STOWAWAY

Whitmarsh....

PHELPS WHITMARSH.....

THE STRANGE

By H. Phelps

.... COPYNIGHT, 1902, BY H.

The Dunbarton, after two weeks of calms, light airs, terrific thunderstorms and fierce heat, finally drifted across the line and caught the southeast trades. Then for a spell the course was "full and by." Except for a "sweat up" each morning and evening they started neither brace nor halyard, the "shellbacks" snoozed at night in their watch on deck, the captain was in the best of humor, and the ship forged steadily on into the great south sea.

Meanwhile Beatrice Armstrong found her interest in the stowaway growing strangely fast. Not only was her curiosity aroused, which in itself with the fair sex means much, but the man seemed to exert a subtle influence over her which always made its presence felt. Unconsciously she looked for him when she came up for fresh air and exercise, and often she caught herself thinking and wondering over his contradictory words. Before, when he was continually on the poop, she was rarely conscious of his presence, but now he

"Thank you, sir," replied the stowaway.

appeared to be everywhere. Did she gaze aloft to watch the swelling canvas, there was Hawkins rattling down the topmast rigging or placing chafing gear, his eyes fixed upon her. Did her glance wander forward along the deck, Hawkins would look up from his painting, his sennet making or the rope upon which he was hauling and meet that glance. Did she hear singing in the forecastle during dog watch hours, it was the deep voice of Hawkins. Even in the night, when the noise of hauling the braces or making sail awakened her, she heard the stowaway's sonorous "singing out" above all other sounds.

By the time the Dunbarton ran down into the "roaring forties" the young lady had openly snubbed the sleek De Montparnasse and was worrying her aunt by persistently going on deck at all times and in all weathers.

One morning when the vessel was sixty-one days out and just abreast of the cape Mr. Angus tumbled up on deck for a look around before breakfast. The mate was on watch, with Hawkins at the wheel.

"Good morning, Calker," said the horse breeder. "Still nasty weather, I see."

"Yes, sir," replied the officer. "We must expect it while we're running our easting down. How are you this morning, sir?"

"Well, to tell the truth, Calker, I backed out feeling a little sore this morning; lampers down or something."

"Take a glass of sea water, Mr. Angus. That will fix you up, sir."

"Thanks," returned the passenger. "I'm not bad enough for that yet. Hello! Here comes the beauty!"

Miss Armstrong, in a tight fitting blue ulster and a Tam O'Shanter cap and looking as fresh as a rose, appeared on deck. She nodded pleasantly to the men and made her way to the mizzen rigging, where she stood, with her fair hair flying in the breeze, looking to windward.

"My eyes, but she's a clipper! Eh, Mr. Angus?" said the mate. "A man wouldn't mind being moored bow and stern to a craft like that!"

"You're right, Calker. She'd make a good running mate, that girl. Must weigh ten stone, every pound of it, and as pretty, by George, as—a bull pup!"

The mate laughed and, lowering his voice, said:

"D'you know, Mr. Angus, it's my belief that she gone's on Hawkins. She's keeping watch with us pretty regular, and they are always looking at one another like lost owls."

"What! The stowaway? Oh, rot, Calker!"

"Well," said the mate, nodding his head wisely, "I've seen 'em go that way at sea before. Besides, Mr. Angus, he's no ordinary stowaway. He pretends he is, but it's a bluff. That chap's been to sea for many a day. Haven't you heard him singing out on the ropes? Well, I tell you, sir, it takes five years to learn that trick. He's come out in his true colors lately. He licked the biggest man in the fo'c'sle the other morning for giving him guff, and he's the smartest hand in my watch. Why, just cast your eye over him, Mr. Angus. Does he look like a pier head jumper?"

As the Australian glanced at the stalwart figure so skillfully handling the wheel, he was obliged to acknowledge that there was foundation for Mr. Calker's inference.

