

THE ESPIONAGE OF AUNT ROSE

By Lucy Foster Madison

show you this beautiful scenery from the platform." "Isn't it too windy?" asked Miss Rose. "Windy? No. Take your wrap, Clara." Clara followed him with her wrap, and soon the two were standing on the platform. The train slowed up as if about to stop at a little station that seemed deserted, and before she was aware of what had happened George had jumped off and swung her lightly to the ground. "Hurrah!" shouted the young man as the train, increasing its speed, sped away. "Hurrah!" waving his cap in the direction of a head that was protruded from one of the windows. "Why, George, what is the matter? Why has the train left us?" asked Clara, bewildered. "We've eloped. The train for Denver will be along in five minutes. We'll go west, and she'll go east." "But the baggage?" gasped Clara. "Sent ahead," answered George. "Fixed days ago. Give your husband a kiss, Mrs. Martin. Aunt Rose isn't here to see."

Meanwhile when Miss Rose saw George and Clara standing on the ground, with George waving his cap and prancing around the platform wildly, her first thought was that he was insane. "This train must be stopped!" she cried excitedly, rising to her feet. "He's mad! Oh, my poor niece!" "Miss Rose," said a voice soothingly, "be calm, I beg, and I will explain."

"Oh, Mr. Martin, is it you?" exclaimed the lady in a relieved tone as she turned and saw George's father. "I am so glad. What is it?" "Sit down and let us talk quietly," said Mr. Martin, pushing her gently into her seat. "There is no cause for alarm, I assure you. And then he told her the whole plot.

"But I shouldn't have bothered them a bit," said Miss Rose. "I let him kiss her, and when no one was in the car today I told him that he might hold her hand."

"You didn't!" ejaculated the father, chuckling as the vision of George's face rose before him. "But, Miss Rose, I don't think we realize just how young folks feel in such cases, do you?"

"I don't know. When Reuben—" "Yes, I know," interrupted the other gently. "Do you remember how you and Reuben and Sally and I used to steal out to take sleigh rides? Those were good old days, Miss Rose."

"But Reuben died," said Miss Rose, her lips quivering. "And so did Sally," answered Mr. Martin. They sat quiet for a little time, and then the man broke the silence: "Rose, let's give those young things a surprise. I can never be to you what Reuben would have been, but I'll be lonely with the boy gone, and you won't find Clara all in all to you now. We need each other. Will you marry me, Rose?"

"But I can't forget Reuben." "I don't want you to forget Reuben, even as I shouldn't want to forget my Sally. It was a dreadful blow to have Reuben die on your wedding day. I'll do my best to make you happy, dear. Will you?"

"Yes," answered Miss Rose huskily. "I will, George."

The car was full, and they were an elderly couple, so he only pressed her hand gently and, despite the fact that others might see, continued to hold it caressingly in his. Miss Rose's withered cheek took on a faint blush, and a feeling of happiness and comfort stole into her heart. After a little Mr. Martin laughingly exclaimed: "The young rascal turned over his ticket and apartments to me to dispose of. I've found a ready purchaser, Rose, we'll take our wedding journey on their tickets."

A month later Mr. and Mrs. Martin junior returned home. "George," said Clara gaily as the train neared the station, "I am afraid to meet Aunt Rose. I am sure that she will never forgive me."

"Yes, she will," answered George. "She can't resist you."

"But I haven't heard a word in all this time," persisted Clara. "That's nothing," answered her husband. "I haven't heard from her either, but it's all right. And haven't we had a jolly time?"

"Indeed we have," answered the bride, a tender light in her eyes. "If only Aunt Rose—"

"I'll take all the blame," said her husband, "because you really didn't know anything about it. Why, here are both of them at the station to meet us."

"Oh, Aunt Rose!" cried Clara, flinging herself into Miss Rose's arms and laughing and crying in a breath. "Will you ever forgive us?"

Aunt Rose's only answer was to kiss her repeatedly. "George," said his father after the two ladies were somewhat calm, "kiss your mother."



"You might hold Clara's hand."

"My what?" cried George. "Your mother," reiterated the father. "Rose and I used your tickets to take our wedding journey. Why, what's the matter, boy? Aren't you pleased?" "Pleased?" exclaimed George, recovering from his surprise. "Of course I'm pleased. I was only wondering whether to call you uncle or dad."

John Stetson and the Pope.
Another of the John Stetson stories which has recently come to the attention of those who have never happened to hear it. Stetson was not particularly well read and had never taken a degree at Harvard college, but he was a shrewd manager.

