THOR, THE NORWEGIAN

... By ...

Frederic Van Rensselaer Dey

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Craddock did not move. He stood as if petrified, clinging with both hands to the rock from which the wind seemed determined to hurl him, and he gazed with every faculty concentrated in his eyes upon the awful scene of wreckage and destruction. The yacht careened over, half filled with water, and, surely foundering, was thrown by the violence of the wave that struck her out of line with the Devil's Nose, and almost before there was time to realize the awful thing that had happened she had passed beyond his view to leeward. He was dimly conscious that the binnacle and wheel and all the after rigging of the yacht had been torn loose and swept away in the vortex and with them had disappeared the figures of the woman and of the two men who were lashed to the wheel.

Then almost directly beneath the spot where he stood, on the crest of a wave and breasting it with the power of a giant, he saw his friend. Beyond him, in the trough of the sea, another figure appeared. Then both were lost to view.

There was no sign of excitement in Craddock's face or manner. He turned with deliberation, passed around the jutting rock into the cavern, found the ship's lantern still burning there, made his way rapidly down and out through the cleft into the open air, thence hurriedly to the water's edge, and in a moment more he was in the dingey, sculling rapidly past the sloop toward the open sea.

When he had reached a certain point beyond which it would have been folly to have ventured, by artfully working his oar he held the little craft almost stationary, while he, standing upright, shading his eyes with his disengaged hand, gazed eagerly to windward. He seemed also to listen. Presently high above the roar of the wind and waters the strange, weird bar of a yodel song in minor key came to him. A moment later he saw the form of his friend swimming toward him with powerful strokes, and clinging to his back, with her arms around his neck, was the cork jacketed woman of the wreck.

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White and wan and drenched, yet conscious, with something infinitely pathetic in her wonder and amazement they assisted her along the sloop's deck to the little cabin. It was Craddock who entered with her, and from a locker he selected clothing of his own which he laid out upon the berth. Until then there had been no word spoken.

"Madame," he said, pausing beneath the hatch, "do you understand English?"

She replied with an inclination of her head, and he added: "This is the only dry clothing I can offer you. There is brandy on the table. If there is more that I can do, you have but to call through the hatch." He turned to leave her, but she detained him by a gesture.

"Tell me," she demanded, with nervous intensity, "who is the man who took me from the sea?"

"He is a Norwegian, madam, by name Thorgensen."

"Well named," she murmured, "a Norwegian Thor. Tell him that he has saved the life of a daughter of the king of Denmark."

When Craddock returned to the deck, he found his friend stretched at full length at the bow, lying upon his back, with his eyes fixed upon the coursing clouds, and there was an indescribable smile upon his face. He seemed to have forgotten that he was bedraggled and wet and that his tawny hair and beard were matted and unkempt, and as Craddock paused beside him he turned his big blue eyes upon his friend and said:

"Who is she, Craddock?"

"She told me," said Craddock calmly, in reply, "to tell you that you had saved the life of a daughter of the king of Denmark."

The Norwegian did not immediately respond. There was a dreamy, far away look in his eyes, and presently he murmured:

"The daughter of a king—I am glad of that. The daughter of a king—yes. I am glad of that."

He ceased speaking, rose slowly to his feet and, standing before his friend, said in that same half dreamy tone:

"Shall I tell you how it happened, Crad? It seemed when I stood up there

"Thor!" she said dreamily.

on the rock and saw that wave hang over her, ready to fall and crush, although I heard her cry aloud to me to save her, and I leaped. How I found her I do not know, but when I came to the surface she was near to me, and I seemed to leap through the water impelled by greater strength than I ever possessed before. Then—why, then it seemed as if there was no danger, and I remember that I laughed aloud and told her to put her arms around my neck, and somehow, Crad, it seemed as if she felt the same as I—that the wind and the waves and the fury of the storm could not, dared not harm us, that the water could not drown us, and I swam around the rock knowing that you would be waiting for us, and all that time she did not speak. I have not heard the sound of her voice. A daughter of a king, you say, but only a woman, after all; a woman with a heart—aye, two hearts, for now, by heaven, she possesses mine; the daughter of a king, but only a woman, Crad, only a woman."

