

A BACKSLIDER

By Martha McCulloch-Williams
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PARSON GENTRY was, after a sort, king of the grass country. In all the length and breadth of it only one man dared to make head against his benevolent despotism. He, however, stood out stoutly his contumacy was the fly in the ointment. He was the parson's next neighbor and, like himself, owner of a big grass farm and breeder of race horses.

Parson Gentry loved his horses next to his God and his daughter Peggy. In spite of his cloth he trained the best of them and entered them impatiently for all the big events. He made you see a nice distinction with regard to the sport of kings. A horse, he held, might run for money as innocently as a plow for it. Sin came in with the betting. That was distinctly among "diversions" which could be used in the name of the Lord.

Lawson Coker, the contumacious one, was painfully given to it. He would be indeed upon anything from the speed of his best four miler to whether the corners in a given string of fence would count or even. He was a handsome fellow, tall, blond, well set up, a dead shot, a fine dancer, possessed withal of a singularly winning tongue. Half the caps in the county had been set for him ever since he left off rambouins, but he went scot free until he saw Peggy Gentry, who was as dark as a gypsy and as dimpled as a Cupid.

The main line of social cleavage in grass country society was religious. The larger part of the Virginians and Carolinians who had come across the Blue Ridge to occupy and possess it had been either devout churchmen or shouting Methodists or Baptists or Presbyterians. A smaller totem held that there was no God and Tom Paine a prophet. It fiddled and danced and played cards as energetically as the larger half prayed and sang. The race course was a sort of neutral ground where those who prayed and those who played could meet without loss of caste.

Peggy and Lawson, however, did not meet there, but at one of the pious Christian parties where old fashioned kissing games were the only diversion. When it came Peggy's turn, she chose Lawson. It astounded her a little that he would not kiss her lips, but only her hand. After that neither of them played again. When they parted at her father's door—he had insisted upon riding home beside the Gentry carriage—he took her hand and said impulsively, "Promise me that you will never play again."

Peggy smiled at him sweetly and murmured: "I can't promise. Sitting out in so stupid a way." Lawson smiled too. "At least you'll promise not to play until you see me again," he said. Peggy nodded and dimpled. She was sure in her own mind that would not be half a week.

It turned out to be half a year. Lawson started next day for Virginia. His grandfather's estate was to be distributed, and he made up his mind to stay until everything was settled. Apart from that he wanted to be very sure of himself before he adventured further in what he felt to be a vital matter.

He pondered it all through his long rides—600 miles and back—for this was in the good old days when there was not even a stagecoach across the Appalachian chain. Yet when he got home toward the end of June he was no nearer a decision than when he had begun. He was perfectly sure he loved Peggy as he would never love anybody else. The point at issue was, Ought he to try winning her? Her father, he was certain, would never let him have her unless he could bring himself to accept religion. The parson had been preaching at him hot and hard ever since he came to man's estate.

Besides, there was the matter of the bull calf. Lawson roared impatiently when he thought of it. He must have been a awful young idiot to set on foot that foolish scheme. But it had not seemed foolish then, only exquisitely humorous, to tether a lusty yearling in the pulpit whence Parson Gentry was expected to preach. True, the creature had turned the joke by making the creature point the horns of a fine and moving discourse on "the beasts which perish." All the same Lawson knew there was in his mind a sediment of irritation so gritty it might provoke an explosion.

Curiously, he had no doubt whatever as to Peggy herself, although she was a noted flirt, who, it was well known, might pick and choose among the best. There had been a man or two who had courted her before his own, in the fluttering of her soft hand, the delicious undertone of her voice, which warmed his heart and made his pulses leap whenever he let himself recall it.

Parson Gentry had his own training track and spent all the fine summer mornings beside it, meditating on his sermons and watching his horses. As Blue Bonnet, the pride of his stud, pulled up at the end of four miles fighting for her head and evidently full of running he smiled ecstatically and said to the boy who rode her:

"My soul! Looks like she could lose the best of 'em today, even if she had a church on her back and they only the steeple, eh, Isham?"

