

The Village Alien

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Strathboro people would have considered old Blossier crazy if they had not felt obscurely that such an opinion included an admission that he had once been sane, an admission so unthinkable that they contented themselves with explaining everything on the ground that he was a Frenchman.

N August sun was bending down on Strathboro. The little town wore a strange aspect. An intelligent bird, coming from afar and flying over houses, yards and gardens, might have realized something curious in the look of things.

The square surrounding the courthouse and lined with shops was utterly deserted. The shop shutters were generally up, and the courthouses, which had no shutters, showed the need of them in many a shattered pane of glass, which gave it an air of degraded desolation.

Not a man was to be seen anywhere, but now and again a sunbonneted woman or several sunbonneted women together would pass from one house to another.

Inside the houses or on their shaded galleries groups, still altogether feminine, were gathered, talking with an air of curiously untroubled listlessness and restlessness, apathy and anxiety.

The truth was they had special immediate cause for fear, but they had suffered so long and so much in similar ways that in many the capacity for keen feeling was blunted. Yet they would have told you they suffered none the less because they suffered doubly.

It was in 1862, the Federal forces under General Paine were in possession of this part of Tennessee, and he had his headquarters at Tullahoma, not fifteen miles away.

Strathboro had been well stripped of men for many a day. Even the fourteen and fifteen year old boys were away fighting. But until this morning a few male persons were to be seen about, and, though usually they were old or sick or deformed, the sight was a comfort to the weary eyes of the woman-kind. Rightly or wrongly, they would involuntarily feel as never before the superiority of the dominating sex.

It was they who were fighting out this war, and even the least awe inspiring man represented the power that carried fate in its hand. And now today they were here, left without a man—a white man, that is—in Strathboro. No, not literally without one. Uncle Billy Caldwell, aged eighty-two, still sat at home in his big chair, quivering and bewildered, and Blossier, the Frenchman, was also left behind.

This peculiar state of things was brought about by General Paine in his efforts to stop sudden Confederate raids upon his bridges, railroads and telegraph wires. These attacks were always made and the offenders gone before punishment could reach them, and under fresh proclamation General Paine had conceived the idea of holding the few remaining and helpless male citizens of Strathboro responsible for the doings of the soldiers he could not catch. So this morning an armed band had descended upon the sightless little town and had marched off to Tullahoma the lame, the halt and the blind. Fatistat's army was a robust body compared to this handful of cautious spirits.

Uncle Billy Caldwell was not only eighty-two, but he weighed nearly 300 pounds. If taken, he was obviously sure to die on the way, and that was inevitably cause some delay and inconvenience, so it was plainly discreet that he be left behind. But, as to the Frenchman, there was no logical reason for the leniency shown him. It was simply that the Anglo-Saxon conquerors had, in common with the Anglo-Saxon conqueror, so deep a feeling of his foreignness that he seemed outside of humankind. The question of taking him to Tullahoma was dismissed with a grin, as it might have been had it referred to one of Uncle Billy's ancient bonds. But old Blossier himself naturally took no such view of the matter. He understood English very imperfectly, but he believed that France was honored in his person, and he had his ragged straw hat pressed to his bosom as he bowed low to the officer in command before beginning to express as best he could between the two languages his gratified sense of their regard for la belle France, when, lo, he raised his head and officer and men were gone, hurrying, backs toward him, up the street!

Yes; he was a Frenchman. That was still clear to even his poor confused brain, though little else autobiographical was. He was not old in years, not much more than forty, but the adjective was more than an epithet; it was descriptive of his relation to life. How he had drifted to Strathboro he would have found it hard to tell. He had dim memories of barricades and dangers and swelling emotions in his youth, and he cherished them and around them gathered vague sentiments of patriotism that still stirred within him at the mention of France and of liberty, but the changes of the years had been too much for his powers of synthesis. He had been hustled through too many and too varied scenes; he could not untangle the coil of memory; he was confused; he gave it up; he lived on from day to day.