An hour later she called to them from the hatchway, and it was Thor who answered her. She had made no change in her apparel and seemed to be as unconscious of the wet as her Norwegian savior. It seemed, too, as if they had known each other always, he towering over her like a god and she gazing up into his eyes in silent amazement.

"Princess," he said, "it has pleased God to let me take you from the sea. Tell me, did you call aloud from the deck of the schooner before the mountain of water fell upon you, and did you call my name?"

"No," she said; "I could not call your name. I did not know that any one was near. Who are you, sir? I do not mean what is your name. Your friend has told me that. Who are you?"

"Yesterday if you had asked me that," replied Thor, "I could have answered. Now I do not know. There was a man upon the rock when your yacht foundered in the storm. That man leaped into the sea, but the man who swam out of the sea with you upon his back is not the same. You, madame, are a princess of royal blood. I am a man who never knew his father, and yet there is between us, belonging to both, a divinity of love. It is stronger than I or you." And he bent forward and kissed her on the forehead. She made no reply, and she did not resent the salutation.

"Thor!" she said dreamily. "Yes, it is true." And she reached out and took his hand, raised it to her lips and kissed it. Then she turned back into the cabin and disappeared.

The Norwegian did not change his attitude for many minutes, but at last he strode forward to where Craddock waited at the bow.

"The daughter of a king," he said to him. "Craddock, I never cared till now to know who I am. She asked the question, and I could not answer. Will you help me to find out who I am? The daughter of a king, Craddock, but only a woman, after all."

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The storm that had promised to invest that part of the world for three or four days began to lull as the day advanced, so that when the sun was at meridian the fury of it was spent, and only the unquiet waves told what it had been through the preceding night.

A strange unrest abode with Thor, the Norwegian. Many times he drew near to Craddock and paused as if about to speak, then silently withdrew. As many times he strode to the hatchway and seemed to meditate upon entering the cabin, only to turn away and stand gazing across the water toward the coast of Denmark. His strong and noble face wore an expression of introspection which could not be confounded with anxiety, and frequently he ran his fingers through the wavy masses of his hair, as if by doing so some obstacle to collected reflection might be dispelled. Craddock also seemed distraught. He kept his place at the bow and gazed, not at the sea, as did his friend, but upward toward the summit of the Devil's Nose, and there were anger in his eyes and menace in the expression of his face.

At last Thor drew near to him again.

"I cannot help it, Craddock," he said, as if in continuation of a discussion between them. "I cannot help it, my friend. I love her. Yes, and she loves me. It was her soul that cried aloud to me from the sea when I stood up there on the rock and heard and answered and obeyed. What matter if she is the daughter of a king? Do you know, Craddock, that since she came to us I believe that I, too, am of royal blood? You are angry because you know I love this princess."

"No, Ralph," Craddock turned and faced his friend. "I am not angry—that is not the word—but I have grave misgivings. I wish that you had not taken me to the summit of the rock."

The broad shoulders of the Norwegian gave expression to a shrug. He raised his head proudly and smiled at the clouds, the sky and the world around him.

"I did not take you there, old chap," he said. "She called to me, and I went, although I did not know that she called. Blame destiny, not me. I am going to her now."

He strode away without another word, paused at the hatchway and said:

"May I enter, princess?"

Again they faced each other in the shallow cabin scarce higher than his stature.

"Princess," he said, and without being conscious of the act he possessed both her hands in his, "I am a Norwegian waif, and yet you love me. You are a princess of royal blood, yet I love you. It is something that our souls have done without our knowledge, perhaps in the unremembered past before these shells in which we live were made. They knew each other then and doubtless loved. Today, mayhap after cycles of time which cannot count have come and gone, they meet again and remember. Have I spoken truth, princess?"

"Yes, God's truth," she murmured.

He bent over her white hands and touched first one and then the other with his lips.

"That destiny which shapes our ends, in whose control our entities are as mere feathers in a gale, brought us through the tempest face to face, and you, Carlotta—you see I know your name—you and I will remember and will live up to this hour henceforth. Some day when you are safe in the palace of your father I will go to you there—I know not how or when, but I will go. Until then, princess, I may not say more than I have said."

She raised her eyes to his and looked and looked and looked. She did not speak. There was no need. And while their souls communed together in silence Craddock leaped into the hatchway and called aloud:

"Sail, ho!"

