

JOHN DOYLE, MATCHMAKER

....By CECIL ALLEN

WHEN Louise Doyle entered the office of Delaney & Griffin, architects, in the humble capacity of copyist, the soul of her father rose in angry rebellion.

Two years previous John Doyle had retired from the grocery business with a tidy income, a substantial brick residence and chronic rheumatism. Whenever the maudlin loosened its grip, Doyle wandered back to the scene of his commercial achievements. His successor always gave him cordial welcome, and a comfortable chair back of the cashier's booth was at his disposal. When too lame to walk as far as the store, he consoled himself by playing innumerable games of penmanship in the rear of Simpson's cigar store, just across the street from the store.

It was from a disastrous defeat at penmanship that he came home to hear that Louise was "going to business." The moment was inauspicious. "I never heard tell of such tomfoolery! My girl going to chase down town six days in the week, like the daughters of the nobles? Tom Saunders, my credit next. And she won't make enough to pay for the new feathers and fixings she'll want, to say nothing of the shoe leather she'll wear out tramping back and forth in all kinds of weather!"

Mrs. Doyle, who, in spite of the fact that she never joined another club nor studied household economics, had succeeded in making John Doyle comfortable and content, calmly set a gusset in her husband's new shirt as she replied:

"I don't know about that, John. I think that if more girls knew how hard it is to earn money and to make a success in business we'd have fewer shiftless and grumbling wives."

Mr. Doyle groaned at his wife's declaration of the enemy. "And as for her wasting her money, I don't believe Louise'll do anything of the sort. She's got too much of her father's blood in her. Besides, she's going to pay her board—says it's only right, seeing that she won't be home to help me with the work."

Mr. Doyle fairly gaped in his fury. "Pay her board? Mincey, a Doyle like you gone daft? Or are you turning miser like your Uncle Sam? My daughter shouldn't pay her board so long as I'm here to prevent it."

But Louise had her way. Every Saturday night she paid her board, and every Monday morning Mr. Doyle carried the money straight to the savings bank and deposited it to the credit of Louise Doyle.

Three years rolled round, and Louise failed to fulfill any of the dire predictions set forth by her parent. She did not take pneumonia from facing black northwesters, she did not catch smallpox from riding in fully ventilated cars, and she refused to stoop with the junior partner. But she had risen steadily in the estimation of her employers until, when George Shaw came to the city, she was confidential secretary to the senior partner of Delaney & Griffin.

In his secret heart John Doyle was wonderfully proud of this self-possessed, capable young woman, and when young Shaw from up state, vigorous, well set up and well poised, appeared on the scene Mr. Doyle groaned afresh.

"If Louise hadn't that business bee in her bonnet, there's the man I'd pick out for her husband. Why on earth any sensible girl would rather take dictation from a snarling, baldheaded old crank downtown than to make a nice home for a fellow like George Shaw I don't see."

But as a matter of fact Mr. Delaney was neither bald nor ill tempered, and George Shaw had come to the city with but one well defined ambition—to gain a business foothold. John Doyle's successor in the grocery trade being second cousin to George Shaw's mother, he had taken the first thing at hand in a position as clerk in the store where Doyle had once ruled with iron hand.

Perhaps the happiness of Louise was not the only thing at stake in Doyle's mind. He might have cherished a secret longing to maintain even a distant family connection with the scene of his commercial success. At any rate, Mr. Shaw was in due time invited to call, and Mr. Doyle fairly hugged himself when he saw the admiration in the young man's eyes on meeting Louise.

But for six months matters progressed no further. Mr. Shaw called at irregular intervals and was courteously received by Louise—in the presence of her parents.

From his point of vantage behind the cashier's booth, Mr. Doyle studied the young man whom he coveted as a son-in-law, and decided that an occasional cigar could be offered his ideal with impunity. In the meantime George Shaw was studying the uncertainties of customers and markets to the profound satisfaction of his mother's second cousin.