For five years he had so lived in Strathboro. He maintained himself by doing odd jobs of many kinds—mending the sick, laying out gardens, particularly dower gardens, and tending them, mending furniture, painting indoor woodwork and making odd toys which children particularly adored. In fact, he did all these things and others uncommonly well, also in this slave country he would have had nothing to do. He never had much, and the war had not increased his income, but he lived some way in the queer little but he had built himself in a worn out abandoned field at "the edge of the town," and he had so far redeemed a portion of the exhausted land as to have a flourishing bit of garden at his door, which of course was a great help for the summer. He did not return in kind the good natured curiosity contempt Strathboro felt for him. No; in his muddled way he was cosmopolitan and felt for his neighbors a regard that in some cases was almost affection. And now today as he stood in the middle of the old turnpike and watched his feeble and saddened few townsmen as they started with their armed escort upon their long, hot march his heart yearned with anxiety for them. He had nursed Mr. Patten through that spell of typhoid fever that had left him so weak; he remembered Jimmy Pembroke's broken leg, never properly set, and how much walking always started it hurting; he looked up at the lofty head of old Judge Caldwell with pitying awe and wondered how the soldiers could thus humiliate dignity and worth. But it was when his eye turned back to the hollow eyed, staring women, hanging over gates and out of windows and forth from gallery steps to see the last of the prisoners, that his feelings choked him. He alone was left to care for them.

In after years this whole incident took a humorous tone in Strathboro and the traditions, but the comical side of it was pretty well lost sight of at the time. Several citizens, on suspicion of aiding in the depredations of soldiers and bushwhackers, had been shot recently in that same Tullahoma camp, and now the wrathful general was swearing he would keep his communications open if he had to kill every man along the whole line of the railroad. The sunlight seemed a glare rather than a radiance in Strathboro that day.

Over the hill the marching men passed out of sight, leaving a faint trail of dust, like smoke, behind them. Blossier went up the street and stopped Mrs. Pembroke's gate. She was a widow, and Jimmy, whose lame leg Blossier so sorrowfully remembered, was her only son. She sat on her front steps, her gray, disordered head in her hands. Blossier bared his as he stood there silent.

"Oh, they didn't take you?" was Miss Catherine's salutation when she finally saw him.

"Non, madame. I rest here for to protect myself. I am rejoiced to aid you of any manner. Ze government regard my country, voila je—how you before punishment could reach them, and under fresh proclamation General Paine had conceived the idea of holding the few remaining and helpless male citizens of Strathboro responsible for the doings of the soldiers he could not catch. So this morning an armed band had descended upon the sightless little town and had marched off to Tullahoma the lame, the halt and the blind. Fatistat's army was a robust body compared to this handful of cautious spirits.

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He was sitting in his cabin, gazing westward into a serene, cloudless, primrose sky. As he got up and turned indoors his eye fell on a queer, big something in a dark bag in a dusky corner. He had an inspiration! In that bag was an old viol, a double bass, a relic of a time, draped in the mists of antiquity, when Blossier had "assisted" in a theatrical orchestra.

Perhaps few instruments are less adapted to the purposes of a strolling wanderer than a double bass, but as Blossier caught sight of his it was to a night of serenading that he dedicated it. He would systematically patrol the town, and from that double bass should issue strains assuring the poor ladies that a friend was near and on the watch.

To be sure, as he considered the scheme he felt keenly the musical limitations of a double bass. He knew

that his was not even good of its kind. He had regretted before that Fate at the time she made music his resource had not thrown a more companionable instrument into his hands, but never before did he feel its galling deficiencies as now. Why, a life would be better!

Blossier felt the picturesque and poetical element in his plan and that it was odious to be obliged to depend on such means for its execution. However, there was no chance of getting a life and learning to play it within an hour, so he soon contrived more optimistic views of the case as it stood. A bass viol gave forth at all events a very strong masculine sound, well calculated to convey assurances of protection.

He put himself again into his ragged coat, again took up his ragged straw hat and started forth to inform the ladies of his intentions. There would be nothing comforting in it if in the night that heavy scraping boom took them unawares—"tout au contraire," he said gravely to himself.