On one occasion Mary Anderson was to play in his theater and her engagement extended over two weeks. The actress was a devout Catholic and never played on the night of Good Friday. In looking over the announcement of her manager Stetson noticed that no play was billed for that night.

"How about Friday night?" he asked. "You have failed to announce a play for that night."

"Well, you see," said his manager, "that is Good Friday, and Miss Anderson never plays on that night." And then he added in a spirit of perfidy: "The pope won't allow her to show on Good Friday."

That night Stetson wired Pope's secretary, St. Louis, the following: "Can Mary Anderson play my house Friday night?" Pope answered, "Yes, I have no objection, and Stetson called to his manager that he had better insert a programme for that night in the ad, as his friend Pope said it was all right."

The English Admiral and the Day.
The Moors hold by their beards when they wear in order to give weight to their oath, which after this formality they rarely violate. The length of beard seems to weigh with them more than the stock of brains.

Admiral Keppel was sent to Algiers to demand satisfaction for the injuries done to his Britannic majesty's subjects by their corsairs. The day, engaged at the boldness of the ambassador, exclaimed that he wondered at the insolence of the English monarch in sending him a message by a foolish, beardless boy.

The admiral, somewhat nettled, replied that if his master had supposed wisdom was to be measured by the length of the beard he would doubtless have sent the dey a goat.

This answer so enraged the dey that he ordered his mutes to attend with the bowstrings, saying that the admiral should pay for his boldness with his life. Nothing daunted by this threat, the ambassador took the dey to the window and, showing him the English fleet, said if it was his pleasure to put him to death there were Englishmen enough in that fleet to make him a glorious funeral pile.

The dey, who wore a long beard, took the hint from the man who had none.

A Doctor Without Hope.
The young physician sat in his lonely office and wept bitterly, and while he was weeping a friend came to comfort him.

"Why do you weep?" the friend inquired. "Alas!" "I thought so. What is the name of the lass?" "You misunderstand me," responded the young physician, with dignity. "I am weeping because I must abandon my profession."

"You cannot mean it! Have you not studied long and faithfully to acquire it?" "I have." "And you have your diploma?" "I have." "And you are well grounded in the noble art of healing?" "I feel that I may truthfully say so." "Then why do you make such a rash assertion?" "Alas! I—I—the young physician broke down utterly, but soon assumed a forced composure. "I cannot raise a beard, and a young physician without a beard is—is!"

Again the young physician broke down, and his friend knew that he was as one who could not be comforted.—New York Times.

How a Rat Stole Bulbs.
M. de Parville, a well known French naturalist, told a remarkable story about a rat in the Journal des Debats. A gardener planted one afternoon 250 tulip bulbs on a terrace, and next morning he noticed that they had all been taken away. He was confident that rats had done the work, and, taking a spade, he began to dig in the hope of discovering their nest. Soon he unearthed a large female rat, which he killed, and after digging a few more minutes he discovered an underground chamber lined with hay and leaves and connected by a corridor with two holes, which were evidently used as storehouses, for in them he found the 250 tulip bulbs. This was remarkable, but more remarkable was the fact that they were neatly arranged in two rows and that not one of them had been gnawed or otherwise injured.

A Persistent Office Seeker.
Governor Stanley of Kansas was once so pestered by office seekers, he writes the Saturday Evening Post, that he found it necessary publicly to make the statement that in view of the exceedingly numerous applications for office he should be unable to give any attention to them, much less afford any hope of success to the various applicants.

In the course of a few days after making the statement in question the governor received the following note: "My Dear Governor—I understand that you have said that you were going to take a week off to destroy the pile of letters asking for jobs. If everything else is gone, then, my dear governor, I should like the job of tearing up the letters."

Inconsistent.
"We look for our fellow men to be consistent, an' dat's where we an' inconsistent ourselves. De best speech I ever deliberated was on de subject of honesty, an' yet I had to go out dat very mornin' an' steal wood 'nuff to run me ober Sunday."

