

# GOODMAN'S FORTE...

By J. JENKINS HARRIS

The second officer nodded, and his restless eyes flashed from one to the other in rapid succession.

"I suppose you know, sir, that there ain't any such thing as miracles among men as you, hey?"

Mr. Hildebrand nodded again. "I understand you all right," said he. "What's the game?" And he pulled out a roll of brand new notes of large denomination.

Jimmy Breeze's eyes glared. Why a sailor should come aboard his ship with a roll of money did not appear to impress him. He saw the money. That was enough. Now, what would the others show up?

"I reckon we'll make it a dollar game," said he, pulling out his pocket-book and producing some old bills.

Mr. Silveo objected on the ground of poverty, but was instantly silenced by the benign Mr. Goodman, who offered to take his note for any reasonable amount. In fact, he insisted on lending the dago a crisp hundred dollar bill, taking his written promise in return.

The sight of so much money fairly took the skipper's breath away, and he insisted on playing a bigger game. Draw poker was nothing unless there was money on the board.

The two dago passengers, however, objected to plunging, and the game began at a dollar.

"It is very unfortunate," said Mr. Goodman, "that I forgot to get my money changed before coming aboard. I feel I shall have to buy a hundred worth of chips from you to start with." And he handed the captain a new note.

Jimmy Breeze held himself well in hand. He stacked the chips carefully and passed them to his passenger.

"How many for ye?" he asked Mr. Silveo.

"Oh, fifty is all I play," said that gentleman, passing his note and taking the change in the skipper's ditty hands.

"An' ye two?" he asked to Hernandez and the second mate. They both took the same amount.

"If there's any one got any objection to my dealin', let him speak out," growled Breeze, shuffling the cards and dealing in a menacing way around the table. No one spoke. He tossed off the pastebords and the game began in perfect silence.

"I guess I'll stand pat," said Mr. Goodman.

The second mate tossed off three cards and was followed by the dagoes, all making good.

Mr. Goodman smiled and moistened his lips.

"I suppose it would be wrong for me not to go the limit," said he, passing the chips out. Jimmy Breeze raised him. The rest dropped out.

"Well, captain," said Mr. Goodman, "I don't want to rob you, but I can play this out to beat. You better drop out. I've got you."

If there was one thing Jimmy Breeze hated, it was instructions at cards.

"I don't want no information. Play cards," said he roughly.

"Will you drop the limit?" asked his passenger, beaming upon him over the rim of his glasses.

"Sure!" growled Breeze. He had felt the pinhole distinctly and knew his opponent held four kings.

"That case I'll make it \$500 to play," said Mr. Goodman.

"An' I call at that," said Breeze, completely taken aback at the figure. He was not rich.

Mr. Goodman laid down his four kings and was about to rake in the pot when a hoarse guffaw from the skipper made him desist.

Jimmy Breeze laid down a straight flush.

"I declare that's too bad," said Mr. Goodman sadly, pulling out his purse and producing five bills of \$100 each.

"That comes from playing careless at the beginning."

The game continued, but there was no more plunging. Nothing the skipper could do would draw his passenger into another wild play.

When the steward came in to fix the table for the evening meal, the skipper had five one hundred dollar bills to put away. To offset this his second mate had \$150 in smaller notes, and Mr. Goodman had about \$50 in coin. The dagoes were slightly losers. The skipper was easily \$300 ahead of the game.

In the evening they went about the deck watching the dirty green of the shore water and the loom of the distant land to the westward. Mr. Hildebrand stood his watch out on the poop, quietly attending to the ship, and Jimmy Breeze had no fault to find.

The second and third day passed without extraordinary events, the game in the cabin being indulged in lightly between watches. Jimmy Breeze did not want to stand pat.

The fourth day the land was made with a gentle breeze from the southward, and the skipper knew he would make harbor before daylight failed. He played with such discretion that three more bills of \$100 each remained to his credit. Mr. Goodman had lost heavily and had apparently only about \$100 in small bills, formerly owned by the skipper. The second mate was equally unfortunate and retained only what small notes Mr. Hernandez had lost in the game.

"I want to say," said Captain Breeze as the game ended, "that ye fellows have played a mighty good game of cards. Ye, Mr. Goodman, plays like a man who knows the game. Ye must have played often before."

"Ye," smiled the benign passenger, "I've played a game or two in my time. Playing used to be my forte."

