

# Merry Christmas on the Rail

By HERBERT E. HAMBLIN

The train was reported half an hour late. We closed the cab windows and dropped the curtain. Harry got the blower on a quarter of a turn to carry off the gas. We lighted our pipes, cocked our heels on the boiler butt and listened in comfort to the howling blast without. As I sat and puffed on my fragrant old briarwood my gaze became riveted on the only thing visible, the steam gauge, like a spectral face suspended in the center of the uniform blackness. The soothing hum of the blower, the warmth and sense of coziness, combined with the hypnotic effect of my fixed gaze, set me to dreaming.

Tomorrow would be Christmas, and mother was with us. It was her first visit since my marriage. Katie, her poor little heart a-flutter at the prospect of a visit from that dreaded inspector general, her mother-in-law, had slaved herself nearly to death. Three-year-old Bob had nearly wrecked his mother's wonderful patience by his persistent efforts to render her labor futile, and I had "biggered" on the run for a month to make sure of being home on this the greatest Christmas that ever was. For a wonder, I had not figured in vain. Everything had come out exactly as I had hoped it would. I would get home early enough for Christmas dinner and late enough to preclude the possibility of being sent out again before the next day.

A curling wreath of blue smoke floated across the face of the gauge, arrested the selfish course of my thoughts and directed them to the boy on the other side of the cab. Harry Merwin had been on the road only a couple of months, most of which time he had been firing for me. He was bright, pleasant and willing. It now occurred to me that I rather liked him, but that I knew absolutely nothing about him. It wasn't so very many years ago that I was a strange boy on this same road myself, and this was Christmas eve. I made a pretense of getting a light for my pipe at the gauge lamp and leaned across the boiler.

"Where are you going to spend Christmas, Harry?" I shouted above the noise of the gauge and the slatting of the curtain.

The fire glowed brightly in the bowl of his pipe once, twice, before he answered. He leaned against the boiler on his side so that I could barely discern his features in the dim light and replied cheerlessly:

"Oh, in the board'n' house, I guess. Where else? They're agoin' to have roast turkey an' cranberry sauce an' plum puddin', I hear."

I soon knew his story—a stepmother three months after his own mother's death and, I mentally added, a red-headed stepson. He had picked up a general idea of firing while beating his way on here from Wisconsin, and, happening to arrive at our roundhouse just as a man in was urgently needed, he caught on.

"They're callin' us," he concluded, and, giving the bellows a jerk, he stepped down to hook up his fire.

When I got coupled up and he stepped up in the cab again, I said:

"We expect to have a little time at our house tomorrow, Harry, and I should like to have you come up and take dinner with us."

"Thank you, Alec," he replied. "I will."

There was an inch of snow on the rails when I got my orders to "run as an extra, keeping out of the way of all regular trains." But Davis, the conductor, said he had a nice, light running train, the cars all loaded with whiskies and straw hats. I was glad enough to hear it, for there were 175 miles of iron, slippery with the heavy falling snow, between old 18's pilot and home. If I averaged the maximum of freight train speed, twenty miles per hour, I would arrive home by 9 o'clock in the morning, but it was a bad night, and I should never be able to keep them going at that gait, as I promised myself not to. If I got home by noon, a very liberal allowance.

It was a hard pull out of Tabors Junction. When the yardmaster happened to be feeling just right, he would let one of the switch engines get in behind a train and give her a shove for half or three-quarters of a mile, but Davis was no crony of his, so we didn't get it.

It was a fearful night. The gale howled and the snow drove horizontally, like a sand blast. The wind was on the fireman's side, which made it possible for me to look out, but all I could see was an impenetrable white screen, made visible in one small spot by the headlight. I had been easing the throat when she slipped—for I should never see the sand 'til after I got home—until she nearly stalled. That wouldn't do, so I gave her a bare taste and leaned out to hear the gratifying crunch of it under the wheels.

Harry gripped my shoulder and shouted:

"Merry Christmas!"

