here since you know—"

The widow's eyes ceased to twinkle and winked away a tear or two.

"It is lonely, Mr. Strait," she answered him.

Fin shuffled his feet nervously and looked out beneath the neat red window shades.

"It's still snowing," said he, "Mrs. Bell."

"Yes, Mr. Strait."

"It's not lonely up at the post," said Fin, rubbing the crossed brass eaters on his hat with sudden fury.

The widow sighed.

"But I can't live at the post, Mr. Strait," she answered and stood in the middle of the floor, thoughtfully playing with her marriage ring. The farrier looked at her sadly, tenderly.

"Sit down, Mrs. Bell," he cried desperately. "If you can't find a chair, sit down here."

And he pulled the widow on his knee.

"Oh, Mr. Strait!" said Mrs. Bell, but resisted very gently.

"Will you come and live at the post as my wife?" the farrier whispered, but the wicked widow, conscious of an offer from the corporal now in her pocket, played with the farrier.

"Oh, Mr. Strait," she said, "you soldiers at the post all say the same thing, and none of you mean it, not one!"

At that there came a modest rap at the door, and the widow jumped to open it. It is probable that she knew who it was, for the twinkle of her eyes betrayed a love of mischief, but she refused great surprise at seeing Corporal Healy standing in the snow. She threw the door wide and hospitably open.

"I declare, those trolley conductors can't tell the truth!"

"What's wrong now?"

"Why, the one on the car tonight put me off three blocks from my corner."

"What did he say to you?"

"Why, he said, 'This is where you get off, madam.'"

"Well, it was, wasn't it?"—Yonkers Statesman.

A Compromise.

"Keep on with the habit, and your legs weaken. They become thin; they lose their suppleness. It is only such men and women and children as never cross their legs who have strong and supple and beautiful limbs."—Philadelphia Record.

His Portrait.

One of the members of a certain suburban photographic society recently delivered a lecture, illustrated by lantern views.

Another member, thinking to have a joke at the expense of the lecturer, slipped in among the slides a lantern portrait of himself.

The joke would come in, of course, by the portrait appearing on the screen immediately after the lecturer had announced the appearing of something quite different.

"Eyes and chance were unlikewise against the humorist, for when his portrait was presented the lecturer, without knowing what was on the screen, gravely read from his list:

"The next slide, ladies and gentlemen, is the picture of a refractory donkey."

Minnesota's Nicknames.

Minnesota has been designated as the "North Star State," of which expression two or three explanations have been given—one on account of its geographical position, another that the north star appears in its coat of arms. It has also been called the "Lake State," from the number of small lakes within its limits, and the "Gopher State," because the early settlers found these animals in such abundance that they proved a serious nuisance. Even a careful rider passing over a plain where gophers abounded was in danger of being thrown by his horse accidentally stepping into a gopher hole.

His Exact Age.

Asked his age in a court of justice, a Georgia dandy replied:

"Well, sir, I ez ez ez de big white oak tree on Marston's plantation."

"And how old may that be?" inquired a lawyer.

"Well, sir, of I makes no mistakes, de white oak tree is de same age ez de mill dam on de mill dam ain't a day older dan de red barn, what come nigher burn' burned up wen de stars fell!"—Atlanta Constitution.

Speeding the Parting.

Mamma—I was surprised and shocked by the coldness with which you greeted Miss Boersman when she called.

Ethel—Yes, mamma, but I made up for it later.

Mamma—Did you?

Ethel—Yes, indeed. You should have seen how cordially I bade her "good-by."—Philadelphia Press.

Transmigration.

"So dey convicted dat feller dat was swingin' a high society bluff so as to lift jewelry," said Plodding Pete.

"Yes," answered Meandering Mike. "He's got his prison clothes on now. Dey've changed him from a social lion into a sebra."—Washington Star.

The Higher Allegiance to Femen.

A St. Louis man disregarded a summons to serve on a jury because his marriage to a St. Louis woman had been set for the same hour. He thought he knew which court order to obey.—Richmond Times.

The Need of Modish Soda Mint.

Under ordinary social and gastronomic conditions there is probably a great deal more heartburn than heartburnings.—Indianapolis News.