"I'm glad to hear ye say so," roared the skipper. "Slak me if I don't, an' I'm glad to hear ye say ye were used to the game when ye lost so misfortunistly. Blast me if I wouldn't rather give them notes back than hear ye say the game were new. Here's my hand, an' if we have a chance next 'yague maybe ye'll get yer money back. We'll make harbor before dark. Mr. Hildebrand, so we'll excuse ye. Better get the towline overhauled forrard, for we'll tow up an' lie by most a week

before goin' to the north'ard."

"Thank ye, sir. 'Twas a mighty good game, an' I am glad, for one, I was in it. I'll go forrard, sir, and see to them lines now," drawled the second mate.

Mr. Goodman quietly slipped the cards into his pocket and, chatting pleasantly with Mr. Silveo, followed the skipper up the companion.

The setting sun shone red over the distant hills, and through the red haze to the northward rose the spars of ships. Rio lay ahead, and the first part of the long coasting voyage had been made in record time. Jimmy Breeze ran his vessel into the anchorage and prepared to put his profitable passengers ashore.

"Goodby to ye both," said Breeze to the Goodmans as they entered the small boat with the dago passengers. "Goodby an' good luck. Mr. Hildebrand, ye go along ashore in that boat with them passengers an' see them landed safely."

"Aye, aye, sir," drawled the second mate, and he divered below for his coat. Then he came on deck and took his place in the stern sheets with the passengers, while two stout seamen bent to the oars.

The boat shot away for the landing, and Mr. Enlis set all hands to work rolling up the canvas. Night fell, and Captain Breeze came on deck and peered through the gloom for his boat. He wished to go ashore.

It grew quite late, and the lights that had flickered along the water front of the city began to disappear. Finally the sound of oars was heard approaching, and the boat came alongside. It contained only the two sailors.

"Where's the second mate?" demanded Jimmy Breeze.

"Gone uptown an' said not to wait. He's not comin' aboard again tonight," answered one of the men.

"He ain't, ain't he?" roared the skipper. "Which way did he go?" And as he spoke he jumped into the small boat.

"Shew her around quick an' give way strong."

They were soon heading for the landing. It was midnight when Captain Breeze reached town, and he was thirsty.

"Wait here at the landin' for me," he ordered as he started up the street for the nearest saloon.

"See anything of a tall fellow around here?" he asked the proprietor.

The proprietor shrugged his shoulders and smiled. "Tall men were plenty. I mean a tall fellow with eyes what ain't mates an' a drawlin' way of speakin'?"

The man's face brightened. He smiled hopefully as he handed the skipper a bottle of rum and a pitcher of cool water. He had seen just such a fellow in

Jimmy Breeze backed to the door, company with a foid, smooth faced man who had his wife with him.

"That's them," said Jimmy Breeze. "Oh, ye'll find him two blocks farther; big saloon he owns; plenty of light," said the keeper.

Jimmy Breeze felt in his pocket for money to pay his score. There were only large bills. He hesitated a moment and then asked for change. The fellow looked at the note, held it up to the light, smiled and then returned it, shaking his head.

"N. G.," he muttered.

"What?" roared Breeze. "No good? Course it's good, ye blazin' fool! Gimme the change."

The man's face fell. He scowled sourly and drew forth a long knife; then he beckoned to a couple of men who were playing dice at a table. Jimmy Breeze backed to the door. Seeing they were not hot to attack him, he backed into the street and then went in the direction his second officer had gone.

In a few minutes he reached a well lighted house, from which loud noises issued. He entered the door and found himself in a room with long tables, at which men sat drinking and playing games. At the farther end of the room at a green covered roulette sat Mr. Algonron C. Goodman turning the magic wheel. Breeze, him, dealing out checks and taking in cash, sat Mr. Hildebrand, his new second mate. They both nodded pleasantly to him, but remained seated.

"What d'ye mean by not showin' up?" demanded the skipper of his mate.

"What d'ye mean by leavin' me to go with this rascal?" And he pointed at Mr. Goodman.

Some of the players around the table turned and gazed at the intruder; others looked bored. Mr. Goodman rose and came forward to the late captain. He took him by the arm and led him aside, or, rather, tried to do so, but Jimmy Breeze shook him off.