Once more the Norwegian touched the forehead of the princess with his lips, and then he left her and hastened to the deck.

Not three miles away to the eastward a Danish cruiser was steaming toward them. Craddock was at the stern of the sloop, wildly gesticulating to attract the attention of those upon the ship of war, and from the starboard bow there presently issued a puff of smoke, followed by a distant report, and the cruiser glided into the less tumultuous waves beneath the shelter of the Devil's Nose. Davits swung outward, a cutter dropped into the sea, was manned and presently pulled under the stern of the sloop.

The cruiser had been sent from Tyboron in search of the belated yacht of the Princess Charlotte.

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Twenty minutes later the princess had departed. The cruiser, with black smoke spouting from her funnels, was coursing with all speed for Denmark with the joyous news of the princess' safety, and Thor stood silently leaning against the tiller of the sloop, with one hand shading his eyes, watching the warship while she became smaller in the distance.

Presently he turned and motioned to Craddock to come nearer. Then, resting one hand upon the shoulder of his friend, he said slowly:

"The daughter of a king, Craddock, but only a woman, after all. I love her, and she loves me, and were she the daughter of a hundred kings she were no less mine. The daughter of a king, Craddock, but also the sweetheart of Thor, the Norwegian."

SHE DROPPED IT.

The Story of a Visitor, a Parrot and a Costly Vase.

A story is told wherein figure two well known Columbus ladies and a parrot. Mrs. A. paid a special call at the home of Mrs. B. the other day and was ushered into the living room by the maid of all work to await the appearance of Mrs. B.

Mrs. B. had come into possession of a parrot only a short time before and had been keeping the bird in the living room. Polly has a very good command of English and appears to know when to use it. Mrs. A. sat down with her back to the bird without noticing it, and as Polly made no sound she remained in ignorance of its presence.

Observing a beautiful vase on the mantel, Mrs. A. arose from her seat and, crossing the floor, took down the dainty piece of bric-a-brac to examine it. She gazed on it rapturously, completely absorbed by its elegant decorations, when suddenly from just behind her came the shrill and stern command:

"Drop it! Drop it!"

Mrs. A. obeyed and turned, with a scream, to face the imperturbable gaze of Polly, who sat in her cage with her green head slyly perked to one side. On the floor lay the beautiful vase smashed to bits. At this most embarrassing moment Mrs. B. entered the room. Before Mrs. A. could explain the situation Polly shook out her feathers and remarked:

"You're it! You're it! You're it!"—Ohio State Journal.

How Vaccine Virus Is Obtained.

The preparation used to produce what we call "vaccination" is known among medical men as vaccine virus, to produce which it is necessary to go through a surgical operation, the subject being a young cow or even a calf. After scarifying the belly of the animal, the parts having previously been shaved, the wound is inoculated with virus from an animal already in use. A sore is thus formed without lasting injury to the beast, and after a week or ten days a thin vaccine matter begins to flow from the abrasion. This pus or matter is the vaccine virus of commerce.

Goose quills which have been scraped with a knife until they present a rough exterior are rubbed in this virus. The virus from one abrasion is sufficient to coat 10,000 quills, which after being so prepared are technically called "points." These points when ready for shipment look very much like ordinary goose quills, the virus coating not being visible to the naked eye.

Buying of Wives.

Wives are still obtained by purchase in parts of Russian Europe. In the district of Kamyschin, on the Volga, for example, this is practically the only way in which marriages are brought about. The price of a pretty girl from a well to do family ranges from £10 to £20, and in special cases a much higher sum is obtained. In the villages the lowest price is about £5. It is customary for the fathers of the intending bride and bridegroom to haggle for a long time over the price to be paid for the lady. A young farmer whose father cannot afford to pay for a wife for him need not think of getting married.—London Chronicle.

Acids and Ink Spots.

Nearly all the acids remove spots of ink from paper, but it is important to use such as least attack its tissue. Spirits of salts diluted in five times or six times the quantity of water may be applied with success upon the spot and after a minute or two washed off with clear water. A solution of oxalic acid, citric acid or tartaric acid is attended with the least risk and may be applied upon the paper or plates without fear of damage. These acids, taking out writing ink and not touching the printing, can be used for restoring books where the margins have been written upon without attacking the text.

