The Raiding of Donna Clotilde

By CUTCLIFFE HYNE

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IF any one announced in the captains' room at Hallett's that a man could leave that sanctum shortly before turning out time and be forthwith kidnaped in the open streets of South Shields, every master mariner within hearing would have put him down contemptuously as a gratuitous liar. All opinions in the captains' room were expressed strongly and with due maritime force of language.

The place seemed to its frequenters the embodiment of homeliness and security. There was a faint smell of varnish in the atmosphere and always had been within the memory of the oldest habitue, and shipmasters came back to the odor with a sigh of pleasure, as men do return to the neighborhood of an old and unobtrusive friend. Captains met in that room who traded in all parts of the globe, talked and soon found acquaintances in common. It was a sort of informal club, with no subscription and an unlimited membership. The holding of a master's "ticket" was the only entrance qualification, and it was not considered polite to ask your neighbor whether he was at that moment in or out of employment.

If you were a genuine master mariner, but of an unclubbable disposition, you did not go to the captains' room at Hallett's a second time, and always made a point of getting rather red and speaking of it rather contemptuously when the place was mentioned afterward. If you did not hold a master's ticket, even if you were that dashing thing, a newly fledged mate, the barmaiden on guard spotted you on the instant and said, "That door is private," and directed you to the smoke-room down the passage.

Into this exclusive chamber Captain Owen Kettle had made his way that day after tea and over two modest half pints of bitter beer had done his share in the talk and listening from 8 till 10:30 of the clock. He had exchanged views with other shipmasters on cargoes, crews, insurances, climates and those other professional matters which the profane world not in the shipping interest finds so dreary, and had been listened to with deference. He was a man who commanded attention, and, though you might not like what he said, you would not dream of refusing to listen to it.

That special night, however, Captain Kettle's personal views on maritime affairs were listened to with even more deference than usual. A large, red haired man swung into the captains' room some few minutes after Captain Kettle had seated himself, and after ordering his beverage and a cigar nodded with a whimsical smile in Kettle's direction and asked him how he liked the neighborhood of Valparaiso as a residence.

"I forget," said the little sailor, dryly enough.

"All right, captain," said the red haired man. "Don't you mind me. I never remember too much myself either. Only you did me a good turn out there, although you probably don't know it, and I'd be proud if you'd have a drink or a smoke with me now in remembrance."

"You're very polite, captain."

"Don't mention it, captain," said the red haired man, and he struck the bell. "Same? Half a pint of bitter, please, miss, and one of your best fourpenny smokes."

The general talk of the captains' room, which had halted for the moment, went on again. One worthy mariner had recently failed to show a clean bill of health in Barcelona and had been sent to do twenty days' penance at the quarantine station, which is in Port Mahon, Minorca. As a natural consequence, he wanted to give his views on Spain and Spanish government with length and bitterness, but somehow the opportunity was denied him. The red haired man put in a sentence or two and a question, and it was Kettle's views on the question to which the captains' room found itself listening. A salvage matter was brought up by a stout gentleman in the Baltic timber trade who was anxious to air his sentiments, but the red haired man skillfully intervened, and "Kettle on salvage" was asked for and heard. And so on all through the evening. The red haired man did his work cleverly, and no one resented it.

Now, Kettle was a man who liked being listened to, and there is no doubt that his vanity was tickled by all this deference from his professional equals. There is no doubt also that the snug security of Hallett's lulled his usual sense of wariness, which may in part account for what happened afterward. And so, without further excuse for him, it is my painful duty to record that an hour after he left the captains' room the little sailor was entrapped and kidnaped by what to a man of his knowledge was one of the most vulgar of artifices.

He emptied his tumbler, stood up and said he must be going. The red haired man looked at the round cabin clock on the wall and mentioned that it was his time also, and together they went outside into the damp, dark main street of South Shields.

"Going back to your ship, captain?" asked the big stranger.

