THE GIRL AND THE PROBLEM

By VIOLA ROSEBORO'

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"IT'S a great problem, of course," said Nancy Randolph Rutledge, folding her hands in front of her portly person, "yet I can but feel that in this case Beulah has chosen wisely. Genius has more rights in some ways, and in some it has less. She shouldn't feel that she is free to fold her talent in a napkin; she doesn't."

"No, no," murmured little Mrs. Garner, "but it seems mighty hard and—and difficult, doesn't it? Do you think she minded giving him up very much? They had been engaged so long," she added apologetically.

"She's absorbed in her art," replied Miss Nancy impressively. "Her life is consecrated to it."

The pair were sitting in Miss Nancy's flat in Ninety-seventh street, and the room in itself was a biography. The walls were hung with what Miss Nancy called (and I cap'talize according to her sentiment) Ancestral Portraits—five of them, and wonderful things they were. In one corner was a tiny brown old Erard piano, the first Erard ever made, I should think. It was still capable of sending forth an odd, pleasant eighteenth century-like tinkle. Some battered old pieces of silver, a cake basket and a teapot taking the honors, stood in solemn dignity on the elaborate, shiny, new hardwood mantelpiece.

Miss Nancy Rutledge was an elderly and unmarried lady, but if you allow yourself to turn toward her any of your usual slighting and condescending sentiments for spinsters you are offering her the first patronage she ever received in this world. Miss Nancy, in the kindest, most unconscious way, patronized creation. Never out of the south was an unmarried woman so generally and simply allowed precedence over all matrons as was given Miss Nancy in her own world. It was not that these southerners loved marriage less—far from it—but that they loved intellect more, and intellect was what Miss Nancy tacitly and firmly claimed to have, was supposed to have and did have, the amount thereof in question declining slightly with each successive step of this statement.

Miss Nancy had come north to live off the enemy amid the prayers and plaudits of admiring friends, and their prayers and plaudits had echoed around her throughout the five years in which she had gallantly triumphed over bankruptcy in New York. In that time she had played many parts; she had written for the papers, had taught mathematics in a school, had assisted in the editorship of a new and impecunious paper devoted, as its title page stated, to developing the resources of the south and had given lectures on the history of Virginia in the parlors of some rich people who could never forget—though sometimes sorely tempted—that they were born south of Mason and Dixon's line, and of late, in the midst of work upon a life of General Lee, for the southern subscription trade, she had found a new resource in the care of a small portion of that army of southern girls which is now constantly encamped among us. She had three in the house with her and devoted some attention to several living elsewhere. The office of chaperon suited Miss Nancy. According to her, all girls were lovely, most of them beautiful—"perfect belles at home"—and the pleasure of devoting her stores of garnered wisdom to their service renewed her joy in life. She was benevolent, sincerely so, and believed, with a good showing of reason, in her power to guide and instruct humanity at large and also was humanly susceptible to the charms of appreciation. The very groundwork of Miss Nancy's claims was common sense. You could see that in every line of her matronly figure and hear it in every note of her pleasant, hearty voice, and in her large featured face and bright gray eyes common sense was enthroned.

But, contrary to popular prejudice, human beings are constantly rendered unknown quantities by the possession of quite contradictory qualities, and Miss Nancy, to tell the truth, had been subject in her life to a few enthusiasms which left her common sense—sometimes for better, sometimes for worse—far behind. One among those young ladies whom she now called "her girls" was the object of a veneration that must be considered to have had its rise in the romantic, the higher side of Miss Nancy's nature. She had known her since she was in long clothes, but not till about a year before this conversation with Mrs. Garner did she honor her with more notice than lay in that general amiable patronage of which I have spoken and which she constantly dispensed about her like a perfume—bergamot, say. This girl was, of course, the heroine of Mrs. Garner's speculations, so you already know that she had genius, an art and a lover—a decent equipment, I take it, for her position as my heroine.

A little more than a year before Miss Nancy had visited Beulah's mother, and during that visit she had conceived an entirely new idea of Beulah. Beulah, like every other southern girl at home, was generally—according to the formula—voted mighty sweet and right pretty—that is, pretty a little—but it was only recently that she had developed any special claims to distinction. Now Miss Nancy found that she was an artist, not fully fledged perhaps—oh, no; to be sure not—but unmistakably an artist, and to that title, which Miss Nancy gave only to painters and sculptors, she bowed with the most curious and common blind reverence in the world. It would be impossible to exaggerate the simplicity of Miss Nancy's attitude toward these arts; in a word, it was of that familiar sort which feels an oil painting to be an oil painting and a very imposing thing too. Of course Beulah did not make oil paintings; with all her genius she had not yet arrived at that stage. But let us go back for a moment to the beginning of her artistic career.

