When Peggy Traveled Incog.

By ANNIE HAMILTON DONNELL

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IN the intervals of trade—and the intervals came often and lingered when the thermometer registered 92 degrees—the clerks at Bruce's drifted together in sparse groups to talk. The notion counter elbowed the stocking counter, and Old Adam—everybody at Bruce's called him Old Adam—conversed sociably with Gregory Knox. They were the oldest clerks in the store and were getting gray in the service.

"My! Hot, ain't it? Stockin's ain't runnin' real spry today," Adam said, with a cheerful laugh. He leaned over the counter and fanned his round, red face with a "notion" palm leaf.

"Well, I guess not! All the swells are out of town, and poor folks can go barefoot this weather. What's the matter with you, old man? You don't look peart."

"I guess I look as peart's I feel," Gregory Knox answered.

"You're played out, sonny. What you need's a week or two off. You tackle the boss tonight an' see what you can do."

A smile curved the other man's lips. It would have been a bitter smile if there had been time enough before the patient lines settled back into place. The whole pallid, weary face was patient.

"I've been gettin' my courage screwed. Oh, I'll tackle him. But what's the use?"

He shrugged his spare shoulders under the rusty seersucker coat.

"You goin' to try it, Adam?"

"Me? Oh, I'm all right. I get aboard my wheel at close up an' skite out into the country a ways. Nothin' like it—not in this world. That's all the country I need. Get a wheel, man; get a wheel."

Again the bitter smile that lost itself in patience. Gregory Knox was thinking of the wheel he was trying to get for Peggy. Both the other girls had them. He had one of his whimsical fancies that perhaps his chance might come when he got to the streets of gold.

The slow afternoon crawled toward closeup. Instantly, at the stroke of 6, the clerks hurried toward the great doors that swung between them and freedom, but Gregory Knox took another way.

"Wish you luck, old man," called Old Adam after him. But good luck looked doubtful. The boss, in Bruce's dialect, was out of temper. The heat and confinement rasped him.

"Eh? A week off? Man alive, are you daft?" he cried sharply. "Don't you know we're short handed now? The young cubs have to go—can't hold 'em in—but you old chaps are our standbys. You've had your fling."

"Yes, yes," murmured Gregory Knox absently. When had he had his fling? He was watching the boss fold up a trout pole, joint on joint. Then his pale blue eyes roamed to the litter of flies and lines and sinkers on the desk. He had been thinking of a trout pole all day long. Queer! But his had been a slender sapling, fresh cut. Would this complicated bamboo affair catch a fuller string of fish than he used to catch with his sapling? What beauties they had been! How the sun had silvered their wet backs! Queer how all day long he had been thinking of trout and a little thread of shadowy water rippling under willow trees! He gazed away out of the window, and instead of listless, moving crowds a barefoot boy with a string of trout crossed his retinas.

"There, sir; that's the swellest trouting outfit there'll be in the Adirondacks this summer. You can't beat it," the boss said in better spirits.

"No, sir; oh, no," Gregory Knox said. "But, then, it's pretty surprisin' what a string of fish you can haul in with a saplin' fresh cut. You get one jest sappy enough an' jest the right bigness—I tell you!"

When he turned away a moment later, the boss called him back.

"Oh, I say, Knox!" he called. "I take it we can let you off for a day—say tomorrow. We'll manage somehow. Not at all, not at all; no thanks, man. Wish you good luck."

But Gregory Knox had not thanked him. There seemed no occasion. The thread of dark water ran under willows a hundred and fifty miles away.

The boss had relented suddenly. The blood of Izaak Walton, running in both their veins, had forged a link of good fellowship between him and the little old clerk. Such a slender link! What would a day off, one day, avail over a hundred and fifty miles? But in the morning Gregory Knox followed a sudden impulse and slipped down to the sea to catch a glimpse of ma and the girls. He had not meant to go until the last minute, and he went in his shabby store suit and forgot to change his shirt. On the train remorse assailed him sharply. What would ma say? No; certainly not. Ma must not see him in that dubious guise—ma, who was making her one month long struggle for gentility in a great hotel by the sea. It was her one chance for the year—hers and the girls. They dreamed of it, and pa worked for it the year round.