It was not hard to spread the news. The women were concentrating their weakness for the night. Scattered relatives were flocking together to spend it at the most central house of the clan. The women living on the outskirts of the village came over the bridge or down the turnpike or up the stage road, as the case might be, to lodge for the time being with neighbors more closely neighbored than themselves. The general trepidation passed the bounds of reason. Many Strathboro households had been exclusively feminine for many months—years. Their natural protectors had been long endangered beyond the chances of this misadventure; but with a solidarity of sentiment that did them credit, the women all agreed to suffer in kind with those who had special causes for alarm, and uncommon fear prevailed.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

CAPTIVATING SIMPLICITY.

The Way John Burroughs Secured a Treasury Clerkship.

Early in the sixties of the last century, when Hugh McCulloch had just been appointed comptroller of the currency to organize the new department under the provisions of the national bank act, there walked into his office, unannounced, one day a stranger, dressed in plain, store clothes and wearing long hair.

"My name is Burroughs—John Burroughs," said the visitor. "I should like to have a position in your department."

"What do you know about banking?" asked the comptroller, thinking that perhaps in the unique stranger might be discovered some genius of an actuary or accountant.

"Innaphily nothing," replied the applicant.

"Who sent you here?"

"No one."

"Well, who's your congressman? To whom can you refer me?"

"And you expected to get a government position without qualification or backing of any character?"

"I think I could learn office work here, and the salary would be a great help to me in my literary career."

"Oh, you are a writer, are you? What's your line? Poetry, perhaps?"

"I try to write poetry," confessed the visitor.

"Got any of it with you?" asked the comptroller, now considerably amused. "If so, let's see it!"

The poet-naturalist produced a song redolent of early spring. It treated of the chevron, the oven bird and the Carolina wren, with a dainty reference to forest violets and hepatica.

"This is great," commented the comptroller; "it's right out of the woods."

"Which is more than can be said of the author," observed Mr. Burroughs, thinking of the world of finance which he was seeking to enter.

The comptroller laughed. "And is this all you have in the way of credentials?"

"I have some more poems at home," was the bland and sincere reply.

In much merriment the comptroller summoned an assistant. "Here's the most astonishing instance of ingenuity I have ever encountered in the public life," said he. "That man over there applies for a government position and the only backers that he can name are the muses. Yet this department is not political, and somehow I'm inclined to put the fellow to work. I am captivated by the man's honest simplicity."

So John Burroughs was set to work as a treasury clerk. No appointment before had been secured on such a basis and no one since has had the temerity in asking for a government job to cite song birds and wild flowers as his only references.

Some of Mr. Burroughs' old colleagues are still in the treasury service. In telling this story of his appointment they dwell with emphasis upon the excellent work he did in the department, earning rapid promotions and finally securing the responsible position of receiver for a failed national bank in New York, the affairs of which he settled satisfactorily both to the creditors and the government.—Saturday Evening Post.

His Tide of Fortune.

"There is a tide in the affairs of men," said the man who habitually quotes Shakespeare, "which, taken at its flood, leads on to fortune."

"Yes," replied the man who had married an heiress, "remember the tide that led to my fortune well."

"What tide was that?"

"It was eventide, and we were sitting in the garden."—San Francisco Wasp.

Complexions.

"You have been conspicuous in the halls of legislation, have you not?" said the young woman who asks all sorts of questions.

"Yes, miss," answered Senator Sorghum blandly; "I think I have participated in some of the richest hauls that legislation ever made."—Washington Star.

Jesting at Sears.

Upardison—I was sorry to hear that Skimmerhorn has had the malpox. Did it disfigure him much?

Atom—Disfigure him? No; it improved him. It changed his expression.—Chicago Tribune.

The Logical Woman.

Euphemis—Professor, I suppose you would be afraid to marry a logical woman?

Professor—Oh, no; if she was really logical I could convince her once in a while.—Exchange.

