

The Holly Sprig Spoon

By EDWIN C. MARTIN.

WINTER when it fell at Osceola fell with amplitude. If you stood on the upper bridge—a high, open bridge—you saw the canal stretching far up and down, a level trench of snow, its whiteness emphasized here and there by a patch of brown earth showing from some underwash in the banks. Southward, at the center of the town, a file of low decked boats lay side by side, their wharves by snow covered ice. In the near fields to the north the white ridges, piked with last year's corn stalks, suggested to boys and dogs the rich possibilities in rabbits. The like possibilities, though in lesser degree were suggested by the nearer common thickly bedstraw as its white surface was with black flanked logs, lying there each under the next, with their ends of snow until the iron toothed gear, whom one could hear wheezing at his feast from over on the river bank, should be ready to have them served to him, and the rows of foot tracks, juvenile and canine, running all about hinted of efforts to realize on some such possibilities here. A wider whiter common on the east, with its clumps of white houses, smoking chimneys and black cowhoused on its edge and the steel blue sky dropping down beyond, was a very picture of the season. Over a large millpond on the west glided the skaters, boys and girls, who had themselves with shovel and broom by hard, hot labor in brief hours after school cleared of snow the scant ways they traversed. In one corner of the millpond on the morrow, if the morrow chance to be a Sunday, in a pool relieved of ice for the occasion and hedged about by a throng of spectators, they would baptize the latest converts of the winter revivals.

Hither and thither, about and all through the town, wound the deep trodden footpaths, so narrow that when two people met one must needs step out into the full depth of the snow, for no provision of ordinance or custom exacted of householders any contribution in this sort to the public convenience, and, except in small patches at gateways and before the doors and stores, the snow was left lying until sun and travel dissolved it. And since in Osceola the rubber boot was as yet unknown and the rubber shoe was disdained of men as a wear beneath their manhood one rarely failed to find in the houses and the stores a man sitting with his feet fattened against the hot stove, sizzling off the snow taps from his boot heels.

In milder seasons the prevailing form of social entertainment was evening teas, but now there was apt to be a round of rather stately dinner parties. The ladies came in carefully treasured black silk gowns, of the richest and stiffest material, with wide collars of white lace and lace edged white lawn undersleeves. The men wore coats of black broadcloth, no less carefully kept and no less excellent in quality, and high, stiff collars, swathed in black silk or satin neckerchiefs. The dinner, cooked mainly by the hostess's own hand, was served in two courses, but out of its abundance might easily have furnished forth twelve or fifteen, of the daintiness which courses acquire when they are made a particular point of Turkey and oysters, four or five vegetables, a like number of cooked fruits, pickles sour and pickles sweet, coffee and hot rolls, with a dessert of tarts, a kind of pie, a rich preserve served in cream and a cake that was the chef d'œuvre of the feast—these were the least that decency would allow, and the guest was expected not to elect between them, but to eat somewhat of all.

ing performer. At the conclusion of her recital two or three ladies murmured a perfunctory "That was too bad," and Dr. Dudley asked in his blunt way, "What is a holly sprig spoon?" But he gave no outward sign of listening to Mrs. Gears' explanation that holly sprig was the design and that the loss was especially grievous because it occasioned the first break in a set given her at her marriage by her mother, who had brought it at an early day out from New Jersey, sewed up for safety in her petticoat, a gift to her at her marriage from her own mother, Mrs. Gears' grandmother, and to the latter previously at her marriage from her mother, Mrs. Gears' great-grandmother, for whom it had been expressly made by a London silversmith, the only set of its design ever seen or heard of. At the words "grandmother" and "great-grandmother" the doctor's head nodded slightly, but his eye, like all other eyes at the table, even Mrs. Gears', was on Wampler's knife.

Wampler shaved away the last bit of holly and raised his instrument for the master stroke through the flank. The guests dipped forward a little farther. The knife descended, pierced, then stopped abruptly. Wampler's face grew red, like a burn. Mrs. Wampler's grew red, too, out of sympathy. "You must have struck a tough turkey," she said.

"It's my spoon," cried Mrs. Gears, fairly shrieking, "the one I lost my holly sprig!" And she stretched out her hand as if to recover it, if need be, by force.