When Mr. Shaw invited Louise to accompany him to the theater, John Doyle went into the seventh heaven of delight. The calmness of Louise irritated her exuberant father.

The theater going became an established weekly event, and Mr. Doyle beamed even when defeated at penmanship. Each day he spent less time in the rear room of Simpson's cigar store and longer visits were made to the grocery store. He bought a better brand of cigars, too, and professed them at more frequent intervals.

But when Louise impudently announced that Mr. Shaw had invited her to see Bernardini in "L'Alphonse" and followed up the information with the prosaic observation that her rainy day skirt needed a new binding the vials of Mr. Doyle's wrath were again uncoiled. As the door closed on her retreating form he turned to his wife.

"Well, John Doyle, I hope you're satisfied," she exclaimed, a suggestion of tears in her voice. "Satisfied ain't no name for it, Min"

was used to such treats every night in the week. I do believe she's more interested in Delaney's contract for that Newport palace than in getting a husband."

"Like as not," responded Mrs. Doyle, gathering the butter scraps for the cooking jar. "An architect's contract is easily filled, but marriage is uncertain, and it's got to stand for most of us. I don't see that there's such a rash about her setting down. She's doing well. Besides, how do you know that Mr. Shaw wants her?"

"Wants her?" roared Mr. Doyle. "Who wouldn't want her? Ain't she pretty? Ain't she smart and up to the mark every time? Ain't I got money to leave? And ain't she as cool as a cucumber, too, the independent minx?"

A week after the Bernardini episode John Doyle came home fairly brimming over with excitement.

"What do you think? George has bought an interest in the store; had a tidy bit of money laid by when he came down here and, seeing this was a good opening, bought in. Everybody round the store is tickled to death. Say, I invited him round to dinner Sunday to celebrate the occasion."

Mrs. Doyle smiled.

"That's nice."

Louise likewise smiled placidly and passed her plate for another chop. John Doyle bellowed inwardly.

"Don't care a rap! This comes of letting her work among a lot of conniving Jumpers and upstart young brakers. She don't know a real man when she sees one."

The next night Louise dined with two young women who lived in true bohemian fashion in two rooms with a bath. She came home animated and gossiping.

"Oh, mother," she exclaimed as she folded her new veil with thrifty care, "it's the dearest little den! The parlor couches are their beds at night, and inside there's a place for their gowns. And such a cute dinner, with a fern in the middle of the table, and everything so easy to get-canned soup, fried chicken and salad, and things from the delicatessen store, and rolls heated in the gas oven, and charlotte russe, with the queerest black coffee and preserved sweets from India to finish off. No two dishes alike and each one with a history!"

Mrs. Doyle patted the two slender hands that stilled round her neck.

"We had a good dinner, too, dearest—roly poly pudding with strawberry jam."

"Not strawberry jam," sighed Louise. "Naughty mother, not to wait till a night when I was home. I've been thinking that when Mr. Shaw came Sunday we might have something out of the ordinary, just to celebrate the occasion." This with a sly look at her father.

"To be sure," responded Mrs. Doyle heartily. "The poor fellow has boarded ever since he came to town. No doubt he'll enjoy some good home cooking. We'll have a fine roast of beef, with both kinds of potatoes, celery and vegetables, and I'll make some extra thick mince pies."

Louise tapped the table thoughtfully.

"I know, mother, dear, you're the best cook in the world, but don't you



He fairly hugged himself when he saw admiration in the young man's eyes.

think it would be nice to have some little extras like—well, like the girls had tonight?"

"Bless my soul!" remarked Mrs. Doyle, wiping her glasses anxiously when Louise left the room. "Whatever does she want? I'm sure"

"Never mind what she wants; she's going to have it," growled Mr. Doyle in uncharacteristic triumph. "That's the first ray of sense she's shown since George's been coming here. Let her buy what she likes for Sunday."