"Hit do dat," Isham responded. "I ain't feared er none on 'em, cep'in' the dat dar Raxy Ann ober ter Coker's. She do an Bonnet sh'ought gut ter best, but I bet my game rooster she kin do bit."

"Tut, tut! Don't talk of betting," the parson said. Isham had slid down and stood stroking Blue Bonnet's lean, glossy head. Blue Bonnet was a lady of humors. There were times when she permitted Isham's endearments. This was not one of them. She laid back both ears and nipped him sharply, at the same time lashing out with her near hind foot at the parson, who was stooping to feel her hocks. The kick took him fair in the short ribs and doubled him up like a jumping jack. Isham turned away his head, grinning. He had all the small boy's normal delight in seeing the upsetting of dignitaries.

"Say, parson, shan't I swear a bit for you?" somebody called from the road which ran just outside the track enclosure. Parson Gentry looked up, scowling the best bit. He knew the voice. Of all men in the world he hated to have Lawson Coker see his discomfiture. Lawson had reined in his horse, thrown his left leg aside over the pommel and sat facing him with a set look, new and strange. If the parson had been a worldly, he would have whistled at the sight. Being what he was, he merely rubbed his hands and stared a trifle harder.

"I'm here for something—something particular," Lawson began. The parson cut him short. "I thought so," he said, nodding energetically. "But you'd as well get right home. You can't have her. I've made up my mind not to part with her to anybody."

"How if she makes up her mind—otherwise?" Lawson said, low and hard. The parson stared more than ever, then broke into a quick laugh.

"You, I understand. You think her mind's already made up; that she's got a good handful for me," he said. "Well, the fact is, young man, I don't ever expect to make her my riding beast; still I shall keep her."

"I see. You're talking of Blue Bonnet," Lawson said.

The parson nodded. "Of course. Stevens, your trainer, told me you said you meant to have her if it took every dollar you got from the old man's estate."

"I've changed my mind," Lawson said shortly.

"Then what do you want?" the parson blurted out.

"Peggy!" Lawson said ironically.

"What is more, I mean to have her. You have just made up my mind for me."

"Are you drunk or crazy? You must be one or the other. Why, my girl knows nothing whatever about you, the parson began angrily. Lawson held up his hand.

"She knows me enough to love me, as I love her," he said. "Now, sir, I've no need to say anything of myself. You know all about me much better than I do. As one gentleman to another I want to ask if I may court and marry her?"

"No, no, no," the parson shouted in shrill crescendo; then, dropping his voice to its common rich key: "I take it you are serious, Mr. Coker. Therefore let me say I appreciate the honor you have done my daughter. But even if I knew that she loved you I could never bring myself to countenance your suit. I am not only a father, but also, I hope, a Christian. The Scriptures, which are the rule and law of conduct, expressly say, 'Be not unequally yoked together with unbelievers.'"

"Is that all you have against me?" Lawson asked, his tone a challenge.

"That is all—and everything," the parson said gravely. Lawson laughed grimly.

"You are trying to throw away a mighty fine chance for missionary work," he said. "Peggy might convert me. It seems to me, indeed, she could make of me almost anything she chose."

Parson Gentry melted instantly. "My dear boy, only let me see you a happy Christian and there is no other man alive that I would so gladly trust with my girl. It will indeed be a happy and very special providence if love of her can lead you to Christ. I do not flatter you in saying that your conversion would mean more for the Master's cause and kingdom than that of any ten others among our young men. You are their leader in everything."

"Stop!" Lawson said. "Parson, try to put yourself in my place. It comes natural to you to be religious?"

"Ah, my son, you are wrong there," the parson said, smiling. "Once I was even as you are—held in the gall of bitterness, the bonds of iniquity. Until I was twenty-five, although I never drank more than I could comfortably carry, sport of every sort was my delight. I fought cocks, gamed, threw dice, made and rode matches."

"What? You? Lawson cried.