When the Baptist Female college of her town added a new drawing master to its "faculty," several young ladies of society, Beulah among the number, had been moved by the fame of its accomplishments so far to renew their connection with the school as to take a course of lessons from him. Beulah always had clever fingers. She had done beautiful "tatting" when she was only a little girl, and now she distinguished herself in the drawing class. She was soon drawing her own embroidery patterns and beginning her ascent of that pinnacle of fame on which ere long she was to sit enthroned.

She enjoyed this new outlet for her abundant energies, and in the nature of things she enjoyed the new consideration she won. She began to feel a certain tradition born awe of her own gifts. Her position toward art was exactly Miss Nancy's own. She felt for it or, rather, for the name the superstitious, unsympathetic veneration which some philosophers explain as a result of art's dependence on religion in the middle ages. At any rate, when Beulah found herself making a recognizable sketch of the water pitcher—for the new master was very advanced and insisted on study from the object—her heart palpitated with the magnitude of the dreams of glory that floated in upon her mind. Then came Miss Nancy. Miss Nancy gazed upon the water pitcher and the flower embroidery patterns with profound emotion. She urged Beulah to come to New York and have the best instruction, and finally Beulah came. By chance she fell upon the plan of going to the Art Students' league, and now she had had one season's instruction there and was beginning her second year.

Naturally within this year her ideas had undergone some changes, but for the greatest change of all—the determination not to marry Tom McGrath—the league could hardly be held directly responsible. Southerners have a pleasant reputation for friendliness with strangers, because they so readily suppose others to be "nice people," various evidences of niceness being more conclusive in the old southern world than they are at present in New York; but if southerners do not feel sure that you are of their own kind, if they are even puzzled as to where you belong (according to their remarkably simple ideas of classification), they are little likely to be friendly, not being apt to care for social experiments. All this is but a preface to the statement that Beulah had scant acquaintance with her fellow students. She thought the young women generally given to queer clothes and that the young men lacked what she called "polish;" polish in her language meaning, though perhaps she had never thought of it, deference to women. So the dear girl let her social chances for league associations, with all their educational influences, slip by her in the gentlest, firmest little way in the world—in exactly a nice nineteen-year-old way, in fact. She was a dear girl, and she showed it in failing to become utterly insufferable under the adulation that now, away from the league, surged around her. This it was that might be said to have brought about the momentous change I have mentioned—this adulation and Miss Nancy's hearty and insistent fostering of all the dreams it excited. Miss Nancy had just been explaining Beulah's present position to Mrs. Garner. Mrs. Garner was a friend who lived in Beulah's home county, and was now visiting New York.

"She took a great many sketches home with her last summer," said Miss Nancy, "and everybody was astonished. I reckon a great many people felt that it was a great pity to see a girl with gifts like that just settle down into the ordinary humdrum."

"The duties of a wife and mother" began Mrs. Garner, with slightly agitated solemnity. She was very humble with Miss Nancy, but the "ordinary humdrum" was a phrase that provoked even her to turn to the arsenal of platitudes for a weapon. She had it in her heart to try to remind Miss Nancy that the most important offices of life were the very ones she had never been called upon to fill.

But little could she cope with Miss Nancy, who, secretly amused, swam beneficently on with the conversation, wishing to soothe the little woman's feelings and without the faintest conception of the malice of her intentions. "The duties of a wife and mother are sacred, Molly. But without her art Beulah, though a sweet girl, might likely enough be a humdrum person. I don't think she has the feeling for duty that you have, for instance, and that you always had, Molly. But her art lifts her above herself. For a long time she seemed to have less feeling about her talent than her friends did, but I talked to her. I did that much. I would not urge her one way or the other about her marriage, but I wanted her to realize what a great trust a gift like that was and to make her choice solemnly. It isn't even as if Tom McGrath were going to live in Virginia. In Texas she will be out of the way of instruction and of all those associations that would stimulate her and give her something to work for. And, then, we know under the best of circumstances"— Miss Nancy shook her head and sighed. Despite expressed views as to its desirability in her secret heart she really could but look on matrimony as an abyss that swallowed up many high hopes. In her day she had put such a deal of enthusiasm into teaching girls who—got married.