I wished him the same and many of them and noticed that it was just 12 by the engine clock. She hadn't slipped since I gave her the sand, but was puffing along with suspicious freedom, for we were not up the grade yet. I told the brakeman to go back on top of the train and see if the caboose were coming. He went off growling, but he went which was the main thing. From the back of the tender he gave me what I expected and dreaded, a signal that the train had broken in two. I whistled the flag back to protect the rear and kept on. I took the cars I had to the next siding, four miles away. I had two more cars than the siding would hold. I backed them all in hard against the stop block. Then I cut the two head cars off, pulled them out of the switch and backed down the main track with them until the engine was

behind the two head cars in the siding. I had the brakeman cut these two off, and I "stoked" them out on the main track ahead of the engine. I ran ahead until the two cars behind the engine were over the switch. I backed them in on the siding, leaving the other two out on the main track. Then I came out with the engine and went back after the rest of the train.

I had a four mile back up in the teeth of the blizzard. I couldn't see a thing and never knew where I was. I didn't dare go fast, for I expected every minute to hit the train, and I could not force myself to go slow enough to stop without punching a hole in a newspaper. Snow and coal dust swirled under the foot of the curtain, blinding us, and the boiler might have been an ice cream freezer for all of its effect on the temperature. I tried to invent a suitable reward for the yardmaster at Tabors for not giving me a shove, only to remember that engineers seldom have a chance to get square.

The crew had tied a red lamp to the brake rod of the head car and gone back to the caboose. Long before I got back the lamp was transformed into a miniature iceberg, but I didn't happen to hit hard enough to smash anything. We found the drawhead of the other car hanging to this one by the link and pin. We got it up in the tender after a while and coupled it. I called the flag, and Davis, nearly frozen, climbed aboard. He said there was no flag out, the tail lights being in plain sight from the yard, and he commenced to criticize my solution of the recent difficulty, saying I should have backed the whole train down into the yard and demanded the services of a pusher. There may be a time for all things, but that didn't seem to me to be the time to listen to switch shanty railroading, so I shut him and drove him back to his doghouse. By the time they got the drawhead back into its place in the car and we got away from the siding we had been four hours coming a little over four miles—a magnificent beginning truly.

"One turkey'll be cold, Alec," Harry remarked jokingly after we had started again.

"Frozen," I replied slowly.

"Couldn't get them going over twelve miles an hour, and from that we ran down to about the speed of a slow walk. She didn't steam very freely, which was to be expected. The weather would have chilled a boiler jacketed with a foot of asbestos. She kept calling for more water, so I was not surprised when while oiling I discovered her flues to be leaking badly. After that I never passed a water plug, and the plump vision of my Christmas turkey faded in inverse geometrical ratio to my progress.

Daylight showed us a white Christmas with a vengeance. The storm was

still raging with undiminished fury, the same snow continuing its endless horizontal drive.

Seventeen would be due in half an hour. There wasn't time to get to the next siding ahead of her, but there was a cross over switch a mile ahead where I decided to back over and let her pass. My flag, the head brakeman, had gone back to the caboose, a trip over the top of that train that I would not have taken for a controlling interest in the road. I commenced whistling for the switch as soon as I got to it. Ten minutes after 17 was due Davis emerged from the whirling snow, seeking information. His faculties seemed to have become numb. I had to go into all the details before he could understand that I wanted to carry the brakeman out ahead to protect us when crossed over.

I carried the man out half a mile, gave him a bucket of fire and told him to burn fence rails or anything he could get hold of to keep himself warm, but under no circumstances to desert his post until called in.

After a lot more whistling, fuming and fussing I got the train backed over, and we closed the cab light and started our lunches. While gnawing at the kiln dried boarding house sandwiches and laughing at Harry's nonsense about white or dark meat I came puffing along, almost noiselessly, like a polar bear towing a string of leobegs.

I had lost nearly a gauge of water through the leaky flues while lying there. A broomstick inspection showed less than six inches in the tank, and the nearest water plug was five miles away. Again I worked the whistle cord. After a while Davis came ahead. He was muffled up in all the old rag caboose lockers could furnish and was a perambulating mountain of snow and ice. He was mad at last, as mad as I had been all night.

"Gosh almighty!" he roared, so loud that I heard him above the noise of the gale. "Couldn't the fireman get down an' open the switch 'bout callin' a man all the way up from the hind end? Mebbe you think it's fun to hold water in this snow?"

