

OLD HEARTS ALL ABLAZE

By P. V. BLACK
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The snow had ceased falling, and the air was colder as the two soldiers strode away from the little house up the trail to the post in grim silence for many minutes. If the landscape, the unutterable solemn calm of the snow covered plain at eventide, had affected them, the same great plain, with its broad breasts yet more deeply blanketed in purest white, glimmering fitfully in the light of an uncertain clouded moon, should have now restored peace to their hearts. Nothing of nature's calm could yet do that. Healy, his chin sticking out, his thin lips tightly set, marched on blindly, clenching and unclenching his great bony hands. A pace to the corporal's rear Fin followed, but he, after the first few hundred yards, so far surpassed his companion as to attempt a challenge. He forced himself to whistle and lessened the angry determination of his stride. They were near the old bridge, and at the sound of that apparently merry tune Healy stopped in the deep shadow of the cottonwoods and faced his old comrade. Many a time had the two followed that road waveringly late at night, stumbling against each other, slapping loudly and stopping to laugh, on days when they had been in the town together for a frolic before the widow had given each a secret to keep from the other. Always, then, they had chosen the bridge and the shadows of the cottonwoods for the last halt before their nearby bunks should receive them to finish the bottle and exchange the last reminiscence of their faraway youthful days in the war. Now they were here again, and Healy threw off his coat.

"We're no recruits, to want the whole troop to see us, Fin Strait," said he. "We can trust each other fur fair play."

Fin laughed uneasily and did not take off his coat. His anger was apt to cool more quickly than the other's.

"What's eating you, Healy?" he asked. "We ain't recruits, as you say, and before I fight I want to know what I'm fighting about. It's the woman, of course."

"So it is," said Healy shortly. "Whip me up for fur your answer tomorrow if I ain't got, sure 'tis 't'other way."

"Choo, man, I've a right to court her, and now the blood's cooled, I'll grant you've the same. But what's the use of our fighting about a thing's settled? She had her choice, free and fair, and she's choosed. What's the good of kicking?"

"Yes, she's choosed," said Healy fiercely. "An' when I've whipped you fur yer interfin' tonight, tomorrow she'll say 'tis to me."

"You're late for inspection, Healy, my boy," he said. "Twas tonight she sat on my knee and kissed me. Isn't that as good as saying 'yes'?"

"You lie! You lie!"

"Go easy! You'd better take that back!"

"You're a dirty liar! She wuz in my arms this very day! Whu zee you fight, ye liar?"

In a second Fin's coat was thrown on the snow, and then of a sudden the two became outwardly calm. The shadows of the branches flitted across their faces, but the moonlight was quite good enough for each to watch the other's eyes. These, though still veiled, were the eyes of practiced boxers, for indeed there were few among the younger men who could beat the brethren at the gloves; also each man remembered that if he were so beaten as to be ashamed to show himself next day at the little house in the town, his battering would have won the widow. Therefore they fought, in spite of their rage, with science and self control. It was no romantic duel. There was no dash of swords. The men were no courtly knights, the lady no highborn maid. The affair was a very vulgar one—two common soldiers of an age to know better, of a friendship which should have been always such folly, battering each other brutally with fists for the hand of a woman whose late husband had been a government teamster. It is to be conceived, however, that the sneering moon never looked down upon a combat fought by young lovers with honest wounded hearts more fiercely averse.

In utter silence they fought until the snow was beaten and scattered by their dancing feet, no need of an arbiter of the code. Feint, parry, smash; a moment's play for breath, a clash, a wrestle; up and come again. The old boys were strictly honest, and though none saw save that flying moon and an occasional jackrabbit started in its tracks, each would have scorned to take an unfair advantage, to be guilty of a foul. Round after round, with memory of their former comradeship forgotten, with no thought save the mad ones of a jealous rivalry, they struggled together. There was little difference in their weights, but Healy was the wrier, and neither man's wind was as good as in the days of their campaigns. So it happened that after half an hour's fierce fighting, when both were bloody and both more full of wrath than ever, they fell together and rolled in the trampled snow too blown to spring up. Healy had the upper hold, and he cried in Fin Strait's ear:

"Tek it back—about the kiss! Tek it back an' swear ye'll have the widdy he!"

Fin gasped a sturdy, fierce defiance, and Healy's hand was raised over him when there came faintly thrilling over the snow the first clear note of a bugle. Healy's hand dropped harnlessly, and he raised his head and pricked his ears like a dog at the call of the master. More loudly rang the bugle, and suddenly the rivals were apart, sitting in the snow listening intently. Clear and shrill at last, long, commanding, blood burning, out sang the bugle boldly, so that the cold air thrilled through the

THE FISH SURGEON.

