

Y dear sir"-Dr. Sperry hesitated and fitted his finger tips together with careful preci-

ion before he continued. My dear sir, it is one of the strang cases, but it does not stand alone in the records. I have known of others, a few, quite parallel. There is only the 'entment."

"And that?" interrupted the little man opposite, haggard with anxiety. "Is the one I have prescribed all

along. There is no change." The little man, Marshall Graham, got on to his feet and began to pace the floor with nervous little runs. He plunged his hands in his pockets to "We must humor her still, doctor"

he asked. "You mean that?" "You must humor her still—I mean that; I mean just that. Humor her-humor her. Believe what she believes if you can. If you can't, make believe tell you"

The fitted finger tips parted, and the shapely white hands came down re-boundingly on the learned doctor's

"I tell you, Graham, you've got to d it if you'd save her. It's the only way In a case like hers, and, good Lord man, haven't I been studying these cases forty years? I tell you-I-tell-

One long forefinger timed the words on the other palm. The doctor's face was solemn.

"She-must-be-humored! Any rude shock, any forced awakening, will be her death or something worse. She must awaken herself; she must come out of her delusion by herself, of her

"B-b-ut"— The little man's lips stammered helplessly. The rest of his question would not ask itself, but the ctor read it in his anxious face. He got up and forced the little man into a chair gently. Then he stood over him with his big, square bulk and gave him comfort.

"Man alive," he said, "are you going daft too? 'Will she come out of it! That's what you want to ask, eh? Well, then, listen. I believe she will. I-believe_she_will. I believe there will be a quiet, natural waking up of her own accord when the time comes. But you've got to wait for it. You've watch over her constantly and ee to it that no lubbering idiot breaks the spell of her dream for her. I told you what that would mean. You've got to walt, and the Lord give you pa-

"It is terrible-the waiting." Marshall Graham said slowly. "It is terrible to see her so happy, doctor!" "Good Lord, man, wouldn't it b worse to see her miserable?"

"In one way-in one way!" groaned the stricken little man.

The doctor settled back into his pivot chair and once more adjusted his fin ger tips precisely.

"It's an unusual case - an unusual

led boy not to-that next Sat- and the little one's a boy!" day's Christmas! Christmas, do you hear, Marshall Graham? To think I had to tell you! And the children com-ing just in time! Those people-where they are, you know"-the puzzled look spiration. in her eyes-"must have planned just | right. They must have remembered Christmas if you didn't, forgetful boy. I'm so thankful-why, Marshall Gra

ham, what kind of a Christmas would It be without the children? And that nakes me think of the rest of it. That's the secret, and now what I want you to do is-can't you guess?" She tilted her head and looked at him

rchly. He made a brave attempt at miling and shook his head.

"Can't do it, ma'am. I'm not as good

"Well, then, take your wife out in the sleigh to choose a Christmas tree," she cried. "That's what. You took me last cried. "Inar's what. You took me last year and the year before—and before— and before—oh, most back to the flood! Did you think you were going to get off this year? Not a bit of it, sir! We'll go right after lunch—way out in

the country, you know. I'm going to be very particular to get a fine one this She chattered on too busily to notice

the look of pain on the little man's face. When she glanced at it, it was

smiling again bravely. They went right after lunch. The sun was shining, and a smart little vind sent a flurry of light snow into heir faces, and Marjorie laughed at it. The cutter sped along out of the city nto lovely snow christened country onds.

"I'm so happy, dear boy," Marjorie said. "There's so much to be happy over! The children coming home-isn't over! The children coming home—isn't that enough to make a mother feel happy? Oh, but you don't know—you can't think, dear, how I've been miss-ing them! How could you know, when you're nothing but a man, poor boy? It's different with mothers— There, you needn't look so grieved, dear! Of

ourse you've missed them too." "Yes; I've missed them, too," the little man said steadily. "Elsie and the girlle twins are bad

enough," ran on the sweet voice in his ear, "but, oh, the baby! You can't think how I miss that little peck of mischief, Marshall! It makes me ache. I keep all his horses and things lying round to keep me patient till he comes. I keep all his horses and things lying don't see-1 can't understand"-"Isn't that a good tree? Look, Mar-

o?" Marshall Graham interrupted quickly, pointing with his whip, and the little crisis was past. They bent their attention to the choice of a Christmas tree after that, and nothing more was said about the children coming home-the little children that never

would come. The tree was found at last that suit-ed Marjorie, that had straight enough, symmetrical enough, low enough branches and was just big and just little enough. She was very hard to suit, "for," she insisted gently, "it must be a perfect one this year; just a per-

fect one, dear boy." It was marked plainly and the local ity distinctly noted, so on the morrow the man could go after it, and then in the early, crisp winter twilight they rode home