"Why, no, captain," said Kettle. "I live here, and I'm off home."

"Then I suppose I must say good night. Hope to meet you again, though. What boat are you on now, captain?"

"Well, I'm putting in a bit of a spell ashore just now, captain. Fact is, I haven't come across any employment quite to my taste lately. 'Tisn't every shipowner I care to serve under."

"No," said the red haired man. "They are brutes most of them. But look here, captain, there'd be no offense in my getting you the refusal of a berth, would there?"

Kettle flushed. "Captain," he ..., "you're very good. You see, I'm married, with children, and I've never earned enough to put anything by. Between men, I don't mind telling you I'm on my beam ends. If I can't get hold of an advance note this week, it will mean going to the pawnshop for Mrs. Kettle's next Sunday's dinner."

The red haired man sighed. "Well, captain," he said, "you needn't thank me. It's just my duty to my employers to put this thing in your way. But we'll not speak of it here in the open. Come along off to my steamboat."

"Right," said Kettle. "Where have you got her?"

"She's lying at a buoy in the river. We can get a boat from the steps."

Nothing much more was said between them then. The big red haired man seemed indisposed for further talk, and Kettle was too proud to ask questions. Together they walked with their short seaman's stride down the wet new streets of the seaport, and Captain Kettle made his brain ache by hoping that this would not be another item to add to his long list of disappointments. He had not earned a day's wage for six months, and he was in such straits for want of money that he was growing desperate.

They got down to the steps and took a waterman's boat, turned up the piece of plank which lay in the stern sheets and sat on the dry side and then pushed off into the dark river. The red haired man picked up the yoke lines and steered the boat among the dense shipping, past tiers of coasting schooners and timber droghers and out of work clinker built tugs, past ungainly iron steam tramps, fishing craft, dredgers and the other resting traffic of the Tyne, and finally rounded up under a frieze of sterns and ran alongside the gangway of a 200 ton steam yacht.

"Hello!" said Kettle. "Pleasure?"

"Well, hardly that," said the red haired man. "Step aboard, captain, and I'll pay off the waterman."

"He'd better wait to take me ashore again."

"No; let him go. We may have a long talk. I'll put you ashore in one of my own boats when you go. Now, captain, here we are. Come below to my room."

"You've got steam up, I see," said Kettle as they walked aft along the white, wet decks.

"My orders," said the red haired man.

"Sail soon?"

"May start any minute. We never know. My owner's a rare one for changing mind."

"Huh!" said Kettle. "Might be a woman."

"Devilish like a woman," said the red haired man dryly. He opened a door at the foot of the companionway and turned an electric light switch. "This is my room, captain. Step right in. A drop of whisky would be a good thing to keep out the cold while we talk. Excuse me a minute while I go get a couple of tumblers. I guess the steward's turned in."

Kettle seated himself on a velvet covered sofa and looked round at the elaborate fittings of the cabin. "Satinwood panels," he commented, "nickel battens to put the charts on, glass backed bookcase and silk bunk curtains; no expense spared anywhere. Lord! Who wouldn't sell a farm and go to sea? But the old man said she wasn't pleasure. I wonder what the game is? Contraband, I guess. Many a yacht's great on that. Well, anyway, I've got to hear."

The red haired man came back with two half filled tumblers and a water jug. "Here's the poison," said he. "Mix it according to your own weight."

"That's rather more than my usual whack," said Kettle, eying the tumbler, "but it's a cold, wet night, so here's—By the way, captain, I'm afraid I've forgotten your name."

"My name?" said the red haired man. "Oh, yes; I'm Douglas—Captain Douglas."

"Captain Douglas," said Kettle thoughtfully. "No; I can't say I recall it at present. Well, sir, anyway, here's your very good health and prosperity."

"Same," said the red haired man, and he absorbed his whisky and water with the dexterity of an artist. Out of politeness Captain Kettle finished his tumbler also. There is an etiquette about these matters.

