A BACKSLIDER

By Martha McCulloch-Williams

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Blue Bonnet was taller and something stouter, a very dark silver roan, fully sixteen hands at the crest. A sightlier brute never trod four good hoofs. The most hypercritical could pick no flaw in her, she had shoulders so perfect, quarters so powerful, legs so flat, so firm, so clean of hair. Her neck arched delicately, and she stepped with a proud, mincing gait as though she disdained the earth she trod. It has been said she was a creature of moods. Occasionally, but only occasionally, they were angelic.

She was in one of her worst tempers when she came out to run for the stake. Perhaps the excitement of the course was contagious. Certainly no assemblage there had ever before been wrought to such edged interest as this present throng. Everybody knew the side wager and gasped or gaped over its conditions. A few choice spirits chuckled in sardonic appreciation of the situation. The most part charitably set it down that both Lawson Cocke and Parson Gentry were madder than March hares.

They were somewhat equally matched in spite of the years between them. The parson was just rising forty. He had married early, and Peggy was not yet eighteen. He was spare and wiry, too, riding at 150 in boots and breeches and his own well known red shirt. Lawson was five pounds the heavier, but had waived consideration of the overweight. Both were horsemen born, with a deal of making added, and well able to get out of a mount everything that was in it.

Peggy had stayed at home. She had no mind to be the focus of staring eyes that day. But just before Isham left for the race course his young mistress conferred with him mysteriously apart. Her last word was, "Remember," to which Isham answered by grinning all over his face, pulling his woolly foretop and saying, "La-awdy, Miss Peggy, I couldn't fergit dat ef I tried!"

The race ought to have been a big betting event, but out of respect for the parson's scruples such wagers as were made were kept strictly under cover. The purse itself, a gold fringed, gold bedizened blue silk pouch, holding $1,000 in gold coin, swung high and fair in the sunlight above the finish line. Opinion divided very equally as to where it would fetch up—in the building of a church or the riot of a tavern. The wiseacres of course backed their judgment in whispers. It was the great undiscriminating mass which murmured against the silence of the wagering. It had come out for a holiday and wanted to lay modest stakes with at least a thrilling conviction that it was following the lead of some one who knew.

It was bruited that Blue Bonnet was on edge—ready to run for even the stake of a soul. Certainly she looked a pattern of fire and fettle in her preliminary as she went past the grand stand with Isham on her back, her chin drawn almost upon her chest, prancing and curveting like mad, yet readily obeying the rein. After her came soberly pacing Bendigo, grandson to Pot-8-os, a good, substantial bay, with full black points; next Mops, a washy sorrel, though reasonably well bred, and after him Blacklock, a spanking Highflier chestnut, who could go like the wind, though even his owner admitted he could hardly stay the route; at the very end Roxane, her silver mane tied with blood red ribbons, her tail streaming plumewise and glistening in the sun. She held her head low under a free, almost a loose, rein. Shanky, Lawson's black body servant, rode her, as he did in nearly all her exercise gallops.

She moved a little heavily. Commonly she was quick as a cat. The wiseacres shook their heads and agreed instantly that she was overtrained—she could never win the Fourth of July in such company. But Isham, hanging half out of saddle to look back at her, made a face and murmured: "Humph! You metty sateful, Miss Roxy Ann! Maybe you foolin' all dese people, but you ain't done fooled me. Presently youse gwine wake up an' ra'ar an' charge an' split de win'. But Bonnet 'll be right dar wid you, 'ceptin' de passon he take an' tuhn wile."

As they rode down to the start Lawson shouted to the parson, "I'm going to beat you, no matter who has the best horse."

"I am going to beat you, God being my helper," the parson called back. "I think I have the best horse. I know I have the best cause."

Exactly three minutes later the drum tapped, and the five horses went away aligned like a file of cavalry. For at least 100 yards they held in rank. Then Blacklock shot clear by an open length and stretched away for the first turn, with a little, demant snort. Blue Bonnet fought to go after him. The parson took a double wrap on her. Blacklock was, he knew, merely an incident. Roxane lay well back. There he must keep his eye.