The next afternoon Marjorle sat by her window, absently watching the lit-

"You didn't know-you funny, ab One, two, three-three of them girls. She sat up, mildly excited. red spots blossomed out in her white cheeks. Just four and just-almostthe same sizes! Then she had an in

"Oh, yes, they'd know!" she cried. "They'd know everything!" She raised the window a little way and called down to them in her clear, sweet voice that "carried" distinctly: "Little children! Little girl-you old est one, won't you please come over here and see me a little while? I want

to ask you something." The children stopped their play and looked at each other with round, as-

"Oh, my!" said Nip excitedly. "Oh, my!" said Tuck. Nip and Tuck always said the san

things. "Let's go tell mother," advised Ann Sophy wisely. "I'll ask my mother, ma'am," she called up to the eager

face at the window. "Mother! Mother!" they all choruse "The queer lady wants us to go over there an' see her. She called us out o' the winder-honest, she did! She wants to ask us somethin'.

"Yes," Ann Sophy recapitulated, with

ow emphasis, "honest." "Well, of all things!" ejaculated Mrs. Cooper in amazement. "I declare Well, I s'pose you'll go. She's harm "I declare ess, and they say she has to be h mored. But you've got to clean up

Ann Sophy, you scrub the baby's face. Nip, you braid Tucky's hair over again oth, mind you, and you may tie er best ribbon on. Hurry!" After a good deal of hurrying an

moothing down and washing up the mall Coopers went in a solemn little ocession to the queer lady's. She was waiting at the front door. "Come right in!" she said eagerly. And you'd better take off your things.

"Oh, no'm!" Ann Sophy cried hur edly. "We couldn't. We only had riedly. ime to clean up outside. Keep your mittens on," she whispered in a shrill aside to Nip and Tuck.

Mrs. Graham pointed to chairs, but I tell you it will be the difference be-Ann Sophy arranged them in a straight tween life and death to her. You say line, side by side, before they sat down. ien she seated them gravely accordto sizes, herself at the head and and by. And it will come upon her The baby's : it, abbreviated legs

stretched straight out before him and barely reached the chair's edge. "Now, ma'am?" Ann Sophy said ex-pectantly, taking a last sidewise view

What do you want for Christmas? sked the queer lady.

ected, that a row of little gasps brok forth unmuffled. Ann Sophy swallowed

his hands. face plainly. pencil and tablet in hand, for Ann in her sad, quiet eyes. There was no phy's reply. "First, what?" "I want to make a list."

wildered to consider clearly. Her eyes then in a flash she remembered the

fervent ambition of her narrow little dear boy," she said steadily, "and all "Oh, a pair of kid gloves," she are dead. They are not coming hom to Christmas. Dear boy! Dear boy!" With a sudden cry she threw herse was the usual thing. beside him on the floor, with her face Those were glorious runs, though in his arms, and cried the terrible Skinner wished they would come more beautiful, life saving tears he had often. Sometimes there would be two longed for. An hour-two hours-they never knew how long they lasted. It and even three in a day. Then a fortnight or so would pass without a single may have been but a short time. It runaway on Skipper's beat. But duty seemed a l.ng, long time to the little s duty.

The first faint light of morning we

smiled at him bravely.

reeping in to them when Marjorie

"Dear boy, poor boy, I am glad I re

"You never!" she cried in scorn.

Acrobatic Soldiers.

Clever and skillful is a feat which is

doubtful; but, as it is rather a pastime

than a military exercise, the soldiers never think of asking themselves this

The Nautilus

uggested by an examin

uestion.

in suc

"Oh, Marjo!"

man.

gently.

er, dear boy."

STOPPING RUNA WAYS WHAT ADVERTISING CAN DO BLAKE, HOW THE NEW YORK PARK POLICE

The Story of a Glorious Run That Was Only an Incident in the Life of Skipper-A Race That Ended In the Capture of the Runaway Roan.