I told him to get the engine off and haul everything on the eastbound track till I got back from the Selden water plug. As we pulled over the switch Harry shouted:

"Hey, Davis!"

Davis looked up, squinting comically into the teeth of the storm. Harry threw him a kiss and yelled, "Turkey!"

The conductor's reply was inaudible, but we knew what it was, the most common expression in railroad use.

When we got back from the water plug, 21, the mail, was waiting. We followed her, getting good wheeling until she got so far ahead that the snow drifted in behind her again. We loaded the tender at the Bolton coal platform, piling on top big lumps that could't blow away. My watch dropped out of my pocket on the shovel. I threw it into the tender, and Harry tossed a heavy lump on top of it. After we had got it and stepped back on the engine he asked, looking at the clock:

"Is that all 'tis-10-15?"

I looked at my watch-11:37. We had left the curtain up while coaling, and the engine clock, less than two feet above the boiler, had frozen up and stopped.

During the next hour we nearly stalled in big drifts twice. This set me to thinking about train 19. She set me nearly due. I looked at my watch-11:37. It hadn't turned a wheel since that lump of coal hit it, and now I had no time on the engine.

Seeing me looking at my watch, Harry asked me if it was broken. I told him it was "that's nothing," said he, "So's the record." I tried to grin, but just then she plumped into a cut at the foot of a slight grade that was filled twenty feet deep with "the beautiful." I had no following any need to worry about following trains. I was anchored good and solid. I had a full tank of coal. We wouldn't freeze, and there was water enough for a long siege except for those leaky flues.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



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## NATIVE PLATINUM

The "Noble" Metals Extracted From This Precious Substance.

On the slopes of the Ural mountains and in Brazil, California, Australia, Canada and many other countries a peculiar substance known as native platinum is found. This is an alloy of the metals platinum, palladium, iridium, osmium, rhodium and ruthenium, together with a little gold and iron. All of these except the last mentioned are the "noble" metals. They do not tarnish in the air and are not soluble in any single acid. The most plentiful metal occurring in native platinum is that from which it takes its name. This metal is of a grayish color and with one exception is the heaviest substance known. Its fusing point is extremely high, and this property, together with its freedom from tarnishing, causes it to be largely used for the manufacture of crucibles and other vessels required by scientists to stand a very high temperature. It is also sometimes used as a substitute for gold in photography, and when deposited in a thin film on the interior of the tubes of telescopes it forms a dead black surface, which prevents the light from being reflected by the polished side.

Palladium is of a lustrous white color. It is the most easily fused of the metals found in platinum ore, and is so soft that it can be rolled into sheets. A curious quality which this metal possesses is that when heated to redness it is porous to hydrogen gas, allowing it to pass through somewhat in the same manner that blotting paper permits the passage of water. The silvery white color of palladium and its freedom from tarnishing render it useful for making scales and division marks on scientific instruments. A mixture of this metal with mercury is sometimes used for filling teeth. Osmium is a metal which possesses two remarkable properties—it is the most refractory of the metals, resisting fusion at the most intense heat, and it is also the heaviest substance known, being twenty-two and a half times heavier than water. Together with iridium, it occurs principally in a peculiar variety of native platinum called osmiridium. This mineral differs from ordinary platinum ore in that it contains a larger proportion of osmium and iridium than platinum. Osmiridium is found in small particles, varying in weight from one-sixth to one-hundredth of a grain. These particles are extremely hard and are used for pointing non-wearing pens.

Metallic iridium possesses a white steel-like appearance. The knife edges of delicate balances and other bearings which require extreme hardness are often made of it. An alloy of 10 per cent iridium and 90 per cent platinum has been found to be very little affected in volume by changes of temperature, and is a more charming and inviting dining room, especially for warm weather, can hardly be imagined.

A Cradle Rocker.