"At my rate, it is not mine," said Mrs. Wampler. Out of sheer confusion she spoke curtly. She looked as if in another moment she must collapse.

"Oh, it's mine, it's mine! I should know it anywhere," persisted Mrs. Gears excitedly, and Wampler handed the spoon over to her.

"It must be yours," said Mrs. Wampler. "I remember the design, and it's me like any of mine. I never saw it, unless at your house, until this moment, and the turkey I dressed and put into the oven with my own hand."

Even with the precious spoon restored to her possession, and her owner ship of it thus fully acknowledged by Mrs. Wampler, Mrs. Gears did not wholly recover herself. Until the company broke up her manner retained a tinge of pugnacity, and she wore a look rather hard and suspicious. The other guests made a particular show of ease and gaiety. They commented a little on the singularity of the incident and ventured to make a joke of two upon it, then dropped it from the talk and were studious not to recur to it. One and all departed, however, with it still sufficiently in mind and more than made themselves amends ultimately for any denial they may have suffered regarding it in the presence of their host and hostess. Thus very soon the whole town knew the story, and Mrs. Gears' holly sprig spoon became celebrated.

Never did a dinner party leave the givers of it with heavier spirits than theirs left Mr. and Mrs. Wampler. Wampler would have been not a little disturbed simply at a misadventure in his carving and Mrs. Wampler at once in her cooking, but to these occasions of discomfort the affair of the holly sprig spoon added, or at least seemed to them to add, the possibility of putting in question their honesty, and the sense of this moved them finally to find offense in the behavior of Mrs. Gears. The more they thought it over—and the habit of people in Osceola was to think over things a good deal—the more offense they found, so that the feeling of both soon came to be expressed by Mrs. Wampler. "She might as well have said I stole her spoon in so many words."

In point of fact, no such thought had at that time entered Mrs. Gears' mind. For ten days she had fretted continually, suffering in her appetite and in her sleep, over the loss of the spoon and the consequent break in the set. When the spoon reappeared so strangely, the sight was a great help upon it, and she felt that she must clap hands on it at once or it would disappear again. And when she had got it in her hands her feeling was as if some cruel prank had been played on her and she must look sharp or it would be repeated. How the spoon came to be where it was found, which was the question of first interest to the rest of the company, did not occur to her until later, and when it did occur it at first started no doubt in her of the honesty of the Wampplers. But the crazy, dull sense of having somehow been victimized continued to harry her, and for that she began imperceptibly to hold the Wampplers answerable.

Under a fortnight's pricking by these fantastic grievances the next time Mrs. Gears and Mr. and Mrs. Wampler met from the turkey stuffing, winter at its visitations is still profuse, but the next time after that they knew each other not at all. Then it became impossible to invite them into the same companies, and through the circle of their common acquaintance there began to steal, like a line of spilled oil across a floor, a separation out of sympathy. The time the separation became fully defined, Mrs. Gears' marriage at the Wampplers had come to positive grounds. She did not scruple to think and to say freely, "We have no direct proof, but it's very singular that the spoon should have been found in their possession, and they've never offered any explanation."

The Wampplers, too, had by this time taken an open stand. On all convenient occasions and on some not convenient they declared that they preferred not to have the friendship of people who thought them capable of stealing a spoon.

Thus the difference grew into an open feud. Finally it was carried into the church. A document was laid before the session, urging it to summon Mr. and Mrs. Wampler to an explanation, and to demand the document forth, in thus far refusing an explanation was neither brotherly nor Christian. It was, if not of guilt, at least of self righteousness and pride, and in either case they were amenable to the session. There was prolonged argument in the session, as well as some plain speaking and strong feeling. At the vote the lay members divided evenly, and the decision was given to the pastor, the Rev. Cornelius Holt, to decide. He was a man of rare humility, but of a ready sense of justice and an obstinacy in following it that no amount of aggression could outwear. He decided against the petition and in favor of the Wampplers. He had talked with them, he said, frequently about the affair of the spoon. They had indeed several times sought his counsel. He was convinced of their honesty, and if they offered no explanation it was simply because they had none to give. The appearance of the spoon in their house was as inexplicable to them as to others. He would not say that they had always borne themselves as frankly and forgivingly as Christians should, but there had been, he feared, mistakes made on both sides. The difference that had grown up had been a great grief to him. As a pastor and as a friend he had employed all his persuasions to heal it. He believed that in time it would be healed and that right feeling, the loving spirit, would yet prevail, but if it were brought into the church it would only intensify and deepen it, and the day of its removal be put further off.