The first mile around was so slow Blacklock increased his lead to a dozen lengths. Blue Bonnet began to foam. Her rider let out a wrap. Instantly she rushed to collar the chestnut. In the next mile she caught and passed him, though still he ran strong and free. Mops came for a second to her throatlatch, then dropped back, tailing so steadily as to show he was out of the race. Bendigo ran a consistent third. Roxane was absolutely last.

Yet in the last half mile she woke up, passed the other three as though they were anchored and dashed under the string, beaten by a short head. It was a marvelous performance, amazing even to those who knew the white mare best. She ran so true, so easily, with such even swiftness, the best trained eye got no right perception of her speed. Even Blue Bonnet's partisans rubbed hands in delight, saying, "It's a race for blood now, and only two in it."

"The powers of light and darkness are contending here," the parson said to a remonstrant pious friend. Lawson overheard and laughed quietly.

"The powers are oddly horsed, parson," he said. "I reckon, as you see things, light rides the color of darkness and darkness the color of light."

Mops distanced, Blacklock withdrawn, left but three contenders in the second heat. Blue Bonnet came out for it readier than ever. She spoiled three good starts, indeed, by her eagerness to be out in front. When at last they were sent away together, she was neither to hold nor to bind. Leaping, plunging, bucking, she took the rail, held it and settled into a sweeping run. Her feet flew invisibly with the rhythm and precision of some mighty machine; her low head nodded slightly at each bound; foam flakes gathered and flew from the bit. By time the third mile began she was white from counter to tail. Her rider's heart leaped. He had feared only for her temper. So long as she kept the lead he knew he was safe. He dared not look back. Shouts from the stand as he passed it this third time let him know that Blue Bonnet looked a winner all over. But he caught the unfailing rataplan of those other hoofs behind. From the first they had not varied by the least fraction of a second. He knew and dreaded the stay of the desert. He must win now, if he was to win at all.

Into the last quarter Blue Bonnet led gallantly, though her laboring breath and glaring eyeballs said she was almost spent. The parson, hanging in his stirrups, leaned far over her neck, soothing, encouraging with hand and voice. Now and again he gave her the spur sharply. He knew it was idle to go to the whip. The generous blood in her veins would do its best without. Easing her, lifting her, urging her ever forward, he brought her, still leading, within fifty yards of the string.

He could see the nodding blue purse above, catch the shimmer of the gold fringe and hear across the wild hubbub of the crowd the rapid hammering of his own exultant heart. In that minute he learned some deeps of his own mind which years of introversion would scarcely have made clear to him. He did truly desire to save a soul from death, but he desired it with all the natural man's lust of triumph.

Still the heartbeats rang in his ears. Suddenly the hoofbeats behind quickened. He saw a white head with fiery eyes and pink, flaring nostrils flash past—saw a plumelike tail flaunted almost in Blue Bonnet's eyes. And as he saw it there came back to him Isham's whispered petition before the start: "Ef dat dar Roxy Ann crowds you, marsa, you des cuss Bonnet, one li'l' teeny cuss. She—she's uster dat. She know what hit means, an' dee oon't nobody else in dis worl' hear hit."

It was out of the question. Still he felt himself tempted. Roxane and Lawson saved him. With one long, steady lift Lawson sent his mount first across the finish line. Then as the crowd went wild he sprang down before she was still, flung his arms about her neck and cried: "Get your breath, old girl. You'll need it all and more before we are through."

The sun was almost down. Night would come before the run off, but no soul thought of leaving the course. All waited for it in throbbing, feverish impatience. It was dewy dusk when the two mares went out to try the final issue. Both had recovered wonderfully. Blue Bonnet, if no longer on edge, ran true and strong. This time Roxane raced easily at her quarter. The two riders might have exchanged confidences, but neither had a thought for anything save winning.