For any mamma who is given to such unhygienic actions as rocking herself or her child there could be no more quaint piece of furniture than the mission cradle rocker. It's old time enough to appeal to the lover of old furniture and quaint enough to interest anybody. Until baby grows into a famous pedestrian it is big enough for two. The little one may kick its pink toes in the shut in end of the rocker while mamma sits at her ease in the chair end. It is rush bottomed. The ensemble is very complete, but just where mamma will take to knitting just to be in the picture is not easily determined. The old homemade rug is right in line, and so is the austere china set on the mantel. Mission furniture is delightfully simple for the sitting room or for the nursery.

## ASKING QUESTIONS.

The Art of Interrogation Should Be Taught in Schools.

"Do not ask questions" is the worst piece of social advice which age can give to youth. A man who never asks questions is the dullest fellow in the world. He had better ask too many than too few. We can defend ourselves against curiosity, but no armor avails against indifference. We must resign ourselves to be bored to death.

What is the secret of the art of interrogation? Putting aside quick wits and pathologies, which lie at the root of every social art, we believe the most essential quality for those who would excel in it is directness. The art of asking questions so as to learn, instruct, please and influence is not the art of beating about the bush. The questions which offend and silence are the questions which suggest some ulterior motive. It is a fond and silly scheme which makes men angry. Anything of the nature of a trap keeps us on our guard. If we once fall into one we resolve it shall be the last time. Suspicion kills confidence. Interrogative hints are utterly useless. The average man does not dislike to be questioned. He hates to be startled, crossed, interfered with, reproached, swayed or betrayed. He hates the questions which are not asked with a simple intention.

There are questions which are asked not because the asker wants to know, but because he intends to tell. Others, while ostensibly directed to find out a man's opinion, are really intended to reflect upon his character. Some men inquire as to their neighbors' projects in order to put obstacles in their way. Strings of meaningless questions are poured out by those who desire to pretend an interest in some subject which they neither know nor care anything about.

We believe the conclusion of the matter to be this: The art of interrogation is a serious branch of the social art. It is a fond and silly scheme which makes men angry. Anything of the nature of a trap keeps us on our guard. If we once fall into one we resolve it shall be the last time. Suspicion kills confidence. Interrogative hints are utterly useless. The average man does not dislike to be questioned. He hates to be startled, crossed, interfered with, reproached, swayed or betrayed. He hates the questions which are not asked with a simple intention.

## SIR JOHN SOANE'S WHIM.

The Practical Joke a Celebrated Man Played on Posterity.

One of the most famous of post-mortem jokes was that perpetrated by the donor of the celebrated Soane museum of pictures and other valuable objects of art to England, the late Sir John Soane, who died in 1837. In his will Sir John made provision for the opening of three sealed cupboards on certain specified dates in the presence of the trustees. In 1896, that is to say almost thirty years after the death of the testator, the first of the mysterious receptacles was with much ceremony and breaking of seals opened in the presence of a committee of men, with the then president of the Royal Academy, Sir F. Grant, at their head. Instead of priceless treasures or some evidence that would throw an entirely new light upon some doubtful incident in political history the contents of the cupboard proved to be worthless accounts, letters and stationery.

Twenty years passed by, and the disappointment of 1896 was again fanned into flame at the prospect of breaking the seals of the second cupboard, at which rite there were present among others Dr. Alfred Waterhouse, R. A., and Sir (then Dr.) B. W. Richardson. Like the cupboard mentioned in the well known nursery rhyme, Sir John's second cabinet proved "bare" of any sensation, the contents being chiefly composed of letters relating to certain long forgotten family quarrels that had not even the merit of being interesting. If some of those authorized to be present at the opening of the third and last receptacle of mystery were dubious about the profit that would accrue by letting the light of day fall upon the contents thereof after sixty years' darkness one at least, Sir B. W. Richardson, looked forward with unabated interest to that day in 1896 when the last seal would be broken and the mystery solved, but he, alas, died just two days before the ceremony was performed, and the fact that Sir John had played a practical joke upon posterity was duly confirmed by the presence of a collection of perfectly worthless letters and papers.

## ODD NOTIONS OF WOMEN.

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"John Henry, I'll thrash you soundly if I ever catch you telling another story that isn't true."

"And yet, ma, I heard you say to the minister that I had great imagination."

—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

After a Bargain.

The new woman had applied for a marriage license.

