

# M'CUILLER'S CREATION

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**A** PORTRAIT of Zuleika," tall, sheer, with the introspective gaze of old time saintship in the eyes that looked out from under gold shot hair lying in dappled rings across the forehead; short lips on which the paint gleamed fresh. McCuller bent his head critically.

"As good as you make 'em," suggested his friend from a lounge in the corner.

"No," said McCuller; "wants life. It is the artistic bias which I lack; expresses her, though, 'soft as the memory of buried love.' Humph! Not quite. What do you say, Pybus?"

He turned, weighing the palette in his hands. "Strange how the face clings to me! An idea, my idea, materialized, created from nothing, like God's world. For the furtherance of what? My own glory? Not as long as the eyelids appear as if they had never winked. See; they stare too much."

Pybus raised himself on one elbow to look at the picture through half shut eyes. "Push it back against the picture—so. Crimmon sets it, as it were, in relief. There; that's better. Now she breathes."

"No; but I wish she did. Pybus, it is Pygmalion over again. I could love her if she lived."

"And feed her? McCuller, you are crazy. If she lived, you would have to



support her, and she would worry you. As it is, you possess her and she need not eat. Be thankful."

"I am, Pybus, what a glorious conceit to command life to the eyes, call the blood from heart to lips!"

"You did not paint the heart."  
"None the less possible to will it into existence. To will—do you understand? For, if the emanations of a divine will can effuse themselves into created material substance, why should not human will by the potency of its divine germ evolve into a sentient, an already visible, conception?"

"Goodby, McCuller. I came here to recreate, not to speculate upon divine emanations. There is nothing divine about me. Goodby."

"Yes; it is speculation, Pybus. Everything is speculation. You and I are speculations. Do not imagine!—But Pybus slammed the door, and McCuller finished his speech alone.

"You will not think I meant to play a joke on you?" she said anxiously, laying great stress upon the "you." Then she looked at him with "Zuleika's" eyes and smiled at him with "Zuleika's" mouth. McCuller was morbid. He had worked too steadily; he was run down and needed a tonic.

"If I let you go he said irrelevantly, 'Zuleika' will seem more dead to me than ever."

"Well," she said in a little pained, heartbroken way, "she is dead."  
"Are you jealous of her?" he asked reflectively, for her eyes had grown quite wet.

"No," she said untruthfully, pushing back her gold shot hair—"no; I am not jealous, she is dead."  
"That is true," he said. "Well, you let me love you instead of 'Zuleika'?"

"If you wish it very much," she said, letting him take her hands with an affection of reluctance which pleased McCuller greatly.

"So I have waked my 'Zuleika' after all," he said five minutes later and went to the head of the stairs and called.

"Come up here, you traitors!" They came up.

"Stead, Pybus," then, turning to them, "my future wife." And Pybus stammered, something incoherently, while McCuller said explosively, "Don't you, McCuller, if you can originate nothing else you can create a sensation."

**The First Iron Ship.**  
The first iron ship has more reputed birthplaces than Homer, according to Chambers' Journal. Both the Clyde and the Mersey claim pre-eminence in this respect. Sir E. J. Robson of Edinburgh designed an iron vessel in 1816, which was not launched till three years later, and it is said that an iron boat was worked on the Severn even as far back as 1787. Steel was not used in the construction of merchant ships' hulls until 1859. Old salts were not alone in their belief that wood was meant by Providence to float, but iron to go to the bottom. A naval constructor of some repute once said: "Don't talk to me of iron ships. They are contrary to nature." Now none but small craft are built of wood in England.

**The Sly Politician.**  
"Why don't you make a plain, straightforward statement about whether or not you mean to be a candidate?"  
"What's the use?" answered the prudent politician. "Just at present the only thing that's keeping me before the public is the doubt on that question."—Washington Star.