OPERATIONS WHICH HE PERFORMS UPON HIS PATIENTS.

Knife and Shears Are Used, and the Fish May Be Kept Out of Water From Five to Seven Minutes—How Medicines Are Administered.

The fish doctor, like the regular doctor, gives medicine, performs surgical operations and superintends his patients' diet and environment. These are the principal operations which he performs: Trimming the fish's tail with a fish shears when fungus growths enlarge it; stripping the fish to remove the eggs or milt that have not been naturally deposited; excising with the lance tumors, lacerated scales and splinters of bone.

Among the medicines that the fish doctor gives are castor oil for swelling of the swimming bladder and nuxvomica for debility and emaciation. This specialist also prescribes for the fool the fish, inspects their food troughs thoroughly and makes microscopic examinations of their water to see that it contains the proper life giving elements in their due proportions. Regarding these matters, which are as important to healthy as to sick fish, the leading fish doctor of Philadelphia recently said:

"A food trough of eameled ware that will not rust should be used for fish. At the same time each day their oatmeal should be put in this trough, which should always be kept in the same place, and as a consequence of this treatment the fish will gather around their trough at mealtime, which they will instinctively recognize, as greedily as hogs, burying their noses in the food when it is set before them and crowding and pushing one another in a healthy, ravenous and hoglike manner. The trough should be cleaned once a day lest it get sour, but the water of the fish should rarely be changed. Even when it becomes foul smelling it should only be changed gradually—a quart a day, say—for to change it all at once has the effect of a terrible exposure, indeed, the same as if you should snatch a child from its warm bed and lay it naked out of doors in the cold night wind and snow."

It is not the defecation of fish from their native element that makes fish surgery difficult, for they can be kept out of the water for five, six and seven minutes without the slightest harm to them, and there is no operation that requires a longer space of time. But what makes it difficult is the disinclination of the flesh to heal after it has been cut. A wound to heal requires to be dry. Nothing is more deleterious to the fish's sort of moisture, and hence the trouble of a fish wound bathed and soaked in water all the time. Inevitably, therefore, fish operations are simple and slight.

One of them is the trimming of tails enlarged to unwieldiness by growths of fungus. In this work sharp shears, with blades oddly curved—fish shears—are employed. The fish is lifted from the water and held head downward while its tail is being trimmed. A doctor's operator gets through the work in two or three minutes. There is no flow of blood and no gaping wound that will not heal; hence tail trimming is in nine cases out of ten successful. It must be resorted to often with Japanese goldfish, for these costly and graceful creatures, with their resemblance to strange golden flowers, have tails bigger than their bodies, and when their tails, as frequently happens, become affected with fungus, they are unable to swim well, and sometimes, indeed, they drown. A fish "drowns" technically when, floating with its head out of the water, it dies from asphyxiation.

The knife is used on fish to remove tumors or lacerated scales or splintered bones, which, unexcised, would cause the fish's death. Lacerations of the scales so severe that the fish without treatment would surely die. This operation is successful in about 70 per cent of the cases. The remaining 30 per cent die because their wounds do not heal.

Stripping is an operation resorted to when, in the breeding season, the fish, through some malady or other, does not deposit naturally its eggs or its milt. The patient in this operation is held, with the left hand while with the right a firm pressure is exerted along its sides from the breast down to the tail. Stripping is the least dangerous of all the operations in fish surgery. Admirable results are obtained by dosing fish with medicines. Castor oil, for swelling of the swimming bladder, is a remedy that seldom fails. A fish's dose of castor oil is one drop, diluted slightly. The liquid may be administered either with a spoon or with a syringe. The process in each case is similar. The fish is held in an erect position, its head well up, and the droppings from the toothpick or the contents of the spoon are directed into its mouth. Sometimes they flow forth again through the gills, and in this event the dose must be repeated.

A swollen swimming bladder is a frequent and dangerous ailment of captive fish. Under it they become extremely corpulent and unweildy. At length they turn over and float on their backs. Finally they die. But in nine cases out of ten one dose of castor oil cures this disease in a day. Fish often lose appetites, become thin and weak and apathetic. Their trouble then is stomachic, and nuxvomica, with them as with human beings, affords quick relief. A drop of dilute nuxvomica will bring back a fish's appetite, restore its weight and make it active and cheerful.—New York Tribune.

Woodchurch parish, Wirral, England, has a parish cow which may be borrowed for a year at a stretch for 64 cents as the result of a legacy.

"A horse ran away with my brother, and he hasn't been out of doors for three weeks."

"That's nothing. My brother ran away with a horse, and he hasn't been out of doors for three years."—Baltimore American.