Silence filled the cabin for a minute or so, broken only by the distant clatter of a shovel on a fire bar, and Kettle looked at the cabin clock. It was 11:30, and Mrs. Kettle would be expecting him home. "Hello!" he said. "Firing up? Oh, I suppose you've got to keep steam in the donkey boiler while you're in the harbor to run your dynamo. By the way, you were talking about some employment you could put in my way, captain," he added suggestively.

"Employment," said Douglas uneasily. "Oh, was I? Employment—yes, to be sure. Well, you see, captain, it was my owner I was speaking for, and I've been thinking it over, and perhaps, on the whole, you'd better see her for yourself."

"Her!" said Kettle. "Is there a woman at the head of the concern?"

"A lady, call her. But look here, captain; you're getting sleepy. Why not turn in here for the night and see her yourself in the morning?"

Kettle yawned, and his head nodded. "I am sleepy, and that's a fact, though I don't know why I should be. But it wouldn't do for me to turn in here for the night. Mrs. Kettle's expecting me at home, and I've never broken word to her since I was married. I should take it as kind, captain, if you would give me some notion about this piece of employment now, so that I could see whether it's worth"— He yawned again and struggled with his heavy eyelids. "You must understand, please, captain, that time is scarce with me. I must get employment at once. I can't stand by and see my missis and youngsters hungry."

Captain Douglas swore and hit the table with his fist. "It's beastly hard," he said, "and I hate myself for bringing you here."

"What's that noise overhead?" said Kettle. "What are your crew doing on deck?" He tried to rise, but fell back stupidly on the sofa. A harsh bell clanged from somewhere beneath, and the slop slop of water came to him through the yacht's side. "She's swinging round in the stream, and some one's rung 'standby' to the engine room."

"Sounds like it," the red haired man admitted.

Again Kettle tried to rise and, with an immense effort, tottered to his feet, but he had been given a drug too powerful for even his iron will to fight against, and he swayed and then pitched helplessly sideways to the carpet.

The last flickering gleams of consciousness were passing away from him, but the truth of what had happened had flashed upon him at last. "Shanghaied!" he murmured. "By James, yes, shanghaied! That's what this means. Well, I pity the man that shanghaied me. By—James—yes!" He breathed stertorously a time or two more, as though trying to get out other words, and then dropped off into a deathly stupor.

Then the door of the stateroom creaked slyly open, and the red haired man started violently. He turned and saw a tall, dark woman just crossing the threshold. "Donna Clotilde!" he said nervously. "I thought you were ashore. Then it was by your orders"—

"That the yacht was got under weigh? Si, senor. I saw you come on board with the man we have been hunting for these last two years, and as soon as the pair of you got below I sent word to the mate to call all hands and get out of the Tyne as soon as the pilot could manage it." She knelt be-

She knelt beside Kettle's prostrate body.

side Kettle's prostrate body and passed her hand caressingly over his damp forehead. "You are sure you have not overdone it?" she asked.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

HOW FIRES MAY START.

Several Things That Will Cause Spontaneous Combustion.

Damp lampblack will ignite from the sun's rays. The same can be said of cotton waste moist with lard or other animal oil. Lampblack and a little oil or water will under certain conditions ignite spontaneously. Nitric acid and charcoal create spontaneous combustion. New printers' ink on paper when in contact with a steam pipe will ignite quickly. Boiled linseed oil and turpentine in equal parts on cotton waste will ignite in a few hours under a mild heat and will in time create enough heat to ignite spontaneously, says Cassier's Magazine. Bituminous coal should not be stored where it will come in contact with wood partitions or columns or against warm boiler settings or steam pipes. This coal should not be very deep if it is to be kept on storage for a long period. If piled in the basement of a building it should be shallow and free from moisture and under good ventilation. That liable to absorb moisture should be burned first. If on fire a small quantity of water showered on this kind of coal cokes it and retards any great supply of water reaching the fire, thus necessitating the overhauling of the pile. Iron chips, filings or turnings should not be stored in a shop in wooden boxes. The oily waste which is not infrequently thrown among them adds to the danger of fire from this source. The sweepings from the machine shop, if kept on hand, should never be placed over iron shavings. This mass of disintegrated iron is enough to incite heat and combustion. Iron and steel filings and turnings when mixed with oil will ignite spontaneously after becoming damp. A steam pipe against wood will cause the latter to ignite spontaneously after being carbonized, particularly if superheated steam enters the pipe, thus increasing the temperature.