"I'd ought to have fixed up for ma's sake and the girls'," thought Gregory Knox guiltily, and in a minute the holiday's zest had vanished. He settled back dully on the hot velvet cushions and made his plans wearily. He would keep out of sight—that would be easy enough in such crowds—and ma and the girls need never know he had been there at all. It would be "nice jest to see 'em enjoyin' themselves," he said.

"I'll keep on the outskirts, out of their sight. My old clothes won't do 'em any harm that way."

Poor little stocking counter clerk! He had always been on the outskirts, and he was fifty years old.

But when he had settled himself on the great, hot beach, hidden in the lee of a mighty bowlder, whom should he see dancing down the beach toward his hiding place but Peggy in her dainty bathing suit! She was all alone, and she made a pretty picture to pa's admiring eyes.

Peggy was the baby and his favorite. In his quiet, secret way he worshiped at little Madcap Peggy's restless feet. The other girls called him pa, but she called him daddy. How pretty she looked in that little blue and white rig! The little oil silk cap perched on her brown head had a saucy, witching air.

But Gregory Knox sank back in the lee of his rock—a minute too late, daddy, for Peggy had seen him!

"Daddy—of all things, great and small things—Daddy Knox!"

"Yes; it's me, Peggy," he answered meekly.

"It is, as sure as I live! But where'd you drop out of—a balloon? Did you come on the wings of the— But there isn't any, not a breath! Well, tell me about it, daddy."

She threw herself in the sand beside him and dug the toes of her bathing shoes deep in. Her long black stockings stretched out before her, and daddy's experienced eyes fell on them at once. He was so well acquainted with stockings! He noticed instantly that they were rusty and loose fibered. Then he saw the little "gobbled" darns in them. Peggy was not renowned for needlework.

"Poor dye, slazy weave," he thought; "couldn't have come from Bruce's. Mine are fast black, an' you can't see daylight through 'em either."

"Fire away, daddy! Don't you see the lady's waiting?"

Peggy's clear, laughing voice interrupted his thoughts and brought him back from the stocking counter at Bruce's to the great, hot beach, with the sea at his feet.

"Er—why, yes, Peggy, yes. What was I sayin'?"

"That's the trouble. You weren't saying a solitary word, Daddy Knox, just mooning—or selling stockings!"

"Sellin' stockin's—you've hit the nail, Peggy! That's what I was doin', sure. It kinder comes second nature to me. That's what I expected to be doin' this minute, but the boss gave me a day off, so I ran down here. I hankered to see a little harum scarum girl of mine. But, you see"—he lowered his voice confidentially—"I never thought to fix up, so I'm keepin' dark. I wouldn't have your ma see me this way for the best pair of silk stockin's at Bruce's."

Peggy had seen him.

Peggy eyed the crumpled shirt bosom with palpable disfavor. Her eyes traveled over the shabby little figure, taking in the shiny seams and the frayed edges disapprovingly. How little and—and seedy daddy was!

"Yes, ma'd have a fit—two fits," she said promptly. "You'll have to remain incog., daddy. Now, I don't mind. I'm not in full dress myself, so I'm willing to fellowship with you. I'll run up across lots to our room and tell them I'm not going down to dinner, and then I'll trouble you for a silver half dollar. Find sir, and buy our lunch at a restaurant, and we'll eat it right here, out of a paper bag! Larks!"

Her eyes were still on daddy. She was seeing many new things—the hollows in his temples, the patient droop to his lips, the whitening hair around his bald spot. She was seeing how stoop shouldered daddy was getting to be and how tired, tired, tired he looked. It seemed to Peggy, lying there in the warm sand beside daddy, as if she were just being introduced to him. She reached out a little sea browned hand and slowly threaded the scant gray hair between her fingers. The softness and silkiness of it surprised her. She had never known before that daddy's hair was soft and silky.