Hawkins, in a suit of yellow oilskins and sou'wester, with a neatly trimmed beard and mustache and his hair of respectable length, was a handsome fellow. The change in the appearance of Hawkins had been so gradual that Mr. Angus had not noticed it. Now, however, he went below to his breakfast, mentally comparing the stowaway of two months ago and the stowaway of the present and marveling at the transformation.

All day the "brave westerlies," which for the past week had followed close at the heels of the Dunbarton, slowly waned. Evening found her with her fine weather kites spread to the dying breeze, sauntering along with the sluggish, flame lit waves and barely making four knots an hour. The wind held at this throughout the first watch. Then from the ocean rim ahead the great pale moon rose languidly and lighted a pathway of shining steel to the east. The breeze freshened at once, and the sleepy mate, roused by the change, sniffed to windward and whistled through his teeth for more of it.

So bright and clear was the night that the thrifty officer gave orders to douse the sidelights. The lookout man relaxed his vigilance, and the watch on deck sneaked into the forecastle and stretched themselves upon their chests. Mr. Calker was none too strict with his men, and, like most of their kind, they took advantage of him.

It was getting on for four bells in the middle watch when the drowsy silence of the ship was broken by a sharp, alarming cry.

"Vessel on the starboard bow! Hard astarboard!"

"Hard astarboard!" came in a half shriek from the lookout.

With an oath the mate sprang to the rail. He began to give an order, but the words died on his lips, for at that moment a pyramid of ghostly canvas blotted out the sky, a red beam and a green one danced before his eyes, and a hurtling mass of black hung over him.

There was a terrific crash. The Dunbarton stopped and shivered. Then, with many a crunch and rip and crack, amid the splintering of spars, the rending of canvas and the shouts of frightened men, the good ship shook off her weighty adversary and again plunged heavily on.

But at what a cost! Her mizzen topgallant mast and yards were trailing by the backstays alongside, her starboard mizzen rigging, chain plates and rail had been wrenched away, her crossjack was snapped at the crotch, her spanker hung in tatters, and on her quarter, cut clean to the water line, was a yawning V shaped hole. Her mate had been swept overboard by the colliding vessel's jib boom, and her captain, though still in his bunk, lay crushed and insensible.

Instantly the Dunbarton's deck was a scene of wildest confusion. "The boats! The boats!" rolled in a hoarse chorus from forward, and a dozen men hacked madly at the lashings, while others knocked the chocks out, cleared away the falls and dragged their chests from the forecastle. Abaft the terror stricken passengers, in scant apparel, rushed helplessly from side to side calling loudly for the captain. The wheel spun round deserted, and the crippled vessel, having come up in the wind and been caught aback, went wallowing to leeward, at every lurch shipping quantities of water through her stoven side. The second mate, after discovering the captain's plight and searching ineffectually for the chief officer, awoke to a sense of responsibility and hurried to take charge on deck.

In vain he ordered, stormed and yelled. Futilely he cursed; impotently he besought. The men, frenzied by fear, waved him back with fierce looks and fiercer oaths. Catching at the arm of the boatswain, a big Liverpool man, he begged him to desist and help save the ship. The man flung him off savagely, saying, "Go aft, you whelp, or I'll dash your brains out!"

Seeing that his efforts to control the crew were useless, the second mate went aft to the passengers. He found them gathered in a little group before the mizzen mast, old Mr. Armstrong standing erect in the center, with his arm around his daughter.

The officer explained the situation and advised that they should themselves launch one of the boats.

"Come on, then!" shouted Mr. Angus. "If we've work to do, let us do it."

Just at that time, however, a tall figure clambered nimbly over the vessel's side and stood among them. It was as though he had come from the sea, for he was dripping wet, and the nerve shocked passengers peered at him apprehensively.

"Gentlemen," spoke the newcomer in a strong, calm tone, "the ship is in no immediate danger, and by taking proper precautions she may yet be saved."