Mr. Goodman let him swear and rave for some minutes, smiling benignly upon him, but offering no opposition or contradiction to his charges of passing counterfeit bills. Finally, when the skipper grew tired, he spoke out in his benevolent tones.

"Your forte is running a ship and knowin' men," said he. "Mine is playing. Never play against a man's forte. You're sure to lose. See those cards of yours. No man who makes a forte of playing would mark them so plainly. 'Twasn't do, no, sir; nothing as simple as that game will do with a man who has a forte, and I told you playing was my forte."

"Ye are a thief an' a cheat, an' stealin' yer forte!" roared the skipper.

"Why, man," continued Mr. Goodman, still smiling, "a stranger came

into my place here last year and wanted to bet 100 to 1 that he could drink a gallon of rum at one sitting. Yes, sir; he even offered 100 to 1, but I wouldn't bet. Then he offered 200 to 1 he could do it. Yes, sir; 200 to 1 he could do it, and he didn't have any more wings than ye've got, but I wouldn't bet him. No, sir; that flyin' game was his forte, and if I'd bet him he surely would have done. That's dem certain; he would have done away. Take my advice, and never bet against a man's forte."

Captain Breeze waited no longer. He went out into the night and back to his ship.

"Mr. Enlis," said he as he came over the side, "I ain't feelin' well tonight, so don't wake me in the mornin'. It's the fever, I'm afraid. Yaller Jack is ragin' ashore, an' I wouldn't let the second mate come aboard again. Ye want to get our stuff out early, an' don't ye put a foot on the beach, see? Don't ye go ashore for no reason."

"Aye, aye, sir," answered the mate, looking puzzled.

Then Jimmy Breeze went below.

Life at West Point.

An Example of How the Cadets Are Made to Economize.

The cadets at the Military Academy at West Point are not favored as are often the students in colleges and universities who have wealthy parents—that is, they are not furnished with an unlimited amount of cash to buy "extras" for rooms, clothes and luxuries. All the cadets stand on the same footing and receive \$500 a year, plus the commutation of railroads amounting to \$100.50 a year.

When, however, with proper economy this yearly allowance is sufficient for the support of a cadet.

The army cadet who goes to the Military Academy with spendthrift habits soon receives a decided and severe check. As an instance, a cadet some time ago went to the superintendent for an order for four shirts, but the superintendent peremptorily refused to give his approval.

The young man was sorely in need, and he attempted to convince his superior of the fact. The latter took up the cadet's account book and perusing it a couple of moments threw it back to him, saying, "I have no doubt you are in great need of these shirts or you would not present this order, but you are in debt, and there's no excuse for you."

The young cadet, with tears starting in his eyes and a trembling lip, begged for a few minutes to explain. He said that he had been ordered to wear that fatigue jacket until you get out of debt, but he was careful that you can pass muster at the inspection."—New York Tribune.

"Give Him the Sack."

Two noblemen in the reign of Maximilian II.—one a German, the other a Spaniard—who had each rendered a great service to the emperor, asked the hand of his daughter in marriage.

Maximilian said that, as he esteemed them both alike, it was impossible to choose between them, and therefore their own prowess must decide it; but, being unwilling to risk the loss of either by engaging them in deadly combat, he ordered a large sack brought and declared that he who should put his rival into it should have his fair Helena. And this whimsical combat was actually performed in the presence of the imperial court and lasted an hour.

The unhappy Spanish nobleman was first overthrown, and the German succeeded in enveloping him in the sack, took him upon his back and laid him at the emperor's feet. This comical combat is said to be the origin of the phrase "Give him the sack" so common in the literature of courting.

A Soldier's Strange Death.

I find the following singular incident in the old Atlanta Intelligencer.

"After the fight near Drewry's bluff on Monday last a surgeon who was searching the field for the wounded, that he might administer to their needs, observed a man in a kneeling position, with his gun to his shoulder pointed to the front, his left eye closed and having all the appearance of life. Upon examination he was found to be dead, a ball having passed through his brain at the moment when, resting on his left knee, he had taken sight at the foe. It is very remarkable that, so rigid was the corpse, some force was required to remove the gun from his grasp. He proved to be a member of the Twenty-ninth Virginia regiment of infantry."—Atlanta Constitution.

Odd Definitions.

"Amusing and ridiculous answers to examination questions are fairly common in graded public schools everywhere, I suppose," said a teacher at a public institution for the higher education of the colored race, "but an example recently handed in by a girl at least eighteen years of age surpasses anything of this kind I have heard of."