Cowardly Brave Men.

It is related of a Missouri engineer that he does not hesitate to drive his machine at full speed through the blackest storm at night with washouts all around him, but that he is afraid to go home alone in the dark. If some one is not at the roundhouse to go with him he sits there till daylight. It is the old story of every man having his own peculiar fears. There is a doctor we know who will cut a man to pieces and smile the while. He is an old soldier and often faced the cannon's mouth. But he will betray the most abject terror if one of the harmless little elm tree worms happens to drop on his person.—Kansas City Journal.

MADNESS IN COLORS.

TINTS THAT WILL TURN THE BRAIN AND INVITE DEATH.

Purple Is the Most Lethal of All Hues, and Scarlet Is Nearly as Bad. Blue Will Stimulate the Brain, but It Will Wreck the Nerves.

If purple walls and red tinted windows surrounded you for a month, with no color but purple around you, by the end of that time you would be a madman. No matter how strong the brain might be, it would not stand the strain, and it is doubtful if you would ever recover your reason, for purple is the most dangerous color there is in its effects on the brain, which it reaches by way of the nerves of the eye.

A splash or two of any other color in the room would save your reason for some time longer, but dead purple would kill you eventually as surely as would foul air. Scarlet is as bad, but scarlet has a different effect. It produces what is called homicidal mania—a madness that drives its victim to kill his fellows, especially his nearest relatives. Even on animals scarlet has this effect. It will drive a bull or a tiger to charge a naked spear. But purple, on the contrary, brings on melancholy or suicidal mania.

Blue, as long as there is no trace of red in it, stimulates the brain and helps it, but its effect on your nerves, if you are saturated with it and cannot get away from it, is terrible. Scientists class blue as a kind of drug in its effects on the brain.

It excites the imagination and gives a craving for music and stagecraft, but it has a reaction that wrecks the nerves. If you doubt it stare hard for a few minutes at a large sheet of bright blue paper or cloth—not flowers, for there is a good deal of green in their blue—and you will find that it will make your eyes ache and give you a restless, uneasy feeling.

Green, on the other hand, is the king of colors, and no amount of it can do any harm. On the contrary, it soothes the whole system and preserves the eyesight. If you were shut up in an artificial green light for a month it would develop your eyesight immensely, but it would be fatal, because when you returned to the world you would be utterly unable to stand ordinary lights and colors and you would certainly contract ophthalmia, or possibly destroy the optic nerve altogether unless you were very mindful to take great care.

Most people imagine the sky in clear weather to be blue. It is really white tinged with green. It is only the distance and clearness which make it seem blue.

Green is so soothing that it makes a big difference in the length of an illness, helping the system to fight the disease, and nearly all hospital wards have every possible detail about them colored green. Sage green is the most soothing tint of all; metallic green, however, is by no means so good.

Solitary confinement in a yellow cell for six weeks will hopelessly weaken any system and produce chronic hysteria. A long course of it will produce foolish lunacy, and even on a guinea pig or a rabbit will drive the animal at last to bite and wound itself or reduce it to such a state of nervousness that it will die of sheer fright if suddenly startled.

On the other hand, if you are not smothered with it yellow is the healthiest, cheeriest color there is, and will make a dark room bright and habitable when even green would be cold and depressing. But to be well "soused" with yellow day and night, and to be unable to get away from it, would bring you to nervous madness within two months at the outside.