"Who is this?" exclaimed the second mate, stepping closer to the man. But before his words were wholly finished a ray of moonlight slanting under the foot of the main topsail lit up his face, and several voices cried, "The stowaway!"

"This is no time for tomfoolery, Hawkins!" cried the officers angrily. "If you're not mad, lend a hand to get this boat off the skids."

The stowaway, without noticing this remark, turned to the owner. "Mr. Armstrong," he said, "as there seems to be no one else capable of restoring order, I will take it upon myself to do so." Without waiting for a reply, he continued: "If you are a man, Mr. Outram, you will take the wheel and keep the helm amidships until I get the yards braced. And you, Mr. Angus," he continued, "will be of much service if, with Mr. Sweting, you will secure what firearms there are in the cabin and protect the ladies."

The next instant Hawkins bounded to the poop ladder and disappeared. Then above the cries, the oaths and the uproar of the deck there rose the thunder of his mighty voice:

"All hands on the port braces!"

His tones commanded attention. The men looked around to see who gave the order, and one or two of them, by force of habit, took a few steps across the deck. At sight of the stowaway, however, a shout, half snarl, half jeer, went up, and they fell back to their work.

Two of the boats were already alongside, and several of the hands were in them, while the remainder were busy lowering water, provisions and their "dunnage."

"All hands on the port braces!" again roared Hawkins.

The boatswain at this took a turn with the fall he was holding and, drawing his sheathknife, sprang at the stowaway. But the murderous onslaught of the man was checked by a blow—a blow that struck him squarely on the chin and felled him in the scupper. An ominous growl came from the men, and from the shadow of the house an iron belaying pin flew whizzing past the Hotspur's head.

"Let's settle the whelp and be done with him," said one man.

"Oh, let him alone," answered the carpenter, who appeared to be leader. "Into the boats, boys! It's time we were out of this!"

Hawkins, seeing that they were utterly unmanageable and that a single

A wild scramble for the inner one ensued.

handed attack would be useless, changed his tactics. Taking the opposite side of the deck, he ran forward, diving first into the carpenter's shop and then into the boatswain's locker. In a few moments he returned, staggering under the weight of a grindstone and an immense iron snatch block. He deposited both on the topgallant rail and, leaping beside them, stood poised above the bumping, heaving boats that swung at the vessel's side.

"Below there!" he bawled. "There are lines hanging over the side for those who want to come aboard again!"

The howl of derision that greeted this information was quickly changed to one of fury, then dismay, for at that moment the grindstone was lifted high above the undaunted stowaway's head and hurled crashing through the bottom of the outer boat. A wild scramble for the inner one ensued, but that too, was speedily rendered unseaworthy by the fall of the ponderous block. Amid the snorts, splashings and curses of the outwitted crew both boats filled rapidly and sank. A score of bobbing heads, bellowing lustily, blackened the starboard channels, and twenty pairs of hands clawed at the barnacles as the vessel fell and rose. Dripping like drowned rats, they one by one hauled themselves up the slippery side and reached the deck.

Still the inexorable Hawkins stood before them. This time, however, the moon showed the glint of a revolver in each of his hands, and behind him stood the gentlemen passengers similarly armed.

"Men," he said, addressing the sullen crowd, "I hope that by this time you have discovered that, though Captain Pugley is disabled, the ship is not without a master. With or without authority I have taken charge, and I intend to carry the ship into port. Now, for the third time, I am going to give you an order, and let me warn you that the man who does not jump at the word takes the consequences upon his own shoulders. All hands on the port braces!"

On the instant every man started to his station. Then at the right moment the weather braces were let go and overhauled, the order "Haul away!" was given, and the yards swung forward, with their sails full. Braced up on the starboard tack, the Dunbarton soon lifted the wound in her side clear above the water line, and, the sea continuing smooth, the hands were set to work at the pumps.

