THE STRANGE STOWAWAY

By H. Phelps Whitmarsh....

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"OBSTACLES! Obstacles be hanged!" said Bob Munro forcibly. "The word is an invention of the weak. There are no such things."

"Oh, rot, Bob! According to that, there's nothing to prevent a man doing anything he chooses."

"Nothing on earth, Arthur, if he's made up his mind to do it and goes about it man fashion."

"Bob, I believe the ease with which you took your master's certificate has actually made you conceited. I suppose you won't look at a fellow after this unless he calls you 'captain.' Why, if a man could"—

"Never mind arguing now, Arthur. There she comes, the one with the pink parasol just passing under the big oak. Look at her well as she goes by. She's the most lovely creature in the world."

Arthur Moreton, smiling at his friend's enthusiasm, directed his attention to the owner of the pink parasol, who was walking slowly along the broad walk, accompanied by a demure little woman in black. She was a tall, fair beauty, with the figure of a Juno and the carriage of a queen. As she passed she turned and caught the look in Munro's eyes. It evidently disconcerted her, for she colored slightly and lowered her sunshade.

"Why, that's Miss Armstrong, the Lancashire beauty, as they call her," whispered Moreton.

"Miss who?" asked his sailor friend.

"Armstrong, daughter of old Ninety-nine Ship Armstrong, the millionaire. Didn't you know?"

"No. How should I?" said Munro.

"She isn't the girl you brought me here to see, the one you said you'd fallen in love with?"

"Of course she is, you oakum head. Don't expect anything better, do you?"

"No; but don't be quite a blathering idiot, Bob. What on earth do you suppose you are going to do?"

"Do!" ejaculated the young captain. "I'm going to marry her."

Moreton shook the seat silently for a few moments, then burst into the most uproarious laughter. "Bob," he said later, "I see now why you don't believe in obstacles. Well, I wish you luck. If good looks and determination will win a woman, you can do it, but for the life of me I can't see how you can ever get an introduction to Miss Armstrong."

"No?" replied Munro. "Nevertheless I shall marry her."

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"What's that you say, Mr. Calker, a stowaway?" said Captain Pugley testily as he leaned over the poop rail.

"Yes, sir," replied the mate, looking up from the deck below. "We found him in the fore peak, stowed among the pork barrels."

"Well, well, send him aft, Mr. Calker, and let me see him, and in the meantime keep a sharp lookout for a no'th'ard bound vessel. We may get a chance to ship the beggar back."

Captain Pugley was furious. After all his care and anxiety that things should run smoothly on this trip of all trips, here was one of those unfortunate hitches for which the layman sees no excuse and which therefore create false impressions. Under ordinary circumstances the discovery of an extra mouth to feed would not have aroused the little captain's ire. A stowaway on the third day out is usually "turned to" and accepted with a philosophy born of the knowledge that, though disagreeable, he is an unchangeable fact, while the mate's watch rejoice over the sinner as an extra hand. In this case, however, things were a little out of the ordinary—a little strained, perhaps uncomfortable—the reason for which will be readily understood when I explain that that awful and powerful personage alike to shipmaster and mates, the owner, was aboard.

As Captain Pugley stamped savagely back and forth at the break of the poop the stowaway, with the boatswain behind him, came slouching aft. He stopped at the after hatch and stood cap in hand, shuffling his feet like an embarrassed schoolboy, looking down at the deck. A tall, squarely built fellow he was, with an almost shaven head and a week's growth of black stubble upon his upper lip and chin. A faded brown overcoat, with the collar turned up and much too small, was buttoned tightly across his chest, while below it hung a pair of patched and greasy dungaree trousers. His four days' sojourn in the dark bowels of the forepeak, amid the coal, the tar barrels the brine oozing "sait horse" casks and all the rust and sweat of that sailor's corner cupboard, had apparently affected him very little, except that he had gathered souvenirs of them all and was in consequence besmudged and dirty.

"This is the man, sorr," said the gruff voiced boatswain.