"But it's thin, daddy. I believe in my soul you're growing old. Aren't you ashamed of yourself, sir? The idea!"

"No older than some other folks this side of the sea puss," retorted daddy, with a boyish laugh. He did not feel old just then. He felt young. It was so pleasant to have Peggy all to himself and to lie resting with the gentle boom of the breakers in his ear.

"You're growin' old, too, ma'am. Bless my soul, wasn't it day before yesterday you had the colic an' I toted you up an' down the nursery floor, up an' down, up an' down? Did you ever say enough? Not you!"

He prodded her whimsically with his finger, but she was not listening to his banter.

"You're tired, daddy; that's what," she cried abruptly. "You need a lark, a long one, not just a mean little twenty-four hour one like this. See; there are crow's feet round your eyes, and you're not old enough for crow's feet. One, two, three, four—who ever heard of a crow with four feet? Daddy, do you hear? You must have a good, long holiday. You shall stay right down here with us. I guess we can find clean shirts enough. You shall not go home a step till we go."

Gregory Knox shook his head slowly.

"An' lose my job, little one? Then who'd get the bread an' butter? No, no; I'm havin' my lark today with you. I'm satisfied. We old fellows at the store have to stand by the ship while the young bloods are havin' their outin's. It's the law. Besides, a place like this, my dear, wouldn't do for me. Think of your ma. No, no; I'd rather go to the trout brook at home an' lie on the banks an' fish."

"Yes, daddy, yes—go on." Her eyes were on his kindled old face, and his were on a fleck of white sail in the offing. He began to speak again dreamily, as if to himself:

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

OUR INSTINCT TO CHEW.

It Manifests Itself In Numerous and Curious Ways.

Seeing that the maxillary apparatus of man has for long ages past been put to vigorous use, it is not surprising that the need to exercise it should express itself as a powerful instinct. This instinct manifests itself in many and curious ways. During the early months of life the natural function of feeding at the breast provides the infant's jaws, tongue and lips with all the needful exercise. This bottle feeding fails to do, and we frequently find bottle fed children seeking to satisfy the natural instinct by sucking their thumbs, fingers or any convenient object at hand.

The teeth are a provision for biting hard foods, but even before they actually appear we find the child seeking to exercise his toothless gums on any hard substance he can lay hold of, and there can be no doubt that exercise of this kind tends to facilitate the eruption of the teeth, a truth indeed recognized universally, whether by the primitive mother who strings the tooth of some wild animal round the neck of her infant or the up to date parent who provides her child with a bejeweled ivory or coral bauble.

When the teeth have erupted, the masticatory instinct finds among primitive peoples abundant satisfaction in the chewing of the coarse, hard foods which constitute their dietary; but among us moderns, subsisting, as we do, mainly on soft foods, affording but little exercise for the masticatory apparatus, it does not find its proper expression, and thus tends to die out. Nevertheless it dies a hard death and long continues to assert itself. Witness the tendency of children to bite their pencils and penholders. I have known a child to gnaw through a bone penholder much in the same way as a carnivorous animal gnaws at a bone.

This instinct to chew for chewing's sake manifests itself all over the world. In our own country not only do children bite pencils and penholders, but they will chew small pieces of india rubber for hours together. The practice of gum chewing, so common among our American cousins, evidently comes down from faroff times, for the primitive Australians chew several kinds of gum, attributing to them nutrient qualities, and the Patagonians are said to keep their teeth white and clean by chewing matri, a gum which exudes from the incense bush.—Lancet.

CHINESE PROVERBS.

If the roots be left, the grass will grow again.

One lash to a good horse; one word to a wise man.

The gods cannot help a man who loses opportunities.

Riches come better after poverty than poverty after riches.

Dig a well before you are thirty. Be prepared for contingencies.

The error of one moment becomes the sorrow of a whole lifetime.

Borrowed money makes time short; working for others makes it long.

The gem cannot be polished without friction nor the man perfected without trials.