Day broke after the eventful night with a clear sky and found the Dunbarton sailing steadily to the southward. The wind remaining west, she had no alternative. At about four bells in the morning watch the second mate reported that the pumps had sucked. The hands then went below for coffee and after a brief spell were turned to again by Hawkins to repair the breach in the vessel's quarter. A new mainsail was taken from the sail locker, and, stout lines being attached to the clews and earrings, it was weighted in the center and dropped across the bow. Keeping it spread as much as possible, the sail was slid aft under the keel until it rested abreast the damaged part. The port lines were then made fast and the canvas hauled up on the starboard side until it completely covered the jagged hole that so nearly caused the Dunbarton's destruction. The carpenter was now set to work shoring up from inside, and before midday things were tight enough to allow the vessel to be put on the other tack and headed for Cape Town.

When this was accomplished Hawkins reported to the owner.

"No, no, Hawkins," said the old gentleman in reply to the stowaway's suggestion that Mr. Outram should now assume command, "since you have a master's certificate, for the remainder of this voyage you must remain captain. Poor Pugley is in a bad way I'm afraid. I shall send him home as soon as we reach port. The saving of the ship and in all probability our lives as well are due to your manliness and courage, and you will find that I am not ungrateful, Hawkins."

And now that the Dunbarton was running back into warm water and under the guidance of a man whose force of character filled every soul aboard with confidence the ship assumed a lively air, and all seemed well content.

On the evening of the seventh day after the collision she dropped her anchor in Table bay. It was somewhat late for shore going, and the passengers were satisfied to walk the deck for one night more and after seventy days of water anticipate the pleasure of being again on land.

Shoreward the lights of Cape Town blinked and sparkled against the massive wall-like base of Table mountain, and the air was laden with the muffled sounds of the city and the smell of grass and earth. Out in the bay the spars of many a noble ship rose heavenward, and the great black hulls lay like silent shadows. Occasionally a boat plashed swiftly by or there came a bar of some sailor song from a distant forecastle head.

When the tinkling bells of the fleet announced 10 o'clock, three figures only were visible on the Dunbarton's deck. One was the anchor watch pacing back and forth abaft the galley; the other two were Beatrice Armstrong and the stowaway, who, seated on the wheel box grating, were deeply engaged in conversation. He had been telling her a story, and as he neared the end he paused and looked down at the fair girl by his side. Her face was turned away from him, and she was silent. Perhaps she was counting the riding lights in the harbor.

"But," he went on, "the ambition of this fellow Munro was not to earn command of a vessel nor to be rewarded for a simple act of duty. His aim from first to last, from the time he threw over his chances of advancement to the time when fortune again gave him position, was to win the woman upon whom he had set his heart. Beatrice," he continued, taking her hand and speaking low, "what hope is there for him?"

"None, I fear, for the Mr. Munro you speak of," she answered, "but if his name be Hawkins, then indeed is he not only captain of the Dunbarton, but my captain."

* * * * * * * *

In the letter which Bob Munro sent his friend Moreton he wrote: "It's an example of what I told you that day in the park. There is no such word as 'obstacle' in a man's dictionary."

A BARGAIN IN HATS.

The Reason One Woman Rejoices While Another One Mourns.

A Philadelphia woman moving in good society has been cured of a mania for attending rummage sales, but it took a heroic treatment to effect the cure. The other day she went to a sale of the description named in aid of a worthy charity in which she is interested and came away minus a twenty five dollar hat. It happened this way:

A feature of the sale was a counter filled with untrimmed hats, advertised "Your choice for 50 cents." Now, the North Thirty-third street woman didn't want an untrimmed hat at 50 cents, but there was one that caught her fancy by reason of its odd shape, and she simply couldn't resist the temptation to try it on. So she took off the handsome hat she was wearing, placed it on the counter and picked up the untrimmed one. Then she looked around for a mirror. There was only one, and that was away at the other end of the long room.