## THE INSTINCT FOR DOLLS.

**Big Babies More Loved Than Their Gilded Toys.**  
Few things are more psychologically interesting than the instinct which makes little girls (sometimes before they are able to articulate) seize upon any absurd object to satisfy the maternal instinct; even a bottle wrapped in a towel has served the purpose, for, like savages, when they worship they are content with the rudest imitation of the human figure. On that wretched caricature, the daubed and lumpy rag doll, boundless affection is bestowed, and with it how many Socratic dialogues are held!

As time goes on this rudimentary effigy is exchanged for others which better satisfy newly developed tastes and feelings. A girl of six is not content unless her doll bears some resemblance to her mother's baby. Aided by this mirage of reality, the imagination leaps all bounds. But it is checked by too studied an imitation of life. The splendid, richly dressed creature of wax is never really loved. Its tamed, chilly fancy. It is imposed upon the affections, not created by them. And too large a doll is seldom much liked. A small doll, not too handsome, is usually the favorite.

As girls grow older there may often be seen a touching suggestion of a fact familiar in real life, a partiality for the weakest and least favored of the doll family.—Good Housekeeping.

**The Hindoo Saree.**  
The saree is the national costume of almost all Hindoo women and occasionally of Mohammedan women in India. It is an entire cloth, in many cases eighteen yards long and about a yard broad. In texture the cloth varies to suit the posture as well as the richest inhabitants of the country. In the matter of lying and wearing the garment there is little difference anywhere. The cloth, which has one plain end, is passed around the loins and the upper border tied in a strong knot. The cloth is then passed two, three or even four times around the waist to form a petticoat, which, if the saree be a proper width, reaches to the ground. A portion is then plaited neatly into folds and tucked in before so as to hang down in front to the instep, or even lower. The remainder of the cloth is passed across the bosom over the left shoulder and head, on which it rests, the ornamental ends falling partly over the right arm below the waist.

In the south of India, however, the end does not pass over the head. It is drawn tightly over the left shoulder and bosom and tucked into the waist behind or on the right hip.

**Ownership of Kings' Business.**  
One of the peculiar things about a copyrighted play is that any little piece of business or any new lines which may be inserted in the manuscript while a stock company is playing the drama belong thereafter to the man who owns the copyright.

Every time a stock company rents a play for production from the owner of the copyright it is cut, interlined and added to before it is produced. A stage manager, for instance, may interline some speeches in order to work up to the introduction of a song or specialty, or he may strengthen the climax by putting in some new and strong lines. Often these interpolated lines prove to be the most striking in the play and make decided hits. If they are left in when the manuscript goes back to its owner, they become his property absolutely and may not be used by the man who wrote them in any other production; therefore shrewd managers, before they return a play to its owner, always take great pains to erase every scrap of correction or interlineation. In this way only may they keep what really belongs to them.—Chicago Tribune.

**Gambetta's Skull.**  
When Gambetta died the medical authorities requested Dr. Laborde, the distinguished physician, to examine his brain, and, going to Ville d'Avray, where the body lay, he began work as soon as possible. First he opened the skull and then, removing the brain, laid it on a napkin and took it to his own house, where, for the purpose of preserving it, he placed it in a solution of sulphate of zinc.

Unfortunately before doing so he had forgotten to weigh it, and when he took it out of the solution next day he found that a portion of it had been dissolved and that what remained of the brain of the famous statesman weighed only 700 grams, which is about the weight of an idler's brain.

Dr. Laborde, it is said, never forgave himself for making this blunder.

**Very Like Reason.**  
The crows and other birds that carry shells high in the air and then let them drop upon the rocks to break the shell show something very like reason or a knowledge of the relation of cause and effect. Froude tells of some species of bird that he saw in South Africa flying amid the swarm of migrating locusts and clipping off the wings of the insects so that they would drop to the earth, where the birds could devour them at their leisure. Our squirrels will cut off the chestnut burrs before they have opened, allowing them to fall to the ground, where, as they seem to know, the burrs soon dry open. Feed a caged, soon cooled food—a piece of bread or meat rolled on the ground—before he eats it he will put it in his dish of water and wash it off.—John Burroughs in Century.