After the first mile the racers ran stride for stride. They swung to the turns and swept the stretches like a double team. Now one, now the other, drew a little away, only to drop back in company before she had run fifty yards. Blue Bonnet no longer champed a foaming bit. Roxane's white flanks were stained with red and reeked a little. Both were emulously full of running. They held their heads low, mouths slightly open, ears combatively laid back, ready to savage at the least slacking of reins.

"It is certain we can beat anything else in the county, even if we can't beat each other," Lawson called out as they swung into the first quarter of the last mile.

"I have not given up. We won't split the purse," the parson called back. "Blue Bonnet is just really coming to herself."

"Oho! Hear that, Roxane?" Lawson said, touching the white mare lightly on the neck. Then he gave a peculiar whistling chirp. Roxane answered it by forging half a length ahead. Blue Bonnet responded gamely to the spurt, but could not quite catch the flying leader. They came to the quarter pole locked and ran that way all through the next stretch. At the half mile post Lawson turned slightly and said over his shoulder:

"You have fought a good fight, parson. I am almost persuaded to let you win."

The parson set his teeth and drove his spur up to the rowels. Blue Bonnet swerved visibly. As dusk deepened a fresh wind blew down the course, cool and welcome to the hushed, waiting crowd, doubly welcome to the tired racers fighting this desperate duel of breath and stay. They tore forward in the teeth of it, tense, panting, laboring, with eyes aflame. The last quarter post flashed past. As they came to the eighth a blanket might have covered them. Again Lawson whistled shrill and keen. This time Roxane staggered and rolled in her gait as she tried to leap ahead. Blue Bonnet held her seemingly safe. There would be a dead heat unless—

Parson Gentry set his teeth. If the man in him ached for triumph, the minister truly yearned for power unto salvation over this superlative sinner. Lawson Cocke would be no lukewarm Christian. He would love God as he loved a woman, with all his heart and mind and soul and strength. The parson knew Isham had spoken truth. He had watched the boy often lie almost prone upon Blue Bonnet's neck and seem to drop winged words in her ear. He had never caught the words. Until today he had not known what they were. He did know that the mare always answered them electrically. If she would answer them now, she must come first.

Quicker than light all this flashed upon him. Behind was the thought, What could it matter? The parson had never sworn since the day of his conversion. Profanity seemed to him a sin peculiarly purposeless and abhorrent. In this volcanic stress he leaped to the belief that some swearing might not be profane. Blue Bonnet understood certain words only as a signal to do her desperate best. Might he not use them in quite the same way?

Roxane led by a head. He felt Blue Bonnet's heart laboring heavily. The finish was barely fifty yards away. Lanterns gleamed either side of it. The dark massed throng was breathless, silent, yet its unconscious stirrings made a soft, confused susurrus. The parson shivered faintly; intuitively, it seemed, he caught the reins a thought tighter, stretched farther forward and hissed in Blue Bonnet's ear:

"Dash you! Double dash you! Go on!"

After that he knew nothing until a great sobbing shout struck him and eager, joyous hands pulled him from the saddle and set him high upon men's shoulders to bear him triumphantly about the course. The bearers were young fellows all and Lawson Cocke's chosen friends. As they marched they chanted exuberantly the parson's praises. He was a gentleman, a scholar, a good fellow, a sport. They would come to hear him next Sunday and every Sunday when the church of the Purse was built. And they would help build and furnish it; he might depend on that.

Joyous hands pulled him from the saddle.

"You beat me by a neck, parson. How in the world did you do it?" Lawson said, offering his hand to the victor. The parson wrung it hard. He wanted to say, "The Lord was on my side," but somehow the words stuck in his throat.

"Come and ride with Peggy to church Sunday," he said, almost apologetically. Lawson shook his head.

"I don't dare—yet," he said.

The break was more eloquent than words. Again the parson wrung his hand. It was thick dark now, the moon coming up and whippoorwills calling all about, but somehow he hated the thought of going home.

After a sleepless night the parson got up at dawn with a white, determined face. Although it was Sunday, he did not wait even for family prayer, but rode straight to the Cocke homestead. Lawson was just stirring and on the way to the stable, intent upon seeing how Roxane fared. The parson stopped him at the lawn gate.

