THOR, THE NORWEGIAN

... By ...

Frederic Van Rensselaer Dey

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THERE is no place in all the world so desolate, particularly when a nor'west gale has been on the rampage for three successive days, lashing the water into a fury of foam and turmoil, as that part of the North sea where it washes against the western coast of the peninsula of Denmark. At such times the air is frost laden and benumbing, even in midsummer. The water itself is of an ominous, leaden tint, like a battleship with her war paint on. Even the foam which caps the waves is not white and flaky, as it is in the southern zones, but seems to have been adulterated with some refuse tint suggestive of the dirty suds of wash day. The wind is as erratic as the waves which chop unmercifully. It howls and shrieks and roars with deadly energy for a time and then moans sullenly while it generates new force for a more furious onslaught. Deep sea sailors dread this region and avoid it when they can, but the amphibious Norwegian and the storm born Dane love it as a savage loves the wilderness.

If you should study one of the older charts of this bad tempered sea, you would discover that fifty-two miles off the coast of Denmark, by the compass north-northwest from Tyboron, there looms a rock with an unpronounceable Danish name, which, being translated into English, means the Devil's Nose. At the present time it has disappeared, for upon it had stranded so many vessels and to it was due the loss of so many lives and so much property that the Danish and the German governments united to destroy it. It is not located on the charts in use today, and the deepest draft war vessel may now pass over the spot in safety.

Originally it loomed sixty-four feet into the air and from the westward had the appearance of a huge nose, the more so when the tide was low, for then at the water's edge could be seen indentations that had been ground out by centuries of pounding waves, and these cavities were the nostrils of this mammoth proboscis. To the eastward it extended from the summit to the water at an angle of 23 degrees. This part of the rock was concave in form, and it broadened as it descended until it finally disappeared beneath the water like the tines of a pitchfork, leaving a sheltered bay about 50 feet in length by 30 in breadth and as deep as the sea itself. Many a belated craft returning from a fishing voyage and overtaken by a furious nor'wester found shelter here before the rock was destroyed and in the little bay rode out the gale in safety, and it was just such an occasion as this which one afternoon in August compelled two men, the sole occupants of a sloop rigged craft, to seek the little haven of refuge.

The gale had come upon them almost without warning. They had reefed and double reefed their sails, but the wind, as if it enjoyed their discomfiture, increased its strength in proportion as they reduced the resistance to it, so that at last they were obliged to scud before it with only sail enough left standing to give them steerage way.

One of these men, almost a giant in stature, held the tiller and watched with unerring eyes the play of the savage water around them. He knew these waters as the half grown child knows the dooryard of its birthplace, and he loved the sea, the leaping waves and the rushing wind with a passion that was hereditary. He loved it, and he delighted to defy its dangers. His companion held the sheet rope, which, notwithstanding the fact that he had taken two turns around the cleat, was, with each fresh gust of wind, almost snatched from his grasp.

"We'll make the Devil's Nose, Craddock," said the big man at the helm, "and we'll be there in ten minutes' time. Pass the sheet to me. I can hold it with my left hand. Now take the heaving line and go forward. Make one end fast to the capstan, tie the other end around your waist, and when I round to into the little bay jump and swim for your life. She'll have headway enough to carry her into the neck of the cove, but not a bit more. There is an iron ring set in the rock near the point on the north shore and another at the head of the cove. If you can make one of them and get a hitch through it before the line pulls taut, we will be as safe as a church. Put your clasp knife in your teeth, Crad, and if you cannot make one of the rings in time cut yourself adrift and swim ashore and wait. I'll ride out the gale alone, and then I'll come back for you. Go forward now. Not a word! I'm captain of this craft."

When the sloop was again upon the summit of a wave, Craddock from his position at the bow could see the huge rock to which his companion had referred. He had heard him describe it many times, but he had never seen it before.

There is nothing so deadly uncertain in the life of a sailor as running straight before a gale of wind. Billows like mountains tower in front and rear up out of the ocean's depth astern, making destruction appear inevitable, and there are an angry swish and a resentful seething in the rushing water as it lifts the stern on high and hurls the craft like an arrow from a bow before it. But neither of these men seemed to realize the danger he was in, or if he realized it he was careless concerning it, and while he at the stern stood with feet apart, his right hand grasping the tiller and his left firmly holding the straining sheet, Craddock prepared himself for the leap he was to make, upon the success of which their safety depended.