She pushed her way through the crowd, and in the meantime a fat colored woman's eyes were glued to the hat she had left behind on the pile marked, "Your choice for 50 cents." It was a golden opportunity not to be missed. Counting out 50 cents in dimes, nickels and pennies, she shoved them at the innocent young attendant and made good her escape with the fashionable woman's hat.—Exchange.

The Queen Bee.

She possesses the power of choosing which of her offspring shall be drones and which workers. Some have thought that this was automatic and that the narrower worker cell touched the button, so to speak, that brought forth a fertilized egg. But the queen will lay worker eggs in drone cells if she thinks fit, so that settles that.

If the drone is male and the queen female, what is the worker? The new woman of Beedom. She has given up her motherhood for a business career. Sometimes, though, she lays eggs, but they always hatch out drones, of which it is strictly true to say they have a mother, but no father. If the queen's wings are crippled so that she cannot make her marriage flight, her children are all drones. An Italian queen in a hive of black bees will beget workers of mixed blood, but her sons are pure Italians. Drones are useful as fathers of workers, but they cannot collect the honey they eat. Their tongues are too short.—Ainslee's.

Sins of the Tongue.

The sins of the tongue all point to the necessity and profit of self mastery. There is danger in the tongue that often brings the deepest sorrow to innocent ones, as well as throws a reflection on a pure character. If this confession of failure and magnifying of the office of the tongue seem exaggerated, let any one sit down quietly and think of the sins and cruelties of human speech. The careless words which no repentance can call back again, the rash promises which it has cost us so much to fulfill, the expression of the lower nature which has shamed the higher, the confessions of evil and yielding to falsehood, the hot and angry words which sober thought condemn—these are some of the perils of the tongue. On the other hand, like most of the uses of the world which turn so easily to evil, the tongue may be the instrument of great and lasting good.

Better Than Wealth.

Employ your time by improving yourself by other men's documents; so shall you come easily by what others have labored hard for. Prefer knowledge to wealth, for the one is transitory, the other perpetual.

Let Them Romp.

It is a good thing to remember when the children are noisy that some day they will all be married and living far away, and the house will be as quiet as a tomb.—Atchison Globe.

STREET CRIES IN CAIRO.

Sounds and Voices That Travelers Hear in the Egyptian City.

Take a chair outside a busy cafe near the market place and tram center and watch street life. There are no hungry men, no starving, pinched child faces, no finger worn mothers, for this is a land of plenty, and the people's wants are few and simple. Thus sunshine and laughter spray a welcome fragrance over the novelty and romance of the gay city's streets. Here is a street melodist twanging a monster one stringed "something" and accompanied by a nose ringed girl who taps deftly on a species of tambourine, while bystanders ejaculate "Allah, allah!"—the Arabic word for applause. If not quite in accord with your prejudices concerning music, well, maalaish (never mind), it is not nearly so distracting as a street corner at home, and they will go away if you tell them to. The baboon, the donkey and boy are in evidence, with a score of performing tricks that are very original and certainly funny, and you console yourself with the hope of a minimum of cruelty in the training.

A fruit seller, basket on head, with luscious grapes and figs, saunters by, singing in a quaint minor: "O grapes, O sweet grapes, that are larger than doves' eggs and sweeter than new cream! O angels' food, delicious figs, bursting with honey, restorers of health!" There is a drink seller, bent under the weight of the odd shaped jar slung over his shoulder, a lump of ice projecting from its mouth, conjuring custom in a similar strain as he struts up and down, making the air resound with the rhythmical clap clap of two brazen saucers: "O refreshment of the weary! O quencher of parched lips! O blessing of heaven!"

Another street cry which may be heard in the main street of Abbassieh, a suburb, contains the following enticing announcement: "Tomorrow, O people, I am going to kill a camel! The doctor says it is young and healthy. Oh, its flesh will be tender as the quail and juicy as lamb. Its price is but 1½ piasters (7 cents) a pound. Do you love the sweet flesh of the camel? Then come early and be satisfied." Not the least picturesque figures in the streets are the city police, in their neat white drill and red tarbouches in summer and blue serge in winter.