The captain abruptly ended his walk and danced down the poop ladder like a man on wires.

"You scoundrel!" he cried, shaking his fist under the dirty one's nose "How dare you stow away aboard my vessel, you skulking lubber? How dare you, I say! What do you mean by sneaking aboard to eat honest men's food and give nothing in return, you thief! You jailbird! You—you"—

"Beg pardon, sir, but I ain't afryd to work, sir," protested the stowaway meekly.

"Don't talk back to me, you hulking loafer, or I'll put you in irons!" snapped the skipper. "And you can make up your mind that, if I don't send you back before, you'll get three months hard labor when we reach Adelaide What is your name?"

"'Awkins, sir."

"Ever been to sea?"

"No, sir, I can't rightly s'y as I've been to sea, sir, but I've knocked about the river quite a bit, and I've been as far as Margit once, sir."

The boatswain grinned broadly at this; even the captain could not forbear smiling.

"Well," he said, "put him to work

THE STRANGE STOWAWAY

By Whitmarsh....

PHELPS WHITMARSH.....

bos'n." And the green hand went forward to be initiated into the mysteries of the "slush bucket" and the "soogey moogey" can.

Unfortunately, as the captain put it no homeward bound vessels were sighted until it was too late to think of returning the stowaway. He was therefore taken into the mate's watch as dirty workman, where he showed remarkable aptness for some things and a marvelous stupidity about others. In most matters pertaining to seamanship

"You scoundrel!" he cried.

he was hopeless. He seemed incapable of learning the names or positions of ropes, sails or spars, and neither curses nor ropes' ends could coax him farther aloft than the ridgepole. On the other hand, he proved himself a model paint and brasswork cleaner. It was discovered, moreover, that the man could steer. For these reasons no sooner did the Dunbarton run into warm weather than "'Awkins" was relieved of his "watch and watch" and turned into an "idler."

From that time he worked all day and slept all night. He trimmed the lamps, cleaned the brasswork, helped the steward, took innumerable "wheels," tended the passengers and was looked upon as the general poop factotum.

The Dunbarton, like many Australian clippers, carried a limited number of cabin passengers. On this trip she had seven—a young married couple named Sweting, a Frenchman of the name of De Montparnasse, Mr. Angus, a South Australian horse breeder, and the owner's party. The latter consisted of Mr. Armstrong, his sister-in-law, Mrs. Pearce and his daughter Beatrice.

In the natural order of things on shipboard it was not long before this little company got shaken together, and then, in the natural order of humanity, paired off. The young married couple clung to each other with praiseworthy tenacity; the captain and Mr. Armstrong were constantly to be found talking ship together; Mr. Angus and Mrs. Pearce, who was a widow, became boon companions, and De Montparnasse danced daily attendance upon Miss Beatrice.

Such was the state of affairs when the Dunbarton was three weeks out, at which time she careened to the full strength of the northeast trades and with every rag set was bowling swiftly down to the southward. Then, day by day, the sun shone hotter, sea and sky took on a warmer tone, the air grew balmy, and shoals of glittering flying fish skipped lightly past the bow. The poop awning was brought out and stretched, cane chairs and lounges, relics of a former East Indian voyage, made their appearance, and the passengers, driven from below by the heat, spent most of their time on deck.

At four bells one evening Hawkins, the stowaway, came aft to the wheel. By taking the second dog watch trick for men who wanted to play "bluff" the stowaway earned his tobacco. "Sou' by east," he repeated after the man whom he relieved, and he grasped the spokes with the air of one who enjoyed his occupation.

Below in the saloon the cabin folks were at tea. Through the open skylight came the sound of their voices and laughter. At the break of the poop the second mate leaned thoughtfully over the weather rail. An ordinary seaman was shipping the side lights. The slush lamps in the house and forecastle began to show. Slowly the sun departed, night overlapped the day, and darkness fell like a garment upon the waters.