"Lawson," he burst out, "I'm a miserable backslider, but I can't let myself be a thief. The purse—I won it by the devil's help. I—I want you to take it—it really belongs to you—to take it quietly, you know. You won't mind helping me out by that much, I hope. I shall build the church just the same, you understand, but I shall do it out of my own pocket."

Lawson sprang forward and caught both the parson's hands, smiling jubilantly, though his eyes were not quite clear. There was an odd lump in his throat, too, as he said: "Not another word, parson. I have pretty good ears for all that goes on in a race. I didn't mind losing the purse half as much as—losing my faith in your faith. Now you have made everything right again. We'll agree that each shall save his stake. But I am convinced religion is a vital matter. Nothing less could have brought you to me"—

"And I am convinced that an honest man and a gentleman is not very far off the kingdom of God," the parson broke in; "but, Lawson, at least you'll ease my mind by taking that purse. When I have made restitution and confessed my fault to my brethren, I shall dare to ask my Master's forgiveness."

"Hold hard, parson," Lawson said. "Better keep quiet. I understand, but I doubt if the brethren would. The wrong you did, if it was a wrong, has righted itself. As to the purse, why, hurry up your church. I hope to marry Peggy the day it is dedicated."

The church stands to this good day, a quaint, squat, steepleless red brick structure in the heart of the peaceful grass country. A. Lawson Cocke is among its ruling elders, and on the wall behind the pulpit there are marble tablets to the memory of an earlier Lawson Cocke, who found Christ within its walls, and his beloved wife, Peggy, born Gentry.

CHOICE MISCELLANY

Hid Drug In Her Hair.

"It is well known," said a nurse in an uptown sanitarium, "that women addicted to morphine will resort to all sorts of tricks to hide the drug for use when they know it will be kept from them. I am 'wise,' as they say, on all the violent bonbons, bouquets, chocolate drops and similar resources of that description in which morphine is secreted. But the other day I was assigned to the care of a patient who beat me. Her supply of morphine was gradually reduced until the second day of treatment and then cut off altogether. Still the patient continued to get morphine. There was no doubt about that. Not only myself, but every nurse and employee in the house, was under suspicion. The patient was a woman with a beautiful and bountiful supply of hair. Her husband, who visited her twice a day, was virtually accused of bringing her the drug, and he was naturally indignant.

"'What do you suppose I am paying good money for a cure for?' he asked.

"The fourth day the doctor in attendance stood for a long time over the patient, who was drowsy with morphine. Suddenly he put his arms around her and lifted her to a sitting posture.

"'Now,' he said, 'we are going to comb your hair, and perhaps you will feel refreshed.'

"The patient fought like a wildcat, and the secret was out. She had enough morphine hidden in her hair to last her six weeks if we had not found it out."

The Earnings of Acrobats.

The old fable that the work of the circus and music hall artists is paid for by "starvation wages" holds good no longer, as may be seen by the following statistics recently collected: The monthly earnings of a lady circus rider vary from £75 to £100, while those of the haut ecole often earn £150. A clown's earnings average from £35 and £40 to £75 and £100. No performer on the tight rope "works" for less than from £50 to £75 a month. Engagements of this sort, it seems, are always made and wages paid by the month. Carpet acrobats earn from £100 to £110. Even second rate performers on the horizontal bar receive £125 to £150, while masters of the art earn as much as £250, and jugglers on the tight rope or on horseback are the best paid of all, earning often as much as £300 a month. Unfortunately the majority of these artists spend their money far more rapidly than they acquire their by no means easy art.—Westminster Gazette.

Street Milking.

One sees all sorts of odd sights in the streets of Spanish cities—odd, that is, to American eyes. One of these is the spectacle of herds of goats being driven through the streets and milked at the consumer's door; not that this sight is peculiar to Spain—one sees it in Italy and other parts of Europe.