Sheer dead white, unbroken, will destroy your eyesight as surely as cataract would if you are exposed to it for a few days—a week at the latest. It kills the optic nerves, and the sight goes out like a candle, while the effect on the brain is so maddening that blindness is almost a relief.

This is why arctic explorers have to wear colored "goggles" of green tinted glass; otherwise "snow blindness," as it is called, and which is really "white blindness," is almost a certainty. Even in the polar regions, though, the white is not complete. The sky breaks it. If it did not no man could keep his eyesight there without glasses.—New York News.

Not Serious.

"How is your brother the poet?"

"He has just undergone an operation. You would hardly recognize him; he is so altered."

"Indeed?"

"Yes; he has had an epidermatoid growth removed from his head."

"Poor fellow! Was it anything very serious?"

"Not at all. He has only had his hair cut."

His Plunge.

Jasper—Gayboy seems to be prospering nowadays.

Jumpuppe—I don't see why you think so. His wife and family are not wearing any better clothes.

Jasper—Very true. But he is smoking better cigars.—Life.

Literally Money to Burn.

Si Slocum—Josh Medders is back from New York, an', b'gosh, he's got money tew burn.

Hi Korntop—Gosh! Dew tell?

Si Slocum—Yaas; he bought $5,000 worth o' the stuff for $150.—Philadelphia Press.

It is every one's secret hope that when the time comes for him to hand his baggage over to Death to be checked he will not be afraid.—Atchison Globe.

Not Interested.

"Did you read that article on 'Why Men Don't Propose?'"

The girl blushed. "It doesn't interest me," she said. "You see, I know one man who does."—Chicago Post.

His Formal Abdication.

"No," said the college graduate, "I am not settling any of the great problems this year. You will find their solution in the baccalaureate sermons.—Chicago Tribune.

A PART OF THE PLAY.

Hissing That Brought Some Russian Actors to a Prison Cell.

The course of true art does not always run smooth in Russia, as, for example, in the theater of Yelizavetgrad. In the fourth act of a certain play there is a theater within a theater, as in Shakespeare's "Hamlet," only that some of the dramatis personæ have to mix with the public in the galleries and to hiss the chief actress, who duly faints. As soon as the gentlemen had taken their places among the gods and begun to hiss and whistle the policeman on duty came down upon them like a wolf on the fold, and before they could utter a word of explanation he and his colleagues "nabbed" two, removed them by force and took them to the next police station, where they were charged with disorderly conduct at a public place. They protested that they had only done their duty, but the police laughed their explanations to scorn. The public left the theater en masse to see what was happening to the actors, but the latter had already been consigned to the cells. The crowd in the street before the station house grew rapidly in numbers, and its noisy protests threatened to culminate in serious disorders. Fortunately, the manager of the theater appeared before the superintendent and by the light of a lamp declaimed, with manuscript in hand, the whole fourth act, in order to show that hissing was an essential part of the performance. Only then did the representatives of the law release the innocent actors.

Nativity of the Potato.

There is as much mystery as history connected with the common tuber called the potato. Its nativity, original place in the kingdom of nature and several other things regarding it are still open questions. As to its nativity, the weight of argument seems to favor the tropical or subtropical regions of America. There is a tradition that the vines once grew to monstrous size and that the "balls" were of the "bigness of melons," and at that time the roots were not tubers, the edible parts growing among the branches. It seems that they were first introduced into Europe in the year 1565.

Haskell's "Roots and Wild Plants" says, "Wamkins first fetched a queer, bulbous root out of America which some called a 'bodado,' while others, who had heard the Peruvians mention it, spoke of it as a potato." Periam's Cyclopedia of Agriculture says that Sir John Wamkins found it growing wild near Santa Fe de Bogota at an altitude of 8,000 to 13,000 feet. He also says that it was "fetched out of America" at about the time settled upon by Haskell—viz, in the year 1565.

