

FORT DEMAND'S SCANDAL

...By P. Y. BLACK
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MRS. MAJOR MURNANE sailed boldly across the parade ground. Miss Hubbard from her lounging chair on Captain Weil's porch woke to sudden animation at the sight.

"There she is!" cried Miss Hubbard. "And, oh, there's poor Lieutenant Vaughan—I beg his pardon, the rich Mr. Vaughan! She's as gracious as a duchess, and he—I did think, for all his gray hair and plain looks, that he was a man. But now—it is simply disgusting."

The thing was so ridiculously evident that every dweller in Officers' row was amused, but none dared speak his mind before Mrs. Murnane, the C. O.'s wife. In the management of Mary Murnane's love affairs remonstrance by even the major himself would have resulted disastrously for the major.

That meek old campaigner rather yearned for retirement, but Mrs. Murnane's objections were so strong that he would have meant quiet death, for her soul was soldered to the U. S. A. With such danger threatening she must take means to be an officer's mother-in-law and thus retain a considerable amount of influence and authority.

Lieutenant Vaughan had proposed for Mary, and, however things had been in the past, he was now very eligible, with money and influence. He had been extremely poor when he first ventured to love Mary, and Mrs. Murnane had been worse than plain spoken to him. Mary had been very gentle with the hardworking, ignored, middle aged lieutenant, and her mother had been angry at her forbearance. Now, however, his elder brother, a wealthy man and much in evidence in Washington, had died without a family and without a will. The lieutenant was wealthy and could command influence, could rise in the army list. Oh, meek old major, die as soon as you have got your retiring pension! Mother Murnane has arranged for her future amid the delights of Washington.

"Mary," said the grim Mrs. Murnane, "My dear, I have misjudged Lieutenant Vaughan. Accept him. He is in every way what I should desire your husband to be."

"But—oh, mamma!"

Mrs. Murnane put her gloved finger to her lips and smiled condescendingly.

"Mary," she said, "I know all about that young man Graves. Clut! When a girl is your age, she always has a young man Graves. I have told Lieutenant Vaughan that he is now wealthy and could command influence, could rise in the army list. Oh, meek old major, die as soon as you have got your retiring pension! Mother Murnane has arranged for her future amid the delights of Washington."

"But—oh, mamma!"

"Mary Murnane," her mother cried, with the gleam in her eyes which had for years overawed the poor subalterns of the army, "I know what is best for you, and I have told you what to do—accept Lieutenant Vaughan! Why, you used to like him."

And she marched away.

But, although Mary, like a well-dispositioned young lady, should have been quite willing to marry him off-hand at her mother's order—Mary sat down and wept. She was helpless.

Consider that she knew nothing of the world outside strictly regimental laws. The fort was 125 miles from a railway, and nothing stretched between railroad and post but a few scattered ranches and the reservation of an Indian tribe. Her friends changed from month to month. Her father, for all his scars, was no help to her. Her mother was the ruler of her ways. What an earthly could the lonely girl do but bow acquiescence?

When the elderly and scarred Lieutenant Vaughan left Mrs. Murnane, he passed on to the adjutant's office. In the room sat a young man who bore on his sleeves the sergeant's chevrons of the signal corps. He rose as befitted his rank and received Vaughan with a smile of hope.

"Sit down, sergeant," said the lieutenant. He sat down himself and sighed. The two were silent for a moment, and then Vaughan spoke, twirling a pen in his hands.

"Have you," said he, "all your signaling apparatus ready for the experiment?"

"Quite ready," the sergeant answered, with a quiver of excitement.

"Then," said Vaughan slowly, "the experiment will take place tomorrow afternoon. How's your weather report for tomorrow?"

The signal officer picked up a paper on which he had been making calculations and read from it:

is at last free to follow her own heart's lead."

The lieutenant certainly looked devoted and Mrs. Murnane glared at his earnest advances.

"It is such a dreadfully dangerous thing to do," she was saying. "Oh, don't look round at mamma! She'll suspect."

"She is entirely willing now," Tears came in Mary's eyes. "Are you—sorry?" she said.