**Norwegian Cure for Drunkenness.**  
In Norway drunkenness is punished by imprisonment. As soon as a man is found a signal later in the day. At all events whatever his plan, it is carried. And he himself fell a victim to his own tenacity and want of knowledge.

**In and Out.**  
First Officer—Yes, we were marching over a plank bridge when it gave way, and the men fell in.  
Second Officer—And what did you do?  
First Officer—Oh, I ordered them to fall out.—Illustrated Bits.

**A Follower of Precept.**  
Sinpson—You blow your own horn a good deal.  
Jenkins—Well, if you want a thing done do it yourself.—Detroit Free Press.

## FREAKS OF CLOCKS.

**THE STRANGE WARNING CHIMED FROM STRASSBURG CATHEDRAL.**  
Fecundities of the Timepiece in the British House of Lords.—The Madness of Mechlins' Clock.—When Clocks Go Crazy, Things Go Bad.

There is an old saw which declares that "when clocks go crazy, things go bad."

At 2 a. m. on Sept. 27, 1890, the world famous clock in the great cathedral at Strassburg commenced to chime without rhyme or reason. It sounded 1,570 peals, then stopped, and after an interval slowly began to toll as if for a great one dead.

The political atmosphere of Europe at that time was indicative of profound peace. Nothing of danger or disgrace could by any possibility be conceived of as threatening Strassburg or its inhabitants. Yet less than a year afterward the German armies had encircled the city with a ring of steel and fire. The German shells were falling thickly in the streets and squares and exploding even within the precincts of the stately cathedral itself. And precisely at 2 a. m. Sept. 27, 1870, General Ulrich signed the capitulation which was to deliver Strassburg into the hands of the invaders.

In the house of lords is a certain historical timepiece which is said to invariably suffer from temporary aberration whenever a member of the royal family of Britain passes away. The peculiarity was first noticed when William IV. died. Very early in the morning the clock began to emit a series of peculiar gurgling noises, as though gasping for breath, went suddenly slow and snarly stopped altogether. All efforts to start it failed, and on the evening of the day of the funeral it restarted of its own accord, nor did it give any further trouble whatever for many years afterward.

It has over and over again been noticed that clocks, especially those situated in the turrets of high buildings having unusually deep foundations, are liable to go wrong in sympathy with seismic disturbances happening in districts sometimes very far away.

On Nov. 1, 1755, for instance, fully half the timepieces in Edinburgh were affected. Many stopped altogether. Others went slow or fast or started striking wrongly. In this the superstitious saw some calamity impending, and it was not until news arrived of the great Lisbon earthquake that the alarm was allayed. It was then discovered, by comparing times and dates, that the first shock must have traveled from Fez in Morocco to Cape Wrath in Scotland in eight seconds.

A curious coincidence was then recalled. On the evening of April 7, exactly five years previously, several thousands of persons, particularly those of rank and fortune, had camped out in Hyde park and had thus passed the hours from dusk till daylight.

This was to avoid an earthquake shock which had been predicted for the early morning of the 8th by an alleged "madman" in Edinburgh. The threatened quake, however, failed to materialize, and the scared ones got heartily laughed at for their pains. Nevertheless, it was noted at the time that several of the public and private clocks of the metropolis stopped at precisely the same moment on the morning in question, and this fact at once took on a new and sinister significance.

"Was it possible," people began to ask, "that the so-called 'madman' was not so very 'mad' after all and that London had providentially escaped because what might possibly have been a hideous and unparalleled catastrophe?"

The so-called "madness" of Mechlins' clock constitutes one of the most mysterious incidents of the Napoleonic wars. It happened in 1806. Two years previously the Corsican usurper had rased a portion of the city to the ground, and the place had also suffered severely in other ways. The threatened cathedral had been spared, and then, as now, its massive tower rising four square to a height of more than 300 feet and bearing four dials, each forty-eight feet in diameter, was one of the most striking landmarks for miles and miles around.