WOMAN AND FASHION

Stoles Very Elaborate Streamers. Just as the sleeves of last winter required almost more material and ornament than the blouse, so the ends of all the new ruches are built by the same rule.



They are very wide, made of quantities of accordion plaited material, trimmed with many ribbons put on in design.

After this lace, ruffles and silk bands are added.

This photograph shows one made of black net, elaborately trimmed with white and black striped ribbon and accordion platings of black and white net.

The Sweater Appears. Transatlantic tourists for a season or two have experienced the comforts and delight of the sweater, and ever and anon the golfer has appeared with a sweater of blazing scarlet, and now at last the shops boldly present sweaters.

Following the vogue for white, these natty and exceedingly becoming garments are shown in pure white tones. They come in both knitted linen thread and in hand made yarn, and a new model is in cable stitch and reaches below the waist line.

A becoming and unusual thing for the girl who "will be different" is a sweater of pale gray. A fancy stitch is used in the make up of the garment which ends at the waist line with a drop belt and which has as a finishing touch a molash turnover stock and tight cuffs.

The girl with a straight, lithe figure will promptly affect the sweater; her "chunky" sister will avoid it as she would avoid the plague. The sweater goes best with a trim tailor made skirt, many gored and severely plain in finish and effect. The hat to keep company with the sweater is a flat affair and thereon are laid, with the precision of the milliner who really knows, a quill or two and a severely plain bow of the "long line" variety, and the bow may be held down to the hat with a cut steel buckle, and the buckle must keep to the general line and be long and narrow.

The Sailor Hat. The sailor hat is ever with us and changes very little in shape as the years go by. This year there are three kinds of straw introduced in the sailor hats, one of which, the split summit, as shown in the hat here pictured, being far in the lead. The brim of this sailor is quite broad and the crown exceedingly low. While black bands are preferred, yet many are seen with colored ribbon bands. Worn with one of the modish linen suits, this hat completes a really smart outfit.

An Elaborate Linen Gown. A linen gown as elaborate of design as though it were richest silk is in color a soft, delicate blue, the skirt bordered with a dainty vine pattern embroidered with white wax thread. This same embroidery decorates the puffs of the sleeves and the edge of the bolero.

Around the middle of the skirt is a series of low appliques so arranged to suggest the idea of sun rays. A deep collar of guipure is worn with this, and the girle of black velvet ribbon has little cut ends dangling from it, which are quite long in the back.

Leaf Green. The popular and becoming color leaf green is seen in an accordion plaited gown of silk mill. The skirt is plain and flowing. The jacket waist is of lace the exact color of the mill and has a short tunic. It is belted in at the waist with a satin girle. The accordion plaited sleeves have an elbow cuff of the green lace.

Not the Usual Gown. "I'm afraid she isn't cut out for a society woman."

"Why not?"

"Well, she seems to have no idea of the pleasures of extravagance."—Detroit Free Press.

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SMART SET FRIENDSHIPS.

They Usually Have a Purpose, Social, Political or Financial.

There are friends in what is labeled "the smart set" whose motto in life would appear to be, "Banish dull care." These are the people who give those cheerful dinners where nobody cares a rap for precedence. Everybody takes his affinity in to dinner. The host starts off with the prettiest girl, and the hostess is taken down by some beardless boy. It is Liberty Hall, with nicknames for all present, abundance of "chaff" and stories something more than risky. They are all great friends, of course, and call each other "dear things" and know exactly how much is meant by that, while they smile sweetly and say "Cats" in connection with most of them behind their backs. Few of these so-called friendships in society are made without a purpose, either political, social or financial. The peeress wants a "tip" from the millionaire, either a Stock Exchange tip or one affecting coin or copper or whatever his special line may be. Our "nice" friends are nice in so far as they are useful to us. At the same time, in justice to society, it ought to be pointed out that no one is taken in by these interested friendships. The people who only make friends calculating how much they will benefit thereby are seen through by everybody and disliked so openly that only their toes will fall to let them see it.—London Outlook.