From a small thing in the distance the Devil's Nose loomed greater and mightier as they advanced. It seemed to be rushing toward them at fearful speed, growing taller and mightier and more ominous as it approached. The waves beat against it with savage fury, and clouds of spray were hurled almost to the summit.

It seemed to Craddock as they drove onward as if his friend were steering straight for the forbidden rock; but he never looked astern. He knew that the hand that held the tiller was strong, tried and sure.

Then came the mighty boom of the maddened waters against the barrier of rock, and the yacht was enveloped in a shower of foam and mist, through which, half obscured, the black monument towered. The helmsman released his hold upon the sheet, the boom flew forward with a sudden crash against the shrouds, and the sloop heeled over to starboard until her deck was half submerged in water, and she came about like the snapping of a whip. It was at that instant that Craddock made his leap.

Twenty minutes later the sloop was safely moored within the little bay, which was as placid as a millpond, and the two men were snug in the cabin with nothing but the roar of the rushing wind above them and the booming of the water against the western extremity of the rock to remind them of the perils through which they had just passed.

While the storm raged on and daylight became smothered by advancing night they cooked and ate their supper and smoked their pipes in tranquil security. Why they were where they were, overtaken by a furious gale in the most dangerous part of the North sea, does not matter, but if a coast guard or a customs officer could have inspected the articles that were stored away in secret lockers aboard the sloop he might have called them by the now almost obsolete term, smugglers. Ostensibly, however, the sloop was nothing more than a mere pleasure boat and they two venturesome sailors who found it possible to navigate a craft which ordinarily should have carried a crew of four or five.

When morning came, the storm had increased in violence, and so mighty were the seas which swept before it that not infrequently clouds of spray and masses of water leaped over the summit of the rock, to again fall into the sea many fathoms to leeward. The rushing of the wind, split in twain by the barrier which sheltered them, came together again beyond the Devil's Nose with a noise like distant thunder.

After they had disposed of their coffee he who had held the helm through the storm of the preceding night and brought the sloop safely into this strange retreat said to his companion while they stood together at the bow:

"Craddock, this pile of nature's masonry contains the unwritten epitaphs of thousands who have perished here. It has other secrets, too, and one of them I have discovered and will show you. Do you think, if we climb to the summit yonder, that you can keep your hold upon the slippery rock against the gale?"

Craddock shrugged his shoulders and without reply turned toward the dinghy which had already been launched and was moored on the port side of the sloop. They sculled it quickly to the head of the bay and soon began the precarious ascent of the Devil's Nose. Two-thirds of the distance to the summit they came upon a level space no bigger than a dining table, which in the center was cleft apart, leaving a space not more than two feet wide and as dark as midnight within; and into this forbidding place the big man without explanation or hesitation dropped. Craddock followed, and a moment later they stood in a natural cavern that was created when the rock was formed.

"Look yonder, Crad!"

"I doubt," said the leader, "if there lives another man today who knows of the existence of this cavern. Hark! Do you hear that whistling moan? It is like the vibration of a hundred aeolian harps. I have a lantern here. Wait till I strike a light, and I will show you something grander than you ever saw before."

Then presently he led the way up the slippery rock, and as they advanced the weird moaning and whistling became louder and shriller until it seemed as if there were living things hovering around them and shrieking in their ears. It was the voice of the gale as it rushed through an opening in the rock high over their heads, and after they had mounted to it Craddock saw his friend put the lantern down. Then his arm was seized in a firm grasp, and he was led around a jutting boulder into the light of day.

The wind struck them like a blow and for a moment forced them back again, but they held their ground and presently stood upon a ledge formed by an indentation which nature had left in the mighty mass, with the summit of the Devil's Nose a scarce three fathoms above their heads.

The view was grand and awful. The storm was at its height. Black clouds rushed toward them and above them like chargers of a hadean host. Seas, mountain high, plume crested with white foam, tumbled onward in mad expostulation to be shattered against the rock on which they stood, which of itself did not even tremble.