AIDS TO HAPPINESS.
The Time When Help, Kindness and Sympathy Count Most.
It is during the formative period, the time when a man is seeking to get a method, that help counts for most, when even the slightest aid is great. A few books sent to Andrew Carnegie when he was beginning his career were to him an inspiration. He has nobly repaid the loan; made posterity his debtor a millionfold by his beneficent accountancy in sprinkling libraries over the whole country. Help the saplings, the young growing trees of vigor; the mighty oaks have no need of your aid. The bestowing words should come when needed, not when they seem only hypocritical professions or devious preparations for future favors. Columbus, surrounded by his mutinous crew, threatening to kill him, alone amid the crowd, had no one to stand by him, but he neared land, and riches opened before them. Then they fell at his feet, proclaimed him almost a god and said he truly was inspired from heaven even though he had a long line of pebbly beach and a few trees made him divine. A little patience along the way, a little closer companionship, a little brotherly love in his hours of watching, waiting, and hoping, would have been great balm to his soul.

It is in childhood that pleasure counts most, when the slightest investment of kindness brings largest returns. Let us give the children sunlight, love, companionship, sympathy with their little troubles and worries that seem to them so great, genuine interest in their growing bodies, their vague, unproportioned dreams and yearnings. Let us put ourselves into their places, view the world through their eyes so that we may gently correct the errors of their perspective by our greater wisdom. Such trifles will make them genuinely happy, happier by far than things a thousand times greater that come too late.—From "The Power of Truth," by William George Jordan, Published by Brentano's.

ARABIC PROVERBS.
To the dog who has money men say, "My lord dog."
Consult thy wife and do the reverse of what she advises.
When the moon is with thee of what account are the stars?
Joy lasts for seven days, but sadness endures for a lifetime.
He who has gold is beloved, though he be a dog and the son of a dog.
It is better to commit ten sins in the sight of God than one in the sight of men.
Those who are learning to shave heads practice upon those of the orphans.
The beauty of a man lies in his intelligence; the intelligence of a woman lies in her beauty.
When thou seest two people in constant converse thou mayest know that the one is the dupe of the other.
Shun him who can be of no use to thee. In effect, they always have a certain smart look about them. For instance, the transparent lace collar never wrinkles when it should not, and the chiffon lined lace veer and cuff always hold their correct position. The ever useful featherbone is the secret of all this, and the summer girl knows how to use it in the best correct way to produce the best effects.

Secret of the Featherbone.
A noticeable fact in regard to the gowns of the girls of today is that, no matter how billowy and airy they may be in effect, they always have a certain smart look about them. For instance, the transparent lace collar never wrinkles when it should not, and the chiffon lined lace veer and cuff always hold their correct position. The ever useful featherbone is the secret of all this, and the summer girl knows how to use it in the best correct way to produce the best effects.

Box Plated Frock.
An excellent example of the prevailing style of box plated effects is shown in this simple little frock, suitable for almost any and all kinds of material. The body and skirt are in one, with three box plates stitched to

WOMAN AND FASHION
In Medival Cities.
There can be no doubt that our reason why cities did not grow so rapidly as in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries as in the nineteenth is the extremely high death rate that prevailed during the earlier period. The fact of immigration, might as it was, did little more than make good the places of those citizens who fell victims to greivous sanitary conditions. From the facts that can be obtained it seems to have been universally true that almost up to the beginning of the nineteenth century the death rate of large cities exceeded the birth rate. This was not because the birth rate was abnormally low, but because the death rate was abnormally high. In the medival city both birth rate and death rate were far higher than at present. Infant mortality must have amounted to a gruesome height. The uncleanness and overcrowding of city dwellers, now largely relegated to the slums of our great cities, was the normal state of nearly all classes of society in the London and Paris of Louis and Elizabeth.—Professor Edwin O. Jordan in Popular Science Monthly.

Consul King David.
This amusing anecdote of Lamartine is related by the Baroness Bonde in her volume of letters: Shortly after the revolution of February he wrote on the blank leaves of his pocketbook the names of his proteges and sent the list to be provided with places immediately. Previously, however, it seems, he had scribbled "David" on the pages, and the head of the cabinet appointed the said David consul at Bremen; the postulant, however, never came forward, and though the poet did not like being disturbed, M. Huetzel was obliged to ask who was the David on his list.

"He who danced before the ark," was the answer.

"Oh, dear! I have gazzeted him to Bremen!"

"How very singular! I meant him for a subject for meditation, not for nomination. But you can cancel it."

The minister registered the change, but few knew that the last consul appointed to Bremen was King David!

Wonderful Sense of Smell in Dogs.
It has often been proved that dogs are able to track their masters through crowded streets, where it would be impossible to attribute their accuracy to anything except the sense of smell alone. Mr. Romanes, the naturalist, once made some interesting experiments as to this wonderful power as exhibited in his own dog. In these tests the naturalist found that his dumb friend could easily follow in the tracks of his master, though he was far out of sight, and that, too, after no less than eleven persons had followed, stopping exactly in the tracks made by Mr. Romanes, it being the deliberate intention to confuse the senses of the poor dog if possible. Further experiment proved that the animal tracked the boots instead of the man, for when Mr. Romanes put on new footgear the dog failed entirely.