The Finishing Touch. The small boy with his eyes open often knows more of things as they are than the artist who draws things as they are not. An illustrator who is winning laurels by his fine work maintains that his most valuable critic is his son, a boy twelve months and a half old.

He knows little about drawing, says the artist, but he has a quick sense for beauty and a keen imagination as well. Not long ago I had to make a drawing of a street full of people running to a fire. I flattered myself I had made a lifelike and moving scene and submitted it to my boy with a feeling of satisfaction.

He surveyed it for a moment, hands in his pockets, head on one side. Then he said: "The people are all right, but where's the dog?"

"The dog?" I inquired. "What dog?"

"Any dog," he said in a tone of pity for my dullness. "Why, father, don't you know there's always at least one dog running alongside and getting under everybody's feet when you're going to a fire? Haven't you ever been to a fire, father, or seen a crowd going to one?"

When I thought it over I knew he was right, and the dog went in—YOUTH'S COMPANION.

A Business Epitaph. Amusing epigrams are not difficult to find if one is seeking them. The Cheshire Republican cites a most singular one which may be found on a monument in eastern Tennessee:

Sacred to the memory of John Smith, for twenty years senior partner of the firm of Smith & Jones, now J. J. Jones & Co.

The names are not really Smith and Jones, but they will answer for the purposes of the story. "I met Jones later," says the narrator, "and he gave me a frank explanation of the inscription."

"Smith was a bachelor without relatives," he said, "but he knew a tremendous lot of country people, and if any of them happened to see his grave they might think that the old house had closed up and gone out of business. So I thought it no more than right to let them know that the firm was still alive."

No Doubt About It. A kind hearted lady saw a small boy seated on one of the benches in Fairmount park the other day smoking a cigar which she afterward told a friend seemed almost as big as himself. The lady is an enthusiastic anti-tobacco worker and never loses an opportunity to impress, especially upon youthful minds, the evils of using tobacco in any form.

Seating herself by the side of the lad, she said kindly, "Oh, my boy, wouldn't your father be dreadfully pained if he saw you smoking that cigar?"

"Rather think he would," responded the twentieth century young man without removing the weed from his mouth. "This is one of his best cigars."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Death From Electric Shock. The ultimate cause of death, when due primarily to electric shock, is generally considered to be stoppage of the action of the heart or of the respiratory organs. That the latter may be affected is shown by the fact that victims of electric shock are sometimes brought to by practice of some of the well known methods of artificial respiration. The cessation of the heart's action may be due to stimulation of the nerves which control the beating of the heart. These, when stimulated to excess, may cause the heart to stop altogether.—Archibald Wilson in Cassell's Magazine.

Monkey and Parrot in Brazil. In Brazil monkeys and parrots have interests in common. They cut their root in the same trees, but work for mutual benefit. The monkeys cannot easily pick the big Brazil nut husks from the trees, so the parrots gnaw them loose, allowing them to drop, the fall to the ground splitting them. Then the monkeys tear the cracked husks asunder, gather the nuts and divide them with the parrots. Sometimes, when the husks fall to split, the monkeys carry them up to the highest limbs of the tree and let them drop again. Monkey and parrot enjoy their harvest side by side.

Rivals in Misfortune. People are very often proud of the properties to which they are heirs, but surely few landed estates are so vaunted, few castles are so boasted about, as are the lites to which the flesh is heir. Human nature fairly revels in its misfortunes, and this revelry leads to rivalry and to many complications. None is so proud, none is so jealous, as your struggling invalid.

Anticipating Him. "Jenkins, I believe you have some of the elements of success about you."

"Not a dollar, old man. Honor bright. You'd be welcome to it if I had."—Stray Stories.

LIFE IN ENGLISH VILLAGES.

It is Not the Idle Form That Poets Sing About.

"I know a village where there are no fewer than thirty cottages with but one bedroom apiece, and in each of these single bedrooms six, seven and more people are sleeping," says A. Montefiore-Bruce, writing in the London Mail about life in the average English village. "In one of them, father, mother and eight children huddled together. In another, father, mother and six children—three of whom are grown up—are sleeping. In these cottages there is one living room downstairs and no sanitary arrangement of any kind. At the back of the cottages runs an open ditch. It is also an open sewer.