There was moisture in his eyes, a half sob in his voice, as he concluded with "Let us pray," and he offered a brief, fervent prayer for gentle counsels and confiding hearts. He was checked several times by his emotion. The other members of the session were deeply touched and repaired to their homes with deliciously pure and exalted feelings and with a mind resolved every man of them, to do his utmost to keep the congregation in harmony.

But unfortunately the congregation had not come under the spell of the pastor's moving judgment and prayer, and divisions of such magnitude ensued that the laymen of the session forgot their good resolutions and the session itself became a seat of war. Mr. Holt had served in his present pastorate ten years. Ten years' service in no office lessens the number of a man's critics unless he be a man of supreme talent, and that Mr. Holt was not. From his installation there had been in the congregation a dissatisfied minority, and it had grown with the passage of time more numerous and more outspoken. It now found in his reticence against having the Wampplers before the session what unconsciously it had long been waiting for—a point of union and onset. The pastor's friends, however, were in the main staunch, and open opposition only intensified their ardor. The session divided again about evenly, but the opponents of the pastor were the cunninger faction and finally persuaded two of his supporters to disregard persons and to join them in voting a request to Mr. Holt for his resignation.

With his session thus become practically unanimous against him and a good third of the congregation fiercely urging the session on, the poor minister would gladly have yielded up his charge and fled away, but this, it seemed to him, would be moral weakness, a clear violation of his duty to a larger faction who devoutly besought him to stay, so he refused to comply with the session's request. Appeals followed to higher bodies, and a tedious, complex, exhausting contest resulted, ending in defeat for the opposing minority, which thereupon withdrew from the church in a body and organized a new society.

And this is the origin of what is since known in Osceola as the New church, the church which in recent years has been so marvelously blessed. But it had a hard struggle in the beginning. It began to prosper only after the Rev. Mr. Holtwell took charge. He is a natural pulpit orator, a man thoroughly abreast of the times. He began by prefacing his sermons with a familiar talk on current topics, and every three months he preached a sermon exclusively for men and another exclusively for women and one for the young people, and by these and other means he soon awakened an interest

which has continued until now the New church congregation is much the largest and wealthiest in the town. Then Andrew Jarboe, a rich old bachelor farmer, died and left the church \$10,000, and that was a great help upon it. In life Andrew had not been a notable supporter of churches, but Mr. Holt had once rebuked him sharply for failing to supply a due weight of butter, and it is supposed that this had somewhat to do with determining his surprising bequest to the New church.

Poor Mr. Holt after the New church began to come up so conspicuously suffered a certain decline in the regard of his congregation. The members were still free in expressions of devotion to him, but it became evident that in their feelings they had a little cooled, and Mr. Holt finally sought another charge. And his departure is not the least important item in a general change which has now made Osceola a wholly different town from what it was at the time when Hamilton Wampler interrupted Mrs. Luther Gears' holly sprig spoon from the turkey stuffing. Winter at its visitations is still profuse, but the next time after that they knew each other not at all. Then it became impossible to invite them into the same companies, and through the circle of their common acquaintance there began to steal, like a line of spilled oil across a floor, a separation out of sympathy. The time the separation became fully defined, Mrs. Gears' marriage at the Wampplers had come to positive grounds. She did not scruple to think and to say freely, "We have no direct proof, but it's very singular that the spoon should have been found in their possession, and they've never offered any explanation."

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HARDY SUWAROFF.

Peculiarities of One of Russia's Great Military Commanders.

Suwaroff, Russia's great military commander, was a little man, insignificant in everything but that intangible power of mind and character with which physical strength is never to be compared. He had been sickly in his youth, but became hardy under the stimulus of cold bathing and the benefits of a plain diet. Buckets of cold water were thrown over him in the morning, and his table was served with fare which guests would fain have refused, but dared not lest he should be opposed to the glasses, still I have seen him droll and laughing in his shirt sleeves, sometimes with his stockings literally "down at the heel."