Hawkins leaned comfortably against the wheelbox, his face illuminated by the binnacle light, occasionally giving the ship a few spokes up or down. He had developed into an excellent helmsman. Suddenly the man's frame stiffened, and he stood bolt upright, listening. A woman's laugh had sounded at the foot of the companionway. It was followed by a patter of feet on the leaded stair, and a moment later Miss Armstrong, attended by De Montparnasse, stepped on deck.

As the pair seated themselves on the weather side of the skylight Miss Armstrong was struck with the expression on Hawkins' face. His forehead wore a scowl, and his dark eyes shone with an angry light in ill accord with his usual good natured appearance. It looked so unlike the smiling fellow who puttered about the poop all day and in his capacity waited upon her with such uncommon care and thoughtfulness that she found herself speculating about the man for the first time. Though in her natural kind way she had often bestowed a word of encouragement or praise upon the "poor stowaway," as she called him, she had never given him a thought in any other way, and, indeed, why should she? The average woman never sees a man who is poorly dressed. Yet now, for some unaccountable reason, she suddenly found herself wondering what the fellow's past had been. Under cover of the darkness she looked at him closely. "What a strong face!" she thought. "But for the black stubble on his upper lip and chin he might be a handsome man." As Hawkins raised his eyes from the compass card and looked toward the skylight with half blinded eyes she gave a little start.

"What is the matter, Miss Armstrong?" asked her companion in his own tongue. "Are you afraid?"

"Don't you think it's rather chilly sitting here? Shall we walk a little?" she replied evasively.

At one bell her escort went below, and Miss Armstrong strolled idly aft to lean over the taffrail and gaze at the sparkling wake. As she watched the murmuring eddies slip from the rudder and go swirling away to the black water astern she kept repeating to herself, "Where have I seen those eyes before?"

She was disturbed presently by the appearance of a shark under the counter of the vessel. A faint, ghostly light far down beneath the keel was the first intimation of its coming, gradually growing larger and more bright as it neared the surface until the outlines of the great fish could be plainly seen, and the phosphorescent halo round it illumined the Dunbarton's stern. Impelled by curiosity, not unmixed with fear, the girl stretched farther across the top rail to watch the movements of this phantom scavenger of the sea. On a sudden her foot slipped on the dewy deck. She pitched forward, lost her balance and had gone headlong overboard but for the man at the wheel. Before she wholly realized her danger Hawkins caught her about the waist and, lifting her bodily, placed her on her feet again. For a moment the great fellow held her and looked down at her frightened face.

"You little fool!" he said at last. Then, deftly catching the twirling wheel, he returned to his post, white to the lips.

At the stowaway's words the rush of mingled emotions that rose in Beatrice Armstrong's mind was checked by indignation. How dare this common man call her a "little fool?" Humiliating as her position was, she yet drew herself up proudly and without looking at him said, "I will see that you are rewarded for this, Mr. Hawkins," upon which she swept haughtily past him and descended the companionway.

The stowaway smiled.

The episode had taken place so rapidly and with so little noise that the second mate knew nothing about it. A few minutes later, however, noticing that the weather leeches were lifting and thinking it caused by a change of wind, he ran aft to the compass. He found Hawkins staring fixedly at the card and the vessel three points off her course.

"Where are you steering to?" he began. "Hard up, you soldier!" And a stream of abuse followed.

Hawkins awoke as from a dream and, muttering an incoherent excuse, jammed the wheel over.

Hardly had the officer returned forward before the stowaway heard a rustle of drapery, and Miss Armstrong again stood beside him. She had repented. The proud girl's better nature had asserted itself. She saw how she had wronged him and with a noble spirit had hastened back to humble herself to the man to whom she doubtless owed her life.

"Hawkins," she said in a grave, sweet voice, "I have come to apologize to you for my rudeness. You must, I am sure, think me very ungrateful, but I am not. I was angry at nothing, and I want you to forgive me, and I want to thank you for saving me from such a horrible death."

The stowaway's dark eyes were turned full upon her. His upper hand, seen by the binnacle light, trembled visibly, but he did not speak."