Dangerous Symptoms.
The story is told of a Scotch preacher who gave his people long, strong sermons and delivered them in a remarkably deliberate manner. One Sunday he asked a friend who was visiting him to occupy his pulpit in the morning.

"Are you satisfied with my preaching?" asked his friend as they walked home from the kirk.

"Well," said his host slowly, "it was a fair discourse, Will; a fair discourse, but it pained me at the last to see the folk looking so fresh and wide-awake. I mistrust 'twasna sae long nor sae sound as it should have been."

European Tattoos.
Tattooing is not by any means confined to savage peoples. There are races in Europe which make it a regular practice, and men, women and children bear on their bodies ornamentations that are as ornate and queer, although not as extensive, as are markings on the bodies of the south sea savages.

These European tattooers are among the Albanians and Bosnians who live in the famous and notorious Balkan peninsula.

Had Several Marks Coming.
"I hope that Willie got a good mark at school today," remarked Willie's fond mother.

"He did not, madam, I am sorry to say," replied the grim visaged pedagogue politely, "but I think I am safe in promising you that if Willie turns up at school tomorrow, which he did not do today, he will receive several."

—Syracuse Herald.

Friends in Need.
"I don't put much faith in proverbs," said Brown to Jones. "For instance, look at the oft quoted one, 'A friend in need is a friend indeed.' Now, most of my experience with friends in need has been that they wanted to borrow. Give me the friends that are not in need."

Where Diplomacy is Needed.
Praise is one of the most difficult of things to deal out satisfactorily. If you do not praise a man as liberally as he thinks he deserves, he hates you; if you overpraise him, he sets you down as a sharper or a fool.—Boston Transcript.

Life Saving Superstition.
The superstitious collier is often laughed to scorn, but a miner in north Wales is just now thanking his lucky stars that he believes in omens. He was boring under some coal and was startled by seeing a rat scuttling away. He walked away from the spot, and directly afterward a large fall of coal occurred just over the place where the man had been working.—London Standard.

The Beggar's Sign.
Smith (seeing beggar bearing sign reading, "Deaf and Dumb")—I'd like to help this poor fellow, but I don't know how to tell whether he is really deaf and dumb.

Beggar (softly)—Read the sign, mister; read the sign.—Indianapolis Journal.

No Know.
"This is rather an unusual hour for you to be going to lunch. Not hungry so early, are you?"

"No, but I will be by the time the water condenses to notice me."—Ex-change.

Quickly Subdued.
Von Blumer (roaring with rage)—Who told you to put paper on the wall? Decorator—Your wife, sir. Von Blumer—Pretty, isn't it?

WOMAN AND FASHION
Crescent Gown of Ponce.
Crescent rings are used as a heading on some model gowns. This model has plaits and pelerine edged with red liberty silk folds dotted with white. These folds are connected with the gown by a heading of rings crocheted

BEADED WITH CROCHET RINGS.
With silk. The same effect is repeated on the sleeves. It has a lace yoke. The skirt top and lower part of the blouse are covered by a design made of tiny raised tufts. The large capeline is of pleated banana colored straw, with wreath of black and white daisies.

Fashionable Trimmings.
Fringes are back in fashion again. The knotted silk fringe is seen on many of the imported gowns, and fringe is often combined with elaborately embroidered bands as a trimming. Mexican drawn work will be used on many of the linen gowns.

And, as for buttons, there is simply no end of them. They are one of the real charms of the season. One may wonderfully accentuate a gown with smart buttons.

The heavy linen gowns show big pearl buttons. Then there are elaborately enameled and jeweled buttons, to say nothing of the buttons in imitation of fruit.

Yak lace will trim many of the spring gowns, and cluny lace both in silk and cotton will be seen.

BLAKE, HOFFITT & TOWNE
CARD STOCK
Straw and Binders Board...
25-27-30-31 First Street
Tel. Main 196. N. SAN FRANCISCO

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 permit 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 James A. Johnson, the Agents of the Fulton Compound in Los Gatos, Cal.