Large fowls will not eat small grain. Great mandarins are not content with little bribes.

A wise man adapts himself to circumstances as water shapes itself to the vessel that contains it.

The best thing is to be respected and the next is to be loved. It is bad to be hated, but worse still to be despised.

Mirrors.

The first record concerning mirrors dates back to the days of the venerable Moses, and they were made of brass. When the Spaniards landed in South America they found mirrors of polished black stone in use among the natives. In the fifteenth century the first glass mirrors were made in Germany by a blowpipe, and were convex. The first manufactory of glass mirrors for sale was established in Venice early in the sixteenth century. In the reign of James I. men, women and children wore looking glasses publicly, the men as brooches or ornaments in their hats and the women at their girdles or on their bosoms.

The First Skyscraper.

"The confusion of tongues in the tower of Babel must have been dreadfully annoying."

"Yes, indeed. Think of not being able to make the elevator boy understand what floor you wanted to get off at."—Kansas City Journal.

A New Arrival.

Newed—I say, old chap, you ought to see the nine pound addition to our family that arrived last night. He's a peach.

Oldwed (the father of twins)—Well, you ought to be thankful he isn't a pair.—St. Louis Star.

Somewhat Ambiguous.

Parke—I wish you would drop in to dinner on us any night.

Lane—But how do I know your wife would like to have me?

Parke—But she would feel exactly the same about it if it was any one else.—Brooklyn Life.

HUMOR OF THE HOUR

A Shining Example.

"Do you see that man on the other side of the street?" asked the prohibitionist.

"Who; that one in rags and tatters?"

"Yes. I tell you his life is a lesson to drinkers. I was at college with him, and he was one of the brightest, most able fellows there; but he drank. He had a friend there who was a clever fellow, too, and who never touched a drop. There was considerable good natured rivalry between them as to who should be at the head of the class. During the first term the chances were pretty equal. Then drink began to get more of a hold on this one, and he began to go downhill. The second year he dropped off a little, the third a little more, and at last he graduated at the foot of his class and started out in the world, sinking lower and lower until now he does odd jobs for a living. It is shameful, pitiful. Look at his friend. He kept gaining and finally graduated at the head of his class."

"And where is he now?"

"Now! Ah—h'm—haw. I—a—let me see. I believe he's in jail for fraud. I—a— Oh, good day." And he walked hastily down the street.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Might Help Him Some.

"Ah, my dear sir," said the earnest man with the white necktie, "you should not think of laying up riches for yourself in this world."

"Don't you worry a minute about me," replied the easy liver. "I won't, but I'd like to have you meet some of my creditors and give them a little advice along that line!"—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

Just Like a Woman.

Mrs. Newlyrich—This milk tastes better than what I drank at Mrs. Uptodate's yesterday.

Milkman—Yes, ma'am. I thin her milk with water.

Mrs. Newlyrich—Well, you must thin mine too. You must treat me as well as you do her.—Chelsea Gazette.

Mere Kid.

Mrs. Smartt—I see those new driving gloves of yours are marked "Cupid." What a ridiculous name for gloves!

Mr. Smartt—Oh, I don't know. S'pose it means that they're—undressed kid.

Handicapped.

"Mrs. Blaks has a hard time of it in one respect."

"What is that?" asked the woman who had dropped in for news.

"Her husband never goes to baseball games. When the dinner isn't good she can't say it is all his fault for being late."—Washington Star.

Horrible!

"His punishment was even more than he deserved."

"How was that? Did they lynch him?"

"Oh, worse than that! Why, they stood him up in the middle of the road and ran him down with an automobile."—Brooklyn Eagle.

Competition.

"Why don't you get some detectives like those we read about in novels?"

"My dear, sir," replied the police official, "our department could not possibly offer them the inducements that literature holds out."—Washington Star.

Sweet Revenge.

Frank—I've got even with Jim at last.

Ned—How did you do it?

Frank—I gave his girl a pair of pretty vases, and he will go broke keeping them filled with flowers.—Chelsea Gazette.