A Royal Romance.

Carmen Sylva, the royal authoress, met her husband, the king of Roumania, in quite a romantic way. As a girl of seventeen she was running down the staircase of the palace at Berlin when her foot slipped on the marble, and she would have fallen to the floor below, but at the moment Prince Charles of Hohenzollern stepped from an anteroom and caught her in his arms. She did not accept him, although he made her the offer at once. In joke—for it was then most unlikely—she said she preferred to remain queen of herself, but if she became queen of any country at all she would prefer Roumania. Eight years afterward the beautiful Carmen was married to Prince Charles, who had been proclaimed king of Roumania, and thus she realized her ambition.

When Water Was Avoided.

Until comparatively recent times there was a medical prejudice against drinking water. Sir William Vaughan in his "Natural and Artificial Directions For Health" declared that water "ought seldom to be drunk." Another doctor admitted that it might be healthful for children, but not for men—"except some odd, abstemious one among a thousand perchance, degenerate and of a doggish nature, for dogs of nature do abhor wine." Indeed, the recommendation of water as a beverage was supposed to be the sign of the quack. Even Wesley in his "Primitive Physic" wrote of it with caution: "Drink only water if it agrees with your stomach; if not, good, clear small beer."

A Queer Dog.

Dagonet in the Referee tells a story of two little girls who were trying to explain what sort of a dog it was they had seen. Said one little girl, "It was one of those funny ones; you know, the ones that are a dog and a half long and half a dog high." Said the other: "You must know the sort. It's a dog that only has four legs, but looks as if it ought to have six." It may interest Dagonet to hear of a fairly apt definition that a Public Opinion man once heard applied to the dachshund—"the dog with the Louis XIV. legs."

The Appetite of Kitty.

The number of wild animals sold as pets to private families in this country is said to be beyond belief, but the families generally return the beasts before long to the dealer. A writer on this wild beast traffic in Leslie's Monthly says that one animal dealer who recently sold a lion cub to a lady received only two months afterward a letter from her saying: "Please come and take Kitty away. She has eaten our Newfoundland dog."

Relief at Last.

Man With Petition—I'd like to have your name on this, Ruggles. It is a mere formality, you know, but—

Business Man—I'd like to oblige you, Rackstraw, but a fellow came around last week with a pledge binding the signer not to put his name on a petition of any kind for a year—and I signed it.—Chicago Tribune.

Doesn't Reciprocate.

"Mis'ry likes comp'ny, don't it?"

"Yes, but w'en I see it comin' dat's de day I don't feel sociable."—Atlanta Constitution.

A miser grows rich by seeming poor; an extravagant man grows poor by seeming rich.

Danger Might Be Averted.

"My boy says his ambition is to grow up to be a man just like his father."

"I wouldn't let that worry me. When I was your boy's age I had a burning desire to be a pirate."—Stray Stories.

JOHN O'GROAT'S HOUSE.

A Famous Domicile That Was Long a Landmark In Britain.

In the reign of James IV. of Scotland John O'Groat and his two brothers, Malcolm and Gavin, arrived at Caithness and bought the lands of Warse and Dugisby, near the beach at the mouth of Penland firth, the north-eastern extremity of the mainland of Scotland. In time their families increased until there were eight households of the same name. They lived as neighbors in the greatest peace and amity, each year holding a festival in the original house. At one of these annual gatherings the question of precedence arose among the younger members, and they disputed as to whom should sit nearest the "head of the table" or enter the room first.

The old grandfather, Johnny O'Groat of history, was made arbitrator. He promised to have all satisfactorily settled by the time of the next annual meeting. Accordingly he built an eight sided house in which to hold the annual jubilee. This octagonal domicile was fitted with a door and a window on each side and a round table in the center. This arrangement made it possible for each family of the O'Groats to enter by his own door and to sit at a table which was practically "without a head."