In fulfillment of this injunction he pressed a ten dollar bill into his daughter's hand, bidding her spend it for anything she liked for the momentous occasion, and when the two young people had retired to the parlor after dinner on Sunday and he was exuberantly wiping the dishes for his wife he remarked:

"Well, Minerva, that dinner'll do one of two things for George Shaw. It'll either kill him or make him propose."

"I declare, John Doyle, I believe you've gone daft on the subject of marrying off Louise. But I must say that I do feel a bit squeamish myself after those lead orators."

The next morning after breakfast Louise lingered over the task of tying her veil and retouched her gloves nervously. Finally she crossed abruptly to her mother's side and rested one hand caressingly on the gray hairs.

"Mother, I guess you'll have to teach me how to roast beef your way. George—Mr. Doyle started and his paper fell to his knee—"George never, never mentioned the salad nor the charlotte russe or anything I bought, but he did your beef and pies made him think of his mother, and—when we go to housekeeping we're to have roast beef every Sunday."

Mrs. Doyle wheeled round to clutch at empty air. Louise had vanished, and the front door swung to with a crash.

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WASHINGTON LETTER

(Special Correspondence.) Budget Meakin, a sociologist of England, who is now in Washington studying the "underside of life," says that he has found a situation, even in the beautiful city of Washington, which would shock even the Londoners.

"You have worse places right here in Washington," said he, "with all its fine buildings and wide streets, than even London can produce. I have found buildings here inhabited by human beings that would not be tolerated in London for a day, even if inhabited by a cow's donkey."

"Within a stone's throw of the British embassy I saw hovels today not fit for pigs to live in, and within a few hundred yards of your beautiful capitol I found a similar situation."

"Ten years ago I came here to study the architecture and landscape of the American capital. I am here now to study the other side, and I am very much shocked to find that there is another side, a worse side than I ever dreamed of. I shall take back with me to London a different picture this time. Really your people will have to attend to this matter."

The summer maneuvers. Announcement has been made of the general outline of the summer maneuvers in which the army and navy will engage. The army having expressed a wish that the joint maneuvers be held at Portland, Me., the battle ships squadron will operate there, together with a division of the army, during the latter part of August, the tentative dates being Aug. 22 to Aug. 29. The battle ships that will participate are the Kentucky, Illinois, Alabama and Massachusetts. As the army is desirous of testing the efficiency of the forts, guns and other defenses at Portland, the maneuvers will consist of attacks night and day upon that point by the formidable battle fleet, which probably will be commanded by Rear Admiral Barker.

Several days prior to the joint maneuvers the sea force will engage in a search problem, the locality selected to be somewhere on the New England coast, yet to be determined. In this problem the battle fleet will be increased by the coast guard squadron under Rear Admiral Sands, thus adding the battle ships Texas and Indiana, with the new monitors and a number of torpedo boat destroyers.

A Palm Garden. Comparatively few Washingtonians are aware that the largest palm garden in the United States is located in Washington within a government building on the principal thoroughfare of the city and daily passed by thousands of pedestrians.

This garden was started about two years ago. It is hoped that within a few years the place will become the most beautiful conservatory of palms to be seen in any city in this country.

The idea of making a palm garden of the big court of the post office building originated with William R. Smith, the veteran superintendent of the botanical gardens. Mr. Smith is one of the most learned and enthusiastic students of palms in the world. His long and practical experience as a gardener, together with his wide knowledge and observation, has made him an expert in this line.

A Pony in the White House. Archie Roosevelt, who is recovering from the measles, had a visitor the other day whose visit will do more to restore him to health than all the medicine the doctor can give him. Soon after Archie began to convalesce he begged to be allowed to see his spotted pony.

It was too soon for Archie to leave his room, and Mrs. Roosevelt was compelled to decline the request. Charles, the groom who looks after the pony and who also is a great chum of Archie, thought the matter over and concluded that if Archie wanted to see his pony he should do so.