Some Men Insist on Being Stung.

"I wonder if you'd marry me if I had money?" he sighed.

"Ah, George," she answered, "why do you wish me to be cruel to you? I have tried so hard to let you down easy."—Chicago Record-Herald.

His Experience.

"Here's a conundrum for you," said the funny man. "What's the difference between a man and his wife?"

"It's invariably a difference of opinion," replied Henpeck.—Philadelphia Ledger.

A Reckless Man.

"He's the most reckless man with an automobile I ever knew."

"How fast does he run it?"

"He doesn't run it. He lets his wife run it."—Toledo News-Bee.

Contradicted.

"I understand the entertainment was very select."

"Oh, no; it wasn't. Everybody was asked to buy tickets."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Still More Untimely.

"Do your neighbors sing the latest songs of the day?" asked the landlord.

"I shouldn't object to that," answered the sad eyed tenant; "their specialty is the latest songs of the night."—Washington Star.

His Choice.

Agent—Yes, sir; I will guarantee that this is the most concentrated food you ever ate.

Consumer—But I don't want that kind. I want the kind that spreads all over my system.—Life.

THE FISHER MARTEN.

Conceited, Cunning and Intelligent and Without Fear.

The fisher marten deserves to be much better known than he generally is, if only on account of his own good opinion of himself, his wonderful cunning and shrewd intelligence.

One of the largest and handsomest of the martens, he has also agility, strength and endurance for any two of his kind put together. Measuring about three feet in length, with a slim, vigorous body, the fisher will travel enormous distances in a single night, bounding lightly up into the air, with his nose turned up in order to catch every whiff of scent, outwitting other animals and the cleverest trappers and making himself at home wherever he happens to find himself.

He generally chooses as his hunting grounds the thickly covered hills and ridges where the hemlock and spruce grow in abundance, but he is as much at home on the tree tops as on the ground and can sleep as soundly in a low hollow of a tree as on a branch of a fir tree, where he will lie stretched out in the sunshine like any old cat.

As for fear, he does not know what it is. He will not only face but actually kill a Canadian porcupine and does not even appear to mind the quills which penetrate his body. He is not particularly fond of meeting an old bear with cubs, but is generally clever enough to steal her cubs while she goes off on some little expedition of her own, while instances have been related of the fishers in the Rocky mountains even killing young grizzlies.

As for man, he appears to laugh at him and his designs for trapping wild animals. He will pull a marten trap open and take out the bait, whether alive or dead; he will tear a pine marten or mink to pieces in no time and carry it off or drag the trap over some rough projection in order to spring it and make off more often than not without having received as much as a scratch.

But perhaps his cleverest trick, when he finds a trapper is following his trail, is to get behind the trapper and follow his, so that while the unconscious trapper is walking after the fisher the fisher is keeping completely out of danger by following the trapper. Many a useless mile has the trapper walked in this manner, and many good baits has he lost by the very same shrewd, cunning animal he is trying to trace and catch.—Collier's Weekly.

A Lucky Game of Chess.

A story is told of the Moorish prince Abul Hejex, who was thrown into prison for sedition by his brother Mohammed, king of Granada. There he remained for several years until the king, fearing he might escape, placed himself at the head of a fresh revolt and seized the crown, ordering one of his pashas to see to his immediate execution. Abul Hejex was playing at chess when the pasha came and bade him prepare for death. The prince asked for two hours' respite, which was refused. After earnest entreaty he obtained permission to finish his game. He was in no hurry about the moves, we are told, well for him he was not, for before an hour had elapsed a messenger brought the news that Mohammed had been struck dead by apoplexy, and Abul was forthwith proclaimed king of Granada. It was indeed a small favor for the pasha to grant, but it altered the whole current of the king's career.

Work and Leisure Should Be Mated.