Vaughan, with the elaborate courtesy of a past generation, kissed her hand and, having done so, looked boldly into the eyes of the C. O.'s wife.

"She's delighted to see us so chummy," he murmured to Mary, "so do—"

"What should you do yourself. Won't you?"

But Mrs. Murnane imperatively declined.

"I could trust myself anywhere with you, Mr. Vaughan," she said, "but I should get dizzy."

"Perhaps," said Vaughan, "if Miss Murnane were here—"

"Certainly," cried Mrs. Murnane, "Mary, my love, please Mr. Vaughan. Mary suddenly went white, and Vaughan whispered, 'Be brave!'"

"What nonsense, Mary!" her mother cried. "There's nothing to be afraid of. Go along."

Vaughan led her to the car of the balloon where none was allowed but those employed. In a few minutes the balloon soared again, higher and higher, and Vaughan, to Mrs. Murnane's great astonishment, walked calmly back to the ladies.

"Mr. Vaughan," cried the C. O.'s wife, "what have you done with Mary?"

"She's up in the balloon, of course."

"And with whom, pray, since you are here?"

"With Lieutenant Graves. He's the aeronaut, you know, and there's only comfortable room for two."

Mrs. Murnane grew purple.

"Bring them down, sir!" she commanded with the voice of a battalion chief.

"Alone with that man! Mr. Vaughan, you ought to have had more sense, and Mary engaged to you!"

"Engaged to—me?"

The people around had all their eyes and ears—and most of their mouths wide open. Mrs. Murnane gasped.

"Do you deny the engagement?"

"Why, my dear lady," said Vaughan very coolly, "I thought you were under a misapprehension last night. Did you not know Miss Murnane refused my offer?"

"The disobedient—She dared?"

"But you yourself told me very plainly to cease any attentions to your daughter."

"I? Oh, that was months ago?"

"I am unaware," said the lieutenant gravely, "that anything at all has happened in your mind on such a subject."

Mrs. Murnane changed from purple to a horrible yellow and gripped her parasol like a club. Miss Hubbard tittered audibly.

Then the indignant mother marched rapidly over to the man in charge of the rope which held the balloon. Suddenly he began to yell.

"Lieutenant Vaughan, please, yer honor, come here quick! The rope's slipping, the balloon's tuggin'! Quick! Oh, murderr!"

Mrs. Murnane charged on the man in a fury. Vaughan followed leisurely. They were too late. The rope slipped, and before a fair wind the balloon sailed smoothly away, the desperate lovers waving adieu.

Mrs. Murnane did not faint. She walked over to Lieutenant Vaughan and shook her parasol in his face.

"Mr. Vaughan," she screamed, "do you know my daughter is in that balloon with a man who loves her?"

Vaughan looked longingly at the fast disappearing balloon, and his weary eyes were wet. He turned to Mrs. Murnane and held out his hand to the frantic lady.

"With a man who loves her," he said, "and with a man she loves, is it not? Be gentle, dear Mrs. Murnane. Was it not a happy accident?"

The old woman in a passion of tears flung the offered hand aside and went home.

It was only a few hours afterward that the major received a hysterical telegram from Mary. It came from a railroad station where Graves had dropped the balloon.

Positive—married—mother entirely in control. Had to do as she said—could not—not to yourself and to Arthur—the best, most unselfish man in the world is Lieutenant Vaughan.

PICKINGS FROM FICTION.

Ambitious people must always be disappointed people.—"Fame For a Woman."

The best kind of courage often comes from a full stomach.—"Captain Macklin."

Love is like honey—it must be taken by sips. One must not swim in it.—"The Pharaoh and the Priest."

The man who is weakened in well doing by the ingratitude of others is serving God on a salary basis.—"The Power of Truth."

Nine times out of ten a woman falls through love, and she must be reached by love if she is to be restored.—"Down in Water Street."

Don't call yourself a friend and be thinking all the time what the other side of the friendship can do for you.—"Aunt Abby's Neighbors."

THE LONDON TAPSTER.

Lord Luck stories That Take the Place of Open Bragging.