"So she made up her mind?" said Mrs. Garner, with a suspended inflection.

"Yes, at last. Her pa and ma didn't urge her one way or the other. I think Mrs. Hunt herself would a little rather she had married—she's very conservative, you know—but Mr. Hunt never wanted her to anyhow, and they both felt the responsibility of the great future there was before her. I reckon she settled it just before she came back." And then it was that Miss Nancy had admitted the harmonizing of woman's development and woman's sphere to be a great problem.

Presently Beulah entered. She was just home from her work at the league rooms and had a sketchbook under her arm. Mrs. Garner got up to greet her in a little flutter of excitement.

"Oh, Beulah, you've become a great woman since I saw you."

Beulah stooped a little to kiss her and said serenely, "I'm just beginning, Miss Molly."

"I so long to see some of your wonderful things. You'll show me some, won't you?"

"You are very kind; I'll be delighted to," said Beulah, and, excusing herself a moment, she went to her room, laid aside her coat and hat, ran a comb through the dark curls on her forehead, powdered her face afresh, and then, without loss of time, got out an armful of sketches and studies from the bottom of her wardrobe, and, smiling and polite, walked back to Mrs. Garner. She sat down beside her, drew up a chair to rest the pile upon and showed them all to her, conscientiously, one by one, telling her in the meantime which were the hour sketches and which had had a favorable word from her teachers—telling,

Mrs. Garner got up to greet her.

in short, in the most instinctively calculated manner, all the things that Mrs. Garner would understand as reflecting credit upon herself.

"This girl didn't have a very nice complexion, did she? That's why you've made it so dark and reddish, isn't it?" said Mrs. Garner hesitatingly after various half articulate murmurs of admiration. She could not repress a little automatic effort to find out why these things, which were so much less pretty than the pictures in an illustrated weekly, were so much more wonderful, a fact she never dreamed of questioning.

"Oh, no," said Beulah. "She had a very nice complexion, but the light was not strong on it, and then, you see, these things are done in such a hurry we only try to get the figure, the action."

It did not annoy her in the least when people did not understand. She liked to explain a little, and she never doubted their admiration—their admiration of her for making the pictures. She was quite astute enough to feel that the admiration of the things themselves was not always a spontaneous burst. It did not disturb her that many of her friends suffered a little disappointment with themselves over the dullness of their sensations before real hand paintings. She realized that the tradition of their value remained unshaken.

Mrs. Garner looked at the last drawing and then leaned back and gazed with emotion upon Beulah—Beulah looking so pleasant and simple behind the collection of her complete works.

"It's very wonderful—wonderful," Mrs. Garner murmured, shaking her head slowly and thinking of more things than one.

Beulah smiled sweetly.

"And it makes you very happy, does it, dear?"

Beulah detected a thread of curiosity in the question that she resented, but she still smiled as she rose with the works on her arm and said:

"Yes, indeed, Miss Molly. I could not be happy without my art." And Miss Nancy nodded her approval.

Life went on serenely in our household for several months after this. Southern visitors continually dropped in, and all, like Mrs. Garner, were treated to a sight of Beulah's productions. Miss Nancy called for them if no one else did, and she was apt to give an awe inspiring hint when Beulah was out of the room as to the sacrifices the girl had made for her art's sake. After awhile a change began to show in Beulah. She worked harder than ever, she painted early and late, and she grew more and more silent, and on Sunday, when she could not paint, more and more restless. She was no longer content to hide her story book in her lap for solace while she dutifully and patiently sat and preserved the look of listening through long chapters of Jeremiah read aloud by shortsighted Miss Nancy.

"I'm afraid, Beulah, my child," said Miss Nancy solemnly one morning, stopping and laying her open book upon her lap—"I'm much afraid you are letting your delight in an earthly gift and your love of an earthly art draw you away from your interest in things eternal."

Beulah had been fidgeting from one window to another after having three times found excuses for leaving the room. Now she still stood at a window and answered without turning around, "I'm afraid I am, Miss Nancy." But afterward she sat down and remained quiet through the next chapter, though sustained by no other distraction than her own thoughts. To do Beulah justice, she was always willing to do as much through one chapter. That, she said, she had been raised to.