Work is good. No one seriously doubts this truth. Adam may have doubted it when he first took spade in hand and Eve when she scoured her first pots and kettles, but in the course of a few thousand years we have learned to know and value this honest, troublesome, faithful and extremely exacting friend. But work is not the only good thing in the world. It is not a fetich to be adorned, neither is it to be judged, like a sum in addition, by its outward and immediate results. The god of labor does not abide exclusively in the rolling mill, the law courts or the cornfield. He has a twin sister whose name is leisure, and in her society he lingers now and then to the lasting gain of both.—Scribner's.

Nature and Plants.

Dr. Andrew Wilson writes: "If we assumed that flowers were merely evolved to gratify human senses we should be entertaining a woefully limited view of nature. The botanist will tell you that everything about a flower is meant to favor one end. That end is the production of seeds and the propagation of the species. The colors of flowers—nay, even the little splashes of a hue or tint seen on a petal—are intended to attract insects that they may carry off the fertilizing dust, or pollen, to other flowers of the same or near species and thus insure a sturdier race as the result of cross fertilization. It is to this end also that your flowers are many of them sweet scented. The perfume is another kind of invitation to the insect world. The honey they secrete forms a third attraction—the most practical of all, perhaps. Then the arrangement of the flowers on the stalk, the times of opening and shutting of the flowers and the position of the stamens and pistils are all so many features whereby nature is giving each plant a help on the way."

A Cross In the Heavens.

On Oct. 28, A. D. 312, Constantine the Great is said to have "heard a great and mighty noise above and to the east of him" and upon turning his eyes in that direction "was astonished beyond measure at what he there beheld." Clearly outlined upon the blue sky was a cross of pure white, and in the halo which surrounded the top was the Latin phrase, "In hoc signo" ("By this sign"), in letters of deep scarlet. Mackey, the great historian, says that there was a second inscription in Greek, the letters of which in English would be "En to nika."

His Fate.

Casey—O'Rafferty is a sick mahn He has heart complaint an' consoomption.

Murphy—Sure, consoomption's a bad disease.

Casey—It is thot same; but it's slow He'll die av the heart throuble a year afore he'll die av the loong throuble.

WOMAN AND FASHION

A Novel Hat.

No one knows what material will be used for hats next. After spun glass and paper we are prepared for anything.

This rice straw braided into a hat makes a charming piece of headgear,

MADE OF RICE STRAW.

for it is so light even if it is not altogether durable. This one is trimmed with soft taffeta ribbon in pale blue, caught with rhinestone buttons and finished with bunches of drooping violets at back and side.

Stylish Coats.

Embroidered muslin coats are considered more elegant than those fashioned of lace. A model three-quarter length of white embroidered muslin is built over white india silk. It has tiny tucks between the embroidery and comes to a little below the waist line and is open in the front, with long, loose flowing sleeves. These coats are worn over muslin frocks as well as cloth costumes. Pongee makes a stylish as well as a durable costume. A model built on shirt waist suit lines has a box plaited bodice and a white lace cape over the shoulders. It blouses in front and is box plaited in the back. The box plaits also appear on the sleeves. The skirt is box plaited to about twelve inches from the bottom, where it flares. The waist line is completed by a pointed girdle of black taffeta.

Outing Hats.

The latest and most extravagant novelties in outing hats match the panama hat in quality and price, but are made of bamboo finely shredded and closely woven.

There is only one shape, a large round sailor with a crushed crown and a rolling brim.

It comes in the natural tone of the bamboo and occasionally in colors.

The decorations are somewhat striking, consisting of a scarf or lace straw touched with some bright color—blue, green or cerise—and a generous cluster of fruit—pears, peaches or grapes. The fruit is startlingly realistic.

A Chic Negligee.

Daintiness and simplicity mark a negligee of white crepe de chine which is made over pale liberty silk. It is gathered with half a dozen shirrings into the figure, and the neck has a deep collar of the soft crape, which is turned back, showing a prettily draped effect of pink liberty silk arranged like a crossed fichu. The sleeves are cut into several deep points and do not extend even to the elbows, but beneath these are closely fitted liberty silk sleeves which ruffle in mousquetaire fashion to the wrist.

For a Child.