The plain and open tapster who accosts you in the street purely to brag may generally be known by an amazing overpoliteness in opening the conversation. He is the only person I know who begs pardon for taking the liberty of speaking to you, and by this sign you shall know him. They all begin by begging pardon for taking this not so very rare liberty, but only the duffer goes on straightway to tap. The prudent tapsters approach the tap sideways, so to speak. Something like this, with a quick touch of the hat brim:

"Beg pardon, sir, I'm sure I 'umble beg your pardon for takin' the great liberty of speakin' to you in a public thoroughfare like this, which I am quite aware it is a great liberty, sir, though trustin' you will kindly pardon me, sir, in takin' the great liberty of askin' if this street is the 'Aymarket, sir?' (Or the way to the Strand or the day of the month, or something.)

You answer the question, but you don't stop the stream of apologies.

"Thank you, kindly, sir," pursues the tapster, pouring out the words, "thank you kindly, sir, if you'll so far pardon the liberty of a pore, 'ardworkin' man, sir, in askin' the question, which my fortunately I was forced to take the great liberty, sir, through bein' out of work eighteen months an' nothink to eat since last Toosday fortnight, sir, upon my word of honor, which nothink but the cries for bread of fourteen young children in arms would prevail on me, sir—so igstreme kind as you've bin to me, sir, which I'll never forget—take the very great liberty, sir, in a public thoroughfare, of askin' which is the nearest workhouse?"

If once more you give him information instead of coppers, you only provoke another speech of the same sort. He can go on like that for a deal longer than you want to listen. It is only in the extreme that he will direct-ly ask for money, though I fancy that the number of stations on the national flag of the United States! This is a simple fact—Leonard Larkin in the Strand.

AN ARCTIC MEAL.

Getting Supper For Men and Dogs on the Polar Ice Sheet.

Dogs were unhit and fastened, as usual, and then each of the Eskimos climbed over the ice foot with his snow knife and disappeared behind the parapet, where the other two were already cutting snow blocks. I fastened my dogs, got out their ration of pemmican, cut it up and fed them, standing by, with whip in hand to see that there was no bullying, and that each dog got his share. Then I unpacked the cooker, oil can and kitchen pot, passing them up the ice foot as high as I could reach.

But of course the completion of the igloo to commence my preparations for supper, but with a few strokes of the spade excavated a niche in the snow-bank, put the cooker in out of the wind, filled the lamp with oil and the boiler with ice, placed a few snow blocks around it for still better shelter and lighted up. By the time the igloo was completed I had enough water melted ready by the time my men had fed the dogs, and they lost no time in freezing their clothing of snow and joining me in the igloo. Still less time was consumed in putting away the tea and biscuit and pemmican, and less again in falling off to dreamless slumber.—Commander Robert E. Peary in *Outing*.

Saw the Whole of It.

Alexander weeping because the world was so small had a counterpart in an old inhabitant of Luss, a pretty little village on Loch Lomond side, Scotland, who at last has been persuaded to climb the mountain which has filled so large a part of his horizon all the days of his life. In Luss he has lived, as his fathers lived before him, and from journey, even as far as Glasgow. But now, when he got to the top of Ben Lomond the other day.

"Eh, mon," said he, with great self congratulation, "but the world's a big place when ye come to view the whole of it!"

Not In His Seat.

A certain congressman was very busy at his desk in the house one morning when a page announced, "A gentleman in the lobby to see you, sir." "Tell him I'm not in my seat," said the congressman after looking at the card. The boy, a sturdy looking chap, did not move. "But you are in your seat, sir," he answered in matter of fact tones, "and I can't say you are not."

The congressman looked at the lad angrily, but seeing that he was in earnest, moved into the vacant chair of his neighbor. "Now tell him I'm not in my seat," "Yes, sir," said the boy briskly and went to deliver the message.

Engagement Rings.

The custom of giving engagement rings ranks back to long before the Christian era. With the ancient Egyptians engagement rings were always of iron, to indicate the mutual sacrifice of liberty of the contracting parties.

One of the very earliest adornments of betrothal rings was a lodestone, which symbolized the attractive force which drew a maiden from her own family circle into that of her husband. It is believed that the fourth finger has always been the bride's ring finger.