HORSE ENJOYS THE WORK.

you ever saw. Say it! Begin, 'It's the How the borses of the New York ark mounted policemen enjoy catch-ing runaways, which is the most excit-She was darting in and out am the laden branches readjusting and reing part of their work, is told by Sewell Ford in "Horses Nine." The author looping. Her eager eyes shone like candles to him. "Say it, dear boy! Why don't you ays of his equine hero:

Jorie came to meet him with a laugh

"See, dear boy!" she cried. "Isn't i

ovely? It's all ready but lighting the

candles. I couldn't wait till Christmas to fix it. You see, I can keep the par-lor door locked-the children won't know-and I can keep coming in to ad-

mire it. No; come over this side. There, that's the best view of it. Now,

you dear boy, say it's the loveliest tree

The tears were running helple

of triumph.

Little

For half an hour at a time he would begin?" she cried gayly. And the lit-tle man drew a long, sobbing breath and said it as well as he could. It satstand just on the edge of the roadway and at an exact angle with it motioness as the horse ridden by the b isfied her. She was too preoccupied to think his voice was stillted and strainwould sit as still in the saddle too. It was hard for Skipper to stand the

"Those little Cooper children helped quite a lot. I called them in. You can't think what funny little things and see those mincing cobs go by, their pad housings all a-glitter, crests on their blinders, jingling their pole chains and they were! There, it's quite, quite done. The my hands so I won't touch another thing! And over here, see, on switching their absurd little stubs of tails. But it was still more tantalizing to watch the saddle horses canter past in the soft bridle path on the other side this sofa, are the stocking things-four piles. This little soft one's Peck o' Mischief's!" of the roadway. But, then, when you are on the force you must do your duty.

The tears were running helplessly down the little man's face, but she did not see them. He kept his head turned away. Four piles of toys were ranged in a prim row, and four little black stockings lay beside them, their limp lengths dangling over the sofa's edge. Outside in the hall Roxy rocked her arms and cried tears of houses loss One afternoon as Skipper was standing post like this he caught a new note that rose above the hum of the pa traffic. It was the quick, nervous of hoofs which rang sharply on the hard macadam. There were screams too. It was a runaway. Skipper knew arms and cried tears of honest love this even before he saw the That evening Marshall Graham called nostrils, the straining eyes and the on Dr. Sperry again. He told the whole toam flecked lips of the horse or sad little story, and the kind hearted scared man in the carriage behind. It was a case of broken rein.

doctor hemmed and coughed and pol-ished and repolished his spectacles. "My dear sir," he began, then coughed and tried again. "My dear sir, you must wait. Wait, and the Lord help How the sight made Skipper's blood tingle! Wouldn't he just like to show that crazy roan what real running was! But what was Reddy going to do? He you! I tell you there's nothing else to felt him gather up the reins. He felt his knees tighten. What! Yes, it must do. She must waken of herself. Shock! Man alive, could she waken without a be so. Reddy was actually going to try shock? But it will be mercifully easa brush with the runaway. What fun ier if it comes as naturally as possible Skipper pranced out into the roadway and gathered himself for the sport. Before he could get into full swing, however, the roan had shot past she talks of not remembering? Just so. I believe she is going to remember by with a snort of challenge which could

not be misunderstood. "Oho! You will, eh?" thought Skip "But Christmas, doctor?" "I know-I know. It will have to er. "Well now, we'll see about that." Ah, a free rein! That is-almost free

come. But wait, wait. The waking up And a touch of the spurs! No need for that, Reddy. How the carriages scat-ter! Skipper caught hasty glimpses of smart hackneys drawn up trembling by the roadside, of women who tummay come too. If not in time, you must explain, prevaricate - anything And so, with his heavy heart, the lit led from blcycles into the bushes and In the middle of the night he woke of men who ran and shouted and up in unexplainable terror to see Marwaved their hats.