"I spent all the money I had in the world on flowers for you, darling."

"Well, dear, it wasn't your fault that you didn't have more."—Life.

HUNTING CARIBOU.

One Shot Through the Heart, Man Two Hundred Yards.

The caribou is very tenacious of life, says S. W. Watts in Collier's Weekly, writing about hunting these animals in Newfoundland. My companion used a 30.40 Winchester and the writer used a 5 Mannlicher. With such strong weapons we were seldom shot, even when hit in a vital spot. One that the writer shot through the heart ran with the rest of the drove for 200 yards, as though he had not been touched, before he collapsed. When we opened him, he had only one bullet hole and his heart was cut in two. Another went about the same distance on the jump with both fore-shoulders broken and a bullet through the neck. On several other occasions the stags when hit went off with such strength that when they fell they dug their antlers in the ground and turned complete somersaults.

The first caribou we killed was a fawn. We picked him out because we wanted meat, and, being young, we thought he ought to be tender. In fact, however, his meat was almost useless—lean, tough, stringy and very dark in color. This was difficult to understand, and the guides, for some reason, were unable to offer an explanation. However, I learned the reason later. It appears that during the mating season the fawns are weaned. The old stag, driving the fawn away from the mother, will strike him with his horns and chase him half a mile. As soon as the stag has driven up the chase and turns back to the doe the fawn will return; then the stag will chase him again. This is kept up for eight or ten days, with the result that from worry, violent exercise and change of diet the meat of the fawn becomes for a time unpalatable.

THE APOSTLES.

Emblems Bestowed Upon Them by the Medieval Artists.

The medieval artists, having no idea of the personal appearance of the Saviour's followers, adopted a set of signs, or emblems, for each, which soon became familiar to all. The emblem of Peter was either a large key or two keys crossed, which is readily explained by referring to the words of Christ (Matthew xvi, 19). "And I will give unto thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven; and whatsoever thou shalt bind on earth shall be bound in heaven, and whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven." The emblem of Paul was a sword and a book—the latter to remind the beholder that he was a teacher of men, the former to indicate that he was beheld with a sword. St. Andrew was usually figured standing by a cross shaped like a letter X, that being the form of the cross upon which legend says he was crucified. The emblem of St. James the Great was either a sword, referring to the fact that he was also beheaded, or a pilgrim's staff, he being a great traveler.

St. John's emblem was a caldron, referring to his experience in the boiling oil. St. Philip's emblem is an enigma. It was a spear and a cross, yet it is known that he was hanged. St. Bartholomew, who was "flayed alive," is represented with a knife and his skin hanging over his arm. Matthew's emblem is a square, supposed to have some reference to Christ's calling. St. Thomas, having been "pierced with a dart," is pictured carrying a spear. The emblem of James the Less was a club, he having been "beaten to death with a faggot." St. Matthias an ax, he having been beheaded. Simon's emblem was a saw. The legend says "he was sawn asunder."

Courtesy Among the Swedes.

The Swedes are a quiet, taciturn people. There is no jostling even among the lowest classes. When a train leaves a platform or a steamboat a pier, the lookers on lift their hats to the departing passengers and bow to them, a compliment which is returned by the passengers. You are expected to lift your hat to the shabbiest person you meet in the street, and to enter an office or bank with the hat on is considered a bad breach of good manners. In reeling from a restaurant you are expected to bow to the occupants. Bowing and hat lifting are so common that the people seem to move around more slowly than elsewhere in order to observe the courtesy.

His Mistake.

The puzzled pebeban who is attempting his first meal on a railway dining car is obviously perplexed with the names of the different dishes.

After some study of the menu he says to the waiter:

"Bring me a plate of this alfalfa-dalla."

"Beg pardon, sah," whispers the waiter, "but dat is de name er de chah, sah."—Chicago Tribune.

A Devious Compliment.

"They have named a brand of cigars for Barker."

"I should consider that quite an honor."

"You wouldn't if you knew the cigars."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Appropriate.

"He calls the baby Cornelia."

"What a name! What does he call it for?"

"Because it keeps him awake nights."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Appearances Deceptive.

Tate—Appearances are not always to be trusted.

Brady—That's so. It's a mighty bright book that lives up to its cover.—Boston Transcript.

More to His Taste.

Mrs. Young (proudly)—The landlord was here today. I gave him the month's rent and showed him the baby.

Young (who was kept awake last night)—It would have been better, my dear, if you had given him the baby and shown him the month's rent.

Never Needed Vindication.

"You were never compelled to ask for a vindication?"