Hard to Part With.

The man at our boarding house has the remains of a once prosperous pocket comb, from which the teeth have long since fed.

"Why," we asked him, "do you carry that—thing around with you—that worthless old comb?"

And he replied: "Well, I can't part with it."—Baltimore News.

NATIONAL PHANTOMS

HOSTS THAT HAUNT THE UNITED STATES CAPITOL

A Story of Specters That Stalk at Night When the Halls of Legislation Are Gloomy and Deserted, as Told by One of the Old Guards.

Like most repositories of good stories, the ancient man who has spent decades as a guard in the capitol in Washington did not yield up the fullness of his narrative riches without a struggle.

"It's unpleasant to be made a mock of by the skeptical," he protested. "Do you believe in ghosts, young man?"

"If answering in the affirmative begets an interesting tale, I do," returned the writer.

"Well, starting on the premise that you do believe to some extent in the supernatural, I will admit you to my confidence," resumed the old guard, and here goes for the authentic yarn of the spooks that haunt the nation's capitol:

"In the long, monotonous watches of the night innumerable are the spooks, hobgoblins and eerie, vapory things which glide from the shadowy nooks and crannies of the intangible stretches of darkness. Of course you know of the extraordinary acoustic freaks which obtain in many parts of the great building—how a whisper, a breathed word at one particular point is audible at another score of feet distant? Yes, now, at night these acoustic spirits simply go mad. Where they by day were pygmies they expand into giants, and a whistle, a sudden sound, a footfall, resolves itself into a pandemonium.

"What, terrifying noises beat upon the eardrums of the watchmen as they pursue their lonely patrols through the seeming miles of corridors, and then the spooks, the shades of the nation's great, the astral bodies of those that toiled in obscurity for the nation's good, dodge the watchmen's step, some grand and awful in their speechless dignity, some creeping humbly about in apologetic silence, some laughing, some sobbing, but all of them horrible—horrible."

The old man paused to muse.

"Do you know," he said, breaking into his own reverie explosively, "Feb. 23 is a date dreaded by many of the capitol night guards? It was on this day, in 1848, that John Quincy Adams died in the chamber of the house of representatives, now Stansbury hall, where the exact spot is marked by a brass tablet. Promptly at midnight on every anniversary of his death the shade of John Quincy Adams appears in a sort of phosphorescent glow over this brass tablet. Oh, dozens of guards have seen it from time to time as well as I, and I can refer you to many of them for affirmation of my assertions.

"Once over the spot the shade begins to scintillate, after the manner of a member addressing the house. Then, all of a sudden, the fine face becomes distorted and agonized, the gracefully waving arms fall convulsively, and down sinks the shade with all the movements of an expiring man. Then the phosphorescent glow fades away, and the ethereal eddy dissolves.

"But of course the completion of the igloo to commence my preparations for supper, but with a few strokes of the spade excavated a niche in the snow-bank, put the cooker in out of the wind, filled the lamp with oil and the boiler with ice, placed a few snow blocks around it for still better shelter and lighted up. By the time the igloo was completed I had enough water melted ready by the time my men had fed the dogs, and they lost no time in freezing their clothing of snow and joining me in the igloo. Still less time was consumed in putting away the tea and biscuit and pemmican, and less again in falling off to dreamless slumber.—Commander Robert E. Peary in *Outing*.

The Title of "Mrs."

The title Mrs. was in vogue time applied to unmarried as well as to married women and to young as well as old. Sir Walter Scott spoke of Joanna (unmarried) as Mrs. Joanna Ballie. Although it was not perhaps so universal to address quite young children as it was those over twenty-one by the title of Mrs., yet it was frequently done. The most ludicrous example of this occurs in the register of burials for the parish of St. Margaret, Westminster. The burial of Milton's second wife and that of his infant daughter, named after her, who died at the age of five months, are both recorded in that register, the name in each case being entered as "Mrs. Katherin Milton." This is a favorite phantom with the guards. Its conduct is exemplary.

"Then there is the shade of Vice President Wilson, who died in his room in the senate end of the capitol, who will recall. His peregrinations are few and desultory. When it does come, there is always an expression of concern and self absorption in the ghostly body. The movements of the vapory body are restless and hurried.