"How much?" she asked in a burst of needless wrath.

"Two dollars," replied the clerk.

"Make it \$1.98," she said, "and I'll take two of them."—Chicago Post.

## FOR THE HOUSEWIFE

Intelligent Dishwashing.

Household work, especially kitchen work, may be so much simplified by the little method and beginning at the right end. The woman who starts to wash dishes when they are spread all over the kitchen table makes herself unnecessary work. How many false motions does she make and what an unnecessary number of steps she takes! She will reach for a plate, scrape it, drop the knife, wash the plate, then repeat the process, perhaps picking up dishes indiscriminately as to kind or size, and, no matter how much she may hurry, she is working at such a disadvantage that it is no wonder dishwashing has a terror for her.

Contrast this way of stepping around—and it is no exaggeration—with the way another woman will prepare for her work. She clears the sink, scrubs and piles each kind of dishes by themselves; her towels, plenty of them, are clean and at hand; plenty of hot, soapy water in the dishpan and the drainer clear to receive the clean hot dishes, which require very little drying after their two successive hot baths. First the glasses are washed, rinsed and wiped while the silver soaks in the sink, then the necessary each pattern being wiped as soon as rinsed and drained, and while the next is in the dishpan. The waters are changed frequently, as are the towels, and in this way dishwashing becomes pleasant work, and the array of shining glass, silver and china is a delight to the eye, proving that there can be a satisfaction even in dishwashing, and it is done in much less time and with far less effort than in a haphazard way.—Cooking Club.

An Effective Dining Room.

A white and yellow dining room is decidedly something of a novelty. It is difficult for decorators and home makers to get away from the idea that a dining room should be treated in a markedly dignified if not a somewhat subdued and heavy style. Yellow and white is not necessarily flippant, and when the room to be treated is in the country and has a green and shaded outlook the effect is really charming. An apartment of this sort in a cottage that is perfect in harmonious effect throughout has the wall paneled to within seven inches of the tops of the doors, and all the woodwork is painted ivory white. Above the paneling is a stenciled frieze in shades of daffodil, orange and chestnut. The rug is in tones of brown and dull soft blues. The tiled fireplace is in yellowish brown and the chair seats of chestnut brown leather. Flimsy fabrics in daffodil and white form the window hangings. A fine old silver lamp adapted for electricity is suspended by long silver chains above the hospitable round table, and a more charming and inviting dining room, especially for warm weather, can hardly be imagined.

Snake in a Street Car.

The snakes with which I have generally associated have mostly been the little chaps, such as the lively two foot garter snake that I had in a Kansas City street car one day. I had picked him up in the suburbs of the city, and before taking the car back to the business section of the town I buttoned him in the inside pocket of my coat. Now, anybody who has ridden over the streets of Kansas City knows that in places it seems as though the cars were climbing up the roof of a barn. When I got on the car it was full, and so I had to grab a strap in order to stand up. Presently a seat became vacant beside me and I sat down. As I did so I glanced up and there was my poor little snake hanging to the strap I had just left. Various other people noticed him at the same time, and the ensuing exhibition would have enabled any person in the car to secure a job as a circus acrobat at a handsome salary. After they had escaped I put the snake back in my pocket. The conductor was a hero and stuck to his post, but he put me off the car and kept my nickel.—W. S. Dunbar in Outlook.

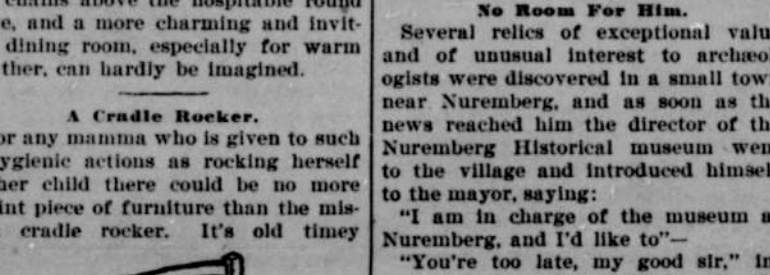
No Room for Him.