"Won't you forgive me?" said the girl, holding out her hand to him. "I'm very sorry."

Hawkins inclosed her small, white hand within his own great palm and, quickly bending, kissed it.

"Forgive?" he murmured. "It is I who should ask forgiveness."

"Now, then, Hawkins, where in blazes are you going to now?" came from the second mate.

The weather leeches were shivering again, and the officer came hurrying aft. "Oh, excuse me, Miss Armstrong," he added. "I didn't know you were on deck."

"You must not blame Hawkins for anything tonight, Mr. Outram," replied the young lady; whereupon she told the second mate what had happened, and that gentleman said afterward that it was just his luck to miss the one opportunity of his life of getting a captain's billet.

After eight bells Hawkins was called into the saloon to receive the thanks of Mr. Armstrong. In vain Hawkins protested that he "didn't do nothink—leastways no more than any man would have done." Mr. Armstrong would not listen to it. "No, Hawkins, my man," he said, "you have done me a great service tonight, and in return I intend to do something for you. Before we reach Adelaide you must come and tell me your plans. I mean to start you in the new country. Will you take a glass of w'ne, Hawkins?"

"Thank you, sir," replied the stowaway. "Well, 'ere's your werry good 'ealth, sir, and yours, miss, and yours, cap'n." And with a merry twinkle in his eye he emptied the glass.

For three days after this occurrence Beatrice never once appeared on deck, but kept strictly to her own cabin and the large after stateroom reserved for the use of the ladies. The truth of the matter was, she felt a little delicacy about again meeting Hawkins. The man had acted so strangely, first going to one extreme and then to the other, that she needed a little time to reflect how she should treat him, and she found it rather a hard thing to decide, for, while the fellow had in all probability saved her life, it was evident that he was in love with her, and it was possible, she thought, that he might construe her gratitude as encouragement. With a woman's sensitiveness, moreover, she had not yet forgiven him for calling her a "little fool." She was neither little nor a fool, and she knew it; and, again, there was that puzzling familiarity about his eyes. Underneath it all, though unacknowledged even to herself, she could not help feeling curiously interested in and attracted by this strange stowaway. When at last she set her course of action and returned to the deck, she found little cause for embarrassment, for the man, she learned, had asked to go back into the mate's watch and was now working in various parts of the vessel with the other hands. He had overcome his reluctance to go aloft and was picking up the duties of a sailor with astonishing rapidity.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

NO SPORT IN IT.

How Northern Indians Secure Venison For Their Larders.

A New Yorker who lives a small fraction of the time in the city, being usually long distances away in pursuit of game, tells of the method pursued by the Indians of British Columbia in taking deer. They have evolved a system, his huntsman says, that shows practical skill and sympathy and knowledge of natural conditions. He says:

"The Indians, to begin with, do not hunt deer for the pleasure of hunting. They go for deer as a housekeeper goes to market for beef, and, what's more—in British Columbia, at any rate—they don't go often. Salmon is plentiful in the rivers and is easily caught, so why chase animals when they can secure fish? It is something as it is in Newfoundland, where I went a couple of seasons ago. There the prevailing fish, as you might say, is cod, and, though there is no end to the variety of edible fish that can be taken, the natives never think of eating anything else. Cod is plentiful, and they form the habit, I suppose. This is so ingrained that they call codfish 'fish' simply. The genus is divided into cod and the rest of fish.

"Well, when the British Columbia Indian makes up his mind for venison, he goes at it systematically and without sentiment. A group of half a dozen or ten men split and take either end of a valley. Then they proceed along the mountain slope from the two ends to the center. They choose the sheltered side of the valley on which the deer seek to escape the wind. Each party covers the mountain side, some near the foot and some at the top and others between the lines, keeping abreast by an imitated owl hoot. The deer, on 'winding' pursuit, have the trick of leaping away down the slope, unlike the goats, which go up, and thus between the two approaching parties they are swept together at the middle of the valley. A good sized herd will thus be killed off and the Indians supplied for many weeks by two or three days' exertion."—New York Tribune.