Inside the tower was the gigantic clock, the biggest in the world. It had been the hours for longer than the oldest bunter cook could remember and had never gone wrong. When, therefore, in the early dawn of one summer day the great bell began clanging furiously small wonder that not only the city, but the whole countryside, was roused. Mechlins' tower was like a disturbed hive, men rushing from their houses half dressed, but all armed, while from every town and village within a radius of twenty miles angry peasants poured cityward.

It was a false alarm, however, after all. No assault followed. No column of dust on the horizon heralded the advance of the enemy, although anxious eyes watched all day. But when toward evening one more curious than his fellows bethought him to examine the interior of the clock tower in order to discover if possible the reason for the clock's strange behavior a grewsome sight met his view.

Entangled in the massive works of the huge timepiece, torn, gashed, every bone broken, was the body of a French officer. He had evidently climbed into the tower unobserved and had been caught by the machinery while engaged in tampering with it. What his object was in so doing none ever knew. That it was something sinister there could be no doubt. Probably he had intended to so arrange the interior mechanism of the clock as to cause it to sound a signal later in the day. At all events whatever his plan, it miscarried. And he himself fell a victim to his own tenacity and want of knowledge.

**THE AGILE OSPREY.**  
A Hungry Bird and a Tragedy of a Trout Stream.  
A big brown and white bird came sailing up the trout stream, his long wings stretched far out to right and left. He flew slowly, for he was looking for something—something that he wanted very much. He was doing his family marketing. Up in the top of a big pine tree a mile away his wife was sitting on a nest full of eggs, and it was both his duty and his pleasure to find a supper for her. Suddenly he stopped short. He had caught sight of the thing for which he was searching—a dusky, shadowy shape, with an outline like that of a submarine torpedo boat, lying motionless in the clear water. For just an instant he seemed to hang poised in the air, but it was only long enough to change the direction of his motion; then down he went with a rush and a swoop.

The brook trout saw him coming and tried to dart away, but it was too late. With a mighty splash the osprey struck the stream and went clear under and out of sight, while the water boiled and surged over him. He could not see for the commotion about him, but his aim had been true, and his outstretched feet touched a slippery, wriggling body that was just beginning to gather headway.

Quicker than a wink his toes closed about it and his sharp talons sank deep into the trout's flesh. Then up he came, rising out of the stream like some fabled monster of old and shaking the water from his feathers in a shower of flying drops. Every thread of muscle in his wings and breast was working with all its might to lift that heavy trout. Up went the bird's great pinions till they were straining above him; then down they came, lashing the air like whips. Up again and down, up and down, up and down, harder and faster and fiercer, and little by little he and his victim rose from the stream till at last they were clear of the tree tops, then straight away to the nest in the old pine, where the wife was waiting to make them both welcome.—W. D. Hulbert in Leslie's Monthly.

**PITH AND POINT.**  
The more culture the less jewelry.  
Night is only a tunnel to him who travels toward hope.  
What some folks call luck is in reality disaster to them.  
It is love of virtue, not fear of law, that makes civilization.  
A man's business may be a success and yet the man a failure.  
Don't weep over a bad crop. Get your land ready and sow again.  
You can conquer your cares more quickly if you do not continually carry a long face.  
Whatever you may have in your purse, carry hope in your heart and spend it freely.  
There is no law against laughter, my friend. You are here on earth and entitled to its sunshine.  
What fortunes are wasted by men and women who are struggling to know those who are hardly worth knowing!  
Keep on trimming your lamps, tilling your soil, tugging and pegging away. You never can tell when the messenger of success will come.—Schoolmaster.