"All of the older members of the night watch are well acquainted with Vice President Wilson's apparition and never fail to salute it, although, truth to tell, the shade remains haughtily indifferent to their deference. This spook rarely fails to put in an appearance when the body of a dead legislator or statesman of national renown is lying in state in the capitol.

"Deep in the subcellar vaults spooks of lesser magnitude level in hordes. Immediately beneath the hall of representatives every night is to be found a tall, erect, gaunt specter, whose identity has remained a mystery for years in spite of unceasing efforts on the part of the night watch to uncover the secret of its origin and antecedents. Its hands are clasped behind its transparent back in a convulsive clutch, and the face evinces a condition of emotions prodigiously wrought upon. Many attempts have been made by guards with rubber soles on their shoes to catch this wraith unawares, but failure is the invariable result. Presto! It has blown into thin air within forty feet of it."—New York Herald.

Good Enough as It Is.

"Doctor, if a pale young man named Jinks calls on you for a prescription don't let him have it."

"Why not?"

"He wants something to improve his appetite, and he boards at my house."

Unsympathetic.

"This is a cold, unfeeling world," he remarked bitterly.

NAPOLÉON'S AWFUL HAND.

One Theory of the Great Man's Fallure at Waterloo.

Napoleon, according to Alexander Dumas, lost such battles as he did lose because he wrote such a feudish hand. His generals could not read his notes and letters, typewriting had not been invented, and the trembling marshals, afraid of disobeying and striving to interpret the indecipherable commands, loitered, wandered and did not come up to the scratch, or not to the right scratch. Thus Waterloo was lost. Can't you fancy Grouchy handing round Napoleon's notes on that sanguinary Sunday? "I say," cries the marshal to his aide-camp, "is that word Gembloux or Wavre? Is this Blucher or Bulow?" So probably Grouchy tossed up for it, and the real words may have been none of these at which he offered his conjectures. Meanwhile on the left and center D'Erion and Jerome and Ney were equally puzzled and kept on sending cavalry to places where it was very uncomfortable (though our men seldom managed to hit any of the cavaliers, firing too high) and did not do of good. Napoleon may never have been apprised of these circumstances. His old writing master was not on the scene of action. Nobody dared to say, "Sir, what does this figure of a centipede mean, and how are we to construe these two thick strokes flanked by dots?" The imperial tempo was peopery; the great man would have torn off his interrogator's epaulettes and danced upon them. Did he not once draw his pistol to shoot a little dog that barked at his horse? And when the pistol missed fire the great soldier threw it at the dog and did not hit it. The little dog retreated with the honors of war.

Such was the temper of Napoleon, and we know what Marlborough thought of the value of an equable temper. Noble could ask Bonaparte to write a legible hand, so his generals lived a life of conjecture as to his meaning, and Waterloo was not a success, and the emperor never knew why.

Of all his seven or eight theories of his failure at Waterloo, his handwriting was not one. Yet if this explanation had occurred to him Napoleon would certainly have blamed his pens, ink and paper. Those of Nelson at Copenhagen were very bad. "If your guns are no better than your pens," said a Danish officer who came in under a flag of truce before the fight and was asked to put a message into writing, "you had better retire."—Andrew Lang in *Longman's Magazine*.

SICKROOM PHILOSOPHY.

Never confine a patient to a room if you can obtain the use of two.

Never play the piano to a sick person if you can play on strings or sing.

Never stand and fidget when a sick person is talking to you. Sit down.

Never complain that you cannot get a feeding cup if there is a teapot to be had instead.

Never read fast to a sick person. The way to make a story seem short is to tell it slowly.

Never judge the condition of your patient from his appearance during a conversation. See how he looks an hour afterward.

Never put a hot water bottle next to the skin. Its efficiency and the patient's safety are both enhanced by surrounding the bottle with flannel.

Never allow the patient to take the temperature himself. Many patients are more knowing than nurses where there is a question of temperature.

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BLAKE, MOFFITT & TOWNE

...Straw and Binders' Board...
Tel. Mail 199. 15 SAN FRANCISCO.

