

THE TRAGEDY OF THE GHOST

By W. W. JACOBS

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He wanted a few nights to Christmas, a festival for which the small market town of Torchester was making extensive preparations. The narrow streets, which had been thronged with people, were now almost deserted, the cheap Jack from London, with the remnant of breath left him after his evening's exertions, was making feeble attempts to blow out his naphtha lamp, and the last shops open were rapidly closing for the night.

In the comfortable coffee room of the old Bear's Head had a dozen guests, principally commercial travelers, sat talking by the light of the fire. The talk had drifted from trade to politics, from politics to religion and so on by easy stages to the supernatural. Those ghost stories, never known to fall before, had fallen flat; there was too much noise outside, too much light within. The fourth story was told by an old hand with more success. The streets were quieter, and he had turned the gas out. In the flickering light of the fire as it shone on the glasses and danced with shadows on the walls the story proved so enthralling that George, the waiter, whose presence had been forgotten, created a very disagreeable sensation by suddenly starting up from a dark corner and gliding silently from the room.

"That's what I call a good story," said one of the men, sipping his hot whisky. "Of course, it's an old idea that spirits like to get into the company of human beings. A man to me once that he traveled down the Great Western with a ghost and hadn't the slightest suspicion of it until the engineer came for tickets. My friend said the way that ghost tried to keep up appearances by feeling for it in all its pockets and looking on the floor was quite touching. Ultimately it gave it up and with a faint groan vanished through the ventilator."

"That'll do, Hirst," said another man. "It's not a subject for jesting." said a little old gentleman who had been an attentive listener. "I've never seen an apparition myself, but I know people who have, and I consider that they form a very interesting link between us and the after life. There's a ghost story connected with this house, you know."

"Never heard of it," said another speaker, "and I've been here some years now." "It dates back a long time now," said the old gentleman. "You've heard about Jerry Bundler, George?" "Well, I've just heard odds and ends, sir," said the waiter, "but I never put much count to 'em. There was one chap 'ere what said he saw it, and the gov'n'r sacked him pronto."

"My father was a native of this town," said the old gentleman, "and knew the story well. He was a truthful man and a steady churchgoer, but I've heard him declare that once in his life he saw the apparition of Jerry Bundler in this house."

"And who was this Bundler?" inquired a voice. "A London thief, pickpocket, highwayman, anything he could turn his dishonest hand to," replied the old gentleman, "and he was run to earth in this house one Christmas week some eighty years ago. He took his last supper in this very room, and after he had gone to bed a couple of Bow street runners, who had followed him from London, but lost the scent a bit, went up stairs with the landlord and tried the door. It was stout oak and fast, so one went into the yard and by means of a short ladder got on to the window sill while the other stayed outside the door. Those below in the yard saw the man crouching on the sill, and then there was a sudden crash of glass, and with a cry he fell in a heap on the stones at his feet. Then in the moonlight they saw the white face of the pickpocket peering over the sill, and while some stayed in the yard others ran into the house and helped the other man to break the door in. It was difficult to obtain an entrance, even then, for the door was barred with heavy furniture, but they got in at last, and the first thing that met their eyes was the body of Jerry dangling from the top of the bed by his own handkerchief."

"Which bedroom was it?" asked two or three voices together. "That I can't tell you. But the story goes that Jerry still haunts this house, and my father used to declare positively that the last time he slept here the ghost of Jerry Bundler lowered itself from the top of his bed and tried to strangle him."

"That'll do," said an uneasy voice. "I wish you'd thought to ask your father which bedroom it was."

"What for?" inquired the old gentleman. "Well, I should take care not to sleep in it; that's all," said the voice shortly. "There's nothing to fear," said the other. "I don't believe for a moment that ghosts could really hurt one. In fact, my father used to confess that it was only the unpleasantness of the thing that upset him and that for all practical purposes Jerry's fingers might have been made of cotton wool for all the harm they could do."

"That's all very fine," said the last speaker again. "A ghost story is a ghost story, sir, but when a gentleman tells a tale of a ghost in the house in which one is going to sleep I call it blamed ungentlemanly."

"Pooh! Nonsense!" said the old gentleman, raising. "Ghosts can't hurt you. For my own part, I should rather like to see one. Good night, gentlemen."