**The Travels of a Jewel.**  
Fanny Kemble when in the United States years ago was persecuted by the attentions of a wealthy lunatic. When finally rejected by her he flung a package upon the table, exclaiming, "Well, at least take this!" and disappeared. The parcel proved to contain a very beautiful jewel. The actress was not long permitted to retain it. She saw no more of her persecutor, but did not remain under any sense of obligation to him. The gem was stolen from her before she quitted the United States. She forgot all about it in the course of the years that followed. A very long time afterward she was in Italy. A peddler displayed the contents of his pack before her at Sorrento. There lay the long lost jewel. Through whose hands it had passed there was nothing to show.

**Peppermint Drops.**  
To make peppermint drops take a cupful of sugar crushed fine and just moistened with boiling water; then boil five minutes; take from the fire and add cream of tartar the size of a pea; mix well and add half a teaspoonful of essence of peppermint; beat briskly until mixture whitens, then drop quickly upon white paper; have cream of tartar and essence of peppermint measured while the sugar is boiling; if it sugars before it is all dropped add a little water and boil a minute or two. Wintergreen drops are made the same way by using half a teaspoonful of essence of wintergreen.

**The White Man in Africa.**  
"The footprint of the white man is like the footprint of the elephant," says a Swazi native proverb; "it remains in the ground."  
Another proverb: "White men are like and yet unlike quails. When you see one in your country you will soon see a flock. But the quails leave you again, the white men never."

**Children in Somaliland.**  
Children are regarded as a chief asset in the belongings of a Somali native. A man may have as many as four wives, and most of the patriarchs boast of tremendous families. One old chief of a tribe near Berbera was the head of a family consisting of 23 sons, 28 daughters and 390 grandchildren. A father sells his daughters for camels and often builds up for himself a fortune in this way. The children are named according to the circumstances of their birth, as Wa Berri (born in the morning) or Robleh (born in the rain).

**Revenge.**  
The doctor's wife went to the door. She and the woman next door were not on friendly terms, but the tramp did not know that. "De lady next door," he said, "give me a piece of her home-made pie and I ought!"  
"I'm sorry," interrupted the doctor's wife, "but the doctor isn't at home just now. However, there's a physician in the next block, and if you hurry he may be able to give you relief before much harm is done."—Chicago Post.

## ODDITIES IN PET NAMES.

**Cat and Pig Are the Terms Coined by French Women.**  
"If a man in this country calls his wife a cat the foundation is laid for a divorce suit," said the man who travels. "But a French woman takes the word as a term of endearment. It's odd how the choicest phrases in the vocabulary of affection of one people are used for quite an opposite purpose by another nation. One of the most familiar and most coveted phrases of endearment among the French, for instance, is 'my little pig,' and 'my little puppy dog' is also well liked.

"But if the Frenchman were to call Mrs. Narcisse 'duck,' as an American husband might lovingly call his better half, she would be very much offended. One of the oddest pet names that I ever heard of was that used by a famous German general, who always called his wife 'my little kernel of coffee.' They were divorced at last, however, and a cynic said that the general's pet name should have been 'my dear little stack of bayonets,' for the lady was said to have had a very sharp tongue. I know a devoted disciple of Walton, who, when writing to his wife while on a fishing expedition, calls her 'my dear little speckled trout.'"—New York Press.

**Why Razors Get Tired.**  
"Do you know why we dip a razor in warm water before we begin shaving, and do you know why some ignorant men say a razor is 'tired'?" asked the barber. "Well, this is all due to the fact that a razor is a saw, not a knife, and it works like a saw, not like a knife. Examined under the microscope its edge, that looks so smooth to the naked eye, is seen to have innumerable and fine saw teeth. When these teeth get clogged with dirt all the honing and strapping in the world will do no good—the razor is dull and nothing will sharpen it. Then is the time the ignorant say it is 'tired' and stop using it, but the wise know it is only clogged.