Craddock loved such scenes with not less passion than his friend, and while he stood entranced his arm was seized again with crushing force, and the voice of his friend, but faintly heard above the tempest, shouted in his ear:

"Look yonder, Crad! Look there!" And with his disengaged hand he pointed straight to windward.

Scarcely a mile away and driving toward them with the speed of a locomotive was a schooner yacht under bare poles, rolling and pitching and tossing, now half submerged beneath torrents of water that fell upon her from the pursuing waves and again appearing like a helpless chip upon the summit of an angry sea.

She seemed to be making straight for the Devil's Nose. Upon her deck a dozen forms were visible, lashed to their places to prevent being swept away by wind and water.

As she drove onward, nearer and nearer, Craddock's companion again shouted in his ear:

"I know her, Crad. It is the favorite yacht of the Princess Charlotte of Denmark. God grant that she may not be aboard it now! She loves the sea as we love it, Crad, and—look, for God's sake, look!" He pointed with his disengaged hand, and Craddock saw the figure of a woman wrapped in a cork jacket, lashed to the binnacle of the beleaguered yacht, which was now not more than thirty fathoms from the rock.

At the very instant that the two men discovered her a mighty wave rolled up over the stern and broke in midair, overwhelming the yacht with a flood of water that crushed and made a wreck of her before their eyes.

For two seconds they gazed spellbound upon the scene, and then, without a word of warning or intention, Craddock's companion leaped upward and outward and plunged head downward to the water, fifty feet below.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

TRAILING THE GROUSE.

Tracking the Birds on Snow Without a Dog Is Good Sport.

There is one form of grouse shooting for which I confess a weakness. This is still hunting, or trailing the birds on the snow. When a new snow falls, the woods are like so much clean paper, and the furry and feathered folk are so many unintentional scribblers. Here a wood mouse dotted along, dragging his tail; yonder a hare passed at speed, scared by the red rascal that made these doglike tracks. Small triangles show where squirrels have traveled from nest to storehouse, and larger triangles betray where the cottontails held conference till a soundless winged owl broke up the meeting.

And here, amid the tan leaved dwarf bushes, is something. Oho! The very sight of it makes you grasp the gun tighter, and you begin to peer ahead and to breathe a bit faster. Those trim prints running yonder in true line were made by a grouse. Careful, now—it's fresh as— Look! Did you not see that brown thing dart from the stump to that tuft of dried fern and bush? Steady, now! He must be right there before you, and he'll go straight away to—

"Whur-r-r!" almost behind you.

"Why, how the"— Bing! Bang!

Good boy! The first load 's in that maple fifteen yards from your nose, but the quick second did the business. As to how the—ahem!—he got almost behind you when you had seen him directly in front—that's a way he has. —Edwyn Sandys in Outing.

The Crow That Wears a Fool's Cap.

The following clever way of keeping crows away from a grainfield is used by the farmer of Holland:

He makes some small caps of stout paper and smears around the inner side of the mouth of each some bird lime or other sticky stuff. In these he puts some grains of corn and stands them about his fields by pressing their points into soft earth.

When the crow finds one of these paper caps, he thinks himself in great luck until he attempts to peck at the tempting grain, when, to his astonishment, he finds the cap attached to his head—a regular fool's cap—which will not even allow him to see what course to take if he flies up.

However, he succeeds in reaching some coarse grass or bushes and after much bewildered scrambling and flopping about gets his head out of this undesirable cap and ever afterward avoids the field where there are more of them.

Petrified the Englishman Too.

"Colonel Tom Ochiltree once upset Lord Lonsdale when the latter was entertained in New York on his way home from an expedition to Alaska," said a man who saw the fun.

"At a dinner given in his honor Lord Lonsdale told many thrilling stories, and an audible 'oh!' went around the table when he finished telling of a petrified forest in Africa, in which he found a number of petrified lions and elephants. As the Englishman lapsed into silence and the applause sank to an echo all looked to Colonel Ochiltree to defend his nationality and beat this petrified lion story.

"'Texas,' said the colonel after a pause, 'has its petrified forests; but although they contain no petrified lions, they are remarkable for having petrified birds flying over them.'