He Blundered.

"How long," asked the youth, "ought a young man to be acquainted with a girl, Miss Flyppe, before he may venture to call her by her first name?"

"How long have you known me?" she asked in turn.

"About six months."

"Well, if he's the right young man, that's a long enough time."

"Then, Susie"—

"But you're not the right young man, Mr. Spoonamore."—Chicago Tribune.

FACTS IN FEW LINES

Of the twenty tobacco factories in France three are in Paris.

There are in Boston 64,228 houses in addition to 100 hotels and 558 family hotels.

Boston, one of the richest cities in the country, has a municipal debt of $50,000,000.

New York city is to have a children's theater patterned after one in Boston which pays good dividends.

Nearly all the silk of Spain is produced in the province of Murcia. Last year its value was about $270,000.

A pearl fisher of Western Australia named Broome has found a pearl whose value is estimated at £15,000.

The first theater in this country to be lighted with gas was a theater in Philadelphia, which put in gas pipes in 1816.

Two of the largest Rhenish iron workers are negotiating with the Japanese government for the supply of 70,000 tons of rails.

The proposed telephonic connection between Berlin and London is, after all, not to be carried through, notwithstanding the conference of a couple of years ago.

An employee in a French tobacco factory has invented a machine which makes the head on cigars after they are rolled and does the work of about a dozen hands.

Brine springs flow under the town of Norwich, England. They have been there for centuries and were used for the production of salt long before the Christian era.

The British consul general at Meshed reports that the Persian ladies are adopting the English style of dress and that all articles of ladies' clothing are in great demand there.

An order of the Prussian minister of commerce authorizes the establishment from April 1 next of a chamber of commerce, with thirty-six members, for the city of Berlin and suburbs.

New Zealand exports frozen Stewart Island oysters to London. It needs a robust taste to stand these huge, tough mollusks, but there once was an English king who liked his a month old.

The 1902 appropriation for the civil service commission of New York city is $86,000. The state expends for the same purpose $40,000, of which $2,450 is for printing and $11,000 for postage.

The largest number of separate electric light stations in any state is in Illinois, while the largest capital invested is in Pennsylvania, which also possesses the second largest number of stations.

M. Deraison, a French naval ensign, has been dismissed from the fleet for writing a satirical novel in which several of the leading officers were criticised and caricatured in a very sarcastic fashion.

There are 20,000 square miles of agricultural land in Natal alone, which carries a population of but one to the square mile. The same paucity of farming population prevails over the whole of South Africa.

The Austrian minister of war has issued a secret order to the officers to report every quarrel leading to a duel to the officer in command of the regiment. The latter may in serious cases criminally prosecute the offenders.

The Japanese government has decided to open next spring a regular steamship service between Tsuruga, on Wakasa bay, in Nippon, Vladivostok. The negotiations with Russia, which began last summer, have now been concluded.

Eighteen peasants of the district of Tscherdinsk bearing the family name of Dyavol (devil) have sent a petition to the czar asking for permission to change the name to Bogolubow (God beloved). This request was granted them.

Those to whom the morgue counts as one of the attractions of Paris will be interested to learn that at the last meeting of the general council that body decided to spend $1,250 in lighting the dismal institution with electricity.

An ingenious head master in north Wales has calculated that the British boy loses on an average 273 whole school days by the clumsiness of the present system of weights and measures. The cure, he says, is the metric system.

Dr. Jay W. Seaver of Yale finds that because the members of the freshmen class of that institution are unusually light smokers they have more lung power and can accordingly make more vocal racket in giving the college yell than any of their rivals.

By the breaking up of the Servia and the Alaska there disappeared two of the three famous Atlantic liners whose appearance twenty years ago was regarded as the opening up of a new and most important page in the history of Atlantic steaming.

The military authorities in Germany are, according to the Berliner Tageblatt, becoming seriously alarmed by the ever increasing difficulty of keeping the establishment of the noncommissioned officers of the army up to its required numerical strength.

It is reported from Seoul that the Russian minister of Korea has intimated the intention of the Russian government to lay a Russian telegraph line from Possiet bay (Manchuria) to Seoul, declaring that the emperor of Korea cannot withdraw the permission already given for the construction of this line.