"Just as though that little roan wasn't scared enough already," thought

Skipper. she looked too pale and frail to be em-But she did run well. Skipper had to bodied. He sat up in bed and held out dmit that. She had a lead of fifty yards before he could strike his best "Marjo! Marjo!" he called. And galt. Then for a few moments then, as she came nearer, he saw her could not seem to gain an inch. But the mare was blowing herself, and Skipper was taking it coolly. He was

For he saw that she had remem-bered. He read it instantly in her face, putting the pent up energy of weeks into his strides. Once he saw he was overhauling her he steadied to the restlessness in them at all. She came up quite close before she spoke. The band that held the lamp did not tremwork. Just as Skipper was about to forge

ahead Reddy did a queer thing. With his right hand he grabbed the roan ble. It was quite firm when she set the with a nose pinch grip, and with the left he pulled in on the reins. It was a

great disappointment to Skipper, for

How Two Fortunes Were Made In the United States In 1889 P. T. Barnum, the great

coast to visit a relative. On his way back east he stopped at Kansas City to see the great Barnum & Balley show that was then exhibiting in that city. The then press agent of the Barnum &

Bailey show, Bert Davis, introdu to Mr. Barnum the editors of the local dailies at the former's botel. In the course of the conversation which nat-urally followed Mr. Barnum said: "Gentlemen, Mr. Balley tells me that

my presence at the performances of the Barnum & Bailey circus is worth \$5,000 a day to the show. If this is true, it is my name that is so valuable. It known in every town, city and hamlet; it has become a household word throughout the country. Now, gentlemen, all of this was done by newspapers, and if advertising can make a name worth \$5,000 a day, what is it that advertising can't do?"

Before Peats, the wall paper man, died in 1902 he was at the head of a mammoth paper concern doing a busi-ness of \$15,000,000 a year. Yet in 1891 Peats was running a small establish-ment for the sale of wall paper to the retail trade on Madison street, Chica-go. What was the secret of his won-

lerful advance in the wall paper business in comparatively so short a while? It was advertising. A newspaper man in 1892 induced

him to experiment with printers' ink. The result was profitable. Peats didn't see that he could have too much of a good thing, so he increased his adver-tising appropriation and as his profits doubled he doubled his space in the

newspapers and periodicals, and as his advertising increased his business grew. Thus he reached the enormous volume of \$15,000,000 a year by the arithmetical progression of wideawake advertising. In the language of P. T. Barnum, himself one of the most extensive advertisers the world has ever known, "If advertising can do this, what is it that it can't do?"-Detroit Free Press.

AN EXCITING INCIDENT.

The Story of a Night Ride on Egyptian Railroad.

"You can travel with perfect safety on Egyptian railroads now." said an English official, "but it was not always so. There were times when it required tact to save your throat from getting cut, as you will realize from a little experience that occurred to me. It was just before the fanatical outbreak of 1882. I had heard some ugly rumors, but I had to go up by train one night from Port Said to Ismailia. I was the only European in the compartment.

Soon after we started an old Arab sheik leaned over and calmly helped himself to a couple of cigars that were sticking out of my breast pocket. I knew what that meant, and I got a sort

the intervention of a second sort a sort a

MOFFITT & TOWNE ...Straw and Binders' Board ... showman, journeyed to the Pa

55-57-59-61 First Street Tel Main 199. 20 SAN FRANCISCO.

A Great Agency

WRITING and PAPERS

CARD STOCK

We Have Secured Control for This City of the Fulton Compounds, the Only Things Known to Medicine That Cure Kidney Diseases in Both the Primary and Secondary Stages.

The kidneys are not sensitive and the disease is sometimes fastened and already chronio with the very first symptoms. If it has hung on eight to ten months it is surely chronic. In either case why take chances? Why not take at first the only thing known that cures kidney disease in the chronic as well as the primary singer. The Pell case cited below, by permis-tion, is especially valuable, for its incurability was doubly confirmed by consulting physicians, and after recovery under the Fulton Compounds the recovery under the Fulton Company of Second and Folsom streets. San Francisco, was declared by the family physician to have physician was called in and confirmed the disposis. The whole body was swellen with from compounds were then turned to as the physician due fast the dropsy had disposis. The whole body was wellen with future compounds were then turned to as the physician due to be sub the dropsy had disposited and the boy was well, and after double examinations the physician to chave physician was called in a fast dropsy had disposited and the boy was well, and after double examinations the physician to chave physician was called on the sub-tion the physician to compound to as the physician was called in and confirmed to as the physician to a street the sub-disposited and the boy was well, and after double examinations the physician to close the physician which he ow has. The kidneys are not sensitive and the disease