"Good night," said the others. "And I only hope Jerry'll pay you a visit," added the nervous man as the door closed. "Bring some more whisky, George," said a stout commercial, "I want keeping up when the talk turns this way."

"Shall I light the gas, Mr. Malcolm?" said George. "No; the fire's very comfortable,"

said the traveler. "Now, gentlemen, say of you know any more?" "I think we've had enough," said another man. "We shall be thinking we see spirits next, and we're not all like the old gentleman who has just gone."

"Old humbug!" said Hirst. "I should like to put him to the test. Suppose I dress up as Jerry Bundler and go and give him a chance of displaying his courage."

"Bravo!" said Malcolm, huskily drawing one or two of Malcolm's hankies and putting them to his eyes. "Just for the joke, gentlemen."

"No, no; drop it, Hirst," said another man. "Only for the joke," said Hirst, somewhat eagerly. "I've got some things up stairs in which I am going to play in 'The Rivals'—knee breeches, buckles and all that sort of thing. It's a



"I turned around and saw it," said Hirst. "If you'll wait a bit, I'll give you a full dress rehearsal entitled 'Jerry Bundler; or, The Nocturnal Strangler.'"

"You won't frighten us, sir," said the commercial, with a husky laugh. "I don't know that," said Hirst sharply; "it's a question of acting—that's all. I'm pretty good, ain't I, Somers?"

"Oh, you're all right—for an amateur," said his friend with a laugh. "I bet you a level 'soy' you don't frighten me," said the stout traveler. "Done," said Hirst; "I take the bet—to frighten you first and the old gentleman afterward. These gentlemen shall be the judges."

"You won't frighten us, sir," said another man, "because we're prepared for you, but you'd better leave the old man alone. It's dangerous play."

"Well, I'll try you first," said Hirst, springing up. "No gas, mind." He ran lightly up stairs to his room, leaving the others, most of whom had been drinking somewhat freely, to wrangle about his proceedings. It ended in two of them going to bed.

"He's crazy on acting," said Somers, lighting his pipe; "thinks he's the equal of anybody almost. It doesn't matter who's he, but I won't let him go to the old man, and he won't mind so long as he gets an opportunity of acting to us."

"Well, I hope he'll hurry up," said Malcolm, yawning; "it's after 12 now." Nearly half an hour passed. Malcolm drew his watch from his pocket and was winding it for the night when George, the waiter, who had been sent to errand to the bar, burst suddenly into the room and rushed toward them.

"E's coming, gentlemen!" he said breathlessly. "Why, you're frightened, George," said the stout commercial with a chuckle. "It was the suddenness of it," said George sheepishly, "and, besides, I didn't look for seeing 'im in the bar. There's only a glimmer of light there, and 'e was sitting on the floor behind the bar, nearly 'rod on 'im."

"Oh, you'll never make a man, George," said Malcolm. "Well, it took me unawares," said the waiter; "not that I'd have gone to the bar by myself if I'd known it was there, and I don't believe you would either, sir."

"Nonsense!" said Malcolm. "I'll go and fetch him in." "You don't know what it's like, sir," said George, catching him by the sleeve. "It ain't fit to look at by yourself; it ain't, indeed. It's got the—what's that?"

They all started at the sound of a smothered cry from the staircase and the sound of somebody running hurriedly along the passage. Before anybody could speak the door flew open, and a figure, bursting into the room, "seen that?" gasping and shivering, upon them.

"What is it? What's the matter?" demanded Malcolm. "Why, it's Mr. Hirst!" He shook him roughly and then held some spirit to his lips. Hirst drank it greedily and with a sharp intake of his breath gripped him by the arm.

"That's what I saw in the bar," said George. "Horrid it was—devilish."

Hirst shuddered and, still retaining his nervous grip of Malcolm's sleeve, dropped into a chair. "Well, it's a most unaccountable thing," said the dumfounded Malcolm, turning round to the others. "It's the last time I come to this house."

"I leave tomorrow," said George. "I wouldn't go down to that bar again by myself—no, not for £50."

"It's talking about the thing that's caused it, I expect," said one of the men. "We've all been talking about this and having it in our minds. Practically we've been forming a spiritualistic circle without knowing it."

"Dush the old gentleman!" said Malcolm heartily. "Upon my soul, I'm half afraid to go to bed. It's odd they should both think they saw something."