Without confiding his plan to any one, he led the pony under President McKinley's wing and along the corridor into the elevator. The attendants were too much surprised to say a word until after the elevator had disappeared. When the second floor was reached, Charles led the pony to Archie's room and ushered it in. Archie was delighted, and the pony also seemed to enjoy the visit.

This is the first time that a horse has ridden in a White House elevator.

New White House Carriages. Two new carriages have been added to the president's stables, one of which is a large landau and the other a survey which has a trimming of basket work about the upper part of the two seats. This effect is the latest style and is found in the finest imported coaches of English manufacture.

What led to the pony under President McKinley was dark blue coat and trousers, the latter reaching to the foot. This has been changed by President Roosevelt. With a coat of dark blue there are now white breeches, tight fitting and short to the knee, patent leather boots completing the outfit. On the high hat is a red, white and blue cockade. Ten men are employed about the stables.

A Precious Document Found. The Declaration of Independence is to be seen no more by the public. An order has been issued that henceforth the historic manuscript shall be kept under lock and key in a great fireproof and light proof safe. The declaration will never be exhibited again at any of the great international fairs. This decision was reached as the result of an examination of the document made by a committee of the American Academy of Sciences at the instance of Secretary Hay.

Most of the text is still legible, but only one or two of the signatures can be made out. There is only a trace of the autograph of John Hancock.

CARL SCHOFIELD.

He Told Her. Teacher—Which letter is the next one to the letter "H"? Boy—Dunno, ma'am. Teacher—What have I on both sides of my nose? Boy—Freckles, ma'am.

Fleety of Time. "But we shall not begin our married life with a secret, shall we, dearest?" "No, dearest," he murmured. "There's plenty of time."—Pittsburg Gazette.

TRUCK DRIVER AND HORSE.

How a Friendly Understanding Developed Between Them.

The friendly relations which often exist between truck drivers and their horses is shown in the story of Chieftain, one of the tales in "Horse News," by Sewell Ford. Tim Doyle, the driver, having been left alone in the work, takes up lodgings in the stable. The story runs thus: So for three years or more Chieftain had always had a good night nap on the flank from Tim, and in the morning, after the currying and rubbing, he had a little friendly banter in the way of love slaps from Tim and good natured nothings from Chieftain. Perhaps many of Tim's confidences were given him in jest, and perhaps Chieftain sometimes thought that Tim was a bit slow in perception; but, all in all, each understood the other even better than either realized.

Of course Chieftain could not tell Tim of all those vague longings which had to do with new grass and spring turf, nor could he know that Tim had similar longings. These thoughts each kept to himself. But if Chieftain was of Norman blood, a horse whose noble sires had ranged pasture and paddock free from rein or trace, Tim was a Doyle whose father and grandfather had lived close to the good green sod and had done their toll in the open, with the cool and calm of the country to soothe and revive them.

Of such delights as these both Chieftain and Tim had tasted scantily, hurriedly, in youth, and for them in the lapses of the daily grind both yearned each after his own fashion.

And, each in his way, Tim and Chieftain were philosophers. As the years had come and gone, both filled and uneventful, the character of the man had ripened and melted, the disposition of the horse had settled and sweetened.

In his earlier days Tim had been ready to smash a wheel or lose one, to demand right of way with profane unctious and to back his word with whip, flat or bale hook. But he had learned to yield an inch on occasion and to use the soft word.

Chieftain, too, in his first years between the poles had sometimes been impatient with the untrained mates who from time to time joined the team. He had taken part in mane biting and trace kicking, especially on days when the loads were heavy and the flies thick, conditions which try the best of horse tempers. But he had studded down into a pole horse who could set an example that was worth more than all the six foot lashes ever tied to a whipstock.