HE WOULDN'T BE SNUBBED

Colonel Ochiltree Bided His Time and Carried Off the Honors.

General Grant was a great admirer of Colonel Thomas Ochiltree and made many of the men of Galveston a bit jealous. As a result they once planned an incident whereby they would humiliate Ochiltree. Grant was to stop at Galveston after his trip to South America, and the committee did not put Ochiltree's name on the list of distinguished men to meet him.

Ochiltree bided his time, as he was never known to complain, and did not go to the ship to welcome General Grant. He took a vantage point in the crowd that filled the streets in front of the Tremont House. He was behind two rows of celebrities who were doing guard duty along the edges of a crimson carpet which ran from the hotel steps to the curb. The reception committee, or part of it, was standing in the hotel door, waiting to give the general the gladsome hand.

Ochiltree watched until the general and Mrs. Grant had stepped from the carriage, and then he bulged through the line. He rushed down the crimson carpet, shook heartily the hand of his old friend and, offering his arm to Mrs. Grant, marched proudly through the rank and file of the leading citizens into the hotel. The mob outside demanded a speech from the general, and, constituting himself a committee of one, Colonel Ochiltree appeared with him in the hotel balcony and introduced Grant as one of his best, truest and bravest friends. This was the last time the men in Galveston tried to snub him at a social function.

It Made History.

Such a slight circumstance as a glass of wine changed the history of France for nearly twenty years. Louis Philippe, king of the French, had a son, the Duke of Orleans, and heir to the throne, who always drank only a certain number of glasses of wine, because even one more made him tipsy. On a memorable morning he forgot to count the number of his glasses and took one more than usual. When entering his carriage, he stumbled, frightening the horses and causing them to run. In attempting to leap from the carriage his head struck the pavement, and he soon died. That glass of wine overthrew the Orleans rule, confiscated their property of £20,000,000 and sent the whole family into exile.

Adam and the Tailor.

"This," said the guide, "is the grave of Adam."

Historic spot! With reverential awe—nay, with a feeling of deep thankfulness—the wealthy merchant tailor on his first trip to the orient drew near and cast a flower on the tomb. "Dying ancestor," he murmured, "I should be the last man on earth to revile your memory. To your sin I owe my prosperity."—Chicago Tribune.

Medicine For Him.

"His wife has treasured all the letters he wrote her when he was courting her; keeps them by her all the time."

"Gracious! She doesn't read them over, does she?"

"No, but she threatens to read them to him whenever he gets obstreperous."—Philadelphia Press.

Forestalled.

May—What's the matter, dear?

Clara—My engagement with Charley is broken.

May—But I thought you intended to break it?

Clara—So I did, but the wretch went and broke it himself.

We should manage our fortune like our constitution—enjoy it when good, have patience when bad and never apply violent remedies but in cases of necessity.

A HONEYMOON CLOUD.

Why the Bride Feared Her Husband Did Not Love Her.

"It was pretty hard to have the honeymoon clouded before we had been married two hours," complained a newly married man. "Fact is, though, the excitement of the wedding day took away the little sense I had remaining.

"We were married at noon and, after dodging the customary rice and old shoes, left for the station. We had barely time to catch our train, and I rushed up to the ticket window at once. Then, once more, we had to run the gauntlet of friends, who think it smart to throw rice down one's collar and have it sift down into one's shoes.

"We got into the train at last, and when it started I heaved a sigh of relief. When the collector came round for tickets, I handed mine over. After looking at it for a moment he asked me if the lady was traveling with me.

"That was the last straw, and I snapped out for him to mind his own business.

"'That is what I am trying to do,' he answered coolly. 'One more ticket, please.'

"Then it flashed upon me that in the hurry and excitement of the moment I had forgotten I had a wife. I paid the other fare and tried to laugh it off, but the look that my wife gave me will linger with me as long as I live. It took me two hours to argue her out of the impression that I didn't love her any more, and she isn't fully satisfied yet."—Kansas City Independent.