"Being required to define the word 'title' and compose a sentence showing its use, her paper read: 'Title, something that binds, love, friendship, 'Blas't be the Gibb that binds.'"

"A scarcely less amusing answer was given by another pupil:

"'Upbraud, to braud up. She upbraud her hair. To lift up. She upbraud their hero who was dead with their bayonets.'"

Small, but Perfect.

In sour paste, vinegar, the melt of a codfish, or even in water in which decayed vegetables have been infused, the microscope reveals animalcules (little animals) so small that millions of them would not equal a common grain of wheat in bulk. And yet nature with singular prodigality has supplied many of these minute creatures with organs as complete and perfect as those of a whale or an elephant. In a single ounce of such matter there are more living creatures than there are human beings on the face of the globe!

Not the Same.

"Come along," said Mr. Nippop, fresh from his interview with the janitor. "We'll have to look at fats elsewhere."

"But why can't we take this?" demanded Mrs. Nippop. "It's like heaven here, and—"

"Not much it isn't, and that's the trouble. They take children in heaven."—Philadelphia Press.

## A HORSE IN BATTLE

HOW HE FEELS WHEN IN THE MIDST OF A FIERCE ONSLAUGHT.

A Writer of Horse Stories Describes the Experience of an Arab Charger in the Hands of Stuart's Cavalry—The Gallop to Battle.

Probably no one will ever know just how a horse feels when going into battle. There is no way of finding out. So it is likely that no one will dispute the correctness of the description which Seville Ford gives in "Horses Nine."

The horse in question is Pasha, a half blood Arab hunter that has been pressed into service in Stuart's Black Horse Cavalry. The story runs:

Early the next morning Pasha was awakened by the distant growl of heavy guns. By daylight he was on the move, thousands of other horses with him. Nearer and nearer they rode to the place where the guns were growing. Sometimes they were on roads, sometimes they crossed fields, and again they plunged into the woods where the low branches struck one's eyes and scratched one's flanks. At last they broke clear of the trees to come suddenly upon such a scene as Pasha had never before witnessed.

Far across the open field he could see troop on troop of horses coming toward him. They seemed to be pouring over the crest of a low hill, as if driven onward by some unseen force behind. Instantly Pasha braved, rising from the throats of thousands of riders on either side and behind him, that fierce, wild yell which he had come to know meant the approach of trouble. High and shrill and menacing it rang as it was taken up and repeated by those in the rear. Next the bugles began to sound, and in quick obedience the horses formed in line just at the edge of the woods, all of which stretched and stretched on either flank until one could hardly see where it ended.

From the distant line came an answering cry, but Pasha could hear the horses blowing, and he could see the fronts charging. Then came the order to mass at a gallop. This set Pasha to tugging eagerly at the bit, but for what reason he did not know. He knew only that he was part of a great and solid line of men and horses sweeping furiously across a field toward that other line which he had seen pouring over the hill crest.

He could scarcely see at all now. The thousands of hoofs had raised a cloud of dust that not only enveloped the on rushing line, but rolled before it. Nor could Pasha hear anything save the thunderous thud of many feet. Even the shrieking of the shells was drowned. But for the restraining bit Pasha would have leaped forward and cleared the line. Never had he been so stirred. The inherited memory of countless desert raids made by his Arab ancestors was doing its work. For what seemed a long time this continued, and then in the midst of the blind and frenzied race there loomed out of the thick air, as if it had appeared by magic, the opposing line.

What would happen when the lines met? Almost before the query was thought there came the answer. With an earth jarring crash they came together. The lines wavered back from the shock of impact, and then the whole struggle appeared to Pasha to center about him. Of course this was not so. But it was a fact that the most conspicuous figure in either line had been the very center of the Black Horse regiment.

Dances in Nightmares.

"I had a dream, sometimes I sometimes kill," said a prominent specialist on nervous diseases the other day. "Of course I don't know that they are fatal, but I have every reason to think so. I had a woman patient whom I was treating for a number of complications, including a weak heart. She could not bear any excitement, and I often warned against exposing herself to sudden fright. She complained of having nightmares and said she often woke up in a state of terrible fright so weak that she could not call for help. One morning she was found dead in her bed with an expression of abject terror on her face. I have no doubt that she died from fright produced by a nightmare."