"I saw it as plain as I see you, sir," said George solemnly. "Praps if you keep your eyes turned up the passage you'll see it for yourself."

They followed the direction of his finger, but saw nothing, although one of them fancied that a head peeped round the corner of the wall.

"Well, I'll come down to the bar," said Malcolm, looking round. "You can go if you like," said one of the others, with a faint laugh. "We'll wait here for you."

The stout traveler walked toward the door and took a few steps up the passage. Then he stopped. All was quite silent, and he walked slowly to the end and looked down fearfully toward the glass partition which shut off the bar. Three times he came as though to go to it; then he turned back and, glancing over his shoulder, came hurriedly back to the room.

"Did you see it, sir?" whispered George. "Don't know," said Malcolm shortly. "I fancied I saw something, but it might have been fancy. I'm in the mood to see anything just now. How are you feeling now, sir?"

"Oh, I feel a bit better now," said Hirst somewhat brusquely as all eyes were turned upon him. "I dare say you think I'm easily scared, but you didn't see it?"

"Not at all," said Malcolm, smiling faintly despite himself. "I'm going to bed," said Hirst, noticing the smile and resenting it. "Will you share my room with me, Somers?"

"I will, with pleasure," said his friend, "provided you don't mind sleeping with the gas on full night."

He rose from his seat and, bidding the company a friendly good night, left the room with his crestfallen friend. The others saw them to the foot of the stairs and, having heard their door close, returned to the coffee room.

"Well, I suppose the bet's off," said the stout commercial, poking the fire and standing with his legs apart on the hearth rug, "though, as far as I can see, I won it. I never saw a man so scared in all my life. Sort of poetic justice about it, isn't that?"

"Never mind about poetry or justice," said one of the listeners. "Who's going to sleep with me?" "I will," said Malcolm affably. "And I suppose we share a room together, Mr. Leek," said the third man, turning to the fourth.

"No, thank you," said the other briskly. "I don't believe in ghosts. If anything comes into my room, I shall shoot it."

"That won't hurt a spirit, Leek," said Malcolm decisively. "Well, the noise'll be like company to me," said Leek, "and it'll wake the house too. But if you're nervous, sir, George'll be only too pleased to sleep on the doormat inside your room, I know."

"That I will, sir," said George fervently, "and if you gentlemen would only come down with me to the bar to put the gas out I could never be sufficiently grateful."

the white face. Then he sprang back with a cry of incredulous horror, pointing at it. Leek's pistol fell to the floor, and he shut out the light with his hands, but the others, crowding forward, gazed spellbound at the dead face of Hirst.

Before a word was spoken the door opened and Somers hastily entered the room. His eyes fell on the floor. "Good God!" he cried. "You didn't?" "Nobody spoke."

"I told him not to," he said in a suffocating voice. "I told him not to. I told him!"

He leaped against the wall deathly sick, put his arms out feebly and fell fainting into the traveler's arms.

WITH AX AND BLOCK.

Criminal Executions in Prussia Still Performed by the Headsman.

Seventeenth century methods still prevail in Prussia in the matter of the execution of criminals. The man sentenced there to suffer capital punishment is chopped off with identically the same sort of ax as that which was used to put a period to the career of Charles I. in the Tower of London on that fateful 30th of January 252 years ago. Practically the only difference between the twentieth century execution and that of the time of Cromwell is that the condemned is not put to death publicly.

In many parts of the German empire the guillotine has taken the place of the gallows and the block, but in Prussia old fashioned justice clings tenaciously to the old fashions, and not the rope nor the automatic knife nor the power of electricity has been able to displace the broadax as the law's official implement of death. The only concession made to modern sentiment is in the garb of the executioner.

This functionary does not, as in the earlier times, dress in doublet and hose and hide his ensanguined identity behind a frightsome mask. Instead, he appears at the execution garbed in a frock coat of somber hue and correct cut, and he wears upon his head, even when delivering the death stroke, a tall silk hat. His three assistants are similarly attired.

Why this garb was chosen no one can say authoritatively. It is one of those things the origin of which appears to have been forgotten with the originators. But it is the lawful costume, prescribed in the regulations, which apply also to the twelve civilian witnesses who must attend an execution, with the result that a stranger witness is unable to say until the ax has fallen which of the other fifteen silk suited, frock coated individuals grouped about him is the man who lives by death.—New York Press.

FLOWER AND TREE.