FRUITS AND FLOWERS.

From a twenty-year-old mulberry tree 218 pounds of leaves have been picked in a year.

String beans may be obtained during the entire summer by planting once a month for successive supplies.

Some trees are much more unfavorable to the growth of plants beneath them than are others. The worst are the yew and the ash.

Whenever water is given to pot plants enough should be used thoroughly to wet the soil around the roots. Mere sprinkling of the surface does little good.

The next time you have a bouquet of flowers to keep add a very little camphor to the water in the vase and see how much longer its freshness will be retained.

One of the most satisfactory plants for house culture is the yellow oxalis. It will blossom freely if given sun and water, and its bronze brown foliage sets off its pretty yellow bloom rarely.

Peppermint For Sleeplessness.

A physician declares that he finds peppermint water an efficient remedy for sleeplessness. This is a very simple cure, and it will not bring forth from the organs of professional opinion any declaration of unsafeness. It is added that a mixture of spirits of chloroform and peppermint water given in hot water to the victim of insomnia will produce sleep, but perhaps in the case of the admixture of chloroform water may claim a decided share in relieving the trouble. It is at least easy to try peppermint water, and the theory of its action is believed to be founded on its effect in withdrawing blood from the brain by attracting a fuller flow to the stomach.

He Asked A-miss.

"What's the trouble, my boy?" queried the minister of a young member of his flock. "You look sad."

"And I feel sad," replied the young man. "I asked Miss Silverton to be my wife, and she declined the honor."

"That's too bad," said the parson. "But it's in accord with the Scriptures, which says, 'Ye asked and received not because ye asked amiss.'"

"Well, what would you advise me to do?" queried the youth.

"Next time ask a widow," replied the good man, with a suspicious twinkle in his eye.—Chicago News.

Imitation Laughter.

This is a perfectly splendid liver medicine: Take a deep breath and then expel the air from the lungs in little puffs, like a donkey engine. Push out all the air you possibly can, drawing the abdomen in and up as far as it will go. The doing of this exercise will probably strike you as being so perfectly funny or silly that you will wind up with some of the real thing, which is, of course, better than the imitation. —Maxwell's Talisman.

Where He Located.

Stuffer (at the end of Simpkins' ball)—Do you know, I can't find my overcoat anywhere.

Simpkins—Have you looked in the refreshment room?

Stuffer—Why, no! How could it be in there?

Simpkins—You haven't been anywhere else during the evening, have you?

Lavish Entertainments.

In the palmy days of the French monarchy sumptuous entertainments of royalty were not uncommon. To entertain a queen for a week the Comte d'Artois rebuilt, rearranged and refurnished his castle from threshold to turret, employing 900 workmen day and night. The Marshal de Soubise received Louis XV. as his guest for a day and night at a cost of £80,000. "I hear," said his majesty to the marshal, who owed millions, "that you are in debt." "I will inquire of my steward and inform your majesty," replied the host, hiding a yawn behind his hand.

SHE GOT A SEAT.

But Not Through the Instrumentality She Had Invoked.

Humor does not abound in the vigorous atmosphere of the London twopenny tube between 7 and 8 p. m.; therefore the passengers jammed up near the fat, irate woman one evening last week greatly enjoyed the following:

"Thomas (this very loudly while jogging a mild little husband as they both swayed, clutching the leather loops overhead), get a seat for me, I tell yer."

Conciliatory whispers came from the mild man, who glanced timidly at the passengers his wife was pushing against.

Then: "Nonsense! Yer could find me a seat easy enough if yer wanted to."

More agonized whispers from the husband and more loud demands from the wife. There was great local relief when an irreproachably dressed young man politely gave up his seat. As the woman dropped heavily into it she beamed on him with "Any one can see you're not my 'usband, sir."—Manchester (England) Guardian.

The Boethick Indians.