The Habits of the Robin.

Let us hide behind that clump of blackberry bushes and watch the parent birds as they come to feed their young. There comes the father robin now. You can distinguish him from the mother by his darker plumage. You will notice that in coming with the food he alights on a particular twig, hops along a particular branch and alights on a particular side of the nest. If you watched him for a week, you would probably see him approach the nest in precisely the same way each time. Now here comes the mother, a lighter colored bird, with gray on the back of her head. You see that she reaches the nest by quite a different route and alights upon the other side of it, and she will do this over and over and over again. Like men and women, birds acquire habits which they rigidly adhere to unless something happens to prevent them.—Ernest Harold Baynes in Woman's Home Companion.

Honest Mistake.

The story is told of a little New England girl the workings of whose Puritan conscience involved her in difficulties on one occasion.

She was studying mental arithmetic at school and took no pleasure in it. One day she told her mother, with much depression of spirit, that she had "failed again in mental arithmetic," and on being asked what problem had proved her undoing she sorrowfully mentioned the request for the addition of "nine and four."

"And didn't you know the answer, dear?" asked her mother.

"Yes'm," said the little maid; "but, you know, we are to write the answers on our slates, and before I thought I made four marks and counted up, 'Ten, 'leven, twelve, thirteen,' and then, of course, I knew that wasn't mental, so I wrote twelve for the answer, to be fair."—Youth's Companion.

Hats In Church.

"Time was," says the London Chronicle, "when men wore their hats in church, and Pepys evidently considered it an unnecessary piece of strictness to insist on the bare head in church. In his diary for Nov. 17, 1661, he has the entry, 'To church and heard a simple fellow upon the praise of church musique and exclaiming against men's wearing their hats on in church.' 'On Sept. 28 following he went to the French church at the Savoy, where 'the minister do preach with his hat off, I suppose in further conformity with our church.'

"Probably it was about this date that the custom of removing hats in the church began."

Glad There Was Something.

"There are not a few people who take a pitiable and morbid delight in believing that they are assailed by an incurable disease which must shortly close their careers," observed a doctor. "I am sure there is something the matter with my lungs. Please tell me the truth," said a very anxious old lady to her physician the other day.

The latter made a careful examination and replied, "I find that your lungs are in a normal condition."

The patient, with a deep sigh of resignation, asked, "And about how long can I expect to live with them in that condition?"

Too Strenuous For Him.

Mr. Petronius de Hamme, the eminent tragedian, was compelled by the exigencies of the play to carry the heroine up a rocky defile night after night.

Mr. de Hamme was not so sturdy as he used to be, and when the management cast Miss Vera Hevveigh, who tipped the scales at 310 pounds, for the heroine his spirit rose within him.

That night he made one mighty effort to carry her up the rocky defile and then advanced to the footlights. In an apologetic tone he inquired, "Is there a piano mover in the audience?"—W. D. Nesbit in Woman's Home Companion.

Died In Place of a Younger Man.

A charge was made at a wall lined with French infantry. Sergeant McQuade of an English regiment saw two Frenchmen level their muskets on rests against a gap in a bank, awaiting the appearance of an enemy.

Sir George Brown, then a lad of sixteen, started to ascend at the fatal point. "You are too young, sir, to be killed," said McQuade, pulling him back and stepping into his place. He fell dead, pierced with both bullets.

Their Luck.

"Just my luck," said Borem. "She's always out when I call."

"So she was telling me," said Miss Pepprey.

"She told you the same thing, eh?"

"Yes. Only she said it was just her luck."—Philadelphia Press.

SMILE AS YOU GO.

Everybody Loves the Man With a Shining Countenance.

Brighter than the most brilliant of gems, electrifying with a radiance that does not dazzle so much as it calls forth a reflection of brightness, is the shining countenance.

The soul of each man is a sun of infinite energy and glorious light. But how few allow themselves to shine! How few faces are lit up with their possible divine life!

Take your thoughts away from the swamps of fear and evil, enter them on the ideals of faith and love, on good intentions for others, and your countenance is at once illuminated.