The parson bowed his head.

"Even me," he said. "Now you must see that the power which plucked me, a brand from the burning, can, if only you will let it, as certainly pluck you."

For almost a minute Lawson looked at the parson, his lips opening and closing, as though uncertain whether to speak. At last he said:

"Mr. Gentry, may I ask a question of—the man you were before you became a minister?"

The parson smiled indulgently. "Ask what you choose," he said. "I will answer truthfully if I answer at all."

"Then tell me this," Lawson said: "Do you really care nothing now for—the things you gave up? I mean don't you ever hanker after forbidden things—years to be free, even riotous?"

"The carnal mind is in enmity to God," the parson quoted softly. Then

he added reverently: "God gives us new hearts, but it takes his grace, and very much of it, to keep them pure and steadfast." If Blue Bonnet were hard in every one of us. We keep him under only by help of a strength beyond our own."

"You wouldn't care for horses if there were no race tracks?" Lawson said tentatively.

"Yes, I would," the parson said sharply. "A good horse in full action is to me the finest sight in the world. I love a good horse just for itself. I do not mind confessing to you, though, that when one of mine wins I have quite the same thrill of delight that came of winning on anything back in the old sinful days—that is to say, I am human and a man. A man must continue 'until this mortal shall have put on immortality'."

"Say, parson," Lawson broke in irreverently, "is it true what I've been hearing—if Blue Bonnet were to be sold for a Fourth of July stake you intend to build a new church with the purse?"

"Quite true. Why do you ask?" the parson said. "You must know that all I win goes to help spread the gospel."

"Because I want to give you a chance of doing something more for your faith," Lawson said. "We both know that it's you've got to best my mare, Roxane. It's the subject of a match. None of the other three really counts. Now, since owners or owners' friends must ride, why should not we ride against each other, and if I win you agree to give me Peggy without conditions; if you, I agree to do my very best to get religion?"

"Impossible, impossible! Whoever heard of such a thing?" the parson said. But Lawson saw his eye sparkle and a quick flush leap into his cheek. The parson was essentially a Christian militant. Back in the old days he might have led a rapturous crusade. Lawson pressed undismayed:

"Why is it impossible? Unusual, I grant, but so it is unusual to see a minister's colors on the track and race track money on the missionary plate. I thought you ministers held nothing too hard if it meant saving a soul from death."

"I do not," the parson said quickly. Lawson ran on:

"It won't be exactly easy for me. Everybody knows me for an unbeliever, as my father was before me. Everybody will be sure to say I am a rank hypocrite, pretending to care for finding and saving my soul only that I may get Peggy."

"Do you mean—would you make the conditions public?" the parson cried. Lawson nodded.

"They would have to be," he said. "Neither of us can afford to play except with cards above the table. Excuse the phrase, parson, but you understand it!"

"Yes, I understand," the parson said, smiling; then, with a keen look: "You must love my girl, Lawson. I cannot let you say you love her better than I love my God. You shall ride for a sweetheart, if for no other reason than judged by my fellows. The searcher of all hearts will know that I seek only his glory."

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The Fourth of July was a stake for the four-year-olds and upward, four miles and repeat. The repeat generally eliminated everything not aged, even in that good time when horses were bred not merely to run, but to stay. The grass country was full of blue blood. Some grandsons of Sir Archy, of Dromed of the great Elkins, had come early over the mountains, had thrived on lush blue grass and running limestone water and had left behind a lusty progeny. On top of that there had been direct English importations of more than one prepotent Derby winning strain. Then a good few of the pioneers who had the luck to be friends with Mr. Jefferson and Mr. Madison through the good offices of those gentlemen when they came to be presidents had brought in a sprinkle of pure bred Barb and Arab mares.