The three keepers of the lighthouse at Cape Grisnez have been fined £2 for poaching by spreading nets to catch the birds attracted by the reflectors of the lantern. It was stated during the hearing of the case that no fewer than 5,914 birds were captured between Oct. 10 and 14, the majority being larks, thrushes and corncrakes.

A Silent Part.

Grooves—That's Bascom. He isn't upon speaking terms with any member of the company.

Foyer—You don't mean it! What was the cause of the ill feeling?

Grooves—Never was any cause; always the same. He has only thinking parts, you know.—Boston Transcript.

The man who has never needed to have any teeth pulled out is the loudest in advising the sufferer to "brace up like a man and have the thing out at once."

RICE WATER NUTRITIOUS.

Curious Way Some British Officers Discovered This Fact.

It is probable that few occidental cooks who prepare rice in various forms for diet are aware that in discarding the water in which it is boiled they are wasting what is regarded by the oriental as the most nutritious part of the food. This fact was curiously proved some years since when a detachment of Europeans and native troops in India found themselves beleaguered in a fort with insufficient rations, even of rice, to enable them to hold out until a force could march to their relief.

It was when the officers were seriously debating this problem that the natives approached them with what was regarded as a curious solution of the difficulty. If, proposed the latter, the Europeans took all the rice, they, the natives, would be quite content with the water in which it was boiled. The suggestion, in place of any better, was adopted, when it was remarked that while the Europeans found it difficult to maintain their strength on full rations of rice the natives lost none of their stamina by several weeks' diet on the water. When the proposal was made, the action of the natives was praised as one of great devotion to their superiors, but the sentiment was somewhat mollified when the discovery was made that the natives were quite aware that the principal nourishment lay in the water.

Since that time Europeans in the orient, following the custom of the natives, have given rice water to patients, particularly in cases of cholera, as a last resort when no other food can be retained in the stomach and usually with good results. But the natives always value this water so highly that it is never thrown away.

In fact, it would surprise many cooks to discover how much may be done with this apparently worthless stock. If the rice is cooked in the oriental fashion—that is, boiled only so long that each grain comes out of the pan separate and not as a sodden mass—the water when strained off and permitted to cool will become a jelly approaching the consistency of blancmange. To suit the occidental palate the water should be flavored with an extract or otherwise the jelly may have rather an insipid taste.

Sheep In Varied Clothing.

One of the results of the investigation of a special committee of the Society of Arts into the question of bookbinding goes to show that sheepskin is often used by bookbinders under very different names. They found books bound nominally in Levant morocco, hard grain morocco, straight grain morocco, pigskin, calfskin, crocodile and alligator leathers, all of which on close microscopic examination were found to be the ordinary common sheepskin on which had been stamped the special grains and markings of the skins they were got up to imitate. The committee, however, were satisfied that in many cases both the bookbinders and the librarians had bought these leathers under the impression that they were buying the genuine article.—London Globe.

How Russian Peasants Live.

Most of the Russian peasants pass a great deal of their lives in workshops, where they work, eat and sleep, the same room sheltering a number and probably a pig in the bargain. There are few beds. Instead, all around the four walls of the room is fixed what may be literally described as a bench. It is made of wood, and at this works the peasant by day, and on it he sleeps by night, each man at his own spot. The conditions of the Russian workshop or factory and the Russian prison and military barracks, so far as interior arrangements are concerned, are akin. Chairs there will also be and a table, rudely fashioned, as a rule, by the men themselves.—Saturday Review.

Twentieth Century Medicine.

The twentieth century has almost a free field in medicine. Although much has been accomplished in the treatment of diseases, the science is still largely experimental, and there is room for a host of discoveries. Perhaps by the time this century is ended there will be a lymph or an antitoxin or some sort of treatment for every ill the flesh is heir to, so that a few vaccinations and other treatments will guarantee immunity for a long period. Then centenarians will be as common as blackberries and a man will be young at eighty.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Hoped to Strike the Right One.

"Here are half a dozen prescriptions I would like to have you fill as soon as you can," wheezed Rivers.

"I can see they are all for the cure of a cold," remarked the druggist, looking them over.

"It's this way," explained Rivers. "When I had the other cold, I tried all these. One of 'em cured me, but I can't remember now which one it was."—Chicago Tribune.

To Be Considered.