Look in a mirror, and you shall see that my words are true. Absolve yourself of all troubles, be peaceful, be still, cease all your repining; then your countenance will shine.

That such an instantaneous physical change can take place by a change of thought suggests what power there is in a renewed habit of thought, a habit created by repeated conscious repose-ful efforts of calm, concentrated thinking in line with the ideal.

Not only is the countenance changed by a bright thought, but the whole body. The atoms are so many vortices of ether, and the central force of each is the mind.

A shining countenance is a smiling countenance. Look on life rightly, and you cannot but be pleased. Then you will smile, you will laugh with joy, because of life's possibilities.

You have perhaps desired to reach greater heights of power. You will reach them easier if you will but smile as you go.

There is every reason why the heart should be glad, and your love for others will show this so. This is the sunshine that expresses itself in your countenance. The mere fact of loving drives away fear and darkness. All false conceptions of duty, the conclusions of a biased reasoning, vanish at the appearance of love.

Every one loves the sunshiny days, and every one loves the man whose soul or individual sun shines through his face.

Such a man will be trusted wherever he is. He is an interpreter of life; he will intuitively grasp the meaning of things; he will be welcomed everywhere; he will recognize all and he will be recognized by all; he will be received as the Son of Man, a true exemplar of his race, a leader in the evolution of humanity; he will be an encouragement and an incentive to all.

A shining countenance is first of all an immediate phenomenon expressive of the proof of right thinking, and the same source of this illustration contains the potency of completely changing character, body, surroundings, of influencing the person, the community, the race, of issuing forth from its infinite, solar center great stream of life, giving out more vigor, raising the whole realm of existence to the higher plane.—Fred Burry.

Too Generous.

"What was the trouble between Arabella and her young man that they gave up the idea of marrying?" asked a former resident of Bushby.

"Arabella was always techy," said the young lady's aunt, with impersonal calmness, "and that was the trouble—that and her being so literal. It's a terrible resky combination o' qualities.

"They kept having hitches all along, but come Christmas time Albert asked her right up and down what she wanted, for fear of making the wrong choice, and she said, 'You can give me enough candy to fill my slipper,' looking at him real coy.

"Well, her feet aren't as small as some, but that wasn't his idea. 'Twas because he's generous and not literal. He sent her a five pound box, poor, deluded critter, and she up and broke the engagement, and his little sister ate the candy and enjoyed it, by what I hear."—Youth's Companion.

In a Critical Attitude.

Some people seem to be born in an unhappy frame of mind. They cannot admire excellency without making some comment on deficiencies. With them the "times are always out of joint." They are simply in a critical attitude, and nothing except grumbling will satisfy their morbid condition, says the Pittsburg Press. They remind one very strikingly of the old lady who, when she was asked how she felt, replied that she felt better, but that when she felt better she always felt worse, as she knew if she felt better she was going to have a worse spell again.

Also Important.

The Rev. Peter Cartwright, the famous pioneer Methodist circuit rider, while traveling to an appointment one day saw two young men of his acquaintance sitting idly on the bank of a small stream fishing. It was a fine spring day, and the scent of freshly plowed fields was in the air.

"Boys," he said, "I am sorry to see you breaking the fourth commandment."

"Why, Uncle Peter," they said, with a laugh at his expense, "this isn't Sunday!"

"I know it," he retorted, "but you are breaking the fourth commandment. You forget that one part of it says, 'Six days shalt thou labor.'"

The Curate's Compliment.

In a west end church on a recent Sunday the junior curate was preaching on reasons for coming to church. "Some people," he remarked, "come to church for no better reason than to show off their best clothes." Then he paused and glanced thoughtfully over his audience. "I am thankful to see, dear friends," he added, "that none of you has come here for that reason."—London Telegraph.

Penalty of Laziness.

Head of Department—What's this lying on my desk? The last dunning letter received from my tailor, duly initialed by all my clerks! Oh, dear, what have I done? Actually sent it round to be duly noted without taking the trouble to look at it!—Fliegende Blatter.