Persons subject to nightmares who have weak hearts should avoid sleeping on their back. They should lie on the right side and have the right arm extended so they will wake up if they turn over. Most nightmares are the result of sleeping on the back or the left side, where the heart is so compressed that it has little room for free action."

A Last Pop.

Dr. Hunter, the famous English physician, invariably received very large fees for his services. On one occasion when he was asked by a lady the amount of his fee he returned that he made an invariable practice of never fixing its amount. "Very well, sir," the patient promptly answered, "if you cannot fix it I am sure I can't." And, to the doctor's consternation, she walked out of the room without paying him a penny.

The Political Habit.

"Miss Roxley," began the young politician, "er—Maude, I love you. I—"

"Oh, this is so sudden!" she exclaimed.

"But surely you must have guessed. I have been calling her so much of late."

"Ah, yes; but, since you are a politician, I thought your visits were without significance."—Philadelphia Press.

Still a Victim.

"By the way, how is Featherly getting on with his pretty wife—the woman with the drooping eyelashes?"

"Very feebly used to say he was the victim of her drooping eyelashes before they were married; now he is the drooping victim of her tongue lashes."—Kansas City Journal.

## FORTUNES FOR TWO.

Way Russell Sage Paid a Doctor Who Refused a Fee.

A former Baltimorean who was a close friend of a Philadelphia physician whose specialty was kidney diseases relates the following as the method by which Russell Sage paid the doctor a bill:

The physician was on a visit to a friend in New York. Mr. Sage was very ill at his home from a diseased kidney. Hearing that the Philadelphia doctor was in New York, Mr. Sage requested him to call. The doctor did so, and within ten days Mr. Sage was a well man. A check, signed by Mr. Sage, with the amount left blank, was handed the doctor, who declined it, stating that he could not break his inviolable rule of confining his practice strictly to office work. When he visited people who were too poor or physically unable to get to his office he never accepted pay for his services.

During his visits to Mr. Sage's home the doctor was accompanied by his daughter, a winsome miss of ten years. A month after the occurrence the doctor's little daughter received a telegram from a Wall street broker which read: "By order of Mr. Russell Sage, I have bought for your account—shares of—stock." As soon as the doctor read the dispatch he hurried to the Philadelphia office and called a broker, and ordered him to buy—shares of the stock mentioned for his (the doctor's) account. The stock fluctuated, and when it was selling at a price which would pay a good profit the broker advised the doctor to sell, but the doctor did not take the advice.

Later a dispatch came from the New York broker to the little girl. It read: "Have sold for your account—shares of—stock." The doctor immediately unloaded his holdings. These transactions were repeated several times, and not only made the doctor a small fortune, but won for him a reputation as a shrewd financier. A final telegram came from New York for the little girl: "Have closed out your holdings and mail you a check for—thousands."

The doctor unloaded and dropped all the stock market as suddenly as he had entered it, much to the mystification of his broker and friends, who had heard of his successes, but never knew whether to attribute them to a "Henrietta" luck or to careful study of the stock dealt in.—Baltimore Sun.

THE FEMINE FIB.

A Judicious Blend of Black, White, Gray and Chinese Lies.

A distinguished preacher once divided lies into "black lies, white lies, gray lies and Chinese lies." The feminine fib is generally a judicious blend of the white lie and the Chinese lie. For the benefit of those who have never graduated in the special mendacity tripos it may be explained that a Chinese lie is, as a rule, purely ornamental, being of the nature of embroidery, which is intended to add beauty and color to the plain object on which it is used as trimming.

The Chinese lie is prompted by the very highest and noblest of motives—namely, a desire to give pleasure to others, many a plain, dull fact being served up and made quite tasty and appetizing by a little judicious garniture of Chinese—er—embroidery. Directed into the proper channel, a Chinese liar becomes a skillful writer of fiction and turns his gift to profitable account. But the everyday feminine amateur, who has not this outlet for her tarradiddleum talent, turns her attention to the afternoon tea table and adds a spice to whatever gossip is going by a gentle peppering of fibs.