Several relics of exceptional value and of unusual interest to archaeologists were discovered in a small town near Nuremberg, and as soon as the news reached him the director of the Nuremberg Historical museum went to the village and introduced himself to the mayor, saying:

"I am in charge of the museum at Nuremberg, and I'd like to—"

"You're too late, my good sir," interrupted the mayor. "We've already got here several merry go rounds, a bearded woman, a theatrical company composed of apes, a troupe of trained dogs and a band of Hungarian musicians, so you can readily see that we've got no room for your museum."

And with these words he nodded to the director and went away.



Nature is very particular to conceal her deformities, and all that is worthless or ungraceful generally drops off from a tree unless it be an injury to the trunk. From such effects the tree never recovers. Go into the forests and how often we see deformed trees, some bent and twisted, some parted till the original trunk becomes like two, such while mamma sits at her ease in the chair end. It is rush bottomed. The ensemble is very complete, but just where mamma will take to knitting just to be in the picture is not easily determined. The old homemade rug is right in line, and so is the austere china set on the mantel. Mission furniture is delightfully simple for the sitting room or for the nursery.

The Difference in Two Words.

Did it ever occur to you to think of the difference in significance of the two words "seems" and "appears"? We say "it seems to be true" or "it appears to be true." Are those expressions identical, or if there be a difference what is it?

There is a difference, and it consists chiefly in the strength of the expression. If we read a story and say, "That story seems to be true," we mean that it has the semblance of truth and we infer that it is true. If we say, "That story appears to be true," we mean that the statements made in it or the incidents related go to show its truth.

In other words, "appears" refers to the actual presentation of something to our view; "seems" refers to an inference of our mind as to the probability of a thing being true.

First Type Cast in America.

It was a good man, Christopher Sower, who made the first punches and matrices and cast the first type in America. The devil he made them on is still preserved. They were for a German Bible which he published.

"The price of our newly finished Bible, in plain binding, with a clasp, will be 18 shillings," he said, "but to the poor and needy we have no price. John the Baptist sent the message to Christ, 'Art thou he that should come, or do we look for another?' and Jesus sent back word, 'The poor have the gospel preached to them.'"

Sower's German Bible was printed in 1743 and was the first Bible published in America in any European language.

Disappoints.

Aunt Margaret: "And if you're good—little good—you'll go to heaven."

Little Dorothy: "Oh, is that all? I thought maybe you were going to give me a quarter.—Puck.

It Was a Draw.

Red Gulch Joe—Did you say that that fight between Scar Faced Sam an' Lasso Bill was a draw?

Brimstone Ike—Yes, an', unforchintly fer Sam, Lasso Bill drew fust.—Baltimore American.

Prayer of the Convert.

A soul sea wanderer at the close of a religious meeting offered the following prayer: "O God, we are about to go to our respective homes. Let not the words we have heard be like the fine clothes we wear—soon to be taken off and folded up in a box till another Sabbath comes around. Rather, let thy truth be like the tattoo on our bodies—ineffaceable till death."—Carleton's Magazine.

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## DROPSY

Do Your Ankles or Limbs Swell?  
 Are Your Eyes Puffy? We are the Sole Agents for the Only Thing Known That Cures the Kidney Diseases That Cause Dropsy, viz.: Fulton Compound.

It is now well known that dropsy is not itself a disease, but is nearly always a symptom of kidney disease that accompanies the chronic stages heretofore incurable. Hence, up to the discovery of the Fulton Compound, Dropsy was incurable. It is now, however, curable in nearly nine-tenths of all cases. Here is an interesting recovery, to which we refer by permission:

Mrs. Peter Goyhen of 208 Fillmore street, San Francisco, became alarmingly dropsical. Her physical condition grew very bad every few days. She was tapped nearly forty times and grew worse from day to day. The physician finally told her husband that she had Bright's disease of the kidneys, that it was in an advanced chronic stage and beyond remedy and her heart also gave her the usual trouble and was in such a serious condition the relatives were sent for. They put her in a "Fulton Compound." It stayed on the stomach, the first thing that had done so since she was born and week the dropsy declined a little and the improvement was great. Her health recovered completely. This case was reported by representatives of the San Francisco Star and the Overland Monthly. The genuineness of the case and the recovery were fully attested by their columns.