Dr. Holmes' Table Talk. At table Dr. Holmes was unforgivingly vivacious, ready at repartee, as witty as Lowell without Lowell's audacity at punning and for the immediate moment as wise as Emerson. Underwood, in his monograph on "Lowell, the Poet and the Man," has by some lapse of memory misquoted a passage of words that took place between Emerson and Holmes at one of the early Atlantic dinners. The conversation was upon the orders of architecture. It was Emerson, not Holmes, who had been saying, "The Egyptian was characterized by breadth of base, the Grecian by the adequate support and the Gothic by its skyward soaring. Then it was Holmes, not Emerson, who flashed out instantly, "One is for death, one is for life, and one is for immortality." I did not hear this, but it was repeated to me at the time by one who did.—J. T. Trowbridge in Atlantic.

WOMAN AND FASHION

A Handsome Blouse.

Boletero blouse of silk cloth, with fronts turned back to form revers or plaits, stitched on the edges and ornamented with buttons. On each side of the front is a box plait, starting at the yoke, which is trimmed at the bottom.



A BOLETERO BLOUSE.

with an odd motif of the material, stitched at the edges and ornamented with buttons.

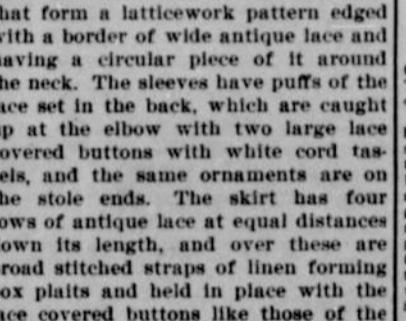
The plain yoke is bordered with a band of embroidery or flit lace, a very wide band of white trim the bottom and the sleeves are made and trimmed to correspond.

The blouse is of the material or of white silk, and the girdle is like the bolero.—Wiener Chic.

Lines Gown. A white linen gown has a three-quarter length coat of the same material. The main feature on this is a large cape which falls half way over the sleeves. It is made of bands of antique lace and bias folds of stitched linen that form a lattice-work pattern edged with a border of wide antique lace and having a circular piece of it around the neck. The sleeves have puffs of the lace set in the back, which are caught up at the elbow with two large lace covered buttons with white cord tassels, and the same ornaments are on the stole ends. The skirt has four rows of antique lace at equal distances down its length, and over these are broad stitched straps of linen forming box plaits and held in place with the lace covered buttons like those of the long coat.

Loose Coatee. Fascinating loose coatees will be legion when summer toilets begin to blossom, and many are shown already. They may not be so luxurious or artistic as the long, loose wraps, but they are pre-eminently chic, coquetish and youthful. Many of them are in very fine, supple cloth of light shades, but the canvases, estamines and others soft enough to bear plaiting and fullness and to fall gracefully are well liked. The silks, too, are of course, eligible, and the new soft silky mohair, especially in white, is an excellent coatee material. White is the favorite color for the coatee, though all the light shades are used. Both are in white with notes of black.—Vick's Family Magazine.

A Gown from Paris. Street gown of gray tussor, worn with accented plaits of gray flannel waist, coat embroidered with scroll design of gray tussor. Gray ornaments on coat.



Street gown of gray tussor, worn with accented plaits of gray flannel waist, coat embroidered with scroll design of gray tussor. Gray ornaments on coat.

There never were such lovely lace pieces for various purposes sent over as before. The wide, round collars to be worn sans choker are to be no end popular, with wimple cloth and thin gowns, and another shape that is lovely and for dressier occasions is a wide stole, the end becoming still wider and falling quite to the knees and that may be prettily held at the waist by a loose jeweled girdle buckling low in front.

Wide Lace Collars. There never were such lovely lace pieces for various purposes sent over as before. The wide, round collars to be worn sans choker are to be no end popular, with wimple cloth and thin gowns, and another shape that is lovely and for dressier occasions is a wide stole, the end becoming still wider and falling quite to the knees and that may be prettily held at the waist by a loose jeweled girdle buckling low in front.