"A vindication?" echoed Senator Sorghum scornfully. "I should say not. My motto is, 'Don't get caught in the first place.'"—Washington Star.

Her Little Joke.

"Henry," she exclaimed as he came home to dinner, "I heard something this morning that opened my eyes."

"What was it?" he demanded excitedly.

"The alarm clock."—Scraps.

MEDICINE IN THE ANDES.

Peculiar Properties of the Herbs the Indian Doctors Use.

An interesting character, frequently met with in the Andes, is the callaguanay, or Indian doctor. He is everywhere and is trader, tinker, peddler, fortune teller, conjurer and magician. His knowledge of botany is as mysterious as it is comprehensive, and the most astonishing stories are told of his cures.

A man in Lima was lying at the point of death with a disease which baffled physicians who brought diplomas from the medical schools of Paris and Vienna. One evening two of the physicians stood talking of the case at the sick man's door, without noticing a humble, barefooted Indian who leaned against the wall. As they departed the Indian entered the patio and asked to see the sick man. The family referred him to the attending doctor, who, amazed at his audacity, exclaimed:

"What do you know about a disease that puzzles the best physicians in Lima?"

"I have herbs that will cure everything," said the callaguanay.

The doctor smiled in scorn and turned away. The Indian opened his pack, took from a paper a single leaf and handed it to the physician, asking him to smell it. He did so, and instantly his nose began to bleed, and he was unable to stop it.

The Indian stood stolidly by for a time, then handed him another leaf, saying, "Smell that and the bleeding will stop."

The result was what he promised, and the physician was interested. In the end the callaguanay saw the sick man. He selected herbs from his stock, brewed a tea and gave it to the patient, and the sick man recovered.—"Between the Andes and the Ocean."

A Marvel of Science.

During a visit to the south with an eclipse expedition some years ago an eminent American professor met an old negro servant whose duty it was to look after the chickens of the expedition where he was staying. The day before the eclipse took place the professor in an idle moment called the old man to him and said, "Sam, if tomorrow morning at 11 o'clock you watch your chickens you will find they will all go to roost."

Sam was skeptical, of course, but when at the appointed time next day the sun in the heavens was darkened and the chickens retired to roost the negro's astonishment knew no bounds. He approached the professor in awe and wonder. "Massa," he asked, "how long ago did you know dat dem chickens would go to roost?"

"Oh, a long time," said the professor airily.

"Did you know a year ago, massa?"

"Yes."

"Then dat beats de debil!" exclaimed the astonished old man. "Dem chickens weren't hatched a year ago!"

No Laundry in China.

"It's the funniest thing to me," said an old sea captain who for many years was in the China trade, "that nine out of every ten Chinamen who come to this country open laundries and engage in a business which does not exist in their native land."

"As every one knows, the Chinese at home wear soft cotton and woolen garments, according to the season, and there is not a pound of starch in all China. Stiffly starched clothes are unknown, and the Chinese men do not do the washing as they do in this country. Neither is there any regular laundry in the Flowery Kingdom. Therefore it is more than passing strange that Chinamen should all come to America and engage in a trade so foreign to their home industries."—Baltimore Sun.

Disguised Hands Always Bad.

"Here is a truth," says a handwriting expert in the Philadelphia Record, "that is as widespread as the ether: A disguised hand always tries to be poorer than the real hand. That axiom is a great help to us experts. For instance, when a letter done in a disguised hand is brought to us we always know that the writer of the letter is in a higher station than the hand would lead us to infer; hence in our detective work we are able to save much valuable time by eliminating all persons socially below the appearance of the letter and concentrating our attention on those only who are above it."

Attending Memories.

Horace Vernet is the best example of visual memory. He could paint a striking portrait of a man, life size, after having once looked at his model. Mozart had a great musical memory. Having heard twice the "Miserere" in the Sistine chapel, he wrote down the full score of it. There are soloists who during twenty-four hours can play the composition of other masters without ever skipping a note.

Appreciative.

A housekeeper who has been employing a colored washerwoman for several months was surprised to see her appear last week in a hat trimmed heavily with erape.

"Why, Julia," she asked, "is any of your family dead?"

"No, no," was the reply, "but one of my best customers gave me this hat, and I didn't want her to think I don't appreciate nothin'."

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Importers and Dealers in BOOKS, NEWS, WRITING and PAPERS WRAPPING... CARD STOCK... Straw and Binders' Board... 55-57-59-61 First Street Tel. Main 199. SAN FRANCISCO.

Rejected for Insurance, Cured, Then Accepted.

Bright's Disease and Diabetes Are Positively Curable.