"'Nonsense!' said Lord Lonsdale. 'That is impossible. Such a phenomenon is contrary to the laws of gravitation.'

"'Ah, that's easily explained,' responded Colonel Ochiltree quickly. 'The laws of gravitation down there are petrified too.'"

A Life Sentence.

"Would you call stealing a kiss larceny?" queried the inexperienced young man.

"I suppose so," replied the married man, who was hustling from dawn to dusk to support his family.

"What is the penalty?"

"Why, I stole a kiss one time and was sentenced to hard labor for life." —Philadelphia Record.

When you go to collect a bill, the man at the counter is less apt to inquire about the health of your family than when you go to pay one.

ERRONEOUS BELIEFS.

ODD NOTIONS ABOUT ANIMALS THAT ARE BORN OF IGNORANCE.

Some Superstitions About Toads and Snakes Explained Away—Nocturnal Animals and Their Eyes—Lambs and Sheep and Their Tails.

It is commonly believed that toads cause warts. This is based upon the following combination of facts: Toads are the only common animals that are naturally covered with wartlike lumps. They eject a clear liquid. This is supposed to do something. Warts appear mysteriously, and no one is able to explain the causes of their coming and going. It is erroneously inferred that they are produced by this wart bearing, nocturnal creature with peculiar habits, upon the basis of the doctrine that "like produces like." The common belief that tadpoles shed their tails has for its origin the facts that while living in water each possesses a swimming tail, but when it metamorphoses into a frog or a toad it becomes tailless. In fact, the tail does not drop off, but it is absorbed and disappears in the body, just as a swelling from a bump on the head disappears. How often do we hear that frogs and toads have fallen with rain, and almost every July we may read accounts of such phenomena. These may have for their basis the fact that during the month of July toads change from the tadpole stage and aquatic habitat to the adult form and terrestrial habitat and then migrate landward in great numbers. They are active only at night or during hot weather, effectually concealing themselves in the most common places during the daytime. However, when a rain falls at such a time they appear by thousands, as if by magic, and give the impression of having fallen with rain.

There are doubtless more superstitions concerning snakes than any other creatures. This arises in part from the traditions of the form of the original tempter and in part from the fact that but very few persons are willing to calmly observe serpents for themselves and learn the truth directly. We have met persons who believe that all snakes are venomous. This doubtless comes from the old Roman rule, "Ab uno disce omnes." How prevalent is the belief that horse hairs turn to snakes! There is no other foundation for this error than the resemblance of the so called hairsnake (gordius) to a common horsehair. Snakes are often supposed to charm birds, but the fact is that the feathered songsters are paralyzed by fright when they suddenly see the reptiles at close proximity.

The common erroneous belief that snakes sting or bite by means of their tongues may come from the Scriptural quotation, "It stingeth like an adder." The supposition that snakes bite themselves and die is doubtless based upon the actions of certain species, like the hog nosed adder, which when teased will act as though dead and thus sometimes find protection. It is very commonly thought that snakes' tails "live" or are active until sundown. This arises from the prolonged activity of the tail, due to the reflex action of the caudal nerve centers, which may continue for a longer or shorter period owing to temperature and other conditions. Many persons believe that there is a glass snake or joint snake, which may be broken to fragments when struck, but can rejoint itself and live. This may come from the fact that a certain lizard (Ophiosaurus ventralis) readily loses its tail, and while the body escapes the caudal member wiggles and attracts the attention of the pursuer.

The erroneous idea that turtles breathe under water, as do fishes, is derived from the observations of their having remained submerged for some hours. But this is made possible by their lung capacity, their limited need of oxygen compared with that of warm blooded animals and their ability to store oxygen in their tissues and use it as needed.

Both species of American cuckoos (genus coccyzus) build nests, contrary to the popular belief. The error comes from the fact that the European cuckoo (cuculus) builds no nests, but is parasitic, laying its eggs in the nests of other birds, as does our cowbird (molothrus). The old idea that "a sight of the oriole cures jaundice" doubtless is connected with the yellow color of the bird and the homeopathic doctrine "Similia similibus curantur" (like cures like).