"Here, in the very heart of the country, I expect to find abundance of pure water, abundance of sweet air. Too often I find neither about the cottages. Hundreds of villages have no water supply, though a comparatively small expenditure could provide it. I know a village—it is typical of hundreds—where the cottagers have to go half a mile to get water. A foul ditch furnishes another village with the whole of its water supply. Offensive refuse heaps lie piled round the crumbling walls of the cottages. The wooden floors within are rotten with sewage.

"Norfolk, Suffolk and Essex contain many such villages, and other counties—such as Bedford, Cambridgeshire, Wiltshire, Dorset, Somerset—easily vie with them. I could write of lonely cottages far across the fields, with no water within a mile, whence the children morning after morning walk two miles to school, and drag their tired limbs that distance back again at night—and this whatever the weather; where the postal service comes but once a week; where the men and boys walk daily five or six miles to and from work; where of drainage there is none; where of the simplest sanitation there is none; where the medical officer of health comes not, and where the Inspector of nuisances is unknown."

MEXICAN CUSTOMS. Female friends kiss on both cheeks when greeting or taking leave. Gentlemen speak first when passing lady acquaintances on the street in any circumstances.

When a Mexican speaks to you of his home he refers to it as "your house." The sofa is the seat of honor, and a guest waits to be invited to occupy it. Men and women in the same social circles call each other by their first names.

Mexican gentlemen remove their hats as scrupulously upon entering a business office as in a private residence. Dinner calls are not customary, but upon rising from the table the guest thanks his host for the entertainment.

After a dinner the gentleman returns his partner to her seat beside her parents or chaperon and at once leaves her side. The fashionable call of a few minutes is unknown. A lady who arrives at 4 o'clock will remain until 6 or 7. The calls of intimate friends are half day visits.

PLUCKING SHEEP. Shearing Process Not Used in Shetland. The pure bred sheep in Shetland are not shorn, but plucked. The process takes place generally in June, when the fleece is "ripe" and the silky wool can be pulled off without pain.

This is called "rooing" and is much less damaging to the young fiber than clipping with shears. The wool when thus handled retains its peculiar softness, so that any one of experience can tell whether the material of a knitted article has been plucked or shorn. It ripens first upon the neck and shoulders, so that sheep half plucked resemble in some sort a poodle that is clipped.

We must suppose that harsher handling prevailed at one time, for we read that in 1616 the Scottish privy council spoke of the custom as still kept up "in some remote and uncivil places," and James I. wrote to tell them that it had been put down in Ireland under penalty of a fine. Upon this they passed an act on March 17, 1616, deploring the destruction of sheep thus caused and imposing similar fines on those who should persist in the practice.

The Tropic Home. White men's homes in India, the West Indies, west Africa and other parts of the tropics to which civilization has penetrated are usually run on the principle of having as much air and as little furniture as possible. Carpets, rugs, cushions, hangings and portieres are banished. Tables and chairs are made of light wickerwork, bamboo or cane. The floors are polished with coconuts husks until they become as slippery as a good dancing floor. Indeed, they are used for that purpose nearly every evening in any settlement where there is society. A hall in the tropics requires no preparation. After dinner it is only necessary to move the light furniture to one corner of the spacious room, send somebody to the piano and start dancing. The ballroom is practically in the open air, for wooden "jalousies" form most of the wall space and are opened whenever breezes blow.

The "Just Alike." Few people perhaps notice that all omnibus wheels are painted yellow, says the London Chronicle, so that any wheel may be worn with any bus color. Every circus ring in the world is of precisely the same diameter, whatever the size of the auditorium, so that the rider knows the angle at which he must lean in San Francisco is the angle of safety in St. Petersburg. Even the ladder is "standardized." Every hodman in England knows what he has to step when toiling up the builder's ladder, though he may not know it is seven inches. The sailor who runs a little thing of his own for me to hear, and confound him, he wasted all the evening with his egotistical trash.