This famous house was long a landmark in Britain and even to this day is one of the Englishman's starting points of measurement, "Land's End to Johnny O'Groat's" signifying from one end of England to the other.

Sir Boyle Roche.

In every account of the Irish parliament Sir Boyle Roche comes in with the persistency of King Charles' head in Mr. Dick's memorial. His "bird" is as well known as the phenix and bids fair to share its immortality.

"Sure, Mr. Speaker," said Sir Boyle on the occasion that has made him famous, "how could a man be in two places at once—unless he were a bird?"

But Sir Boyle is not a mere creation of legend. He was a real living man, a fine, bluff, soldierlike old gentleman holding some post at the vice regal court, sitting for a government borough and always voting faithfully for the "castle." The debate one night was on sinecures, which Curran had indignantly denounced, and, twitted by one of the opposite side on some personal inconsistency in the matter, he replied hotly:

"Sir, I am the guardian of my own honor."

To which Sir Boyle neatly rejoined:

"Then the gentleman himself has got a very pretty sinecure."—All the Year Round.

Animals and Telegraph Poles.

"A strange thing is the effect of electrical energy on birds and wild beasts," says a telegraph lineman quoted in the Philadelphia Record. "Woodpeckers are continually tapping telegraph poles. In the country you will find everywhere poles honeycombed by the sturdy bills of woodpeckers. The birds mistake the humming sound inside the poles for the humming of insects, and it is to get at these supposed insects that they make their perforations.

"Bears, on the other hand, think the humming comes from bees, and they overturn the stones at the pole's base in their endeavor to get at the honey. Wolves are afraid of the sound. A wolf won't go near a telegraph pole under any circumstances."

An Appetizer.

In the family of Mr. H., treasurer of one of our states, was a small boy of four who was the possessor of a fine rat terrier. One day the dog mysteriously disappeared, and the child, Ralph, was heartbroken. Soon afterward Mrs. H. gave an informal dinner to other state officers and their wives, and Master Ralph was allowed to be at the table under promise of good behavior. Things went on smoothly till the meat course, when a fine roasted pig was brought in, and Ralph thought his long lost pet was going to be served to the guests. He arose in his chair, pointed at the pig and with tears in his eyes and voice cried: "Oh, my doggie, my doggie! I want my doggie!"—Good Housekeeping.

Lincoln on Swearing.

Senator Fessenden once came roaring at President Lincoln over a question of patronage. The president listened till the storm was over, then asked:

"You are an Episcopalian, aren't you, Fessenden?"

"Yes, sir; I belong to that church."

"I thought so. You Episcopalians all swear alike. Seward is an Episcopalian. Stanton is a Presbyterian; you ought to hear him swear."—"The True Abraham Lincoln."

A Disguised Toast.

At one time the officers under Lord Howe refused to drink his health at their mess, for, though a splendid admiral, he was not popular in the navy on account of a certain shyness and want of tact with those about him. The chaplain, who was a protege of his lordship, was mortified at this and determined that the officers should drink to Lord Howe. When called upon for a toast one day he said, "Well, gentlemen, I can think of nothing better at this moment than to ask you to drink the first two words of the Third Psalm, for a Scriptural toast for once may be taken from one of my cloth." The toast was drunk. Not one of the officers indicated by word or look that he was ignorant of the words alluded to. On referring to the Bible it was found that the Third Psalm begins, "Lord, how are they increased!"

Doctor's Recipe For Lemonade.

Here is a scientific recipe for lemonade advocated by the medical profession: Wash the lemons thoroughly; slice thin and peel all. Cover with sugar, allowing the sugar to become saturated with the lemon juice by gently pressing the slices of lemon with a spoon. Then add water, slowly stirring all the while. Ice, if used, should be used sparingly. One-third of a lemon to a glass is about right for home use.