only hope. On September 15 the dropsy had disappeared and the boy was well, and after double examinations the physician declared the recovery complete and gave Mr. Pell a written report which he now has. Judge G. A. Cabaniss, the Pollos Judge of San Francisco, also attests the recovery under his own observation of a friend of his who size recovered when the case (chronic Bright's Dis-case of the kidneys) was well known to be in-curable according to all medical authorities. Up to the advent of the Fulton Compounds medicine knew mothing that would cure kidney troubles after they became chronic. About after they have developed into the dres/ted chronic forms of Bright's Disease and diabetes. No statements are published or invited except trom chronic cases that, like the above, are in-curable by all other known medicines. If your kidney trouble is recent Fulton's Corre sight to the washing the studies. San Francisco, wole compounders. Fulton's Renal Compound for Bright's and Kidney Diseases, Si; for Diabetes, May. Free analyses made for patients. Send for pamphiet. We are the exclusive agents in this city.

Save the Baby.

The mortality among bables 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 pervisiones, weakness, sweating, fever, diar-rhoes, brain troubles, convisions, etc., that prove terribly fatal. The deaths in 1900 under three years were 304,585, to say nothing of the yast number outside the big cities that were not reported, and this in the United State

were not reported, and this in the chinese States alone. When baby begins to sweat, worry or cry out in sleep don't wait, and the need in neither medicine nor narcotics. What the little system is crying out for is more bone msterial. Sweetman's Teething Food sup-plies 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. 2924 Washington St.,

Petaluma, Ca¹., September 1, 1992. Dear Sirs-I have just tried the teethin food in two cases and in both it was a suc-cess. One was a very serious case, so criti-cal that it was brought to me from anothe city for treatment. Fatal results were feared In three days the baby ceased worrying an-commenced eating and is now well. Its action in this case was remarkable. I would ad commenced eating and is now well. Its action in this case was remarkable. I would ad-vise you to put it in every drug store in this city. Yours,

1111/1/1

hard. "Ma'am?"

voice hurried on earnestly. She was too absorbed in her own thoughts to see how surprised and how wistful the little faces all were. She hardly no-ticed them at all. She was waiting,

"Oh-oh!" Ann Sophy was too be

sought her red mittens in her lap, and then in a flash she remembered the "I went down to look at the tree, "I went down to look at the tree,

to satisfy her.' of her line of parade. tle man went home. The question was so abrupt, so un jorie coming in at the door with a lighted lamp in her hand. She had o a pale blue wrap, and in the dim light

"What would you like best? Tell me all the things," the queer lady's sweet

se, my dear sir," he said in his stilted, professional tone. "The shock was so severe. It is seldom one loses four children at a single blow. And then her terrible illness that followed - it supped her constitution and put a tre adous hindrance on nature's meth od of cure. It is only what you would expect-that the cure is delayed immensely. immensely. By the way. Graham, are the servants all trustwor thy, ch?"

He wheeled about and put the quee tion abruptly. Marshall Graham awoke from his deep preoccupation.

"Perfectly - every one of 'em, doc-tor," he said briskly. "I can trust them down to the last lota. They are all devotedly attached to Marjorie-to Mrs. Graham."

"Good! That's of the utmost impor tance. Humor her, do they? Fall in with all her vagaries about the chil dren?

"All. Poor things, It's terrible for them too! They were all so fond of the -the-little ones."

"Is the children's nurse still with you ?" "Roxy? Oh, yes-Mrs. Graham will

not think of letting her go. She is wait-ing for them to come home." The little man's voice broke pitifully. He caught up his hat and hurried to ward the door.

'Good morning, doctor," he said ove his shoulder. He shut the door behind him, and his heavy steps sounded down the long hall. But Dr. Sperry was at the outer door a second later and called him back. The big white right hand was held out to him, and when it got the little, nervous, tense one in its grasp how it gripped! "Good day, Graham," was all the

foctor said, but the little man's heart was lighter in proportion to the tingling of his hand, and he went away home with footsteps that rang less heavily on the stone pavements. Marjorie Graham, his pale, sweet

wife, met him at the door. She was olding out both hands in welcome.