Advise an old man to marry a woman young enough to be his daughter, and he may ask if you take him for a fool, but he will not be offended.—Aitchison Globe.

It is stated that on the lower Elbe of village or farm is free from malaria. Malaria mosquitoes abound.

HUMOR OF THE HOUR

Trouble For the Proofreader.

"If you think that I am going to pay you a penny for this advertisement of mine in your weekly paper, you are greatly mistaken," said the printer, who was standing down a copy of the Morning Revue on the counter in the business office of the paper.

"What is the matter with the advertisement?" asked the business manager of the paper as he came forward.

"I'd ask what is the matter if I were you! What I wrote was 'A fresh invoice of dairy butter every day.' Will you just cast your eye on that ad. of mine and see what you have printed?"

The business manager "cast his eye" on the ad. indicated and looked for a place of space when he read:

"A fresh invoice of dairy butter every day!"—Lippincott's Magazine.

A Bad Week.

"Mary," he said as he picked up his knife and fork, "this steak, Mary—this steak is simply—"

"Now, I know you're going to say it's tough and it's cold and it isn't fit to eat and—boohoo—you mean old thing!"

"No, Mary, I was going to say that it was the tenderest and most deliciously cooked I have ever tasted, but since you have drawn my attention to the matter I find that—"

But she had fled.—Baltimore News.

His Indignation.

"Aren't you sometimes a little conscience stricken when you think of the advantages you take of the public?"

"Not at all," answered Senator Sorghum. "Look at the men of genius the public has permitted to starve. Look at the heroes whose sacrifices are not acknowledged even by a tablet of stone. Any little thing I can do toward getting even with the public gives me sincere moral satisfaction."—Washington Star.

Never Satisfied.

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ZOLA'S EARLY TRIALS.

Times When the Budding Author Was Plunged in Misery.

Young Zola had kicked his heels for several years in ministerial ante-rooms, but all to no effect. Gambetta, to prevent Zola perishing of want, gave him the subprefecture of Castle Sarasin. But for want of money he had to stop on the way, and for so long a time that M. de Freycinet slipped into the place. Zola during the period dealt with in "La Debauche" was in the south of France. How he then lived I cannot imagine. After things settled down in Paris in 1871 he had fallen into the blackest misery, and with a beautiful young wife. Her mother was no longer able to share her domicile and board, such as they were, with them.

Zola sometimes had to take the wood out of the mattress of his bed and sell it. He escaped from death by famine owing to a letter of introduction from a doctor who attended his mother to Hachette, the great publisher. The latter employed him at a salary of 60 francs a month to tie up books in parcels and address them. But he rather liked Zola, and dividing in him first real stuff, engaged him to write for the papers those puffs known as reclaims for books the firm had brought out. Noticing his punctuality and his reserve "with other young men, Hachette promoted Zola still higher by making him his private secretary. He was then an unclean, shy, ill-dressed, mannerless, squat little fellow, but he evidently had a tidy wife, who paid great attention to the refurbishing up of his clothes and to his shirts.—London Truth.

Ruin in Crossed Legs.

"Cross your legs," said a doctor.

"Oh, no!" said his son. "What's the use of being so polite all the time?"

"My boy," the father answered, "it is not on account of a mere rule of etiquette that I tell you to uncross your legs, but it is because leg crossing is an injurious thing, a thing as baleful to the health as kissing or as microbes."

"When you cross your legs, you fit the knee cap of the upper limb into the cavity under the knee of the lower one. In the cavity that you thus compress there are the two important exterior and interior popliteal nerves and a number of glands and blood vessels. Compression does not act well on these organs. It numbs them and weakens and emaciates them. You feel the injury in a numbness of the whole leg. The leg goes to sleep."

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A CITY EDITOR

Bright's Disease and Diabetes Are Positively Curable.

Before the business men who incorporated the Fulton Compounds invested they put them to the test in dozens of cases. Hearing that H. M. Wood, the editor and proprietor of The Wine and Spirit Review, of 520 Montgomery St., had a certain case of Bright's Disease, he was one of those urged to test it. The following letter will show the result:

"520 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Sept. 21, 1907.