"I see that your town has been considering the idea of imposing a tax on bachelors."

"Yes," answered the young woman, "but we thought it over, and we concluded that the men might be mean enough to take the money to pay it out for what they spend for caramels and theater tickets."—Washington Star.

Cannibal Trout.

Trout are cannibals, and it is a moot question whether in some waters large trout should not be systematically destroyed. Dartmoor fishermen are in favor of killing them. They say that fish in their streams of one pound to two pounds weight are hardly ever caught by ordinary means and live entirely on their own brethren. A two pound Devon trout is probably responsible for the death of several stones' weight of his own kind.—Nature Notes.

Ground For Suspicion.

"Mary," said the young matron's mother, "it seemed to me you were very cold to John this morning?"

"Yes," she replied, "I'm beginning to suspect him."

"The idea! You have no reason to, I'm sure."

"Haven't I? I dreamed last night that I saw him kissing another woman."—Philadelphia Press.

LIFE'S UPS AND DOWNS.

The Magnificent Revenge of a Governor of Missouri.

While Robert Stewart was governor of Missouri a steamboat man was brought in from the penitentiary as an applicant for a pardon. He was a large powerful fellow, and when the governor looked at him he seemed strangely affected. He scrutinized him long and closely. Finally he signed the document that restored the prisoner to liberty. Before he handed it to him he said, "You will commit some other crime and be in the penitentiary again, I fear."

The man solemnly promised that he would not. The governor looked doubtful, mused a few minutes and said:

"You will go back on the river and be a mate again, I suppose?"

The man replied that he would.

"Well, I want you to promise me one thing," resumed the governor. "I want you to pledge your word that when you are mate again you will never take a billet of wood in your hand and drive a sick boy out of a bunk to help you load your boat on a stormy night."

The steamboat man said he would not and inquired what the governor meant by asking him such a question.

The governor replied: "Because some day that boy may become a governor, and you may want him to pardon you for a crime. One dark, stormy night, many years ago, you stopped your boat on the Mississippi river to take on a load of wood. There was a boy on board who was working his passage from New Orleans to St. Louis, but he was very sick of fever and was lying in a bunk. You had plenty of men to do the work, but you went to that boy with a stick of wood in your hand and drove him with blows and curses out into the wretched night and kept him toiling like a slave until the load was completed. I was that boy. Here is your pardon. Never again be guilty of such brutality."

The man, cowering and hiding his face, went out without a word.

What a noble revenge that was and what a lesson to a bully!—Success.

LAW POINTS.

A contract made with a firm is in its legal effect one made with each member of the firm (81 Mo. App. Rep. 337).

In order to maintain an action for breach of an express warranty one must establish that the warranty was relied on (58 N. E. Rep. 1086).

That persons may be liable as partners to third persons it is not necessary that they shall be strictly partners as between themselves (59 N. E. Rep. 569).

Though a contract is signed in the name of an individual, it may be shown that it was executed by a firm using such individual name as a firm name (59 N. E. 569).

A partner cannot give a chattel mortgage upon his interest in a firm's assets to secure an individual debt as against the claims of creditors of the partnership (60 S. W. Rep. 1055).

A creditor may lawfully receive security from an insolvent debtor, but it is not permissible to do so for the purpose and with the intention of defrauding other creditors (85 N. W. Rep. 75).

The measure of damages for refusal to receive purchased goods is the difference between the contract price and the market price at the place of delivery or cost of return (84 Mo. App. Rep. 67).

Where a written contract has been made by the express direction of a party and for his benefit such party will be bound by it, although he has not himself signed it (91 Ill. App. Rep. 230).

The Polka.

The polka is the natural dance for the feet of the people. Take in evidence its origin. A Bohemian peasant girl was seen dancing "out of her own head," extemporizing from the sheer joy of her heart song, tune and steps. This she did on a Sunday afternoon in Elbeleinitz, and an artist, one Josef Neruda, who spied her, made a note of all he saw. The people of the town adopted the dance and called it the pulka, half step. In 1835 it reached Prague and Vienna in 1840; thence it spread rapidly through Europe. When M. Cellarius introduced it to the Parisians, we hear that all else gave way before "the all absorbing pursuit, the polka, which embraces in its qualities the intimacy of the waltz with the vivacity of the Irish jig."—Cassell's Magazine.