Keep begonias where the air is not too dry, and they will drop their leaves.

In watering house plants sufficient should be given to soak the soil thoroughly.

A tree is nearly dormant in winter, especially one that has been lately transplanted.

Plants in a dormant state require very little water during the winter, and an excess will cause decay.

Drinking rosebushes with strong quassa tea is a good curative of bugs and other destructive insects and pests.

To root cuttings quickly fill a saucer full of sand, into which the slips are put. Keep the sand the consistency of mud.

Never give up a decaying rosebush until you have tried watering it two or three times a week with soot tea for a short time.

Rotting of plants becomes necessary for two reasons—the plant uses up the available fertility in the soil and fills the pots with roots.

To prevent crusted trees from splitting after they come into bearing twist and fasten two small limbs together, and as the stem grows it will prevent splitting.

Cuttings of quick growing herbaceous plants, like heliotrope, verbenas, phlox, geraniums, root quickly, chrysanthemum quickest of all. Choose cuttings when the plants are most vigorous.

CLASS DISTINCTIONS.

They Go Almost Down to the Very Bottom of Society.

Some sort of class feeling is, we believe, inherent in human nature. People often speak as though these demarcations existed only among the middle and upper classes, but such is not the fact. Indeed it is very far from the fact. No more misleading labels than "the classes" and "the masses" were ever invented. There are no masses, rightly speaking. Class distinctions go almost down to the bottom—not quite, of course, because there is always a residuum who through their fault or their misfortune have nearly the pride nor the imagination to sort themselves.

Money is not an absolute criterion of social position. Character, in so far as it is reflected in propriety of behavior, counts for a great deal. A rowdy family sink directly, though they may have money to waste, and a respectable widow may retain her superiority in the face of grinding poverty.

The home of good manners, the very badge of gentility, is to be "quiet," never to let the sound of mirth, quarrel or lamentation proceed out of your dwelling.

This sign of social distinction is appreciated down to the very bottom. On the upper rungs of the social ladder we should say that those social distinctions which can be defined at all rest upon birth, money and brains.

All the poor they rest upon money and manners, and the latter, alas, are below a certain wage, woefully dependent upon the former.—Spectator.

RELICS OF EARLY DAYS.

Rail Fences and Dugout Canoes Survive Civilization's March.

One of the remarkable features of country life in America is the singular persistence of the rail fence and the dugout canoe. No matter how thickly settled a section may become or how long it may have been settled, these two survivors of early settlement linger on as stubbornly as ever. Today in the thickest settled parts of New England and New York the rail fence is met with, while the shad fishermen of the Potomac and James rivers and Chesapeake Bay, on the banks of which the first English settlements in America were established, still manufacture and employ the old dugout canoe in making the rounds of their shad nets.

The dugout canoe is the simplest and most primitive water craft known and was used by prehistoric man, both in this country, Europe and Asia. It is made out of a log of wood by trimming the outside down to the proper proportions of a boat and by "digging out" the inside with an adz and by the aid of fire. The Potomac river dugout is today pretty much the same as it was in the days of Powhatan and differs from the general run of dugout canoes in the absence of a curved bow and stern and in having rather high sides, which rise to a summit from either end of the boat, being highest in the middle, where the seat is placed.—Washington Post.

Canary in Second Engagement.

For years a young man and young woman had been engaged, and each had economized with a view of having the more to spend when they should marry. Six months ago, however, the engagement was broken, and shortly afterward the young woman became the fiancée of another man. This man is a very rich man, and his money lavishly on her. He has bought her beautiful silver for her toilet table, the latest design and engraved with her initials; a handsome leather traveling bag completely fitted out, rugs, books and other articles to make home comfortable.

"No more economizing for me," says the girl. "If he invests so much in me, we won't be so likely to quarrel, and certainly he will not have the mortification to spend on another girl," which is the wisdom that rules sentiment in these modern days.—New York Press.

Those Dull Ducks.

I recall Mr. Lowell telling, jocosely, in an after dinner speech in Cambridge how he met an acquaintance (of dubious standing) who wished to know how happy a demoniac led him to ask the cause of such exuberant felicity.

"Why," said the genial smile, "I've discovered a way to make my fortune. We all know that the reason for the wild celery on which it feeds. Now, I propose to feed it to the domestic duck and supply the market."