Friends and Relatives. "So the poor fellow's dead?"

"Yes, and he left all his money to charity. His funeral was very largely attended."

"Ah, yes, he had lots of friends; I don't suppose he had any enemies at all."

"Oh, yes, a few; he had several relatives."—Philadelphia Ledger.

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A Great Agency

We Have Secured Control for This City of the Fulton Compounds, the Only Things Known to Medicine That Cure Kidney Diseases in Both the Primary and Secondary Stages.

The kidneys are not sensitive and the disease is sometimes fastened and already chronic with the very first symptoms. If it has hung on eight to ten months it is very chronic. In either case why take chances? Why not take first the only thing known that cures kidney disease in the chronic as well as the primary stage? The Fulton Compound, by permission, is especially valuable for its insurability. No matter how published or invited, you can get after recovery under the Fulton Compound and the recovery was also doubly attended.

On May 15, 1902, the son of C. F. Pell, the manager of the Pacific Coast Hosiery Company in San Francisco, California, was afflicted with chronic kidney disease and neuritis. Another physician was called in and after a long and fruitless diagnosis, the whole body was swollen with dropsy and a fatal result was inevitable. The Fulton Compound was then turned to as the only hope. On September 15, the dropsy had disappeared and the boy was well, and after double examinations the physician declared the very chronic case cured. Mr. Pell's recovery was also attended by the Fulton Compound. The Fulton Compound is a great agency for the cure of chronic kidney disease and neuritis. About nine-tenths of all cases are now curable, even after they have developed into chronic cases of Bright's Disease and diabetes. No matter how published or invited, you can get after recovery under the Fulton Compound and the recovery was also doubly attended.

Save the Baby.

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

The cause is apparent. With baby's bones hardening, the fontanel opening in the skull closes up and its contents are compressed. This coming at once creates a demand for bone material that nature's supply of lime salts is deficient in. The result is rickets, weakness, sweating, fever, diarrhea, and other troubles, convulsions, and even chronic cases that, like the above, are incurable by all other known medicines. If your baby teases you, or if it is over eight months old, get Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. It will cure it quickly. If it is over eight months old, get Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. It will cure it quickly. If it is over eight months old, get Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. It will cure it quickly.

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

234 Washington St., San Francisco, June 2, 1902. Gentlemen—I am prescribing your food in the multitude of baby troubles due to imperfect dentition. A large percentage of infantile life and fatality are the result of slow teething. Your food is deficient in the deficient system demands, and I have had surprising success with it. This diet, given with their regular food, has not failed to check the infantile distresses. The pure bred sheep in Shetland are not shorn, but plucked. The process takes place generally in June, when the fleece is "ripe" and the silky wool can be pulled off without pain.

This is called "rooing" and is much less damaging to the young fiber than clipping with shears. The wool when thus handled retains its peculiar softness, so that any one of experience can tell whether the material of a knitted article has been plucked or shorn. It ripens first upon the neck and shoulders, so that sheep half plucked resemble in some sort a poodle that is clipped.

We must suppose that harsher handling prevailed at one time, for we read that in 1616 the Scottish privy council spoke of the custom as still kept up "in some remote and uncivil places," and James I. wrote to tell them that it had been put down in Ireland under penalty of a fine. Upon this they passed an act on March 17, 1616, deploring the destruction of sheep thus caused and imposing similar fines on those who should persist in the practice.

The Tropic Home. White men's homes in India, the West Indies, west Africa and other parts of the tropics to which civilization has penetrated are usually run on the principle of having as much air and as little furniture as possible. Carpets, rugs, cushions, hangings and portieres are banished. Tables and chairs are made of light wickerwork, bamboo or cane. The floors are polished with coconuts husks until they become as slippery as a good dancing floor. Indeed, they are used for that purpose nearly every evening in any settlement where there is society. A hall in the tropics requires no preparation. After dinner it is only necessary to move the light furniture to one corner