Most persons believe that owls, cats and other nocturnal animals can see in absolute darkness. This error arises from the fact that in these animals the pupil of the eye is very large or dilatable, and in subdued or very feeble light they can see much better than can man. One can readily demonstrate the fallacy of the supposition by taking an owl or other nocturnal animal into a perfectly dark room, as we have done, and touching it with the hand. It does not move, even though it be an untamed animal. Cats and other nocturnal animals are erroneously thought to emit light from their eyes because when looking toward the light the crystalline lens of the eye produces a glaring reflection. The ideas that swans sing when dying and moles open their eyes at the time of death are handed down from the writings of Pliny and represent ignorance of the facts of zoology.

We were once seriously asked by a teacher, "At what age do the little lambs' tails drop off?" He had accurately observed that the tails of the lambs are long, while those of the old sheep are short, and he had obtained a false idea, which is, however, prevalent. Of course he was shocked to learn that sheep raisers amputate the tails to prevent the soiling of the wool. —Forest and Stream.

His Classification.

Ingomar Buskin—There's a dispute about my acting. Some critics put it in the first rank, others in the second. Now, how would you designate it?

Horatio Jones—I? Oh, I'd simply designate it as rank.—New York Times.

The Appreciation.

The Author (after the first performance)—Well, what do you think of my play?

Feminine Friend—It was just lovely! Who designed the heavenly dresses?—Brooklyn Life.

A REMARKABLE SHOT.

Fired In the Dark, It Injured Three Men Half a Mile Away.

"One of the best and most remarkable shots made during the war with Spain," said a gentleman who made an effort to get into the thick of the fight, "was, in my judgment, made at Miami, and the man who fired the shot was a Louisiana boy and a member of my company. He was doing duty as a provost guard at the time. It was late at night when the soldiers were roused by the quick, clear crack of a Krag-Jorgensen on the outskirts of the camp. No particular attention was paid to the matter at first, as only one shot was fired. But with a couple of officers we went out to where the guard was stationed in order to find out just why it was that he had fired at that time of night. He explained that he had seen a man slipping through the bushes some distance away and had called on him to halt. He failed to obey the command, and the guard blazed away at him, more to frighten him into a stop than anything else. Of course, the fellow never halted. He was probably too badly frightened to stop at that time.

"While we were talking to the guard we heard a fearful noise at least half a mile from the guard's station, and we made a break for the place to see what the matter was. We heard several people screaming as if in great agony. Down the road we went at full speed, and in a short while we came upon a little cabin which stood on the roadside. The noise was in this cabin, and I never heard such groaning and wailing in my life. We found three men in the house. They were in great agony, and we asked them what was the matter. 'We have been shot,' they said, and sure enough they had been shot.

"One was shot in the right arm, another in the back and the third in the hip. They had all been wounded by the same bullet. The man who was wounded in the arm was lying on his right side. The ball passed through his arm. Next to him one of his companions was sprawling out on his back, and the bullet split the hide on this part of his anatomy as smoothly as a knife. Then it passed through the fleshy part of the third man's hip and sped on.

"We could not find the ball. It had passed through the side of the house, wounded the three men in the way indicated, bored through the wall on the opposite side and kept on going. Now, that cabin was fully half a mile from the point where the guard was stationed, and yet the shot he fired had wrought all the havoc we found."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

ANATOMICAL.

Each ear has four bones.

The body has about 500 muscles.

The lower limbs contain thirty bones each.

There are 25,000 pores in the hand of a man.

Man is the only animal that possesses a real nose and chin.

The human skeleton, exclusive of teeth, consists of 208 bones.

The eight muscles of the human jaw exert a force of about 500 pounds.

The wrist contains eight bones, the palm five, the fingers have fourteen.

The smallest bone in the human body is in the lenticular, which is seated in the ear.

The work performed by the human heart each twenty-four hours is equal to the lifting of 129 tons to a height of one foot in the same length of time.

Discovery of Purple.

A dog belonging to Hercules Tyrius was one day walking along the seashore when he found and ate a murex, a species of shellfish. Returning to his master, the latter noticed that the dog's lips were tinged with color, and in this manner Tyrian purple was discovered. The color was used in the robes of emperors and nobles, and the expression "born to the purple" meant that the person was of high birth. It is strange to think that the favorite color of royalty can be traced to the curiosity or hunger of the dog of Tyre.