A stylish little design that exemplifies the use of kilt skirt and the Russian style of closing is shown here in a little frock that may be worn by girls or small boys. The model is very attractive in percale, linen, pique or heavy cotton fabrics. The front of the blouse may be decorated by buttons or machine stitched. The plaited skirt is a style that is very jaunty and youthful and one that is most popular.

"ISN'T IT SWELL?"

Time's Slower Stages.

Muggins—Men live faster than women.

Buggins—That's right. My wife and I were the same age when we were married. I'm forty-five now and she has only turned thirty.—Philadelphia Record.

Tommy's Congratulations.

Reggie—Tommy, do you know I'm going to marry your sister?

Tommy—Then I think I'll go and congratulate mother.

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WHO KNOWS

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

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

W. H. Fridley, a resident of Los Gatos, having chronic kidney disease (Bright's Disease) had, like everybody else, found all treatment futile. He commenced on Fulton's Renal Compound in February, 1902, and on December 10 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. Johns & Johnson, the Los Gatos druggists, confirm this recovery and know of several other recoveries in similar cases of chronic kidney disease in Los Gatos, all of which were incurable by anything else known to druggists. S. A. Palmer, the leading druggist of Santa Cruz, H. H. Maynard, the Petaluma druggist, the Ferry Drug Company of No. 8 Market street, San Francisco, W. R. Pond, the Berkeley druggist, Dr. Markley, the Cloverdale druggist, Willis & Martin, the Sacramento druggists, and scores of other California druggists all report specific recoveries in chronic kidney diseases that were positively incurable by anything known except the Fulton Compounds.

Dropsy, rheumatism from uric acid, gout and bladder troubles are proofs that the kidneys are not performing their functions. The chronic stage of kidney trouble is Bright's Disease. If you feel languid or miserable, if your kidney trouble hangs on send for Pamphlet. Percentage of recoveries nearly 90 per cent among purely chronic cases. Fulton's Renal Compound for Bright's and Kidney Diseases, $1; for Diabetes, $1.50. John J. Fulton Co., 430 Washington street, San Francisco, sole compounders. Free analyses for patients. We are the sole agents for the Fulton Compounds in this city.

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) 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 peevishness, weakness, sweating, fever, diarrhoea, brain troubles, convulsions, etc., that prove terribly fatal. The deaths in 1900 under three years were 304,988, 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.

2934 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.

A Natural Weather Vane.

It was an old belief that if the preserved body of a halcyon or kingfisher were suspended by a thread from the ceiling its bill would always turn toward the quarter from whence the wind was blowing.

Thus Barabas in Marlowe's "Jew of Malta" says:

"But now how stands the wind?
Into what quarter peeps my halcyon's bill?
Ha! To the east? Yes."

Shakespeare also alludes to it in "King Lear" when Kent in his reply to Cornwall rebukes those who—

"Turn their halcyon's beaks
With every gale and vary of their masters."

In more modern days a stuffed kingfisher has been seen hanging from the beam of a cottage ceiling at Botley, near Southampton, and in other places of that neighborhood, where there is a kindred belief that if a dead kingfisher is hung up by its beak its breast will turn with the ebb and flow of the tide.

Development of the Walking Stick.

Probably the patriarch's staff was the first adaptation of the walking stick, and from its first inception to the present day it has undergone almost endless changes. In 1701 footmen attending gentlemen were forbidden to carry swords, these being replaced by a porter's staff. Thirty years later gentlemen were forbidden to carry swords, but allowed to carry large oak sticks. Before many years varnished and polished woods with ornamental heads came into use and in one form or another have held their own in public popularity.

The Beam Is There.

"Remember," admonished the reverend gentleman, "when you begin to notice the mote in your neighbor's eye there is pretty certain to be a beam in your own."

"That's right," replied Sinnickson. "It makes the average man's whole face beam to find a mote in his neighbor's eye."—Exchange.

The park surrounding Blenheim palace is 2,700 acres in extent and twelve miles around.

Guilt has very quick ears to an accusation.—Fielding.