The elder Coker, Lawson's father, had been among the bringers in. Lawson's pride, Roxane, was great-granddaughter to one of the Arab mares and, like her ancestress, of pure cream white, with silver white mane and tail and ivory hoofs. She stood barely an inch over fifteen hands at the withers, had a deep, rosy chest, tremendous barrel and short, close slung back, dropping into comparatively light quarters. They were but masses of muscle, clean and firm, wrapping small bones as hard and compact as flint. The ivory hoofs were alive looking and of a faint spread from coronet to toe.

All her claim to beauty lay in head and neck. The neck, neither long nor short, carried the line of the withers in the finest imaginable taper out to a head that in spite of its broad basis had a muzzle slender enough to drink from a quart pot. Nostrils, pink as a dawn cloud and very fully opened, gave promise of breath and stay to match the fire of the eyes. They were somewhat deeply sunken, yet held in their dark depths all the desert's mystery and savage strength.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A TAINTED BREATH.

WHAT CAUSES IT AND HOW IT SHOULD BE TREATED.

The Trouble Is the Result of Decomposition Going on Somewhere in the Respiratory Tract, and the Remedy is a Pure Living, Pure Habit and Cleanliness.

Any one afflicted with bad breath, instead of using disinfectant washes or gargles, should try to discover the cause of the bad breath. It is almost ridiculous to keep using disinfectants while the cause of the fetor continues to operate. Suppose any one were to notice a bad smell in the back yard. Instead of finding out exactly what the cause of the bad smell is, he would simply throw a disinfectant around, or deodorizer. In order to stop or disguise the smell. Such a procedure would be silly indeed. No one but a sanitary officer would do such a thing.

A bad breath indicates some decomposition going on somewhere in the respiratory tract. It may be a hollow tooth filled with decomposing material, or the teeth may be so jammed together as to inclose portions of the food, which ferment and fill the mouth with noxious gases.

The trouble may be in the posterior nares. One or both nostrils may be stopped up. This leaves an unventilated space just back of the nostril, in the upper portion of the throat. The secret retention of the mucus to accumulate and decompose, which forms a very fetid gas.

Or, again, the trouble may be caused by enlarged tonsils. These sometimes assume a globular form, with deep crevices and seams which retain mucus. Again, mucus collects behind and above an enlarged tonsil, where it is sure to decompose and cause bad breath.

Any portion of the respiratory tract from the throat to the lungs may be the seat of the difficulty. The mucous surface is liable to catarrh, and the catarrh abrades the mucous membrane here and there, forming superficial ulcers, which furnish a continual effluvia to the breath. Like little volcanoes, they pour out their eruptions of noxious gases day and night to contaminate the breath.

The stomach has often been accused of being the cause of bad breath, but the fact is the stomach rarely is the cause of a bad breath. The breath does not enter the stomach. Respiration has little or nothing to do with the stomach. Breath is simply the act of drawing the air into the lungs and expelling it again.

The fetor of bad breath sometimes originates in the lungs and is no doubt the result of a deranged condition of the whole system. The blood, being charged with foul gases and decomposing material, gives off these gases at each respiration. This is why the breath of a person who drinks liquor will become tainted with the smell of the liquor. At first the breath undoubtedly smells of the liquor simply because in passing through the mouth and throat some of it adheres to the mucous surfaces. If any one were to raise out the mouth with liquor, the breath would smell for a short time, but only for a short time. With the drunkard the case is different. The liquor having passed into his stomach, it is absorbed into the blood. Through the blood it reaches the lungs, and with each respiration from the lungs a portion of the fumes from the liquor are given off with the breath. This illustrates how a bad condition of the blood can taint the breath.

Undoubtedly onions and many other aromatic substances and their odors are of the system through the breath. In this way a bad stomach may taint the breath. This is why a bad stomach means bad digestion. Bad digestion produces a bad quality of blood. The blood, circulating through the lungs, gives off bad odors, which find their way into the breath. In this roundabout way the stomach may cause bad breath, but as a rule the cause of bad breath can be found closer at hand—either in the teeth, posterior nares, tonsils, throat or bronchial tubes.