For that matter, the milking of cows in the presence of the consumer is also common in southern Europe. It is not half a bad idea. In American cities I fear that it is an exception to get pure milk. Even when it is not adulterated with poisonous agents based on salicylic or boric acids milk is frequently "stretched" with water and not clean water at that. Probably a large percentage of the many cases of typhoid fever comes from the filthy water which milkmen mix with milk.

In southern Europe such methods of carrying disease by water borne sewage may be rendered impracticable, at least in the matter of milk.

Russia's Salt Mines.

In the Khirgiz steppes of southern Russia is a strange settlement named Iletzk, from which 24,389 tons of salt come every year. This salt, it has been shown by recent borings, extends to a depth of 630 feet below the surface of the earth. At present the workers have dug down to a depth of 399 feet, where they are taking the salt out of an immense and beautiful chamber that is 784 feet long and 175 feet high. When seen in the radiance of the electric lights this underground cavern shines like a fairy palace, for walls and roof and pillars are snowy white and beset with myriads of crystals, each of which gives a reflection of its own. The great pieces of salt are blasted out with powder just as if the mine were a stone quarry. It is very hard to use metal in the mines, for the salt eats it away quickly. On the contrary, wood is hardened and preserved beautifully by it.—Detroit Free Press.

Bacon In His Steamer Trunk.

"What do you think of shipping a couple of sides of bacon to Germany in a steamer trunk?" asked a grocer. "A customer whose people live in the fatherland came in here the other day and bought two sides of meat and gave us particular orders to have them carefully done up, as he wanted to put them in his steamer trunk. He said his old folks liked American bacon and that he always took over a couple of sides as a present to his people, who live in one of the villages just back of the Rhine. I have made shipments of all sorts to European countries, but I never had another such an order as that."

A Lesson In Economy.

The Turkish navy furnishes a situation worthy of the fancy of a Gilbert. The old time ironclad Assar-i-Tewfik was sent to Germany two years ago to be remodeled. When she arrived there her crew, being without pay, removed every piece of movable metal, which they sold as scrap. So well did they do their work of demolition that the bill for reconstruction was so reduced that Turkey will be able to build a gunboat with what she saved. And yet we are told that radium is the only thing that can get something out of nothing!

Trees of Europe and North America.

Forest vegetation is much richer in North America than in Europe and comprises 412 species, of which 176 are native to the Atlantic region, 106 to the Pacific, 10 are common to both, 46 to the Rocky mountain region, and 74 are tropical species near the coast of Florida as against 158 species in Europe. Six North American species of forest trees—the Judas tree, persimmon, hackberry, plane tree, hop hornbeam and chestnut—are also indigenous in Europe, all now growing there naturally south of the Alps.

An Abstract Idea.

At a card party at Charles Lamb's Hazlitt and Lamb's brother got into a discussion as to whether Holbein's coloring was as good as that of Vandyke. At length they became so excited that they upset the table and seized each other by the throat. In the struggle Hazlitt got a black eye, but when the combatants were parted Hazlitt turned to Talfourd, who was offering his aid, and said: "You need not trouble yourself, sir. I do not mind a blow, sir. Nothing affects me but an abstract idea!"

The Cow.

"Johnny," said the teacher, "write a sentence containing the word 'contents.'"

After a few moments' hard labor Johnny submitted the following: "The contents of a cow is milk."

THE MODERN SALESMAN.

He Realizes the Necessity For Correct Dress In Business.

It has become the unwritten but none the less stringent law that young men shall dress well and neatly during business hours. In many of the largest banks and financial institutions none of the clerks is permitted to go coatless, and in the mercantile establishments where salesmen are employed "loud" attire is actually discouraged. The old time salesman gloried in his flamboyant cravats and shirts, his diamonds and his peculiar clothes. His capital in trade consisted of a flashy appearance, vulgar stories, a constitution that would stand intoxicating liquor and an unlimited amount of cheek. He did not have to know anything about the goods he sold, except in a general way. He slapped men on the back, took them out to dinner, got drunk with them and then booked their orders. The modern salesman is a well educated, neatly dressed gentleman who knows all about the goods he sells. He is never called upon to drink, he never needs to dine out, he trades on honor and brains, and his customers are men who only admire men who know as much as or more than they do about their business. Dress plays the most important part in the game of commerce, no less with the salesman than it does with the manufacturer, the mill man, the banker or the financial man. They all dress to impress their fellow men favorably. —C. M. Connolly in Success.