"Oh, Marshall, have you come at last?" she cried. "And here I've been waiting and waiting! You bad boy, to stay so long!" She drew him into the hall and blew the flecks of snow from his shoulders and patted his face gen He saw at once the look of de lightful secrecy on her face and steeled himself for what he knew must be

Marjorie Graham was tall-half head above him-and delicately frail. The rings of soft hair lying on her brow were almost white, but she was very far from old. Her whole aspect was happily expectant. A stranger looking at her sweet, pleased face would have told himself she must be expecting some beautiful happe and the stranger would have right. Marjorie Graham was expecting her four little dead children to come home in a few days. She was getting ready for them. Only the restless, wistful eyes betrayed any mental disorder,

parent to ordinary notice. "I've got a secret to tell you and ng I want you to do," the sweet voice cried gayly in his car.

and even in them it was bardly ap-



What do you want for Christmast

tle Coopers next door build a deforme snow man. There were four of them. all sizes, and they all wore little stout red mittens. Everything else they wore was old and worn and shabby, like the little Cooper house itself, but all the little mittens were dazzling and

new. Mrs. Graham's eyes followed them in unconscious fascination. She had never noticed the little Coopers much before. Her own little children had never played with them. If she thought of them and their small, shab-

by house at all, it had always been with gentle vexation because they were there at all, behind her own pretentious, handsome home. They were the only blot on her pretty "view." Today she was not thinking of them ceally. She was trying to decide what

things she was to get for the children's Christmas. The decorations for the tree-of course those were easy enough: but the toys! They puzzled her, bafagain. fied her strangely. She couldn't seem

to remember "They've been gone so long, the children have," she murmured wistfully. "That's why. But I should think I'd remember. I should think I'd know

what Elsie'd like and the girlie twins and little Peck. Mischlef-oh, I don't

see why I'm so stupid I can't rememer-1 can't decide! On, dear! Roxy, the children's nurse, came into the room on an errand. Or was it to

make sure the children's mother was quite safe? "Roxy," the children's mother said

bruptly, "did you ever have any little dsters and brothers?" "Me, mem? I had a little brother

once, but be di-he went away when he was a baby." the girl answered quietly.

"Oh, then you can't help me! thought you might be able to remem-

Marjorie began her restless rocking again, with a little sign of disappoint. ment. Then her eyes fell once on the little red mittened band outside. They were just putting on the snow man's head. The oldest girl was

olding the baby up to do it. Mechanically the pale woman at the window counted little cold blue noses. "Why," he cried softly, "why, Roxy"-but "She's fixing the the it," she Roxy was gone-"there are four of

them! There are just four, and-why, they are almost the same sizes too! ow and went into the parlor. Mar I chamber

cried, "with book with pictures of cows an' trees an' country in it, an' a music box, an' side combs, an'"- Her tongue was loosened. She poured out her cherished dreams in a little turbulent flood of loquence. The queer lady's pencil could hardly keep up with it. Then the others had their turn. Ann Sophy had given them courage, and they stayed not upon the order of their saying, but said it all with shrill enthusiasm. Even the baby expressed his wishes fluently,

if not clearly. On their way home the little Cooper talked it all over. "She's a-goin' to give us a Christ-

mas!" shouted Nip in an ecstasy of delight. "She's a goin' to!" echoed Tuck

"Hush! She'll hear you!" Ann Sophy utioned them, but her staid little face was quietly radiant. She was al most ready to believe it herself. "I don't know: it looks kind of se

she said wistfully. "Huh! Course it's so! What's she Tuck failed to echo her. want us all to choose things for, then? said Nip scornfully.

"Yes, what'd she want us to for?" "Well, I don't know: it kind of look tellin' me so ever since! o-honest," repeated Ann Sophy slow-

"Hoor-ray! An' we warn't goin' to have any Christmas before-not a single thing, Ann Sophy Cooper, 'cause the

coal bin's most empty.' "No, we warn't-not a single, Ann Se phy Cooper!"

at them "Hoor-ray!" "HOOT-TAV! "I can't help it-it looks kind of so." murmured Ann Sophy's wistful volce crying.

The queer lady, left alone, was look softly. ing over her list. It was not altogether satisfactory. She was a little disap-

pointed. Some of the things were so acer. If she could only remember did children really want such things as those?

"Well," she said, folding the li carefully, "I'll get all these things any way, and perhaps they'll suggest oth ers that aren't so queer.