Unfortunately this gift of imagination is often accompanied by a defective memory, whereas to make a good—er—prevaricator nothing is so essential as a good memory. Without this the employer of the Chinese method is almost certain to get found out sooner or later—generally sooner—and then she has the mortification of finding that her little efforts to please quite fail in their effect. And not only that; but, what is more trying still, she even finds that when from lack of material for fictional purposes she does for once serve up the cold, ungarlish truth her hearers have so got in the habit of disbelieving her that her plain statement is received with incredulity. That is why any one who aims at distinction in the fibbing world must carefully cultivate a good memory and so follow the Golden Rule to avoid being found out.—Mod. & Society.

Not Unreasonable.

Jim Hendricks, an uncomplicated and fairly industrious citizen of a little Vermont town, had made the mistake in early life of marrying a shiftless woman, but he never complained. She was the wife of his youth, and he loved her with the love that excuses.

"Jennie," he said one day in his affectionate, apologetic manner, "I wish you'd sew the buttons on my coat. There are two off."

She sighed as people who work seldom sigh, but as lazy people always sigh when work is thrust upon them. In a day or two Jim approached her when she seemed especially at leisure. "The last button's off my coat, Jennie. Won't you sew 'em all on?"

But she did not. He said nothing and wore the coat in silent patience.

Then there came a day when he felt it was his right to impose on her again.

"Jennie, all the buttons are off my workin' shirts. Won't you fix 'em?"

She was ill for a day or two after that, so it was a week before he was cruel enough to mention the matter again. Finally he summoned up all his selfishness and said timidly: "Jennie, I know you ain't well, but all the buttons are off my undershirt, and I wish you'd put the buttons on my coat."

"On your shirt, do you mean?"

"No, on the coat; never mind about the shirts. If I could button my coat, it would sort of hold me together, and I'd feel real fixed."

How Not to Get Old.

Once upon a time a young man who had a dread of growing old and having to give up the pleasures of youth preached the doctrine of good companionship and jolly living.

"Eat, drink and be merry," he said, "seek gay companions and let wine and song keep your blood in motion, and you will never know what it is to be old."

He followed his own counsel and died in his youth.

Moral.—Devotion to appetite prevents man from growing old.—New York Herald.

## DOES GOLD GROW?

Seems to, in Its Wild State, but Not After It Has Become Civilized.

Some reasons for answering this question in the affirmative are given by "Popular Science," which warns the reader, however, that he must not expect to grow gold eagles from dollars. Says the writer:

"It has been found that gold nuggets under favorable conditions actually increase in size. Gold is known to have grown on mine timbers which have long been immersed in mine water. In the California State Mining Bureau museum there is a specimen of a piece of jointed cap and post taken from the Constock, where it had been under water for years, in which gold has formed in the joints and pores of the wood. Gold is constantly being formed in rocks and veins and placers. Just what it is that the baby gold formation feeds on to effect its growth is not known. If it were, a new and wonderfully lucrative industry might be born, and all other kinds of farming save the growing of gold might temporarily be abandoned. The formation and growth are due to mechanical and chemical action. As in the case of the animal or vegetable the gold has existed in some other state before assuming its present form. Waters which percolate through the earth's crust are said to contain substances from which gold is formed. Thus gold, like the animal and vegetable, must have water in order to thrive. The gold in the water is deposited when it meets the proper precipitant. The precipitant may be an earth current of electricity, some vegetable growth or chemical in the rocks. It has been claimed that the nuggets found in placers are the formations from the waters that percolate through the gravels, and are not from decomposed quartz, as generally supposed. Those who so contend cite the fact that in the center of nuggets can be often found a small grain of iron sand. This was the nucleus around which the earth current of electricity created or deposited in electroplating. During long ages this influence was at work causing the gold to form around the iron grain of iron ore and then grow to become a bright, shining nugget of gold much larger and purer than any ever found in the veins of ore."

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. The fontanel (opening in the skull) closing up and its teeth forming, all these coming at once create a demand for bone material. The fontanel (opening in the skull) closing up and its teeth forming, all these coming at once create a demand for bone material.

When baby begins to sweat, worry or cry, it is a sign that the system is overworked. The system is crying out for 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.

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

Gentlemen—I am providing your food in the multitude of infants that are in need of it. A large percentage of infantile life and fatalities are the result of poor feeding. Four food babies to feed the deficient system demands, and I have had surprising success in restoring them to health. This diet, given with your 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 our overworked and overfed babies. Yours, 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 to worry 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 languor of the gums unnecessary. It is the safest plan and a blessing to the mother who suffers from 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