Miss Nancy had not expressed her fears fully. What she said to Beulah was what she said to herself, but down in the depths of her being lurked a faint uneasiness that she did not acknowledge. It was very annoying, the way one person and another began to remark that Beulah was not looking well; that she was losing flesh. How could she look well when even after dinner at home she got out paper and charcoal and fell again upon the work that had occupied her all day? Genius, of course, often did burn itself out in that way, but she had always felt that she had reason to hope Beulah was better balanced. She was so far shaken out of her usual noble poise as to protest crossly several times against so much work, but one night after one of these scoldings she heard the girl walking up and down in the drawing room till 3 o'clock in the morning, and, instead of the sense of intolerant outrage with which she would usually have greeted such a performance, an odd forbearance fell upon her. After a month, in which Beulah's appetite and color did not improve, Miss Nancy got a letter in which, among other bits of gossip, she read: "Mary has had a letter from her nephew from San Antonio, and he says he has heard that Tom McGrath is courting a girl in Houston; that people think it will be a match."

Miss Nancy's heart lightened. If you will believe it, she thought to herself that now Beulah's pride would come to her rescue and make her forget a man who had so soon forgotten her. This hope was her first admission to herself of her fears, and you see from it that Miss Nancy had exalted ideas as to the offices and possibilities of womanly pride and also that she had the usual feminine and profound attachment to the most romantic ideal of constancy—constancy under the most discouraging circumstances—for men. She meditated on how easily and lightly to put before Beulah the base fickleness of the discarded one, but the more she thought about it the less she knew how to do it. If ever there was an old maid in every fiber of her being, it was the hearty, wholesome, large minded Miss Nancy, and consequently her theories of love and love affairs were of the most assured, definite, comprehensive character; but there was something about Beulah these days that gave her pause and for once in a lifetime penetrated her soul with an unacknowledged but dreadful doubt of her own complete understanding of all the mysteries of human life.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

RUSSIAN PEASANTS.

Some of Them Have Queer Ideas About Fires From Lightning.

One Russian village through which we passed was the embodiment of filth and squalor. A destructive fire was raging at one end of it, and round this all the inhabitants were gathered. One house was already burned down, a second was one mass of flames, and the fire was rapidly spreading to a third, yet not a hand was raised to arrest its ruinous progress.

"Why on earth don't you put out the fire?" shouted my companion to one of the peasants, who approached me with a servile and wistful look, as if he expected an offering of money. "Have you no buckets?"

"Surely your excellency deigns to know that it isn't buckets we need!"

"Well, it isn't strong arms, either, I fancy. Why don't you go to work?"

"Your grace wouldn't have us fly in the face of heaven! We've sins enough on our souls without adding that black crime to them. Wasn't it God's own lightning that set Petroff's house on fire a couple of hours ago? And bad as we are, there's not a man in the village that would raise his hand to undo God's holy work."

My friend raised his hand, waved it despairingly and we drove on.

"It's a mere waste of time to reason with them," he said. "They would as soon commit suicide en masse as put out a fire that God had kindled with his lightning."—English Magazine.

Good News.

A certain ex-congressman tells a story about a widow in his district who desired a position in the agricultural department.

"There was no vacancy at that time," said he, "and I was consequently compelled to advise my constituent that I could do nothing for her until later. But she persisted in her efforts to obtain a position and for two weeks thereafter met me at every turn. One morning I had just finished breakfast when I was told by the servant that she was awaiting me in the reception hall. So I assumed as pleasant a demeanor as possible, and, entering the room, said in a sympathetic voice:

"'Well, my good woman, what news?'

"'Good news,' she said; 'good news, Mr. Allen.'

"'Well,' I said, 'I'm glad to hear that. And what is the good news?'

"'Oh,' she said, 'good news, Mr. Allen, good news. A woman in the agricultural department died yesterday.'"

In Her Debt.

As a pleasant faced woman passed the corner Jones touched his hat to her and remarked feelingly to his companion:

"Ah, my boy, I owe a great deal to that woman."

"Your mother?" was the query.

"No, my landlady."

BATTLES WITH SNOW

HARD FIGHTING FOR RAILROAD MEN IN THE ROCKIES.

Rotary Snowplows and the Men Who Run Them—Bucking Through the Monster Drifts That Pack the Mountain Passes.