But his hardness of life and action had its effect on the men he commanded. He was often up and about by midnight and would salute the first soldier whom he saw moving with a piercing cackler in commendation of his early rising. During the first Polish war he had given orders for an attack at cockcrow, and a spy in the camp carried the news to the enemy. The attack, however, really took place at 9 o'clock in the evening, when the arrangement had been made, for Suwaroff, suspecting treachery, had then turned out his troops by his well known cackling. The enemy, expecting the event in the morning, were entirely unprepared and fell easy victims to his forethought.

"Tomorrow morning," said he to his troops on the evening before the storming of Ismail, "an hour before day-break I mean to get up. I shall wash and dress myself, say my prayers, give one good cackler and then capture Ismail."

Curious Translation Errors.

Some amusing errors are made by translators. An Italian paper turned Kipling's "Absentminded Beggar" into a "Distracted Mendicant." Another Italian editor who translated a passage from an English paper about a man who had killed his wife with a poker added on ingenious footnotes to say, "We do not know with certainty whether this thing 'poker' be a domestic or surgical instrument." The despatch of Cooper's "Spy," who had to explain how a horse could be hitched "to a beast," is worth recalling. He had never heard of locust trees and rendered the word by "sauterelle," or grasshopper. Feeling that this needed some explanation, he appended a footnote explaining that grasshoppers grew to a gigantic size in the United States and that it was the custom to place a stuffed specimen at the door of every mansion for the convenience of visitors, who hitched their horses to it.

The Bluejay.

One may pet or patronize, according to one's nature, a chipping sparrow, bluebird or pheasant, but he is indeed well coated with self esteem who does not feel a sense of inferiority in the presence of a jay. He is such a shrewd, independent and aggressive creature that one is inevitably led to the belief that he is more of a success as a bird than most men are as men. Conspicuous by voice and action during the fall and winter, when other birds are quietest, he becomes silent when other birds are most vocal. If he has a love song, it is reserved for the ear of his mate. At this season he even controls his fondness for owl hunting and with his superlative "Whoa! whoa!" the catbird and the thrasher seem eager to betray the location of their nests to every passerby, but the bluejay gives no evidence of the site of his habitation by being seen in its vicinity.—Frank M. Chapman in Century.

A Precocious Diplomatist.

Boy—O mamma, I upset the salt-cellar over my clean clothes.

Mamma—That was careless. Go and brush the salt off, and see you don't soil the clothes.

But, mamma, when any one spills salt they have a quarrel, don't they?

"So they say."

"Well, then, if they don't spill the salt they don't have a quarrel. Isn't that so?"

"Yes, that is so. But why do you ask?"

"Well, because, mamma, it wasn't the salt I spilled; it was the ink."

Zeal and Knowledge.

The Outlook crowds an unusual amount of practical wisdom and good sense into the following paragraph: "Zeal without knowledge, often condemned, is more valuable than knowledge without zeal, often commended, for zeal without knowledge inspires life, and life acquires knowledge; but knowledge without zeal sits in its study, plays with its books and does nothing. All the greatest things in life have been accomplished by enthusiasts whose zeal was greater than their knowledge."

A Business Head.

"You lent him the money to buy that mule from you?"

"Yassir," answered Mr. Erastus Pinkley. "It doesn't look like business, but it were such a good chance to get de bes' of de trade dat I couldn't he'p de vacanc' de cast."—Washington Star.

Guessing at It.

"Gambler? Well, rather! Why, he's so crazy over games of chance that he patronizes a restaurant where they print the bill of fare in French, and he doesn't know a word of the language."—Chicago Post.

The Use of Bread on Water.

A loaf of bread is a favorite talisman for locating a drowned body in most European countries. Sometimes it is found sufficient of itself, sometimes it needs the aid of some other substance. Thus in England the loaf is usually weighted with quicksilver. "Frogs" there is a dismal joke in the form of a reasonable objection made to leaping from a high tower. "I would lose two fig leaves of brain." The word occurs no less than twelve times in the fragments of the comic poets.

BEARDS AND GLASSES.