Some weeks later, on meeting his acquaintance again, Mr. Lowell found money lavishly on her. He has bought her beautiful silver for her toilet table, the latest design and engraved with her initials; a handsome leather traveling bag completely fitted out, rugs, books and other articles to make home comfortable.

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GATHERING OPIUM.

How the Petals and Juice of the Poppy Plant Are Procured.

It is a sort of garden cultivation, the poppy plants being grown in little squares or beds intersected by tiny water channels for irrigation, wherever this is possible. The growth of the plants is carefully tended, and a length of time comes when they burst out into flower, and the fields look like a sheet of silver as the white petals of the flowers glisten in the morning dew.

These beautiful petals are the first produce of the crop, for the women and children of the cultivators' families come forth and pick them off one by one and carefully dry them, so that they may serve afterward as the covering of the manufactured cakes of opium. Then the poppies, with their bare capsule heads, remain standing in the open field until it is considered that they are ripe for lancing. The cultivators then come forth in the evening and, with an implement not unlike the knives of a cupping instrument, they carefully incise the capsule on its sides with deep incisions, so that the juice may exude.

In the early morning the cultivator reappears with a scraping knife and their earthenware pots, and they scrape off the exuded juice and collect it in their pots. And this is the crude opium.—Blackwood's Magazine.

A FORCED SALE.

Frith's Purchase of His Own Portrait Painted by Himself.

Here is the astonishing history of a man's own portrait painted by himself. The celebrated R. A. had entirely forgotten its existence until a friend entered his studio one morning and asserted that a capital picture of himself was on view in a small shop in Great Portland street. "It's not a bit like what you are now," observed the friend, "but it may have resembled you some years ago. Go and look at it."

Mr. Frith went and found his own image after an estrangement of forty-five years. He determined to buy it, though he had not the faintest recollection of having painted it. "Ah, a portrait!" said Frith to the woman in charge of the shop after he had pretended to examine several other works. "Whose likeness is that?" "That," said the lady, "is a portrait of the celebrated artist, Frith, painted by himself."

"Why, he must be an elderly man," said Frith. "The woman remarked that he was young once. 'Humph' quoth the genial W. P. F. 'Not much of a picture.'"

To this the woman demurred and asked £20 for the canvas. It was Frith's turn to appear surprised. "Well," replied the shopkeeper without moving a muscle, "it cost us nearly as much. We shall make a very small profit. You see, it is very valuable because the artist is deceased." "Deceased!" exclaimed the astonished painter. "Dead, do you mean?" "Yes, sir; died of drink. My husband attended the funeral."

Frith bought the picture, but did not revive for some time.—Chambers' Journal.

Age of Birds.

Among birds the swan lives to be the oldest, in extreme cases reaching 200 years. The falcon has been known to live 162 years. An eagle died in 1819 which had been caught 104 years before and was then quite old. A white headed vulture, which was caught in 1706, died in the aviary at Schomburgk, near Vienna, in 1824. Parrots live more than a century. Water birds have a long life, exceeding that of several generations of men. Ravens also live over a hundred years.

In captivity eagles live from twenty to twenty-five years, and still longer in freedom. The common hen attains the age of from fifteen to twenty years. Doves live ten years and the little singing birds from eight to seventeen years. The nightingale's life is the shortest, ten years being the longest, and next comes the blackbird, which never lives longer than fifteen years.

A Historian's Reward.

On April 5, 1905, John Stow, tall and historian, died. His minute and painstaking survey can never be overlooked by any one who wishes to know London of the sixteenth century. It contains a wealth of fact and detail and has, moreover, been described as the most picturesque of narratives. A man of eighty years he was given by James I. as a reward for his many and useful books and chronicles—a man of seventy and sixpence.

John Stow's monument is a pleasing work in terra cotta on the wall of St Andrew's undershelf. The fire of London that destroyed so much spared the effigy of London's chronicler, so that the poetry for which he labored might photograph it.—London News.

What Intermittency Means.

Intermittency is that form of irregularity in which the pulse appears to drop a beat occasionally. In some instances it occurs regularly and two or three times per minute for several hours. Sometimes, also, it is very irregular and is noted a number of times within a few seconds and not again for a minute or more. This peculiarity generally causes much uneasiness. Yet, while it may be a very serious symptom and associated with grave and incurable disease of the heart, it often signifies merely a functional disturbance which is in nowise dangerous.