The Spirit Was Willing.

"See here," cried the tailor as Slopay, having donned his new suit, started out of the store; "you're forgetting something."

"Indeed?" said Slopay. "What's that?"

"You must remember our understanding. I made this suit for you only because you said you wanted to pay cash for it."

"And I still want to, but I'm sorry to say I can't."—Philadelphia Press.

A Matter of Business.

"I cannot understand, sir, why you permit your daughter to sue me for breach of promise. You remember that you were bitterly opposed to our engagement because I wasn't good enough for her and would disgrace the family."

"Young man, that was sentiment; this is business."

A Mighty Man.

Topham, the prince of English strong men, had knots of muscles where the armpits are in the ordinary man. He could take a bar of iron 1½ inches in diameter and 5 feet long, place the middle of it over the back of his neck and then force the ends forward until they met before his face. On one occasion he called upon a village blacksmith and made of him an everlasting enemy by picking up a number of horseshoes and snapping them in two as easily as if they had been pine sticks.

A Smitten Conscience.

Dr. Fourthly—I believe my sermon on sincerity this morning sank deep into some hearts and did good.

Parishioner—Yes; as Foley and his wife went home he explained to people on the street car that his wife's hair and teeth were false.

Hopeful.

There was a very small audience present, and it was rapidly dwindling away. On the stage the hero and heroine are holding a rendezvous.

Hero to Heroine—Are we alone?

Heroine (thinking of the audience)—Not yet. There are two fellows near the door who look as if they might be able to sit through another act.

HER FIRST $100.

What the Delightful Creature Did With It After Much Advice.

How she acquired it it does not really matter—possibly by teaching school, painting fire screens or washing. Anyway when she found herself in possession of the sum she set about to see what she could do with it.

Certain amiable friends told her it would be very nice to buy some new dresses, hats, gloves, shoes and such. But she had a full assortment and didn't require anything of the sort. An aunt told her to invest it in a certain telegraph stock that would bring in good interest.

"But I want my hundred dollars all to myself, you know."

"Poor, foolish dear, it will all be yours, just the same. You can use the interest just the same. I know where you can draw—why, 6 per cent."

"Wh-at? That is only $6 a year! Six dollars is awfully small by the side of this. I'm going to count it again. Maybe some of it is gone." The very thought of such a thing made the little creature chatter. For the tenth time that day she sat down and counted the talismanic roll of bills—four twenties, one ten and two fives. It was all right, and her pulse resumed its normal beat. Suddenly she gave a little shriek of delight and jumped up and cried:

"I know just what I shall do! I'll get it—busted. I think that's what they call"—

"Child, what are you talking about?"

"Talking about finance, auntie. I'm going to make this stingy little roll into a big one. It doesn't show off at all."

"You are queer, dear."

"I'm going to get it all in five dollar bills. I think the pictures on the fives are ever so much prettier." Life seemed more rosy after the delightful creature possessed twenty nice, crisp fivers. She counted and recounted them when another fancy came.

"I'm tired looking at these common bills. They don't jingle and ring. I'm going to get five nice, clean, new twenty dollar goldpieces." No sooner was it said than done. The table rang for two days as she tossed the bright yellow pieces about like jack stones. Even then she wasn't quite happy. The little pile of twenty dollar yellow boys looked so small. Then she scouted about and got together 100 silver dollars. She polished every one daily and played with them. Next she got 200 fifty cent pieces. But life was still an aching void. She at last owned $100 in twenty-five cent coins. Surely she must be satisfied now. But, no; she broke into one of the quarters, felt discouraged after that and was quite unlike her old self until she found one little nickel left, the very last coin of the hundred dollars that had caused her so much trouble.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Snakes.

There exists among many persons a belief that snakes are creatures of more or less defective organization. Deprived of legs and reduced to effect their movements by sinuous windings of their elongated bodies and tails, they have an appearance of helplessness which may by itself excite compassion. Yet no mistake of the kind could well be greater. The principles of evolution suffice to make it evident that the structure of serpents must be tolerably good or else they could never have survived nature's many destructive agencies. But, in fact, their structure is a marvel of admirable contrivances and accurate adjustments, so that we must affirm them to be as perfectly adapted to their requirements and peculiar modes of life as any other animals.—Quarterly Review.