Not Paid by Results.

"Is the profession of weather prophecy a satisfactory one?"

"Well," answered the expert, "in a general way it is. You see, as a rule, the income is not so unreliable as the predictions."—Exchange.

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

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

Mrs. S. E. Cline of 1737 Broadway, San Francisco, was pronounced by her physician as incurably ill with kidney disease that had become chronic (Bright's Disease). She also had diabetes. Another physician was called in. Dropsy had set in, the nails came off and he too said nothing known would save her. She was so far beyond help they told her not to further torture herself by dieting. She went on the Fulton Compounds. The third week was slightly better. The third month the nails began to come back, and a few months later was well and began dropping the treatment. An attorney, friend of Mrs. Cline, Judge E. H. Cutler of 330 Pine street, San Francisco, had diabetes that is also incurable according to the books. Knowing of her recovery he too took the Fulton Compounds and in eight months regained his health and is now in active practice.

Dropsy, rheumatism from uric acid, gout, pain in the back, bladder trouble, etc., are proofs that the kidneys are in trouble. The last stage is Bright's Disease and Diabetes. If you are feeling languid or miserable send for pamphlet. Recoveries nearly 90% among these hitherto incurable diseases. Fulton's Renal Compound for Bright's and Kidney Diseases $1; for Diabetes $1.50. John J. Fulton Co., 409 Washington street, San Francisco, sole compounders. We are their exclusive agents in this city.

Save the Baby.

The mortality among babies during the three teething years is something frightful. The census of 1890 shows that about one in every seven succumbs.

The cause is apparent. With baby's bones hardening, the fontanel opening in the skull closing up and its teeth forming, all these coming at once create a demand for bone material that nearly half the little systems are deficient in. The result is sleeplessness, weakness, sweating, fever, diarrhoea, brain troubles, convulsions, etc., that prove terribly fatal. The deaths in 1900 under three years were 304,588, to say nothing of the vast number outside the big cities that were not reported, and this in the United States alone.

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

2924 Washington St.,
San Francisco, June 2, 1902.

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

L. C. MENDEL, M. D.

Petaluma, Cal., September 1, 1902.

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

I. M. PROCTOR, M. D.

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

WORK AND REST.

When They Alternate Perfectly, a Man Will Enjoy Both.

After work comes rest. When they alternate perfectly a man may prepare to enjoy real happiness. When they alternate perfectly a man will enjoy both the work and the rest that follows it.

Nature is a just old lady. She seldom gives a man more than he needs. If he elects to live a lazy life she lets his muscles get flabby and his brain go sleepy. She never permits him to long possess a faculty or a nerve or a muscle or a sinew that he does not use.

The proper way to keep your muscles or your brains is to use 'em up and let nature provide you with a fresh supply. Nature is assisted in this work by rest. One may rest sometimes by seeking a change of labor. Labor thus becomes a recreation—re-creation.

To live happily in this world it is not enough to know how to work. A man must also know how to rest. The man who knows only how to work will soon wear out. If he doesn't wear out immediately his work will suffer in some way. No man can do his best work unless he alternates it with a little play or a little rest.

A man who can't drop his work from his mind as readily as he can drop his tools from his hands had better take a few weeks off to study the rest question. His nerves are not what they should be.

If a man wishes to keep his nerve, let him avoid nerves.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Then the Girls Giggled.

A bashful young minister was once asked to preach before the students of Wellesley college. His embarrassment when he entered the dining room of College hall for breakfast Sunday morning and found himself the only man among 350 girls was overwhelming. He was asked to say grace and hastily delivered himself of the following: "O Lord, bless this food for our use, and may this meat make us all strong men!"—Good Housekeeping.

Bound to Do as He Pleases.

Rebecca—Father is going to marry for the third time.

Rachel—He must be sentimental.

Rebecca—Oh, no; he's just obstinate.—Detroit Free Press.