Got the Oysters.

A captain of a Massachusetts regiment, stationed in Washington at the time of the civil war, was noted for his love of good things to eat and one day dispatched one of his soldiers, a man named Bailey, to Alexandria to get some fresh oysters, giving him instructions not to return without them. The man started, and no more was seen of him for nine days. The Washington Times paints the story of his return:

After a lapse of nine days Bailey came into camp leading a train of four horse wagons, loaded with oysters. Approaching and respectfully saluting the amazed captain, Bailey said:

"Here are your oysters, captain. Couldn't find any in Alexandria, so I chartered a schooner and made a voyage to Fortress Monroe and Norfolk for them. There are about 200 bushels. Where do you want 'em?"

Bailey did really make the trip, hired his men and sold oysters enough in Georgetown before "reporting" to pay all expenses and leave him a profit of about $100. The 200 bushels were divided among the members of the regiment, and Bailey returned to his duty.

Paper Making and the Egyptians.

The art of paper making is almost prehistoric. It is believed that the Egyptians invented the first crude process. This is shown in the name itself, which is derived from the word papyrus, a reed which grows in Egypt and other warm countries.

The ancient Egyptians made their primitive paper from this plant by taking the smooth, fibrous layer between the rough outer bark and the inner flesh of the reed. This they dried and glued together in long rolls, which served as a means to convey their thoughts in hieroglyphics. This process has been so improved upon during the succeeding ages that today the most perfect paper can be made from the meanest substances.

Thackeray Didn't Wear Spurs.

Thackeray was not a vain man, and he disliked vanity in others and made it the subject of his ridicule and sarcasm.

After long pleading his family induced him to have his portrait painted, and Lawrence, a famous London artist, gladly undertook the task.

Soon after the picture was completed Thackeray chanced to be dining at his club when a pompous officer of the guards stopped beside the table and said:

"Haw, Thackeray, old boy, I hear Lawrence has been painting your portrait."

"So he has," was the response.

"Full length?"

"No; full length portraits are for soldiers, that we may see their spurs. But the other end of the man is the principal thing with authors," said Thackeray.

Length of Life Is Increasing.

The average length of human life is constantly and steadily increasing, having, according to a professor of hygiene, doubled within the past three centuries. In the sixteenth century it was between eighteen and twenty years, while today it is forty. The principal agencies in this prolongation of life, the scientist believes, are more attention to the air we breathe and more care as to the water we drink. This opinion is sustained by the statistics of large cities, which show that, owing to improved sanitation, the introduction of sewers and of public water supplies, their rates of mortality within the past forty years have been reduced to about one-half. Do you want to prolong your life and increase your powers? Then breathe deeply and drink plenty of pure water between, not at, meals—not iced water or boiled water, but distilled water.—Success.

Nature's Toilet.

The West Indian negro need not buy soap. He picks a bulb from the "soap tree" in the jungle, which makes a beautiful lather.

If he wants a shave, he uses a piece of sharp cocoanut shell or broken glass and it answers as well as a razor.

To clean his teeth he picks a twig of "chewstick," which is better than the best camel's hair brush and dentifrice.

Explains It.

"Why is it," asked the curious guest, "that poor men usually give larger tips than rich men?"

"Well, suh," said the waiter, "de po' man don' want nobody to fin' out he's po', an' de rich man don' want nobody to fin' out he's rich, suh."—Chicago Tribune.

The Last Straw.

After a fellow has walked about fourteen miles every night for two weeks with the baby it pains him to be told by the doctor: "You look all run down. You should take more exercise."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

WOMAN AND FASHION

Hats For Small Girls.