The Boethick Indians of Newfoundland, at one time the aboriginal inhabitants of the island, can now only be counted by one or two skeletons and a few skulls, so completely have they been swept away. The French employed the Mic Mac Indians of Nova Scotia to fight against and exterminate them. The Boethicks were a peaceable and quiet race, given to hunting and fishing. They used canoes made of birch rind and of skins of deer, like the Eskimo cayak. They had no pottery and used utensils of birch rind sewed together, but they employed soapstone dishes as lamps, their form being similar to those among the Eskimos at the present day.

They carved deer and walrus horns and the bones of the seal into ornaments, which they wore on their dresses, and ornamented their heads with combs. The carvings are in triangular patterns, and out of the large collections in the museum at St. John there are no two ornaments having the same pattern. Their stone implements were more rudely constructed than those of the western Indians.

TEA ROOT CARVINGS.

Fantastic Wooden Objects That Are Fashioned In the Orient.

The fantastic wooden objects which come from the far east and are known as tea root carvings have long been the basis of a prosperous industry in the populous city of Fuchau. Strictly speaking, the name is a misnomer. Some of the carvings are made from old tea roots and tea trunks, but the vast majority, nine-tenths at least, are made from the roots and trunks of hardwood trees.

The carvings are almost invariably made in two parts, a pedestal and one or more human figures fitted to the latter by pegs and holes. The former is made from a root and the latter from a trunk. The roots are selected with considerable care. They must be comparatively free from dry rot, decay and worm holes and must possess a rude symmetry. They are cleaned, scrubbed and scraped and sawed to about the desired size; then the artist with chisel, gouge, knife and pinchers removes rootlets and roots until the figure is completed.

The simplest design is a three legged pedestal, of which the base is a rough cylinder of wens and knobs. Any number of legs may be used. A curious specimen seen by the writer in the Grand hotel, Yokohama, has fifty legs, while the body has been so treated as to suggest a horny centiped. A second type of pedestal is the mushroom. A third type is an animal form, such as the buffalo tiger, unicorn, elephant or dragon.

Nearly always the chisel is guided by humor or satire. If it be a saint who is depicted, the look of piety or suffering is replaced by a leer or drunken grimace; if it be a warrior, every limb and muscle is molded so as to suggest decrepitude or a desire to run away.

Quang Ti, the invincible soldier prince, is frequently portrayed standing on one leg, with the other extended like a professional rope balancer.—New York Post.

A Rejected Novel.

Before he had achieved fame the French novelist Xavier de Montepin, on concluding a long and elaborate tale of adventure took it, full of hope, to a publisher, who promptly declined it on even the most advantageous terms, to the writer's poignant mortification. Twenty years afterward this identical publisher besought at his hands a sensational story, one of those serials which were the delight of grisettes, offering any price within reason. "Well," said De Montepin, "I will oblige you, but my terms must be somewhat heavy. I want £4,000." After many protests it was paid.

In telling the story De Montepin used to add, "The best of the business was that it was the very same story which he had previously rejected and which I had in various directions endeavored in vain to dispose of."

Snake Bite and Whisky.

There is not on record an authenticated case of snake bite cured by whisky. Plenty of individuals bitten while under the influence of liquor have died, and large amounts of alcohol have failed to save life in many cases. Only about one in six of those bitten by venomous snakes dies. The remaining five are cured by anything they happen to have taken. Stimulation is excellent, but the giving of whisky to drunkenness by lowering the resistive vitality has undoubtedly been a causative factor in many deaths supposedly from snake bite that would otherwise not have occurred.—American Medicine.

The Charge.

Blobbs—I hear you lost your suit. Was the judge's charge unfavorable?

Slobbs—Oh, I'm not kicking about that. What makes me sore is my lawyer's charge.—Philadelphia Record.

Wrinkles come, the face fades, but the soul speaks just as eloquently from the eye where hope has conquered care.—Schoolmaster.