Instead of using mouth washes or perfumes of any sort to cure a bad breath, a person ought to have the cause of the bad breath discovered. Unfortunately it would be of little or no use to such a person to call on the average doctor, as he knows nothing or cares nothing about such things. He is simply engaged in prescribing drugs and spends very little time in ferreting out causes or removing obnoxious ailments by harmless and rational methods. In these matters every person must use his own common sense and try to be his own doctor.

No one should be content to allow a bad breath to continue. It is very unhealthy and is very obnoxious to other people. Every man and woman is entitled to a sweet breath, and with a little care and judgment this can be had. But so long as any one continues to take drugs or use narcotics to the extent he cannot hope to have a perfectly sweet breath. A pure breath comes from pure living, pure habits and the continuous practice of absolute cleanliness. The toothbrush and cold water should be used thoroughly once a day. Gargling the throat should immediately follow. The nostrils should be kept clear; deep breathing practiced. These things alone will do very much toward insuring the possession of a sweet breath.—Medical Talk.

Followed His Advice.

One day a couple of girls went to the Roper livery stable and asked for a gentle horse, as they wanted to drive out in the country a few miles. The man gave them one and told them the horse would be all right if they kept the rein from his tail. When they returned in the evening he asked them if they had any trouble. "Oh, no," said one; "there was one little shower, but we had an umbrella and we took turns at holding it over the horse's tail, so that there was not a drop of rain touched it, and we got along all right."

That explains the dazed look the liveryman has been wearing.—Hickman (Ky.) Courier.

At last the tomato can may find an honorable grave. Efforts, heretofore nugatory, to remove and refine the tin scrap have been successfully made by an Englishman, who puts it in a galvanic arc of the elements.

NEW YORK'S NIGHT HAWKER

The Owl Cabman Who Hunt His Tenderloin District.

Just where Broadway crosses Sixth avenue at Thirty-third street is to be found a dingy triangular little park plot in which a few stunted, smoke stained trees make a brave attempt to keep alive. On two sides of the triangle surface cars whirled restlessly, while overhead the elevated trains rattle and shriek. This part of the metropolis knows little difference between day and night, for the cars never cease, the lights blaze from dusk until dawn, and the pavements are never wholly empty.

Locally the section is sometimes called "the Cabman's Graveyard." During any hour of the twenty-four you may find waiting along the curb a line of public carriages. By day you will sometimes see smartly kept hackneys, well groomed horses and drivers in neat livery.

But at night the character of the line changes. The carriages are mostly one horse closed cabs, rickety as to wheels, with torn and faded cushions, license numbers obscured by various devices and rate cards always missing. The horses are dilapidated, too, and the drivers, whom you will generally find nodding on the box or sound asleep inside their cabs, harmonize with their rigs.

These are the night hawkers of the Tenderloin. The name is not an assurance, but it is suspected that it has been aptly given.—Sewell Ford in "Horses Nine."

Costly Books.

When Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll was living in Peoria he was called upon one day by General John A. Logan, says the New York Times. The colonel was upstairs at the time, and General Logan was ushered into the library, where on a table were three volumes of Voltaire's works, an edition de luxe representing all that was best in the bookbinder's art. General Logan picked them up one at a time, absorbed in his admiration of their beauties. While so engaged Colonel Ingersoll entered the room.

"Colonel," said the general, holding one of the volumes in his hands, "this is the most magnificent volume I have ever seen. I do not want to seem impertinent, but would you mind telling me what these books cost you?"

"Those books," began the colonel, the twinkle in his eye growing brighter at each word, "cost me—the governorship of Illinois."

Morally Certain of It.

The prosecuting witness, who had a lump over one eye, a black and blue spot under the other, a nose that pointed decidedly awry and various strips of courtplaster on his face evidently arranged without any regard to their artistic effect, testified that the defendant had knocked him senseless and then kicked him in the head and face for several minutes.

"If he knocked you senseless," asked the police justice, "how do you know he kicked you after you were down?"

The witness scratched his jaw and reflected.

"I know it, judge," he replied, "because that's what I'd done to him if I'd got him down. You can bet on that!"—Chicago Record-Herald.