Fisherman's Luck.

"I understand that Miss Specie caught a duke while fishing in Europe."

"Yes, but she declares that she hooked two princes, and they got away just as she was about to land them."—Town and Country.

"Respect for those that labor under burdens." So said Napoleon as he met a porter on the Paris highways and stepped aside to give the laborer the right of way.

BLAKE, MOFFITT & TOWNE

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A PIONEER MERCHANT

Bright's Disease and Diabetes Are Positively Curable.

Adolph Weiser, the well known pioneer of 908 Green street, San Francisco, one of the founders of the California Cracker Company, informed December 11, 1901:

Q—Will you permit us to refer to you as one of those cured of diabetes by the Fulton Compound?

A—You may, I thought to be known. I have told a great many about it myself.

Q—You found it hard to cure, didn't you?

A—Only those cured can believe, really. You will have great difficulty in making people believe it.

Q—Had physicians diagnosed your case as diabetes?

A—Several. The kidneys were also affected. I had to sleep with my hand under my back to sustain me so I could rest.

Q—How long before you began to improve?

A—I took hold slowly—it must have been several weeks.

Q—How long before you were fully restored?

A—About a year.

Q—Do you recall any you told about it?

A—One was a Mrs. D., a friend of mine in the country. She wrote me "Bright's Disease, Diabetes, etc., recovered."

Q—Any other names?

A—Several. I was in Windsor, Sonoma County, was taken with dropsy, and I sent her the Bright's Disease compound, the second dose completely restoring her.

Q—Do you think now of the curability of Bright's Disease and Diabetes?

A—I am sure that those who will take these Compounds for a sufficient length of time.

Medical works agree that Bright's Disease and Diabetes are incurable, but 87 per cent. are positively recovering under the Fulton Compound. (Common forms of kidney complaint and rheumatism often cured.) Demand for Fulton Compound. Price, \$1 for Bright's Disease and \$1.50 for the Diabetic Compound. John J. Fulton Co., 100 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California. Free tests made for patients. Descriptive pamphlet mailed free.

Save the Baby.

The mortality among babies during the first three months is something frightful. The census of 1900 shows that about 100,000 babies were succumbed.

The cause is apparent. With baby's bones sucking, the fontanel (opening in the skull) closing up and its teeth forming, all these coming at once create the demand for some material that nearly half the little systems are deficient in. The result is weakness, nervousness, sweating, fever, diarrhoea, brain troubles, convulsions, etc., that prove terribly fatal. The deaths in the United States alone are 300,000. 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 home 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.

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

Gentlemen—I am writing you for 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 it would surprise success with it. In scores of cases this diet, given with their regular food, has not failed to check and cure the distress. 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 Sir—I have just tried the teething food in two cases and in both it was a success. One was a very serious case, but that it was brought to me from another part of the country. The baby was born in three days the baby ceased crying and commenced eating and in 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.

How Savages Came to Use Knives.

The first men, armed with the simplest weapons or with none at all, pursued in the chase the animals that served them as food and clothing, and then, in a state of starvation, turned to pieces with their fingers and devoured on the spot the flesh, raw and bloody. In time they domesticated animals that assisted them in hunting and invented the bow and spear that enabled them to kill their prey at a greater distance.

The knife was invented as an instrument of attack or defense or for rough cutting and carving and, being generally made of stone, was found convenient in eating and became in time an accessory of the table for reasons so obvious that they require no explanation.

All Souls' College, Oxford.

Perhaps the most expensive education in the world is enjoyed by the undergraduates of All Souls' college, Oxford. There are usually but four of them in residence, all of them on the foundation, with just enough to keep them comfortably in their rooms aloft over the college kitchen. The college revenues approach £15,000 a year, which should give an excellent education to four young men. But All Souls' devotes its money mainly to the support of fellows and the cult of good living. At the undergraduate get their education by arrangement from other colleges.—London Chronicle.

Olden Time "Raiment."

In early Bible days richly embroidered raiment was enumerated with the gold, silver and other valuable property of a rich man. In that primitive age Dame Fashion was not the fickle goddess she is at present, and the "raiment" so frequently mentioned in the Holy Scriptures descended from father to son as a valuable part of the inheritance. Raiment was often sent, with gold and gems, as a present to dignitaries.