Mrs. Thomas Christ of 60 Twenty-seventh street, San Francisco, was also swollen with dropsy. She was in bed for several weeks and more than seventy-five times was tapped, but normal weight, and had to be moved in sheets and was near death. The Fulton Compound was given her. She was put on the Fulton Compound. Three weeks later she was up and in six months she was well, and put me into their columns.

If you have dropsy don't postpone. There is only one thing known that will cure the chronic kidney disease that is behind it and that is the Fulton Compound. The Fulton Compound cures Bright's and Kidney Diseases, Bladder, Gonorrhea, and all the ailments of the urinary system. It is sold by all druggists, San Francisco, sole proprietors, and for pamphlet. We are the sole agents for this city.

## Save the Baby.

The mortality among babies during the three testing years of the Teething Food. 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. It is this deficiency, weakness, sweating, fever, diarrhoea, brain troubles, convulsions, etc. that prove the teething fatal. I have saved thousands of babies. They begin to improve within forty-eight hours. Here is what physicians think of it.

When baby begins to sweat, worry or cry out in sleep don't wait, and the need is never medicine nor narcotics. What the little system craves is bone material. Sweetman's Teething Food supplies it. It has saved thousands of babies. They begin to improve within forty-eight hours. Here is what physicians think of it.

208 Washington St., San Francisco, Cal.

Gentlemen—I am prescribing your food in the multitude of baby troubles due to impeded dentition. A large percentage of infantile ill 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 found diet, without having any effect, has not failed to check the infantile diarrhoea. Several of the more serious cases would, I feel sure, have been fatal had I not been able to too quickly bring to the attention of the mothers of the child. It is an absolute necessity.

L. C. MENDEL, M. D.

Petaluma, Cal., September 1, 1902.

Dear Sir—I have just tried the teething food in two cases and in both it was a success. One was a very serious case, so critical that we had to resort to the use of another city for treatment. Fatal results were feared. In three days the baby ceased worrying and commenced eating and is now well. Its condition 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 is the safest plan and a blessing to the mother who waits for symptoms but to commence giving it the fourth or fifth month. Then all the teething troubles without pain, distress, diarrhoea or vomiting. It is an auxiliary to the mother's milk. Price, 25 cents (enough for six weeks), sent postage free on receipt of price. Pacific Coast Agency, Inland City, Cal., Mill Building, San Francisco.

## MERRY MEALTIMES.

The Table No Place For Fault Finding, Nagging and Strife.

Has it ever been your lot to sit at a table with a group of young folks who ate the meal in silence, or with a few constrained remarks, looked askance at the head of the family before venturing on any remark? I have seen such a sight on more than one occasion. Doctors have told us over and over again of the beneficial results arising from a meal eaten with a contented frame of mind and with cheerful surroundings; but, sad to say, there are many households where each meal is a constant scene of bickering, nagging and fault finding.

This is not only the case where there are young children, who require a reprimand occasionally for carelessness, but I am speaking of those homes where the girls and boys are well into their teens. Wrong is that parent, either father or mother, who chooses the hour when all are assembled round the table to mention some half forgotten grievance or to find some fault.

If any trivial thing has been done wrong on any day, should wait until dinner or tea is over before you could blame or reprimand. Let the food which God gives us for the purpose of nourishing and sustaining our bodies have the opportunity of accomplishing that end, which cannot be the case if every mouthful is swallowed with either a sarcastic word or an uncompimentary remark. More indigestion, nervousness and other annoyances are caused by the too common fault of uncomfortable meal-times than many people would suppose, and it is our positive duty, which we should all try to remember, to make those hours of the day cheerful and agreeable to the children and to set them an example which you would be the first to notice and approve in others.—Scotsman.

Prayer of the Convert.

A soul sea wanderer at the close of a religious meeting offered the following prayer: "O God, we are about to go to our respective homes. Let not the words we have heard be like the fine clothes we wear—soon to be taken off and folded up in a box till another Sabbath comes around. Rather, let thy truth be like the tattoo on our bodies—ineffaceable till death."—Carleton's Magazine.