The Horse and the Stage.

Once upon a time in a melodramatic theatrical performance the leading man took a fiery, untamed steed on the stage. After the horse heard some of the lines delivered by several of the actors he began kicking the flats and wings to pieces, sending them up among the flies.

"Help, help!" cried the leading man.

"Nay, nay!" answered the manager. "The horse shows great discernment. He is trying to elevate the stage."

Moral.—We should not scorn the most humble effort in a good cause.—New York Herald.

Flat Economy.

Customer—You advertise carpet remnants, I see. I want two, one to cover the parlor and the other for the sitting room.

Salesman—But, madam, a carpet as large as that would not be a remnant.

Customer—Oh, yes, it would. I live in a flat.—New York Weekly.

His Thoughtlessness.

He—Ah, those days of our young love! You remember that afternoon you promised to meet me and didn't come? How I raved!

She—Just like a man! And there was I, suffering agonies, trying on that dress you liked so much.—Life.

The Bride.

"Haven't I married you before?" asked the clergyman pleasantly of the young lady from Chicago who was about to be joined to the young man from Oshkosh.

"Only twice," she murmured coyly, and the ceremony went on.

The Worst Trouble.

"Is there anything harder to bear than real trouble?" I asked the intellectual man who sat next to me in the smoker.

"Only imaginary trouble," he replied.

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When the San Francisco business men were investigating the Fulton Compounds they heard that Dr. C. D. Zeile had both Bright's Disease and Diabetes, and was given up as incurable, and they waited on him and got him to take it. Now for the sequel. This letter was written 9 months later:

"522 Pacific St., San Francisco, Sept. 7, 1901.

"Dear Sirs: I have conducted my own pharmacy on my own property on Pacific St. for forty eight years, hence my associates number some of the best old school physicians. I had chronic Bright's Disease and Diabetes of long standing, which got so serious that in October last the judgment of my medical friends was that three months would see the end. We all looked upon the mere suggestion of a cure as empirical and visionary. But I pleaded to the earnestness of the parties, and the insistency of one of my family, and went on the Fulton Compound for Bright's Disease as a test. The first week I improved, but thought it a coincidence. But every week thereafter the improvement continued. The time for the fatal ending passed and I was still growing stronger. This continued till July, when the last trace of both albumen and sugar disappeared. I suppose I have given the Compounds to a dozen, and they all reported favorably. However unreasonable it may appear, the cure has been found. If those interested care to call at my drug store I will be glad to tell all I know concerning this important matter. The discovery is second only in importance to the discovery of a cure for consumption.

"CARL D. ZEILE."

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., 420 Montgomery street, 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 peevishness, 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.

A CARELESS CONSUL.

The Way Bret Harte Came to Lose His Position at Glasgow.

When Bret Harte was consul at Glasgow, he was seldom to be found in that city, as he spent most of his time in the London drawing rooms, where he was a general favorite, and delegated the consular business to assistants. One day while making one of his rare visits to Glasgow he scraped acquaintance with a stranger on the train. Each seemed fascinated by the other's personality, and time passed quickly. At last they reached the outskirts of a large city.

"What place is this?" inquired the stranger.

"I haven't the slightest idea," replied Harte, after looking out of the window.

A few minutes later the railway guard opened the door of the compartment and announced that they had arrived at Glasgow.

When Harte showed up at the consulate the next morning, the first person who advanced to greet him was the agreeable stranger, who introduced himself as a special agent of the home government sent to investigate charges of neglect of duty on the part of the consul.

The agent may have been affable, but he was lacking in a sense of humor, for he evidently cabled his government an account of the train incident, as Harte's successor was soon after appointed.

His Method.

The little girl who was visiting at a neighbor's house had gone out to look at the horses.

"Here's one of them," she said, "that has watery eyes and coughs and hangs his head just the way papa's horse did last summer."

"What did your papa do for his horse?" asked the owner of the animals.

"He sold him," was the innocent answer.—Pearson's Weekly.

Lake Baikal's greatest distinction is its size. It is the largest fresh water lake on the Asiatic or the European continent, being 400 miles long and from 16 to 65 miles in width.

Before submitting to the inevitable a wise man takes pains to ascertain that it is the inevitable.—Chicago News.