WHY WE ARE AGENTS

Here Are Some of the Convincing Facts That Caused us to Take the Agency for the Fulton Compound, the First Things Known that Cure Chronic Kidney Disease.

First, let it be distinctly understood that every one of the cases below has been diagnosed by one or more physicians as chronic and incurable; second, note the certainty of the results as shown by the recovery also of the friends they told who were similarly afflicted with supposed incurable kidney disease.

N. W. Spaulding, President Spaulding Saw Co., San Francisco, had a recovery in his own family and told several others who recovered, recovered himself and told two friends who recovered.

Dr. Carl D. Ziele, pioneer druggist, San Pacific street, San Francisco, recovered himself and five others who were similarly afflicted and told more than a dozen patients who recovered.

Charles Engleke, editor of the German paper, San Francisco, recovered himself and told it to numbers who recovered, including being Charles F. Wacker, the Sixth street merchant. E. M. Wood, editor Wine and Spirit Review, recovered himself and told several others who recovered, among them being an old-school physician.

Edward Short of the San Francisco Call recovered, and told several others who recovered, including Captain Hubbard of the Honolulu route and William Hawkins of the U. S. Quartermaster's Department of San Francisco. John A. Phelps of the Hotel Regency, San Francisco, and two other friends who recovered.

The kidneys are the sewers that strain the poisons out of the system. We can stand the poisons of the system for a short time, but the interference becomes chronic (permanent), as shown by Bright's disease, etc. In a few days how long before death will ensue. It is then called Bright's disease and incurable. All kidney troubles develop into this form about the 15th to 20th month. The above cases were incurable by all other means, because no people having kidney disease should begin at first with the only thing that will cure it if it has reached the serious stage. It is the Fulton Compound for Bright's and Kidney Disease, 151 1/2 for Diabetes, E. E. John J. Fulton, 100 Washington street, San Francisco, sole compounders. Send for pamphlet. We are the sole agents for this city.

Save the Baby.

The mortality among babies during the three teething years is something frightful. The cause of 100 deaths that about one is every seven succumb.

The cause is apparent. With baby's every hardening, the forty teeth in the skull coming 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 weakness, nervousness, sweating, etc., that prove terribly fatal. The deaths in 1900 under three years were 30,000. In a score of cases 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 worry and give him either 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. It is what physicians think of it.

224 Washington St., San Francisco, June 1, 1902.

Gentlemen—I am prescribing your food in the multitude of baby troubles that are reported. A large percentage of infantile ailments and fatalities are the result of slow teething. Your food supplies what the deficient system demands, and I have had surprising success. In a score of cases of this diet, given with their regular food, has not failed to check the infantile distresses. Several of the more serious cases, where I feel sure, have been fatal without it. It cannot be too highly recommended. It is the mother of the country. It is an absolute necessity.

L. C. MENDEL, M. D.

Petaluma, Cal., September 1, 1902.

Dear Sir—I have just tried the teething food in two cases and in both it was a success. One was a very serious case of infantile colic that it was brought to me from another city for treatment. Fatal results were feared. In three days the baby was happy, eating and commencing eating and in now well. Its action in this case was remarkable. It is what I use 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, and the best plan and a blessing to the baby to not wait for symptoms but to commence giving it the fourth or fifth month. The food is sweet (enough for six weeks), sent postpaid on receipt of price. Pacific Coast Agents, Inland Drug Co., Mills Building, San Francisco.

Hot Cross Buns.

In its early days, when it is to be hoped, it was more toothsome than it is now, the hot cross bun played some part in converting the people of these islands to Christianity. Pagan England was in the habit of eating cakes in honor of the goddess of spring, and Christian missionaries found that though they could alter the views of the people in reference to religious matters they could not induce them to withhold from the consumption of confectionery. So they put the sign of the cross upon the bun of the Saxon era and launched it upon missionary enterprise which has extended through the intervening centuries and survived till now.—London Tit-Bits.

A Wet Umbrella.

Never leave an umbrella standing on the point in the ordinary way when wet. The water trickles down, spilling the silk and making the