Iconoclasm.

"Well," said the man who had come in from the remote wilds, "I suppose you've took your seat in congress ag'in."

"No. You remember, I had the misfortune to be defeated."

"You don't say! And after me travelin' forty mile to vote fer you! The folks out our way will shore be surprised. So you ain't goin' to sit in congress no more?"

"I'm afraid not."

"Well, well! Things are certainly goin' queer these days. I reckon they'll be movin' the Washington monument next."—Washington Star.

A Thoughtless Sister.

Mrs. Getthere—Such impudence! Here's Sister Matilda proposing to come here with both her children and make us a long visit.

Mr. G.—But you spent half last season at her home in the country, and you had four children and a nurse.

Mrs. G.—A different thing altogether. She has no servants, but she knows perfectly well that we have several and that every one of them will get mad and leave if the family is increased.—New York Weekly.

Skulls In a Crypt.

In the crypt of St. Leonard's church at Hythe, England, are 7,000 skulls. The remains have been the subject of much discussion by scientists. They were once declared to be the bones of Danish invaders. Now the balance of opinion assumes that they are the outcome of a battle fought between Vortimer, a prince of the Britons, and the invading Saxons about A. D. 456. Many of the skulls bear the marks of the battleax. On a table on one side of the crypt are placed two skulls which are declared to be typical Saxon and British, one being long and narrow and the other short and broad. The custodian points out in another part of the crypt what he contemptuously describes as a "common churchyard skull."

Words Ending In "Ator."

There never has been any general rule of pronunciation as to nouns ending in "ator." In Scotland the mode differed from the English rule in more usually throwing the accent back. Was it not Erskine who in his earlier days, having spoken of a curator, making the word a dactyl, was interrupted by the judge before whom he was pleading with, "'Cura-tor,' if you please, Mr. Erskine; a Latin word with a long penult!"

"Thank you, my lord," was his ready retort, "for your correction. I bow to the authority of so distinguished a 'sena-tor' and 'ora-tor' as your lordship."—London Spectator.

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We Were Too Late.

Bright's Disease and Diabetes Are Positively Curable.

Upon hearing that Charles A. Newton, the yardmaster of the Southern Pacific Company at Sacramento, had a certain case of Diabetes, the business men who were investigating the Fulton Compounds, wrote him asking him to take it; but they were late, as he had already heard of it, as per his letter in answer as follows:

"SACRAMENTO, July 21, 1901.

"Dear Sirs: Yours of the 19th received, and I thank you for your information regarding the Diabetes medicine made by J. J. Fulton. I was permanently cured of Diabetes by this medicine, and I now enjoy good health once more. I commenced taking it March 8d, and June 5th was pronounced cured. I now enjoy my old diet in a mild form, but advance more on it as time goes by, not wishing to attempt too much at once. I was very bad with the disease. The gravity was 1046, and I was so weak I could scarcely walk. The physicians helped me some, but said there was no cure. I then heard of and went to treating with the Fulton Compound, and only took three bottles when I commenced to feel better, and then kept on improving until I was restored to health.

"I know of another case of Diabetes, an engineer on the road who had the disease for four years. He went to Tucson to die. When I was getting better I sent for him to come to Sacramento to go on the same treatment. On his return he believed no medicine would cure him; but I prevailed upon him to try it. This was in May. He is now so much improved that he is on his engine working every day. There are also two cases of Bright's Disease taking it whom I told of it. I hope some sympathizer will get this medicine and build sanitariums all over the country for the treatment of these dreadful diseases. Trusting I have not said too much, Yours,

"CHAS. A. NEWTON,
"Yardmaster, S. P. Co., Sacto."

Medical works agree that Bright's Disease and Diabetes are incurable, but 87 per cent are positively recovering under the Fulton Compounds. (Common forms of kidney complaint and rheumatism offer but short resistance.) Price, $1 for the Bright's Disease and $1.50 for the Diabetic Compound. John J. Fulton Co., 42 Montgomery St., San Francisco, sole compounders. Free tests made for patients. Descriptive pamphlet mailed free.