"The wise, though, don't suffer their razors to get clogged. They dip them in warm water before they use them, and thus the teeth are kept clean. It is because a razor is a saw that lather doesn't soften the beard, as so many people think. It stiffens it, so that it will present a firm and resisting surface to the razor."—Philadelphia Record.

**One Doctor's Advice.**  
"So you have been trying to doctor your own eyes," remarked the oculist as the patient removed the bandage, displaying an aggravated case of conjunctivitis. "In many cases you can cure yourself, but if you don't know what treatments to avoid you are liable to do yourself injury. Old household remedies are all right in their place, but I would advise you not to use tea leaves. They often give relief, but they bring other complications. In fact, the 'tea leaf eye' is well known to the profession. The lid is puff, flabby and lifeless. If you wish to reduce the inflammation in your eyes use hot water with a cloth. That is enough. Yes; you may add salt if you wish, but it is not necessary in most cases. Salt is merely an antiseptic and has no other virtue for eye lotions."—New York Press.

**All Brushed Off.**  
A lady called at a chemist's shop, then, after examining one or two articles, remembered that she wanted some cosmetic for the toilet and turning to the chemist, asked, "Have you any bloom of youth?"  
The merchant, over whose head more than fifty summers had passed, turned to one of his assistants and asked in a business way, "Have I any bloom of youth left?"  
The clerk looked up with a quiet smile and answered, "I believe not, sir."—London Globe.

**English Injustice.**  
An Australian tourist traveling in the west of Ireland asked an old woman how far it was to the nearest town. She readily looked at him, then sighed and said:  
"It was five nice miles two years ago, but some English brute came over with chains and made it seven, and our hearts are broke walking it ever since, bad luck to them!"  
And she disappeared into the house, leaving him there.—Illustrated Bits.

**Influence of Children.**  
Childhood in its weakness is often a strength that resists the strain of all the passions, and that holds even when deep hatred exerts its power to drive asunder.  
"If it were not for the child, I would not live with you another day." I heard an angry husband say to his wife, when righteous indignation drove him nearly to distraction.

That was quite a number of years ago, and now they have two more children to strengthen the bond between them. This little episode of domestic infelicity was recalled by some statistics that recently emanated from Berlin and which speak volumes.  
These statistics have been carefully gathered from the divorce courts, and show that out of 1,000 divorces 540 were granted where there were no children, 214 where there were one child, 138 where there were two children, 90 where there were three children, 25 where there were four children, 12 where there were five children and 10 where there were six children.—New York Herald.

**He Wasn't Too Smart.**  
Deafness is largely a matter of habit, says a writer in the New York Press. I know men who cannot hear you two feet away, though you bawl at them, yet at the distance of a block they will grasp your faintest whisper. Some are deaf for convenience, some for fraud, some for hypocrisy. Beware of the deaf man. One of the noted deaf men was old Matt Griffin, long ago an assemblyman from Griffin's Corners, Delaware county, N. Y. By courtesy deaf members receive front seats in the assembly, while others usually draw lots.

When old Matt was excused from drawing a fellow member hotly protested. "But the old man is as deaf as a post," said the house leader. "Deaf!" exclaimed the protestant. "Matt Griffin deaf! Why, bless your honest soul, he could hear a ten cent shipplaster rattle in a bag of feathers!"

**Sudden.**  
Ethel—There, I've forgotten to attend a function to which I was invited. How careless!  
George—You should have an engagement calendar.  
Ethel—Oh, George, this is so sudden!—Chicago Record-Herald.