Every western railroad is equipped with a large force of snow fighters. Rotary snowplows and men who know how to run them can cut their way through drifts that in the early days of western railroading would have resulted in complete blockades. The rotary snowplow is one of the marvels of the railroad of today, and it is a liberal education in the art of snow fighting to see one of them eating its way through a white drift that threatens to cut off communication between the east and the west. There are several passes in the Rocky mountains which for six months in the year or more form a constant menace to train crews. These passes are situated at the top of the Great Divide, where the elements have full sway. Boreas pass, in Colorado, is a fair example. The snow begins falling at Boreas late in August or early in September, and it does not cease until well into May and sometimes June. There will be intermittent snowstorms in the midsummer months, but these are trifling affairs and are not to be mentioned in the same breath with the tremendous snowfalls of January and February. Few men make their homes at Boreas. It is nothing for them to get up in the morning and find themselves completely buried in snow. The one store is usually at the end of a tunnel cut through an immense snowdrift. The population of Boreas during these snowy months consists, for the most part, of the railroad men who are engaged in the strenuous work of fighting constantly changing drifts. Snow at Boreas does not fall; it rages. It is blown about in swirls and eddies and is forever forming new drifts as treacherously as a river that is constantly shifting the sand banks of its mouth. These drifts are not little affairs that will barely cover a "stake and rider" fence. They are piled ten, twenty and thirty feet high, and they spring up in a night.

To the "tenderfoot" it would seem impossible to plow a way through these drifts at Boreas, but when a huge rotary snowplow comes whirling up the track with three or four engines pushing vigorously behind it the "tenderfoot" reserves his decision. He is still inclined to favor the snowdrift, but he prefers to await developments before committing himself. With a rush and a plunge the big rotary is hurled into the white mass of snow. Black smoke pours from the engines, and the huge blades of the snowplow eat relentlessly into the drift. The snow shoots out of the orifice at the side of the plow, forming a huge, white semicircle constantly moving forward. One can keep track of the progress of the plow by following the advancement of this rainbow of snow. Foot by foot the rotary eats its way forward, and finally it and the engines are buried in a huge trench of white. Only the stacks of the engines can be seen, belching their blackness on the virgin garb about them. But the great white semicircle never fails to go forward until finally the "tenderfoot" knows that the drift is being conquered. When the regular overland limited comes along a few hours later, the passengers do not know of the battle that has just been fought. They travel through a canyon of snow as they pass Boreas, but they have no idea of the tremendous force required to cut this white path over the ridge of the continent; so they go on, all unconscious in their Pullmans, while the railroad men at the next siding ahead oil the rotary and gird up their loins for the next battle, which they know Boreas will be prepared to give them in a few hours.

The experiences at Boreas pass during a hard winter are duplicated at many other railroad passes in the Rocky mountains, to say nothing of great stretches at lower altitudes which have always been the favored haunts of snowdrifts and which have always given railroad men great trouble. It is the unexpected element at these points that brings a serious aspect to the situation. At the passes over the Great Divide railroad men are prepared for trouble, and consequently serious blockades are few, but when word comes that a train has failed to fight its way through the drifts 100 or perhaps 200 miles from the nearest available rotary plow there is consternation. To get a rotary plow to the blockaded train takes time, and in the meantime the drifts are accumulating on the unused road, and each hour brings new menaces to railroad men and passengers alike.

Sometimes even the rotary plow has been known to be caught in a snow blockade. One instance occurred in Wyoming. An engineer who had a rotary plow on ahead and who was making good progress during a fierce snowstorm was compelled to run back a few miles for water. Instead of taking the rotary with him he uncoupled and ran his engine back, and in the meantime the snow gathered so fast over the tracks that he was unable to fight his way back to the plow. Such instances are rare, however, and are only owing to the oversight of some trainman, for a rotary snowplow with sufficient power behind it can eat its way through almost anything in the shape of drifts.—New York Tribune.

How She Felt.

Mrs. Black—Sam Johnson done left his wife 'bout six mont's ago.

Mr. Black—Do she t'ink he am nebbah comin' back?

"Waal, she jest beginnin' to hab hopes."—Smart Set.

A Comfort Anyway.