The few intervening days went past on swift wings. Marjorie Graham was very busy and happy. The children would come on Christmas eve just in time to hang up their stockings, and

meantime there was so much to do, so many beautiful things to see to. Two days before Christmas Marshall Graham came home unusually early in the afternoon. Twilight was just beginning to fold in the merry Christman He hurried up the steps. Roxy

let him in. "Where is Mar-where is Mrs. ham?" he asked anxiously.

The girl't pleasant, buxom face quiv red suddenly. She pointed toward the parlor door.

"In there," she said huskily. The he sank down on the stairs and broke into hushed sobbing, swaying back and forth and rocking her arms.

der ber breath. The little man braced himself as for

A SLEEP FANTASY. lifted her face. It was swollen and stained with the blessed tears, but it

he Confusion and Absurdities That Come to Us In Dreams If you would know what stuff dream re made of, read the following d

membered for your sake," she said gently. "And-and we have each othscription of a sleep fantasy from F. Marion Crawford's novel, "Cecelia: Sometimes in meandering through Christmas morning ushered in the naze of absurdities in which we feel most wonderful, the most glorious day in all the short lives of the little Cooper as madmen must, believing ourselves o be others than ourselves

children. Their wildest hopes were Conceiving the laws of nature to realized, and though Nip said, "I told eversed for our advantage or our ruin. you so!" in gleeful triumph, for once eeing right as wrong and wrong as right in the pathetic innocence of the "You liot or the senseless rage of the ma never told me so, Nip Cooper. You couldn't have told it all if you'd been

hiac, convinced beyond all argument that the absolutely impossible is hap ening before our eyes, yet never in In the early evening, just at early he least astonished by any wonders Christmas tree candlelight-for Marjohough subject to terrors we never feel rie would have it so-all the little when we are awake. Has no one even Coopers formed in awed procession and nderstood that confused dreaming crunched through the new snow to the nust be exactly like the mental state queer lady's, and the queer lady met them at the door and led them into enthe insane? Inanimate things turn nto living creatures, the chair we sit chanted land. She was smiling down becomes a horse, the armchair is urned into a wild beast, and we ride Afterward Nip confided to Tuck that -hunting through endless drawing that smile looked just as if she was oms, which are full of trees and un ergrowth, till the trees are suddenly "But she didn't look 'queer' a biturned into people, who dance an augh at us because we have come not even kind of so," said Ann Sophy he ball in attire so exceedingly scanty that we wonder how the servants could

Stope That Bends.

requently performed by Italian soldiers. Foreigners generally suppose that it forms part of their drill, as they "Firm as a rock," "unbending as lint," are phrases often used; but, as matter of fact, there is a sort of stone that is as flexible as wooden fiber. It been accustomed to practice after their regular drill is over. The feat consists in piercing an object with the point of a sword while the swordsman is in a It is lathlike in shape, about an inch most abnormal position. That it is not thick and two feet long. It is a partieeasy to do this can readily be imagularly flexible specimen and can with the hands be curved several inches ined. Indeed a soldier must practice steadily for months before he can feel sure of reaching the mark. Whether from the horizontal; otherwise it is hard and mineral-like, having the grain the skill which he thus acquires will of ordinary gray sandstone. ever be of any practical use to him is

Curious Death Custom in Fill. The Fijians believe that in case a marriageable youth or maiden dies

without having gone through with the elaborate nuptial knot tying ceremony of the islands his or her soul is doomed Airtight compartment ships were to wander about forever in an init on of the mediate region between heaven and nutilus. The shell of this prudent animal has several compartments into which air or water may be admitted to cell. When any one dies, man, wo or child, a whale's tooth is placed in allow the occupant to sink or float, as it pleases. Each chamber is occupied hand of the corpse, the missile to n succession by the animal. As it in-

ad counted on showing the ro his heels. Skipper knew after two or three experiences of this kind that this view. Lifting it from the unresisting fingers of his fellow Moslem, he tran-

quilly cut two slices off the melon. He nded me one and proceeded to eat the other. Then my heart gave a jump, and as I eagerly sucked at the fruit 1 knew I was safe, for we had eaten to gether. But I didn't get to Ismailia that

night." "How was that?" inquired a listener. "Because," said he, "they murdered the engine driver, the stoker and every other European in the train."-Kansas City Independent.