His Maxim.

"It's always well to be on the safe side," mused the burglar, with a glow of satisfaction, as he crawled into the bank through the opening in the wall.—New York Times.

BLAKE, MOFFITT & TOWNE — IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN BOOK, NEWS, WRITING and WRAPPING PAPERS — CARD STOCK — ...Straw and Binders' Board... — 55-57-59-61 First Street — Tel. Main 199. — SAN FRANCISCO.

Diabetes and Bright's Disease.

Interview With Edward Short of the San Francisco Call.

Mr. Edward Short, connected with the business department of the San Francisco Call interviewed:

Q.—You are reported to have been cured of diabetes?

A.—That is right.

Q.—Are you sure it was diabetes?

A.—I was rejected for insurance, and later failing rapidly, our physician told me I had diabetes and to put my affairs in shape.

Q.—Have more than one physician?

A.—Yes I had another confirm it. He, too, said I could not live long. I had dropped from 170 to 135 pounds and was very weak. A neighbor told me of the Fulton Compound.

Q.—How long did you have to take it?

A.—About a year before I was perfectly well.

Q.—Did your physicians then test for sugar?

A.—Both did. Both reported normal. They were very greatly surprised at my recovery; for they had told me diabetes was incurable.

Q.—Know of any other cures?

A.—Several. I told my friend, William Martin, an S. P. conductor of Stockton, about it. He had diabetes, and was about to give up his position when I told him. He got the same results I did, and was well when killed a year or so later.

Q.—Any others?

A.—I told William Hawkins of the Custom House and Captain Hubbard of the barkentine S. N. Castle, upon hearing they had diabetes. Both of them were cured. I also told a neighbor who had dropsy. In a month it was eliminated. I can't recollect all I've told.

Q.—Did it fail in any case?

A.—Not one. It is a positive cure in Bright's Disease and Diabetes. Go over and see Hawkins and he will tell you the same thing.

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 offer but short resistance.) Price, $1 for the Bright's Disease and $1.50 for the Diabetic Compound. John J. Fulton Co., 439 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 feverishness, weakness, sweating, fever, diarrhoea, brain troubles, convulsions, etc., that prove terribly fatal. The deaths in 1900 under three years were 204,988, 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.

WEAK ON SPELLING.

The Combination Word That Opened Commodore Vanderbilt's Safe.

According to all the traditions, Commodore Vanderbilt, who laid the foundation of the family wealth that has become proverbial, was a man without education, knowing little of the "three R's" and lamentably weak on spelling. He kept to himself the word on which the combination of the office safe was based until sudden sickness prevented his appearing one morning and it became necessary to transfer the secret in order that the day's work might be done without let or hindrance.

The bookkeeper sent to the commodore's house for the word key and received reply that "dog" was the necessary word. But every effort to release the bolts on the "d-o-g" combination failed, and it was necessary to send again to the Vanderbilt home in fear that the old financier might have made a thoughtless mistake. But the messenger was speedily convinced that the mistake was somebody else's when the irascible commodore roared at him: "'Dog,' you dog! 'Dog!' Confound you all for a lot of morons! Go back—go back to the office and open that safe on 'dog'—'d-o-g-e,' 'dog!'"—Philadelphia Times.

Queen Victoria's Way.

The queen's interest in and oversight of public affairs did not cease with the prince's death, although in the first years of overwhelming sorrow it must have been difficult to carry out her conception of duty. All important resolutions were taken by her; the personal notes in The Court Circular were written by her own hand and were seen by no one else. When Sir Henry Ponsonby became the queen's private secretary, she said to him: "Remember this, no advice! I am older than you are and have had more experience." In after years historians will have much to say upon the queen's personal share in the government of her dominions. All her papers have been most carefully preserved and arranged and some day, perhaps, will be accessible to the inquirer. On the other hand there is not a single paper belonging to George III. which is known to be in existence.—Professor Oscar Browning in Century.