"Speaking of grewsome remarks," said the ruddy old Scotch gentleman on his way from the far west to revisit Scotland for the first time in half a century, "there was an old lady friend of mine in San Francisco who persisted in looking upon this journey of mine as a madly adventurous tempting of Providence. 'Yet there is one thing comforts me, Robert, my man,' she said. 'When one dies in voyaging nowadays, they've such excellent facilities for transporting the remains!'"—New York Telegram.

FAITHFUL DAD.

Here's to You; You've Got Your Faults, but You're All Right.

We happened in a home the other night and over the parlor door saw the legend worked in letters of red, "What Is Home Without a Mother?" Across the room was another brief, "God Bless Our Home!"

Now, what's the matter with "God Bless Our Dad?" He gets up early, lights the fire, boils an egg, grabs his dinner pail and wipes off the dew of the dawn with his boots while many a mother is sleeping. He makes the weekly handout for the butcher, the grocer, the milkman and baker, and his little pile is badly worn before he has been home an hour. He stands off the bailiff and keeps the rent paid up.

If there is a noise during the night, dad is kicked in the back and made to go downstairs to find the burglar and kill him. Mother darns the socks, but dad bought the socks in the first place and the needles and the yarn afterward. Mother does up the fruit; well, dad bought it all, and jars and sugar cost like the mischief.

Dad buys chickens for the Sunday dinner, carves them himself and draws the neck from the ruins after every one else is served. "What is home without a mother?" Yes, that is all right, but what is home without a father? Ten chances to one it is a boarding house, father is under a slab and the landlady is a widow. Dad, here's to you! You've got your faults—you may have lots of them—but you're all right, and we will miss you when you're gone.—Stevens County Reveille.

The Beaver.

The beaver is really a sort of portable pulp mill, grinding up almost any kind of wood that comes his way, says a writer. I once measured a white birch tree twenty-two inches through cut down by a beaver. A single beaver generally, if not always, amputates the tree, and when it comes down the whole family fall to and have a regular frolic with the bark and branches. A big beaver will bring down a fair sized sapling—say three inches through—in about two minutes and a large tree in about an hour. The ability of a beaver to remain under water for a long time is not really so tough a problem as it looks. When the lake or pond is frozen over, a beaver will come to the under surface of the ice and expel his breath so that it will form a wide, flat bubble. The air, coming in contact with the ice and water, is purified, and the beaver breathes it again. This operation he can repeat several times. The otter and muskrat do the same thing.

Rattlesnakes Seldom Attack.

Of rattlesnakes there are at least a dozen, probably fifteen, different kinds, all inhabitants of America exclusively, where they range from the northern United States down to Patagonia. The common, or banded, rattlesnake extends from Maine to Texas. Once generally abundant, it is happily now a rare animal save in the more thinly inhabited districts of the southern and western states. It may attain a length of five feet, with a large triangular and flattened head. It feeds on rabbits, rats and squirrels and is for the most part a slow and sluggish animal, waiting quietly till some prey approaches it. This sluggishness makes it the more dangerous, as it may be stepped upon unawares, with a most fatal result. But it never either attacks spontaneously or pursues a retreating enemy.

The First Linen Paper.

Linen cloth was occasionally used for writing purposes, but was never very common. Linen manuscripts have been found folded in mummy cases, and the Chinese before the invention of paper used silk and cotton cloth. The Romans also wrote upon linen. The use of this material introduced a change in the manner of writing. The other substances were rather engraved than written upon, an iron point being used for the purpose.

To write upon linen it was necessary to have some colored fluid which might get dry and leave a permanent mark. The first ink used was probably some sort of soot or lampblack mixed with size or gum water, and the first instrument answering to our pen was a reed.

An Irish Refrigerator.

An Irishwoman was looking at refrigerators in a house furnishing store some weeks ago. After examining into the merits and qualities of a number of them she purchased the one that the salesman assured her would keep food the best. Some days afterward the woman called and requested them to take that refrigerator back, as it would not keep anything better than the kitchen safe of the cellar. The salesman mildly suggested that possibly she had not put enough ice in it to keep the things cold. "Enough ice in it? Why, are you crazy, mon? I don't put any ice in it. Anything will keep cold if you put ice in it. I bought the refrigerator so that I wouldn't need the ice."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Wagner's Nerve.

Wagner, the eminent composer, had the nerves of an acrobat. Once he was climbing a precipitous mountain in company with a young friend. When some distance up and walking along a narrow ledge, the companion, who was following, called out that he was growing giddy.