Feminine Logic.

The pretty girl was looking out of the window as the trolley car pushed slowly up the hill past her house. The car was crowded, and a number of men were riding on the rear platform Just as the car reached a point opposite the girl's house an attractive ing box fell from the pocket of a very swell young man standing on the car step. The pretty girl held her breath until the car sped out of sight. Then she rushed out and grabbed the box. It was a pound of delicious chocolates. "I couldn't stop the car, could I?" she said to her conscience. "And besides it was probably intended for a pretty girl.

and"-with a peek into the looking glass-"a pretty girl has it."-Pittsburg

A Fortune In a Clock.

A man in Vienna possessed as an eirloom an old clock made early in the sixteenth century. He thought it was worth about \$10. One day a stranger came and offered him \$400 for it. The owner suspected that if it was worth that it might be worth more, so he investigated the matter. He soon received an offer of \$4,000 for it and finally sold it to the Kensington muse um. London, for \$20,000.

An Anecdote of Dumas

Speaking of Alexandre Dumas, riter says that his chief characteristic was his utter disregard of money He made millions, but never had a franc at his command. "For example," said he, "upon one occasion Dumas had invited company to dinner, and, finding that he did not stand possessed a single cent, drove to a friend's and asked him to lend him 2 louis. This his friend readily did, and as Dumas was taking his leave suggested, as he had just been getting some very fine pic-kles, he would be glad to give him a jar to add to his dinner. The servant was sent for the pickles, and when he put the jar in the carriage, Dumas, having

no other change about him, droppe the 2 louis in the man's hand.

Hen Wear Comba The traveler in India is surprised to

ee that men wear combs in their hair much more than women do. A Cingaese gentleman wears what we know as the circular comb and a very or namental back comb of tortolse she be thrown at the tree which stands as to gather his curly locks together. He a guidepost to point out the road that leads to heaven and the one that leads to hell. I. M. PROCTOE, M. D.

Sweetman's Teething Food will carry baby Sweetman's Teething Food will carry baby safely and comfortably through the mest dan-gerous period of child life. It renders lanc-ing 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, dis-trees or lancing. It is an auxiliary to their regular diet and easily taken. Price 50 cents (enough for six weeks), sent postpaid on re-ceipt of price. Pacific Coast Agents, Inland Drug Co., Mills Building, San Francisco.

Eagles In the Tennessee Mountains. There are many eagles in the Tennessee mountains, and consequently there are many mountaineers who are expert catchers of the young eagles. These reap rich rewards in return for their perilous risks and adventures, and some of them receive as much as \$2,000 for a single year's catch. The keen eyed hunters watch the nests until the young are hatched, and then, patiently waiting for the mother bird to leave in search for food, make quick work of the capture, while the mother bird is invariably shot to death upon her return to the nest and in her frenzied search for her young. Bolder hunters than these make their attack at night, while the less experienced use snares and nets, a method, however, in a majority of cases unsuccessful.-Inde-

Tennyson's Pipe.

Everybody knows that Tennyson was great smoker. We notice that one of his pipes was presented by the house-keeper at his home at Freshwater to Mr. Kelsey of Yarmouth in 1875. There

is a tradition that when the poet had smoked a clay once he put it on one side and took a new one. This is scarceiy borne out by the pipe in question, which from its color must have been smoked not once, but many times. It was bought for a triffe not long since at a sale in the Isle of Wight by Mr. Spencer of New Oxford street. It has uffered in the wars, having been broken across the stem. It is now enshrined in a glass case. -Westminster Gazette.

Caution.

"Well, bub, what is it?" asked the druggist of the small boy with a bottle in his hand.

"Please, sir, but bere's the medicine got for me mother an hour ago." "Yes, and what's the matter with

"You didn't write on the bottle whether it was to be taken eternally or infernally, and she's afraid of making a mistake."-Detroit Free Press.

Too Far to Walk. Leading Lady (of defunct opera com pany)-1 wonder if we'll ever be able to fly.

Manager-Well, that's about the only possible way we'll ever be able to get

s of course very rers, end the few imens known are now in museums. one of the finest is in the Hartley institution, in Southampton, England, having been found near Delhi, India.

never perform it except when they are in uniform, but it is really one of ltalian soldiers have for many years

have let us in.