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Judge Henry S. Foote, a former member of our State Supreme Court Commission, and one of the best known jurists on the Coast, makes the following certificate:

"I am asked to certify the following facts. A well-known physician in active practice put two cases of Bright's Disease and one of Diabetes on the Fulton Compounds. He is willing the results should be known, but for professional reasons without his name. As the results are so squarely opposed by all medical works, I was asked to investigate and report the facts, which I did, and I find and certify as follows:

"An old-school physician of unquestioned standing and ability has just tested the Fulton Compounds in three cases with these results:

Case No. 1—Mrs. T., chronic Bright's Disease; usual albumenuria dropsy etc.; limbs swollen almost to bursting. Usual treatment without result. Under the Compound the dropsy disappeared in thirty days and last of the albumen in 90. Cured.

Case No. 2—Mr. H., chronic Bright's Disease of 2 years' standing; albumen large, dropsy, etc. In 3 weeks albumen reduced a half, and a few weeks later albumen down to a trace and dropsy entirely gone. Patient insisted he was well and left for an extended trip. (Too early, it is believed, for permanency.)

Case No. 3—Mrs. F., Chronic diabetes; physician states "typical case, worst I ever saw." First ten days pain disappeared and sugar decreasing. Second report: "Sugar reduced half; improvement wonderful; sugar getting less every test."

"Asked what percentage are curable by these Compounds, the physician replied: "I don't know but it must be far o—nearly a hundred, if my own cases are any criterion."

"Attest: HENRY S FOOTE.

"628 Montgomery St., San Francisco."

Asked what he individually thought of it, Judge Foote replied: "I am satisfied the cure has been found."

Medical works agree that Bright's Disease and Diabetes are incurable, but 87 per cent. are positively recovering under the Fulton Compounds. (Common forms of kidney complaint and rheumatism offer but short resistance.) Price, $1 for the Bright's Disease and $1.50 for the Diabetic Compound. John J. Fulton Co., 430 Montgomery St., San Francisco, sole compounders. Free tests made for patients. Descriptive pamphlet mailed free.

Save the Baby.

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

The cause is apparent. With baby's bones hardening, the fontanel (opening in the skull) closing up and its teeth forming, all these coming at once create a demand for bone material that nearly half the little systems are deficient in. The result is 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.

A Curious Tree.

There is a peculiar tree in the forests of central India which has most curious characteristics. The leaves of the tree are of a highly sensitive nature and so full of electricity that whoever touches one of them receives an electric shock. It has a very singular effect upon a magnetic needle and will influence it at a distance of even seventy feet. The electrical strength of the trees varies according to the time of day, it being strongest at midday and weakest at midnight. In wet weather its powers disappear altogether. Birds never approach the tree, nor have insects ever been seen upon it.

Wanted All Good People Nice.

Those who have complained that virtue is uninteresting have usually been branded as cynics or, worse, as people trying to be clever. To all such this true story of a little girl may come as consolation, for "out of the mouths," etc.

Little Alice had been put to bed and told to say her prayers. "O God," she prayed, "make all the bad people good and make all the good people—all the good people—all the good people—nice!"—New York Tribune.

Fatherly Finesse.

Father—I forbid you to allow that saphead, Squilldiggs, to enter the house again!

Daughter—But I love him!

Father—I shall disinherit you! I shall shoot him! I shall—

Daughter—Boo-hoo-oo!

(Later.)

Father—Say, wife, be sure you double Gwendolin's allowance today and give it to her early. I think she is going to elope with young Squilldiggs tonight.—San Francisco Bulletin.

Power of Gems on Bad Eyes.

The ruby was considered good for derangement of the liver as well as for bad eyes. The sapphire and emerald were also credited with properties which rendered them capable of influencing ophthalmic disorders, and there is a superstitious belief that serpents are blinded by looking at the latter stone.

The business man who clutters up his brain with some other fellow's "success maxims" is pretty certain to score a quick failure.—Denver Republican.