Two Ornaments That Are Rarely Found Upon Hotel Waiters.

"Ever see a waiter wearing glasses?" demanded the inquirer.

No one could remember, although just why a waiter should not be seen with glasses as well as any other man was not apparent.

"It's just like the wearing of beards," went on the inquirer. "The proprietors of our important hotels, restaurants and cafes will not permit either beards or glasses to be worn by their waiters. It is possible that in some old fashioned family or commercial hotel the servitors may be found with their noses straddled by optical helps, but you won't find 'em along Broadway."

"Now, this is a fact worthy of note because in every other calling in life the number of persons wearing glasses is on the increase, and even in our schools a considerable percentage of very small children will be found wearing glasses, and while, as I say, hotel, restaurant and cafe proprietors are opposed to the glasses, still I have seldom found a waiter whose eyes indicated that he was in the slightest need of them."

"You may argue that restaurant waiters are generally young men. Grant you that instantly, but all the same thousands of men of similar age have to wear them in a vast every other occupation."

"The majority of those servitors commence in boyhood, and the demand of their vocation causes no strain on the eyesight. Consequently that may account in a measure for the absence of any necessity for the use of specs. Moreover, the steam from hot hands would render them useless probably."—New York Telegram.

He Saw the Joke.

Here is a true story of a curious personality well known to many professional men in London today: He is a Scot, whose business ability is above the average, but everything he does is done with the air of a man constantly wrestling with some problem of the soul. He rarely speaks unless spoken to. He never smiles, and his eyes have a fixed but intense expression. One day he was returning to London with several companions. The whole party were Scotch, but the companions were of general type. One of them told a humorous tale, over which the rest laughed uproariously. Not so the humor man. He sat in a corner of the railway carriage glowering at his mirthful friends. Half an hour after ward, however, when all were standing at a street corner before separating he took one aside and said solemnly and slowly: "Ye would observe that I did na' laugh at yon' story. Well, I saw the joke. Ye might not think it, but I have a keen sense of humor."—London News.

His Best Role.

They were discussing the amateur theatricals of the previous evening, and Thespis was bewailing the hard luck that had brought on a violent headache and prevented his appearance.

"Do you know, old boy," he said confidently, "that was to have been the effort of my life. I had the love scene down fine, and Mildred's heart must have been of stone if she failed to see that I was in earnest. I was willing to stake everything on the result, for I was confident she would accept me the moment the curtain went down. And to think that my usual hard luck would step in just when all my hopes were about to be realized!"

"I heard Mildred refer to your non-appearance," remarked Fayer.

"You did? And what did she say?"

"Said you performed an act of charity by not coming on."

Too True to Be Profitable.

"How about that historical novel?" asked the publisher.

"No good at all," answered the reader to whom it had been assigned. "The man doesn't understand how to write historical novels, and he hasn't perverted the truth as we know it enough to make any kind of a rumpus among the critics. His book would fall flat."—Chicago Post.

Two Babies For a Cent.

A novel poster was seen by a recent sojourner in Nova Scotia. It was printed on rough paper with red paint, in a childish hand, and was tacked to a telephone pole in a conspicuous position: "There will be a concert and fair in Mrs. Parson's sitting room today at 2 o'clock sharp. Admission—adults, 5 cents; children, 2 cents; babies, two for a cent."

Sitting Tree Bark.

When a young fruit or shade tree stops growing and looks as if it were about to give up the struggle for existence, the trouble may often be traced to its being barkbound. In this case a long perpendicular slit in the bark will enable it to resume its natural growth.

A Simple Matter.

"John, I'd like you to wake me at 5 o'clock tomorrow morning. I want to catch the early train."

"All right, sir; all right," replied the able servitor expressively; "all you got to do, sir, is to ring."—Philadelphia North American.

Conceded It.

"There's a burglar in the house, Benjamin," said Mrs. Frett, arousing her husband in the dead of the morning.

"Hear that?" she continued. "It's sure to be the sound of a chisel. He's a safe burglar."

"You bet he is," sleepily returned Benjamin, turning over for another nap.—Richmond Dispatch.

BLAKE, MOFFITT & TOWNE

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35-37-39-41 First Street
Tel. Main 199. SAN FRANCISCO.