For Body and Soul.

Here is a curious advertisement, re-published in the Cornhill Magazine from an eighteenth century paper: "Wanted—For a family who have had health, a sober, steady person, in the capacity of a doctor, surgeon and apothecary. He must occasionally act in the capacity of butler and dress hair and wig. He will be required to read prayers occasionally and to preach a sermon every Sunday. The reason of this advertisement is that the family cannot any longer afford the expense of the physical tribe and wish to be at a certain expense for their bodies and souls. A good salary will be given."

Teeth of a Shark.

In respect to its dentition the shark is a very remarkable creature. The white shark has seven rows of teeth, while other species vary in the number of rows they possess. It must be understood, however, that the shark only uses one row at a time. The other rows lie down inside the mouth behind the edge of the jaw, meeting themselves when it is time for them to take successively the place of the first row. When one observes how keen edged these incisors are it seems no wonder that they can bite off a big rope as readily as if it were pack thread.

Origin of "Budget."

It is difficult to realize that the term "budget" now so often in every one's mouth, is a term less than 200 years old, the earliest mention of the word dating no further back than 1733. We borrowed it from the old French language—bouffette, meaning a small bag, in which in former times it was the custom to put the estimates of receipts and expenditures when presented to parliament; hence the chancellor of the exchequer, in making his annual statement, was formerly said to open his budget. In time the term passed from the receptacle to the contents, and, curiously, this new signification was returned from this country to France, where it was first used in an official manner in the early part of the nineteenth century.—London Chronicle.

Seeds and Skins of Small Fruits.

There are many people who cannot eat small fruits on account of the seeds and skins, because they prove so irritating to the stomach. In all such cases the fruit should be thoroughly ripe; then press it through a small wire sieve or strain through a thin cloth; then you get all there is of use—the liquid. Blue and other berries with tough skins may be cooked a little to start the juice, then strain and get rid of seeds and skins. Never put waste into a delicate stomach when possible to avoid it. Cherry stones and grape seeds are a menace to health, and children should be taught how to neatly reject them.—Physical Culture.

All Shell and No Kernel.

Charley—My friends tell me that I have all the eccentricities of genius.

Beatrice—What a pity it is, Charley, that you have not got the genius itself!

A QUEER BUSINESS.

The Way Houses on Fire Were Bought in Ancient Rome.

One of the strangest businesses in ancient Rome is mentioned by Juvenal in his satires. It consisted of buying houses on fire. The speculator hurried to the scene, attended by slaves carrying bags of money and others carrying tools, judged the chances of salvage and made a bid to the distracted house owner, who was glad to accept anything as a rule. The bargain struck in all haste, the earliest of fire insurers set his slaves to work and secured what he could. Sometimes even he put out the flames and so made a coup.

It was a business for capitalists, but the poorest who speculated in a small way could hardly lose if he had presence of mind enough to grasp the chances. Thus Cato the Elder, as well as Crassus, laid the foundation of his great wealth. He gradually collected a force of carpenters, masons and such artificers—slaves, of course—which reached 500 men. Not only did he buy houses on fire, but also, enlarging upon the common practice, he made a bid for those adjoining which stood in danger. His proposals were commonly welcome, we learn, so helpless were the people and so great the peril. By this means Crassus became the greatest owner of house property in Rome.

Rulers by Divine Right.

Charlemagne was the first great ruler who proclaimed himself king and emperor by divine right. He did not allege, however, that the divine right had come to him direct from heaven, but based his claim on the fact that the bishop of Rome, then the spiritual ruler of the Christian world, had anointed him and placed the crown of the holy Roman empire on his head.

The term "Dei Gratia" ("by divine right" or "the grace of God") was thus used to express the right to rule as coming from the head of the church until the days of Luther and the reformation. Then the power of the church was so shaken that rulers no longer felt sure that they could rest unchallenged on their right to rule as given to them by Rome. So the term "by divine right" became construed as meaning that the kings ruled by right of God's will as expressed in the Old Testament, in which God is recorded as having chosen kings himself to rule the people.—Exchange.