Big picture hats for small girls are all the vogue for spring and summer wear. They come in soft white chip with billowy frills of mousseline de soie facing and outlining the wide brim and with the crown entirely hidden with flowers such as roses and forgetmenots. And they also are seen

FRILLS AND FLOWERS.

with high crowns of the very new wicker straw and the brim a mass of soft chiffon frills with taffeta ribbon for strings and a big, full bow at the back. Little girls of fashion will also wear white mull hats with Tam O'Shanter crowns and the brim made of frills of fine swiss embroidery. Many ribbons will trim the summer hats for children, the soft ribbons in omber effects being most used arranged in bows and tied in loose knots and loops.

Blue Serge Is Fashionable.

Blue serge, that most faithful of materials, is to be fashionable again this season and is not only to be found in the big department shops made up in the inexpensive costumes, but at the more exclusive private establishments where high prices are asked. There is blue serge and blue serge, and consequently there is a wide range of choice in the different weaves of the material as well as in the different styles. The rough welt or cord is very smart, but looks almost too heavy for summer wear. However, it is being made up into yachting costumes and into the short walking gowns that are so fashionable for the moment.

The closer weaves with cheviot or camel's hair finish are made into the more elaborate costumes, with strappings of cloth bands of taffeta or moire ribbon or with quite elaborate braiding. Short and most fanciful jackets or blouses and Norfolk jackets are the favorite styles for this sort of gown, the long tailor coat on the more severe order being thought quite inappropriate, and yet there are some few blue serge gowns of this sort of serge made with the three-quarter coat, half fitting, and the short skirt and not one particle of trimming.

Dainty Ribbon Work.

The latest ribbon work, that constructed from omber ribbon (very narrow, very fine work and very much in relief) is an entrancing subject for consideration. The delicious fat double flowers that can be formed of this baby ribbon are simply "ducky and twee!" Again, you get the pink tipped double daisy and the little Noisette roses, to say nothing of the "snowball," the double May, pink and white, the double cherry blossom, the marigold, the "redhot poker" and many others; also the flowers formed of ribbon work, but not applique, just "dangles," are so nice.

Everything In Keeping.

Attractive as miladi's suit may be, she must see to it that her hat, her gloves, her parasol and her footwear are all in keeping. On her feet she will wear either black openwork lace hose with patent leather shoes or else white silk hose with white kid or canvas ties. The ordinary black shoe will soil the edge of the skirt and for this reason is never worn. On her hands white silk gloves or lace mitts are the proper thing.

Paris Up to Date.

Tan pongee gown; embroidered buttons; embroidered squares in skirt.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Getting Acquainted.

"We hesitated about renting this place," said the woman who had just moved in, "until we learned that the families on both sides of us owned their houses. It is so unpleasant to live where the people next door are always changing and you never know what kind of neighbors you are going to have."

"Yes," responded the woman on the other side of the fence. "That's one reason why we're trying to sell our house."—Chicago Tribune.

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Brights Disease

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

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

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

Thus, all kidney disease being Bright's Disease, the serious question is, Is it acute or chronic? In other words, is it in the primary or secondary stage? After the eighth to tenth month it becomes chronic and is then incurable by all known means except the Fulton Compounds. The kidneys are not sensitive. There is often no notice of the trouble till it has already fastened. If you have kidney disease in the first stage the Renal Compound will cure it quickly. If it is of more than 8 to 10 months standing it is the only thing known that will cure it. In proof that nothing else will we cite all medical works as evidence that to this time there has been nothing that cures Chronic Bright's Disease. The stockholders of the John J. Fulton Co., business and professional men of San Francisco, are the first people in the world to announce a positive cure, presenting a definite percentage of recoveries (87 per cent), and giving out the lists of the cured, all among purely chronic, well-defined cases. If you have any kind of kidney trouble, there is only one thing to take, The Renal Compound for Bright's Disease is $1; for Diabetes, $1.50. John J. Fulton Co., 409 Washington street, San Francisco, sole compounders. Free analyses for patients. Pamphlet free. We are the sole agents.