## WHO KNOWS

**When His Kidney Trouble Has Fastened and Reached the Chronic Stage? If It Has It Is Incurable by Anything Known Except the Fulton Compound. We Are the Sole Agents.**

As an evidence of the unusual character of the Fulton Compound that company does not publish or invite testimonials except those reporting recoveries in kidney diseases that have reached the chronic stage, alleged to be incurable. Here is another recovery in a case incurable till the advent of the Fulton Compound, reported by John A. Johnson, the agents of the Fulton Compound in Los Gatos:

W. H. Fridley, a resident of Los Gatos, having chronic kidney disease (Bright's Disease), had, like everybody else, found all treatments futile. He commenced on Fulton's Renal Compound in February, 1903, and on December 10 of the same year reported the total disappearance of the disease. He had gained eight pounds in weight and is again able to do a good hard day's work. John A. Johnson, the Los Gatos druggist, confirms this recovery and knows of several other recoveries in similar cases of chronic kidney disease in Los Gatos, all of which were incurable by anything else known to druggists. S. A. Palmer, the leading druggist of Santa Cruz, H. Maynard, the Palmdale druggist, the Ferry Drug Company of San A. Market Street, San Francisco, W. H. Pond, the Berkeley druggist, Dr. Marley, the Cloverdale druggist, Willis & Martin, the Sacramento druggist, the Fulton Compound California druggists all report specific recoveries in many chronic cases of kidney disease, incurable by anything known except the Fulton Compound.

Drop albuminuria from uric acid, gout and bladder troubles are proofs that the kidneys are not performing their functions. The chronic stage of kidney trouble is Bright's Disease. If you feel languid or miserable, if your kidney trouble has on to send for pamphlet, "Percentage of recoveries nearly 90 per cent among truly chronic cases of kidney disease, incurable by anything known except the Fulton Compound."

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

204 Washington St., San Francisco, June 2, 1902.  
Gentlemen—I am pleased to see in the multitude of baby troubles due to impeded dentition. A large percentage of infantile life is produced. The earlier the dentition, the better. Your food supplies what the baby needs. It is a matter of fact that surprising success with it. In scores of cases this diet, given with their regular food, has not failed to check the infantile distress. 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 for two months in both it was a success. One was a very serious case, so serious that it was brought to me from another city for treatment. Father told me that in three days the baby ceased worrying and commenced eating and is now well. Its action in this case was remarkable. I can 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 languid the gums unswollen, soothes the inflamed plan and a blessing to the baby to not wait for symptoms but to commence with it on the fourth or fifth month. Then all the teeth will come healthfully, without pain, distress or loathing. It is a most reliable regular diet and easily taken. Price 50 cents enough for six weeks, sent postpaid on receipt of price. Pacific Coast, San Francisco, Drug Co., Mills Building, San Francisco.

**The Snake's Whistle.**  
I found myself somewhat tummy and breathing a little hard, but I was not wholly chagrined. I had heard and seen a black snake whistle. I had never even known of the habit before. Since then I have seen one other snake do it. And I think I have heard the sound three or four times. It is almost indescribable. The jaws were closed as it was made, not even the throat moving, that I could see. The air seemed to be blown violently through the nostrils, though sounding as if driven through the teeth—a shrilling hiss, fine and piercing, which one not so much hears as feels—feels it crisping cold along his nerves. It may mean something, but I believe this whistle is a mating call. Even the forked tongue (or maybe the nose) of a snake grows vocal with love.—Dallas Lore Sharp in National Geographic.

**All Wear Costly Balm.**  
No man who eats in a restaurant ever pays less than \$75 for a suit or an overcoat, and no woman who eats in a public place ever wears a waist costing less than \$25, and frequently the cost is much more, at least so says the proprietor of a fashionable New York restaurant. He, like all restaurant owners, occasionally receives complaints from people who have lost an overcoat or mislaid one—and who have had garments spitefully ruined by a careless waiter spilling soup or something else on a portion of it, usually a sleeve, and he says that the above figures are the lowest quotations he ever heard.

**Exit the Editor.**  
"You have no use for the papers, you say?" remarked the tourist.  
"No," replied the wild westerner.  
"They got too personal sometimes. I did subscribe to a paper once, but I stopped it."  
"What paper is it you refer to?"  
"You mean what paper 'was' it. Ain't I just told you I stopped it? Done it in one shot too."—Philadelphia Press.