Chas. F. Wacker, another merchant later viewed. Address 131 Sixth St., San Francisco. Q.—You are reported as having been cured of Diabetes, although it is believed incurable. A.—I had it, but am now well. Q.—Did it get severe? A.—Very. The first notice I had was when I was rejected by an insurance company. Later I became very weak and suffered greatly. Q.—Any other physician said it was Diabetes? A.—Oh, yes. My own did. The sugar was enormous, over an ounce per day. Q.—Who told you of the Fulton Compound? A.—Editor Engle of the Human Paper. It had cured him of Bright's Disease. Q.—How soon did you begin to improve? A.—In two weeks I knew I'd got well. Q.—Did you again apply for insurance? A.—I did, soon as I was well. A.—In the same company? A.—Yes; the Northwestern of Minneapolis. Q.—Did they accept you? A.—They did. The policy is No. 53,666, and is for \$5,000. Q.—Have any tests made since? A.—Yes. Leitch made an analysis, reporting the common form of kidney complaint and rheumatism after but short residence. Price, \$1 for Bright's Disease and \$1.50 for Diabetic Compound. John A. Fulton Co., 48 Montgomery St., San Francisco, sole compounders. Free tests accepted for patients. Descriptive pamphlet mailed free.

Save the Baby.

The mortality among babies during the three teething years is something frightful. The census of 1900 shows that about one in seven never succumb. It is the result of slow teething. With baby's bones hardening, the fontanel (opening in the skull) closing up and its teeth forming, all these coming at once create demand for bone material that nearly half the little systems are deficient in. The result is fretfulness, weakness, sweating, fever, diarrhoea, brain troubles, convulsions, etc., that prove terribly fatal. It is the same home remedy that has saved the lives of thousands of babies. They begin to teethe within forty-eight hours. Here is what physicians think of it.

254 Washington St., San Francisco, June 2, 1902. Gentlemen—I am presenting to you a food in the multitude of baby troubles due to impeded dentition. A large percentage of infantile ill and fatalities are the result of slow teething. Your food supplies what the deficient system demands, and I have had surprising success with it. It is the same diet, given with their regular food, has failed to check the infantile diseases. Several of the more serious cases would, I feel sure, have been fatal without it. It cannot be too quickly brought to the attention of the mothers of the country. It is an absolute necessity.

L. C. MENDEL, M. D.

Petaluma, Cal., September 1, 1902. Dear Sirs—I have just tried the teething food in two cases and in both it was a success. One was a very severe 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 was so quick that I am inclined to believe it was due to its being 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 innocuous the gums unnecessarily, is the same plan and a blessing to the baby to not wait for symptoms but to commence giving it the fourth or fifth month. It is the same food, given healthfully, without pain, diarrhoea or anything else. It is the same food, regular diet and easily taken. Price 50 cents (rough for six weeks), sent postpaid on receipt of price. Pacific Coast to agents, Inland Drug Co., Mills Building, San Francisco.

WHERE PEOPLE SEE PEOPLE

F Street in Washington is a Famous Promenade.

"I believe that F street, in Washington, is the greatest place in the world for people to stroll up and down the thoroughfare and scan each other," said a close observer, who has traversed considerably, as he himself walked along the well known street. "It seems to be understood here," he continued, "that promptly at 4 o'clock, when the weather is pleasant, there should be a general promenade. If a woman's or man's dress takes well on F street, it is safe to say that the attire will pass muster anywhere. As to the variety of dress—well, you may see anything on F street from the stylishly dressed millionaire's daughter or wife to the schoolgirl. Many of the upper class of young ladies who have carriages at their disposal very often dismiss their coachman when shopping on F street and walk from store to store simply to mingle with the crowd and get a look at the other people."

"F street certainly beats all the other cities for this amusement," he said in conclusion, "and, although I have only been here a short time, the fever has already struck me, and every day at 4 p. m. I feel a desire come over me to dress up and start in at F street and walk along F street and back again."

Needed a Rest.

"Rest is not quitting the busy career," says the poet. The truth of the saying was impressed on an Arkansas family by Lulu, their colored cook. She was fat, lazy and "notional," says Harry Magazine, but her cooking was perfect, and Mr. and Mrs. Lawton ignored her whims and reduced her work to a minimum.

Good cooks were so hard to get that the question of adding a feather's weight to Lulu's duties was discussed in a subdued whisper. One day Lulu resigned her position.

"Why, Lulu," asked Mrs. Lawton, "what is the matter? Is the work too hard for you?"

"Well, ma'am," replied Lulu, "I'm all tired out. I'm going home and take in washing and rest up."

A French statistician estimates the number of cows in the civilized world at 63,880,000 and the amount of butter they yield at 2,640,000 tons a year.