"Gentlemen: I consider it my duty to tell the world what the Fulton Compounds did in my case. The number 189, after a long illness, which carried me to the verge of the grave, a scientific analysis by the most noted analysts in this city disclosed that I was a victim of Bright's Disease. My physician told me that my only hope lay in a strong constitution and a change to a warm climate. He suggested Santa Barbara, and I went there, having fallen from 225 pounds to less than 150 in a short time. During my absence in the south a San Francisco business man called upon my wife and told her of the Fulton Compound; that it was actually curing Bright's Disease, and urged that I try it. I began using it, soon felt better. Normal sleep returned, and in a few months I regained my health. I now weigh 220 pounds, and enjoy better health than I have had for fifteen years. Naturally I told several friends, and in every case they were cured. The same, even where they had been suffering from Bright's Disease for many years. I believe Bright's Disease is at last curable, and appreciating my own good fortune, I will be glad to give further details to interested parties.

"R. M. Wood"

Medical writers 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 \$2.00 for the Diabetes Compound. John J. Fulton Co., 620 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, sole compounders. Free test to all patients. Descriptive pamphlet mailed free.

Save the Baby.

The mortality among babies during the three testing years is something frightful. The census of 1906 shows that about one in every seven succumb.

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 nature has not provided. The result is weakness, convulsions, etc., that prove terribly fatal. The deaths in 1906 under this cause were 20,258.

When baby begins to sweat, worry or cry out in sleep don't wait for the doctor, but give 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.

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

Gentlemen—I am prescribing your food in the multitude of cases of infantile colic, indigestion, diarrhea, etc. A large percentage of infantile colic and diarrhea are due to the teeth just coming in. Your food supplies what the deficient system demands, and I have had surprising success with it. I have seen several cases of infantile colic, which, if not treated, would have been fatal without it. It cannot be too quickly brought to the attention of the mothers of the world. It is an absolute necessity.

L. C. MENDEL, M. D.

Petaluma, Cal., September 1, 1902.

Dear Sir—I have just tried the teething food in two cases and in both it was a success. One was a very serious case of colic, and it was brought to me from another city for treatment. Fatal results were feared. In three days the baby ceased crying and commenced eating and is now well. Its action in this case was remarkable. I will 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 inactive the teeth, and when all the teeth will come healthfully, without pain, distress or lancing. It is the best teething food ever devised and easily taken. Price 10 cents (enough for six weeks), sent postpaid on receipt of price. Pacific Coast Agents, Inland Drug Co., Mills Building, San Francisco.

LOST HIS NERVE.

Why It Was That Big Pete Failed to Hit the Sheriff.

There were thirty men in the White Wolf saloon when the sheriff of Silver county sauntered in to arrest big Pete Thompson for murder. Pete was playing a hand in a game of poker, and after nodding to him the sheriff stood up at the bar and called for drink. His back was scarcely turned when Pete laid down his cards, pulled his gun and fired six shots as fast as his finger could pull the trigger. The sheriff never moved. When the smoke had rolled out of the open door and we could see the sheriff stood in the same position and wore the same smile. One bullet had burned his cheek; a second had grazed his ear; a third had cut through his shirt collar under the left ear. Big Pete was a dead shot, and yet he had missed his man at fifteen feet.

"Got through, Pete?" asked the sheriff, breaking a silence that was positively painful.

"And you—you are not healed?" gasped Pete as his arm sunk slowly down.

"Not come on."

"You didn't bring your guns?"

"No; if you are through shooting, we'll go."

Pete laid his two guns down on the table before him and walked to the door and out into the street. His horse was tied to a post a block away. He reached the horse, mounted and then headed down the long street after the sheriff, who was giving him not the slightest attention. In five minutes the pair were out of sight.

"What allked Pete?" was asked of the barkeeper, who had come to the door of the saloon.

"Lost his nerve," he brusquely replied.

"How do you mean?"

"Why, the sheriff coming without a gun and standing there to be shot at took all his sand away and made a woman of him."

"Suppose the sheriff had had a gun?"

"The man jerked his head toward the field wherein fifty or twenty victims had been buried and said:

"He'd 'a' bin over that."

"And will big Pete get clear?"

"Likely; but he'll have to leave here. The boys have already put him down as N. 2."