**Sudden.**  
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## WHO KNOWS

**When His Kidney Trouble Has Fastened and Reached the Chronic Stage? If It Has It Is Incurable by Anything Known Except the Fulton Compound. We Are the Sole Agents.**

As an evidence of the unusual character of the Fulton Compound that company does not publish or invite testimonials except those reporting recoveries in kidney diseases that have reached the chronic stage, alleged to be incurable. Here is another recovery in a case incurable till the advent of the Fulton Compound, reported by John A. Johnson, the agents of the Fulton Compound in Los Gatos:

W. H. Fridley, a resident of Los Gatos, having chronic kidney disease (Bright's Disease), had, like everybody else, found all treatments futile. He commenced on Fulton's Renal Compound in February, 1903, and on December 10 of the same year reported the total disappearance of the disease. He had gained eight pounds in weight and is again able to do a good hard day's work. John A. Johnson, the Los Gatos druggist, confirms this recovery and knows of several other recoveries in similar cases of chronic kidney disease in Los Gatos, all of which were incurable by anything else known to druggists. S. A. Palmer, the leading druggist of Santa Cruz, H. Maynard, the Palmdale druggist, the Ferry Drug Company of San A. Market Street, San Francisco, W. H. Pond, the Berkeley druggist, Dr. Marley, the Cloverdale druggist, Willis & Martin, the Sacramento druggist, the Fulton Compound California druggists all report specific recoveries in many chronic cases of kidney disease, incurable by anything known except the Fulton Compound.

Drop albuminuria from uric acid, gout and bladder troubles are proofs that the kidneys are not performing their functions. The chronic stage of kidney trouble is Bright's Disease. If you feel languid or miserable, if your kidney trouble has on to send for pamphlet, "Percentage of recoveries nearly 90 per cent among truly chronic cases of kidney disease, incurable by anything known except the Fulton Compound."

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

204 Washington St., San Francisco, June 2, 1902.  
Gentlemen—I am pleased to see in the multitude of baby troubles due to impeded dentition. A large percentage of infantile life is produced. The earlier the dentition, the better. Your food supplies what the baby needs. It is a matter of fact that surprising success with it. In scores of cases this diet, given with their regular food, has not failed to check the infantile distress. 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 for two months in both it was a success. One was a very serious case, so serious that it was brought to me from another city for treatment. Father told me that in three days the baby ceased worrying and commenced eating and is now well. Its action in this case was remarkable. I can 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 languid the gums unswollen, soothes the inflamed plan and a blessing to the baby to not wait for symptoms but to commence with it on the fourth or fifth month. Then all the teeth will come healthfully, without pain, distress or loathing. It is a most reliable regular diet and easily taken. Price 50 cents enough for six weeks, sent postpaid on receipt of price. Pacific Coast, San Francisco, Drug Co., Mills Building, San Francisco.

**The Snake's Whistle.**  
I found myself somewhat tummy and breathing a little hard, but I was not wholly chagrined. I had heard and seen a black snake whistle. I had never even known of the habit before. Since then I have seen one other snake do it. And I think I have heard the sound three or four times. It is almost indescribable. The jaws were closed as it was made, not even the throat moving, that I could see. The air seemed to be blown violently through the nostrils, though sounding as if driven through the teeth—a shrilling hiss, fine and piercing, which one not so much hears as feels—feels it crisping cold along his nerves. It may mean something, but I believe this whistle is a mating call. Even the forked tongue (or maybe the nose) of a snake grows vocal with love.—Dallas Lore Sharp in National Geographic.

**All Wear Costly Balm.**  
No man who eats in a restaurant ever pays less than \$75 for a suit or an overcoat, and no woman who eats in a public place ever wears a waist costing less than \$25, and frequently the cost is much more, at least so says the proprietor of a fashionable New York restaurant. He, like all restaurant owners, occasionally receives complaints from people who have lost an overcoat or mislaid one—and who have had garments spitefully ruined