The Term "Greenhorn."

The term "greenhorn" originated in this way: The pioneers of the west were much given to hunting deer. It was a fact known to the early settlers that when the horn of a fawn began to grow there was a ring of green hair around the spot where the horn was coming out. It was considered a disgraceful thing for a hunter to kill a fawn, a cruel act, and the killing time was regulated by the growth of the horn. There was a sort of unwritten law that no one should kill a male fawn before its horns could be seen.

A person who was so unthoughtful as to kill a deer under the proper age was called a "greenhorn." He was so named because the young horn of the deer and the hair around it were still green. The use of the appellation gradually spread until it was applied to all raw or inexperienced youths or persons easily imposed upon.

Has Its Teeth in Its Stomach.

There is a curious snake (Hydroly zel) in South Africa that lives wholly upon birds' eggs. It has no teeth or signs of teeth in the mouth, its whole dental array being located in the stomach. Buckland says that they are not true teeth, but that they serve all purposes. They grow from the center of each vertebra. They pass through the walls of the stomach and are covered with enamel, just like true teeth. This is nature's provision for breaking eggs without running the risk of losing the precious contents, as would be the case if this egg eating serpent had its teeth in the proper places. When the egg is safely inside, the abdominal walls contract and crush it against that long row of vertebral teeth.

Queer British Place Names.

There are some places with curious names in the United Kingdom, as will be seen on reference to the Post Office Guide. The following places with names significant to our readers will be found in the issue of this year: Hospital, Orphan Homes, Hydrophobic, The Ward, Bath, Nursing, The Chart, Great Chart, Cotton, Sheet, Wool, Screen, Shelf, Pill, Glass, Swallow, Landing, Sound, Salt, Steel, Run, Burn, Gravel, Stones, Scales, Mumps, Knocks, Great Snoring, Healing, Back, Hand, Ham, Leggs, Eye, Tongue and Cold-backe Tongue, which last sounds like complicated symptoms in "pidgin" English.

South African Wafels.

South African "wafels" vastly differ from our waffles merely in being made with wine as a "moistener" rather than with milk for the principal liquid ingredient. In South Africa when they are going to make "wafels" they take a pound of flour, three-quarters of a pound of butter, half a pound of sugar, eight eggs, half a pint of wine and a teaspoonful of sifted cinnamon. The butter and eggs are creamed; then they mix in alternately one egg and one spoonful of flour, add the wine and spice and bake in a waffle iron.

The Doctor's Way.

Dr. Kallomell—I can cure you at once by an operation or in about six months by external applications and internal remedies.

Patient—Which would you advise, doctor?

Dr. Kallomell (making a mental calculation)—Well, it is immaterial. The expense will be about the same in either case.—Chicago Tribune.

A Tiger Story.

There is a story current at Kuloang, central China, about a tiger which gave trouble in that quarter. A missionary and his wife had been worried by the tiger prowling nightly around their home. They determined to be rid of it and one night tied a cow up in the back yard and a dog at the front of the house. Then they armed themselves with guns and kept watch. The tiger appeared. The missionary fired and killed the cow. The wife rushed to see what had happened, and in her absence the tiger ate the dog.

Nothing Known

Will Cure Kidney Diseases After They Have Fastened and Become Chronic. But the Fulton Compounds. We Have Secured the Sole Agency for This City.

Fulton's Renal Compound enjoys the unique distinction of being the only thing known that cures kidney trouble in all its stages from the primary inflammation up to and including the chronic stage called Bright's Disease which has been up to the advent of this Compound, mostly incurable. The why we do not start with the Renal Compound at first rather than ordinary kidney medicines, all of which fall short if the disease has reached the chronic state! Then you will know you are right. No statements are published by the Fulton people except cases that have reached the chronic state, incurable by all other known medicines. Here is another recovery we are permitted to refer to.