Wagner turned around on the ledge of rock, caught his friend and passed him between the rock and himself to the front.

The Voice of Experience.

"I don't care to marry at least not yet," said the flirt.

"Why not?" asked the matron.

"Because as matters are now I have the attentions of half a dozen men, while if I married I would have the attentions of only one."

"Huh!" exclaimed the matron. "You wouldn't have even that."—Chicago Post.

The Still Voice.

"Whose voice did he like best, yours or mine?" asked Miss Kreech.

"I'm not quite sure," replied Miss Bird. "His remarks were a bit ambiguous."

"Why, what did he say?"

"He said he liked my voice, but that yours was better still."—Philadelphia Press.

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Brights Disease

Not Rare, but Common—All Kidney Disease is Bright's Disease—The 8th to 10th Month it Becomes Chronic and Incurable by All Known Means Except the new Fulton Compounds, which Record 87% of Recoveries.

We have before us a little work on kidney diseases by Joseph F. Edwards, M. D., of Philadelphia, that contains some things that everyone ought to know. Many people imagine Bright's Disease is rare, when, in fact, it covers the whole gamut of kidney diseases. This book sets out that the kidneys have but one function, viz., the elimination of the urea and waste products, and that all interferences with that function are called Bright's Disease. Dr. Edwards adds: "For the benefit of physicians who may read this book I will give a list of the cases which I attribute to Bright's Disease, viz.:

Albuminuria.
Congestion of the Kidney.
Degeneration of the Kidney.
Fatty Degeneration of the Kidney.
Inflammation of the Kidney.
Uraemia.
Disease of the Kidney."

Thus, all kidney disease being Bright's Disease, the serious question is, is it acute or chronic? In other words, is it in the primary or secondary stage? After the eighth to tenth month it becomes chronic and is then incurable by all known means except the Fulton Compounds. The kidneys are not sensitive. There is often no notice of the trouble till it has already fastened. If you have kidney disease in the first stage the Renal Compound will cure it quickly. If it is of more than 8 to 10 months standing it is the only thing known that will cure it. In proof that nothing else will we cite all medical works as evidence that to this time there has been nothing that cures Chronic Bright's Disease. The stockholders of the John J. Fulton Co., business and professional men of San Francisco, are the first people in the world to announce a positive cure, presenting a definite percentage of recoveries (87 per cent), and giving out the lists of the cured, all among purely chronic, well-defined cases. If you have any kind of kidney trouble, there is only one thing to take. The Renal Compound for Bright's Disease is $1; for Diabetes, $1.50. John J. Fulton Co., 406 Washington street, San Francisco, sole compounders. Free analyses for patients. Pamphlet free. We are the sole agents.

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 204,388, 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.

One Phase of the Nile.

In the Shab Luka pass we have one of the many instances in which the Nile has hurled itself at an opposing mountain barrier and cut its way through. In fact, it often seems to select these unpropitious places for its course when on each side a few miles away there is a tolerably level, unbroken expanse of desert. For ten miles the river twists in and out before escaping to the open once more. Its current is very rapid, making it well nigh impassable at low water because of the numerous rocks, but at the time of my descent the summer flood was well along, and all but a few of these barriers were hidden below the surface, their presence being marked only by occasional eddies.—Century.

Her Father's Strength.

Recently in a Sunday school the teacher was telling her class of small pupils the interesting story of Samson, of whom she spoke as being the strongest man that ever lived.

Little Ethel, a golden haired new recruit, listened to the story with great interest. After the teacher had finished, Ethel held up her chubby hand.

"Well, Ethel," asked the teacher, "what is it?"

"Samson wusn't as strong as my papa is."

"Is your father so strong?" queried the teacher, smiling.

"Oh, my papa's offul strong," replied Ethel with emphasis. "Why, I heard mamma say that he had a ellyfant on his hands."—Columbus Journal.

Prophetic Dreams.

The belief in prophetic dreams is not entirely a superstition, according to the results obtained by two members of the French institute. They point out that at night when the senses are at rest the brain is affected particularly by organic feelings in various parts of the body and that early symptoms of advancing diseases give a particular direction to the dreams. A familiar instance is nightmare, which indicates a dyspeptic condition. Immoderate drinkers see rats, snakes and insects in their dreams before the actual outbreak of delirium tremens, and so on.

The Bank of England has a pair of scales so accurate that an ink spot on a piece of paper visibly affects the balance.