Bright's Disease

Is Positively Curable.

Interview with the pioneer manufacturer, N. W. Spaulding, president of the Spaulding Sewing Machine Company, San Francisco.

Q.—We are told a number of your family was cured of a case that two doctors pronounced Bright's Disease, although it is believed to be incurable?

A.—That is so, and I am glad to hear of it.

Q.—Do you think where it ought to be known?

A.—You say physicians had diagnosed the case as Bright's Disease, but I am convinced that a cure was effected.

Q.—You say physicians had diagnosed the case as Bright's Disease, but I am convinced that a cure was effected.

A.—Several had. They told us the condition was critical when my mother was laid up, and she was helped by the Fulton Compound, and she got up, and I sent for it.

Q.—Was it long before a change was noted?

A.—In a few weeks the improvement was marked. The sleep was better, and a cure was a gradual return to health, although it was a year before we considered the cure full and permanent.

Q.—Know of any other cases?

A.—I know of some where I was told scores about it.

Q.—When there any failures?

A.—I know of none where I was taken in season.

Q.—Can you recall any fully cured cases?

A.—Several. I got an English acquaintance about it. He told me and ultimately recovered, and took a cruise of the world with him on his return to England. I consider it the sweetest man's testimony I could get in time. It ought not to be permitted to die with his aged discoverer, and I am glad to see business men are going to perpetuate it.

Save the Baby.

The mortality among babies during the three testing 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 the teeth forming, all these coming at once create a demand for the three essential elements of life: food, air and water. If these are deficient in any way, the result is weakness, nervousness, fever, diarrhoea, brain troubles, and, in the end, death. The death in 1900 under three years were 300,000, and no more of the vast number outside of any counting that were not reported, and this in the United States.

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 matter. 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.

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

Gentlemen—I am prescribing your food in the multitude of baby troubles, and the most dangerous dentition. A large percentage of infantile life and fatalities are the result of slow teething. Your food supplies what the deficient system demands, and I have had surprising success with it. I have used it since this diet, given with their regular food, has not failed to check the infantile distresses. Several of the most 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, as 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 of dentition that it was brought to me from another city for treatment. Fatal results were feared. In three days the baby commenced eating and commenced eating and is now well. Its action is so remarkably prompt in nature that I 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, diarrhoea or lancing. It is a most reliable and regular diet and easily taken. Price 25 cents (enough for six weeks), sent postpaid on receipt of price. Pacific Coast Drug Co., Mills Building, San Francisco.

Antidyspeptic Diet.

"Dyspepsia would no longer be the national disease in America if the people of this country would adopt a plain diet similar to that of Norway and Sweden. Gout is unknown among Swedes and Norwegians, and the rosy cheeks and clear complexions of the young people of those countries are the result of the simple food the children eat." The United States consul at Bergen, Norway, says, "Hot rolls and white bread are rarely seen in Sweden. Knackbrot or hard bread is the standard article of food. It is made of ground oats and rye. There is no yeast in the bread, and it is rolled into thin wafers, which are baked and hung up where they will keep perfectly dry. Swedes eat this bread and drink milk for two meals a day and have one meal at which they eat meat and potatoes. Sweets are almost unknown. Children are allowed to eat candy only on state occasions."

An Impossible Task.

The committee waited upon the successful man.

"Your fame has preceded you," they said as he entered the room. He smiled serenely. "It is not my fame, it is my name." "It is not your name, it is your fame," he admitted modestly.

"You have given names to sleeping cars, new cigars, health foods and game-names that have pleased the public and your patrons?"

The successful man bowed.

"Well," said the spokesman, "we have a new baby at our house, and we have come to you to select a name that will please her parents, sisters and brothers, grandparents, cousins, uncles, aunts and friends of the family and herself later on."

The successful man frowned sternly.

"Sir," he said, "I do not undertake the impossible!"—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

A Little Rough on Ma.

Daughter—"The man I marry must be a brave man."

Father—"He will be if he marries you while your mother is living."—New York Press.

He is No Hypocrite.

Tom—Are you going to wear mourning for your wealthy uncle?

Jack—Only a black pocketbook.—Chicago News.