Save the Baby.

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

The cause is apparent. With baby's bones hardening, the fontanel (opening in the skull) closing up and its teeth forming, all these coming at once create a demand for bone material that nearly half the little systems are deficient in. The result is feevishness, weakness, sweating, fever, diarrhoea, brain troubles, convulsions, etc., that prove terribly fatal. The deaths in 1900 under three years were 304,988, to say nothing of the vast number outside the big cities that were not reported, and this in the United States alone.

When baby begins to sweat, worry or cry out in sleep don't wait, and the need is neither medicine nor narcotics. What the little system is crying out for is more bone material. Sweetman's Teething Food supplies it. It has saved the lives of thousands of babies. They begin to improve within forty-eight hours. Here is what physicians think of it.

2934 Washington St.,
San Francisco, June 2, 1902.

Gentlemen—I am prescribing your food in the multitude of baby troubles due to impeded dentition. A large percentage of infantile ills and fatalities are the result of slow teething. Your food supplies what the deficient system demands, and I have had surprising success with it. In scores of cases this diet, given with their regular food, has not failed to check the infantile distresses. Several of the more serious cases would, I feel sure, have been fatal without it. It cannot be too quickly brought to the attention of the mothers of the country. It is an absolute necessity.

L. C. MENDEL, M. D.

Petaluma, Cal., September 1, 1902.

Dear Sirs—I have just tried the teething food in two cases and in both it was a success. One was a very serious case, so critical that it was brought to me from another city for treatment. Fatal results were feared. In three days the baby ceased worrying and commenced eating and is now well. Its action in this case was remarkable. I would advise you to put it in every drug store in this city. Yours,

I. M. PROCTOR, M. D.

Sweetman's Teething Food will carry baby safely and comfortably through the most dangerous period of child life. It renders lancing of the gums unnecessary. It is the safest plan and a blessing to the baby to not wait for symptoms but to commence giving it the fourth or fifth month. Then all the teeth will come healthfully, without pain, distress or lancing. It is an auxiliary to their regular diet and easily taken. Price 50 cents (enough for six weeks), sent postpaid on receipt of price. Pacific Coast Agents, Inland Drug Co., Mills Building, San Francisco.

JAPANESE PROVERBS.

Some Really Fine Sayings Worthy of Universal Acceptance.

The Japanese do not expect to gather grapes from thorns or figs of thistles, but they phrase our thoughts somewhat differently. They say, "The spawn of frogs will become nothing but frogs."

We have a saying, "Despise not the day of small things." Their "Famous swords are made of iron scrapings" is much more picturesque.

The idea of our "All lay the load on the willing horse" they express by "Those who know the ropes do most of the hauling." While our commonplace "Out of evil good may come" finds with them a fine poetical expression in "The lotus springs from the mud," and in point of poignancy our "Adding insult to injury" is vastly inferior to their "Rubbing salt on a sore."

The Japanese have some really fine sayings worthy of universal acceptance, such as "Thine own heart makes the world" or "The poet at home sees the entire universe" or "The throne of the god is on the brow of a righteous man."

Their nice observance of manners is evidenced by sayings such as "Excess of politeness becomes impoliteness," their national suspiciousness in the like of "Don't trust a pigeon to carry grain," and the namby man's abhorrence of a bungler finds expression in numerous quips such as "Learning to swim in a field" or "Scratching the foot with the shoe on."

Trundle Beds Out of Date.

"There are no trundle beds on the market nowadays," said a New York furniture store salesman. "They are not manufactured. It has been years since we carried them in stock, and the chances are that they will never be in vogue again. Science is against them, for one thing. Doctors and nurses have agreed that as a promoter of colds the trundle bed has no equal. For hygienic reasons trundle beds have been superseded by cribs and infants' beds of a dignified height. Fashion has also had something to do with the change. Regular beds are now built so low that it would be next to impossible to slip the trundle bed under them. Perhaps there may be a few out in the country districts that have not been seized by curio collectors or split into kindling wood, but you cannot find one in a New York furniture store."