Save the Baby.

The mortality among babies during the three teething years is something frightful. The census of 1900 shows that about one in every seven succumbs.

The cause is apparent. With baby's bones hardening, the fontanel (opening in the skull) closing up and its teeth forming, all these coming at once create a demand for bone material that nearly half the little systems are deficient in. The result is feverishness, weakness, sweating, fever, diarrhoea, brain trouble, convulsions, etc., that prove terribly fatal. The deaths in 1900 under three years were 294,988, to say nothing of the vast number outside the big cities that were not reported, and this in the United States alone.

When baby begins to sweat, worry or cry out in sleep don't wait, and the need is neither medicine nor narcotics. What the little system is crying out for is more bone material. Sweetman's Teething Food supplies it. It has saved the lives of thousands of babies. They begin to improve within forty-eight hours. Here is what physicians think of it.

2934 Washington St.,
San Francisco, June 2, 1902.

Gentlemen—I am prescribing your food in the multitude of baby troubles due to imperfect dentition. A large percentage of infantile ills and fatalities are the result of slow teething. Your food supplies what the deficient system demands, and I have had surprising success with it. In scores of cases this diet, given with their regular food, has not failed to check the infantile distresses. Several of the more serious cases would, I feel sure, have been fatal without it. It cannot be too quickly brought to the attention of the mothers of the country. It is an absolute necessity.

L. C. MENDEL, M. D.

Petaluma, Cal., September 1, 1902.

Dear Sirs—I have just tried the teething food in two cases and in both it was a success. One was a very serious case, so critical that it was brought to me from another city for treatment. Fatal results were feared. In three days the baby ceased worrying and commenced eating and is now well. Its action in this case was remarkable. I would advise you to put it in every drug store in this city. Yours,

I. M. PROCTOR, M. D.

Sweetman's Teething Food will carry baby safely and comfortably through the most dangerous period of child life. It renders lancing of the gums unnecessary. It is the safest plan and a blessing to the baby to not wait for symptoms but to commence giving it the fourth or fifth month. Then all the teeth will come healthfully, without pain, distress or lancing. It is an auxiliary to their regular diet and easily taken. Price 50 cents (enough for six weeks), sent postpaid on receipt of price. Pacific Coast Agents, Inland Drug Co., Mills Building, San Francisco.

History of Tattersall's.

Tattersall's is a household word among sportsmen, says the London Express. The history of the growth of the firm is as interesting as a romance.

It was founded more than 150 years ago by Richard Tattersall, who was a great personal friend of George IV., then prince regent. The foundation of his fortunes was a celebrated horse called Highflier, once the property of Lord Bolingbroke, from whom he was seized for a debt by Tattersall.

His grandson was also a notable figure, and the sporting literature of the early part of the century is full of his racing, hunting and boxing adventures.

About the middle of the last century Tattersall's was the headquarters of the great and famous gamblers.

This special phase of social life culminated in the tragic death of the Marquis of Hastings, and in 1865 the Marquis of Westminster, annoyed by the gambling which made the place notorious, refused to renew the lease of the premises at Hyde park corner. But Tattersall's has now settled down into respectability and devotes its attention to selling horses and hounds.

The Glove.

When gloves were first worn, which was some time during the eighth century, only people of high rank could own them. Royalty, the clergy and the military, which comprised the aristocracy of Europe, held an exclusive right to these garments.

The church introduced the wearing of gloves into part of the religious service, and the Emperor Charlemagne gave the inhabitants of a certain monastery the right to hunt deer so they might have skin for their gloves.

Gloves were first worn in France and, like a great many other aristocrats, "came over with William the Conqueror" during the Norman invasion of England. At that time the right to wear gloves belonged exclusively to men, and the articles worn were generally most profusely decorated. Perhaps it was thought that as women did no hard work they did not need this covering, as, although they were ornamented, gloves were first worn for their usefulness rather than for ornamentation. Falconers were among the first to use them, as they were so useful as a protection from the talons of the hawk.