Mrs. S. E. Cline of 137 Broadway, San Francisco, was pronounced by her physician as incurably ill with kidney disease that had become chronic (Bright's Disease). She also had diabetes. Another physician was called in. Dr. Dreyfus set in, the same case, and he said nothing known would save her. She was so far beyond help that they told her to further torture herself by dieting. She went on the Fulton Compound. The third month the nausea began to come back, and a few months later she was well and began enjoying the treatment. An attorney friend of Mrs. Cline, Judge E. H. Cullen, examined her and said she had chronic diabetes that is also incurable according to the books. King of her recovery he too took Fulton's Renal Compound, and in eight months regained his health and is now in active practice. Dr. Dreyfus, a specialist in Bright's Disease, in the back, bladder trouble, etc., are proud that the kidneys are in trouble. The last stage is Bright's Disease and in eight months he is feeling languid or miserable send for pamphlet. Recoveries nearly 5000. San Francisco, California. Fulton's Renal Compound, 211 E. Washington Street, San Francisco, sole compounders. We are their exclusive agents in this city.

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 succumb.

The cause is apparent. With baby's bones hardening, the 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 restlessness, weakness, sweating, fever, diarrhoea, brain troubles, convulsions, etc., that prove terribly fatal. The deaths in 1900 under three years of age, 20,000, were 10,000 in 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 consolation. Give the little system is crying out for its 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.

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

Gentlemen—I am prescribing your food in the multitude of cases and in less than a week the child is well. A large percentage of infantile ailments and fatalities are the result of slow teething. Your food supplies what the deficient system demands, and I have had surprising success with it. In scores of cases this diet, given with the regular food, has not failed to check the infantile distresses. Several times the mother has consulted me, but her baby has 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—We have just tried the Teething Food in two cases and in both it has proved a success. One was a very serious case, so critical that it had been brought to the hospital 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 his life. It contains none of the gums unnecessary. It is the safest plan and a blessing to the mother who suffers for symptoms but to commence giving it the fourth or fifth month. When all the teeth will come healthfully, without diarrhoea or sweating, it is an auxiliary to their regular diet and easily taken. Fifty cents enough for the week's use. Send for receipt of price. Pacific Coast Agents, Inland Drug Co., Mills Building, San Francisco.

A TRICK WITH CARDS.

One of the Curious Combinations That May Be Effected.

Of the many curious things which may be done with a pack of fifty-two cards perhaps the most interesting is the "spelling out" of an entire suit. To do this take the thirteen cards of any suit, place them face up and arrange them in this manner: Nine, 6, 3, knock, 10, 5, 7, 2, king, 8, 1, 4, queen. When they are thus placed, they are face up, with the 9 on top and the queen on the bottom.

Now turn them over so that they are face down with the queen on top. Take the top card and place it underneath the pack and say "O." Place the next card underneath the pack in the same way and say "N," and the next card turn face up on the table, saying "E"—one. Leaving "E" face up, place the next top card underneath the pack, saying "T," the next the same way, saying "W," and the next lay face up on the table, saying "O"—two—and so on through the suit.

Remember, when you come to the last letter of a card to lay that card face up on the table, leaving it there. When you have laid out the 10 spot, you continue by spelling out j-a-c-k and q-u-e-e-n.

Of course, after you have laid the jack out you have only two cards left, but continue as before, and the queen will come out, leaving only the king in your hand, which, of course, you lay on the others, compelling the suit.

An Occasion.

In the early housekeeping days of a lady now prominent in social circles a guest of some distinction arrived, and the modest dinner was hastily supplemented by a neighboring caterer. Three-year-old Mary sat quietly through the opening acts, but when the climax of fancy cakes and pies was reached her eyes widened with delight as she called out in a clear tone, "Whose birthday is this, mother?"—Judge.

Sure to Win.

"You have had some experience with the fair sex," said the inexperienced youth who had been jilted. "How is the best way to get around a girl?"

"With your arms," tersely replied the C. timer.—Chicago News.