W. H. Friday, a resident of Los Gatos, having chronic kidney disease (Bright's Disease) had, like everybody else, found all treatment failed. He commenced on Fulton's Renal Compound in February, 1908, and on December 30 of the same year reported the total disappearance of the disease. He writes that he has gained fifteen pounds in weight and is again able to do a good hard day's work. James A. Johnson, the Los Gatos druggist, confirms this recovery and knew of several other recoveries in similar cases of chronic kidney disease in Los Gatos, all of which were effected by applying the Fulton Compound. S. A. Palmer, the leading druggist of Santa Cruz, H. H. Maynard, the Pasadena druggist, the Ferry Drug Company of No. 3 Market Street, San Francisco, W. H. Smith, the Berkeley druggist, Dr. Mackley, the Cleveland druggist, Willis A. Martin, the Sacramento druggist, and scores of other California druggists all report recoveries in chronic kidney diseases that were positively incurable by anything known except the Fulton Compound.

Dropsy, rheumatism from uric acid, gout and bladder troubles are ills that the kidney is not performing its functions. The chronic stage of kidney trouble is Bright's Disease. It is a fearful and miserable, if your kidney trouble hangs on send for Pamphlet. Percentage of recoveries nearly 90 per cent among chronic cases. Fulton's Renal Compound cures Bright's Disease. Write for Pamphlet, 1000 Broadway, New York City. Dr. Mackley, the Cleveland druggist, Willis A. Martin, the Sacramento druggist, and scores of other California druggists all report recoveries in chronic kidney diseases that were positively incurable by anything known except the Fulton Compound.

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Save the Baby.
The mortality among babies during the first twelve months of life is something frightful. The census of 1906 shows that about one in every seven succumb during the first year.

The cause is apparent. With baby's bones hardening, the fontanel opening in the skull closing up and the teeth forming, the coming at once creates a demand for some material that nearly half the little patients are deficient in. The result is weakness, nervousness, sweating, fever, diarrhoea, and trouble of all kinds. The baby grows terribly fatigued. The deaths in 1906 under three years were 20,000, to say nothing of the vast number under one year of age 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 for other medicine is not felt. The result is the little system is crying out for more bone material. Sweetman's Teething Food supplies it. It has saved thousands of babies' lives. They begin to improve within eight hours. Here is what physicians think of it.

254 Washington St., San Francisco, Cal., September 1, 1908.

Gentlemen—I am prescribing your food in the multitude of baby troubles due to imperfectly formed teeth. The result is the little system is crying out for more bone material. Sweetman's Teething Food supplies it. It has saved thousands of babies' lives. They begin to improve within eight hours. Here is what physicians think of it.

I. C. MENDEL, M. D.

Petaluma, Cal., September 1, 1908.

Dear Sir—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 doubtful whether the baby would survive for treatment. Fatal results were feared. In three days the baby ceased worrying and commenced eating and is now well. I can not be too quick to bring to the attention of the mothers of the country. It is an absolute necessity.

I. M. PROCTOR, M. D.

Brain Work and Hair.
Everything physical being equal, it is established that the man who is engaged in professional work will grow gray sooner than will the man who carries his bread by the literal sweat of his brow. Thus by implication the man who has more and harder brain work than another—more worries, more troubles, more difficult thoughts, less vitality in proportion—this is the individual and the profession that soonest are marked by gray hairs.

Woman's Creativity to Woman.
Another illustration of how a woman can be given the other night when a young lady was calling on an elderly spinster who dresses and acts with unbecoming youthfulness. The spinster showed her visitor a beautiful handmade lace collar and said proudly, "This is over fifty years old."

"It is beautiful!" purred the girl. "Did you make it, dear?"—New York Press.

Advanced Ancestral Pride.
"So Woody is very rich now. When I knew him he was poor. His only treasure in those days was the musket his great-grandfather carried in the Revolution."

"Oh, his great-grandfather has been promoted since. Woody exhibits his sword now."—Philadelphia Press.

Catting.
"Mrs. Talkerblind can say some of the most cutting things."

"Yes. If she could only keep her mouth closed for five minutes you could have her arrested for carrying concealed weapons."—Life.

Visions.
Susie—Now, when I'm asked to sing I never say, "Oh, I can't." I always sit down at the piano—

Jennie—And let the audience find it out for themselves?—Illustrated Bits.

Cacao is grown in Cuba in connection with the coffee plant, as the latter requires shade, which is furnished by the former, at the same time yielding a profitable crop.

Quickly Subdued.
Von Blumer (roaring with rage)—Who told you to put paper on the wall? Decorator—Your wife, sir. Von Blumer—Pretty, isn't it?