Open Collars in Greece. The American tourist in Greece is often shocked by the sight of a funeral procession passing through the streets with the dead body borne in an open coffin. This custom originated in a curious way. When the Turks were masters of Greece they discovered that Greek revolutionists carried arms about the country in coffins, so they decreed that all coffins must be carried open. After the Greeks regained their freedom they continued the custom from force of habit.

Pleased Him. "I think we might give Bridget a dollar more a week," said the family man.

"What?" exclaimed his wife. "I set her to work cleaning the parlor today, and you should see the way she left it."

"I did. That's what influenced me. I noticed she fixed the piano with the keyboard close up against the wall."—Philadelphia Ledger.

The Home of Musical Fish. Lake Batticaloa, Ceylon, has the probably unique distinction of being the home of musical fish. The sounds emitted by these are said to be as sweet and melodious as those which would be produced by a series of Eolian harps. Crossing the lake in a boat one can plainly distinguish the pleasant sounds. If an ear is dipped in the water the melody becomes louder and more distinct.

Easy Divorce in Old Times. The code of King Khummurad of Assyria, whose date is approximately 2200 B. C., which has been deciphered from a pillar discovered at Susa, deals exhaustively with the subject of divorce. One of the most interesting clauses is the following: "If the wife of a man who dwells in the house of that man has set her face to go forth and has acted the fool and wasted his house and impoverished his goods, they shall call her to account. If the husband shall say, 'I put her away,' he shall put her away. She shall go her way; for her divorce he shall give her nothing."

Worms as Not Reforers. Earthworms are not soil reforers, for they are seldom met with in soils that are destitute of organic matter. They are simply renovators. Every time a worm is driven by dry weather or any other cause to descend deep it brings to the surface, when it empties the contents of its body, a few particles of fresh earth. At the same time it fertilizes the subsoil by opening its passages, which encourage the roots of plants to penetrate deeper. These passages being lined with excreted matter which provides a store of nourishment for the roots. On meadow land Darwin found that these worms casts amount annually to eighteen tons an acre and on good arable land to about ten tons.

Baldness Caused by Fear. Several carefully observed cases of falling hair from emotion have been recorded, but the following probably one of the most curious: A normally healthy farmer, thirty-eight years of age, saw his child thrown out of a cart and trampled upon by a mule. He supposed it killed and experienced in his fright and tension a sensation of chilliness and tension in the head and face. The child escaped with a few bruises, but the father's hair, beard and eyebrows commenced to drop out the next day, and by the end of the week he was entirely bald. A new growth of hair appeared in time, but much finer.—London Answers.

An Emergency. Mrs. Brandnew—I would like to get a first class box on etiquette.

Mrs. Brandnew—Any particular point you want to clear up?

Mrs. Brandnew—Yes; how to treat one's inferiors. You know, dear, it is only recently that we have had inferiors.

Save the Baby. The mortality among babies during the third month of life is something frightful. The census of 1906 shows that about one in every seven succumbs.

The cause is apparent. With baby's bone hardening, the fontanel (opening in the skull) closing up, and its teeth forming, all these coming at once create a demand for bone material, and nearly half the little systems are deficient in it. The result is, irritability, weakness, sweating, fever, diarrhoea, brain trouble, convulsions, and the child proves terribly fat. The deaths in 1906 under three years were 39,382, say nothing of the vast number outside the United States 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 is the answer. It has saved the lives of thousands of babies. They begin to improve within forty-eight hours. Here is what physicians think of it.

234 Washington St. San Francisco, Cal., September 1, 1907.

Gentlemen—I am prescribing your food in the multitude of baby troubles, the most dangerous period of child life. It renders lanugine 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 from birth. When the teeth begin to appear will come healthfully, without pain, diarrhoea or lameness. It is the surest and regular diet and easily taken. Price 10 cents (enough for six weeks), sent postpaid on receipt of price. Pacific Coast Agents, Mills Drug Co., Mills Building, San Francisco.

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, in fact 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.

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