

The Hermit Priest of the Old Santa Fe Trail
By Colonel HENRY INMAN

THE tourist en route to the Pacific coast via the Atchafalaya, Topoka and Santa Fe railway cannot fail to observe a huge, relatively isolated peak, cutting the incomparably clear midwestern sky on his right almost immediately after the train emerges from the picturesque canyon of El Moro and commences to descend the long, gradual slope to the quaint, old Mexican village of Las Vegas.

Its starred and verdureless front looms up grandly in the beautifully terraced landscape, of which it is the most conspicuous object. More prominently defined than any other individual elevation of the Taos range, the shadow of its irregular contour reaches far over the lesser mountains to the westward, and the sun has crossed the meridian of its crest.

At its foot little grassy valleys stretch eastward, which are cultivated by the primitive Mexicans under a system of irrigation as primitive as themselves—simple earth ditches, involving a very limited knowledge of engineering. Fanning little currents splash and sparkle in the sunshine as they course through fertile intervals. Their sources are cool mountain springs hidden in the dark recesses of the towering range, which, until the restless gringo invaded the solitude of the charming region at the advent of the iron trail to erect sawmills, filled with that most epicurean and gaudy of all the busy tribes—the spectacle brook trout. Now the disciples of the revered Walton vainly essays the streams with elegant modern appliances, retiring disgusted as the listless native, answering his interrogatory of "Where have they all gone?" with a characteristic shrug and his ever ready "Quien sabe?" quietly opens his little ditch to let the tumbling water overflow his limited patch of corn, beans and onions.

Maybe in the sad and weird mythology of those strange people, the Aztecs, this storm beaten spur of the Rockies occupied an important place—their Olympus or Parnassus, perhaps, for not many miles remote, on the bank of the classic Pecos where lie the ruins of the once fortified Chaco, referred to so graphically in the itinerary of the historian of Coronado's wonderful march in search of the seven cities of Cibola, is the reputed birthplace of their culture hero, Montezuma (not to be confounded with the dynasty of sovereigns of that name), who was the Christ of their faith, for whose second advent the Aztecs, the lineal descendants of the Aztecs, look for signification with the rising of every morning's sun.

Upon the summit of the Rincon de Tocolote, as this grand old sentinel of the range is called by the Mexicans, an area comprising several acres, there is a remarkable cave. Around this natural grotto at such a great elevation the simple native has clustered the cherished memories of the humble, beloved and curious individual who once occupied the sequestered spot. It is sacred ground with them, upon which no marriage would for a moment be brooked.

Near its narrow entrance a spring of clear cold water gushes out of the indurated rock, which, after flowing for a short distance over the rounded pebbles in its deeply worn bed, tumbles down the precipitous side of the mountain in a discontinuous cascade, joining the streams in the valley on their restless way to the sea. A few scattered trees cast a grateful shade over a portion of the generally bald, bleak level of the limited plain, and at regular distances apart, in the form of a circle, are twelve rude crosses typical of the number of the apostles. They were erected years ago by the humble Mexicans living in the hamlets below in memory of the deeply religious man who made his home in this spot and whose name is revered only a degree less than that of the tutelary saint of the country, Our Lady of Guadalupe. On certain fest days, particularly in midsummer, large fires are kept burning at night to the detriment of the memory of the cave's once holy occupant assemble there under the stars and in a most devout spirit perform certain ceremonies with a zeal possible only to the earnest believers in that ancient and widely disseminated faith, the Catholic religion.

Of the history of the remarkable man who by his exemplary life made such an impression on the untutored minds of a large number of the degraded primitive New Mexicans but fragmentary leaves have been obtainable. To intelligently understand even these the reader must let his mind drift backward for more than a generation to the plains of central Kansas and learn of his advent into the state as I recall it.

It was late in the spring of 1851, our civil war had been inaugurated by the firing upon Sumter, and the loyal states were preparing for the great impending struggle, upon the result of which depended the destiny of the republic. Kansas at that time, so far as its agricultural possibilities were concerned, was not materially considered in that connection. It was a remote, relatively unknown territory. Its eastern portion, a narrow belt contiguous to Missouri, it is true, had a bloody political history, beyond which fact it was merely the portal to the vast mountain region on the west, to be reached only by crossing the desert supposed to be included within the new state's geographical limits, through which ran the trail to front Santa Fe and Chihuahua.

There arrived one morning in the busy little hamlet of Council Grove during the month of May a strange, mysterious person. He attracted much attention, for he was to the denizens of that remote frontier town as curious a personage as the Man in the Iron Mask or the awkward Casper Hauser, whose appearance at the gates of New-

York is a curious phenomenon. He was a stranger who came so unexpectedly to Council Grove in the spring of 1851, evidently a priest, talked but little. It was an exceedingly difficult task to engage him in conversation, so profoundly did he seem impressed with the idea of some impending danger. He acted like a startled deer, ever on the alert for an expected enemy, and weeks rolled by before two or three of the town's most reputable citizens could gain his confidence sufficiently to learn from him something of his varied and romantic history. In a simple sketch, as this is intended to be only, nothing but a mere outline of his checkered life previous to his advent in America can be presented, as it was gathered, very reluctantly on his part, in detached fragments at odd moments in his erratic moods of communicativeness. It certainly contains enough of pathos, suffering and tragedy to form the web of a thrilling novel.

Matteo Roccellini at the date of his appearance in Council Grove was about fifty-five years old. He possessed the eye of an artist, a head that was beautifully symmetrical, with a classically molded face, and, notwithstanding his age, his hair, of which he had a profusion, was long, black and lustrous as a raven's wing. Yet the heart sorrows he had experienced were indelibly impressed upon his benevolent countenance in deeply marked lines. He was a lineal descendant of Trajane Boccellini, the witty Italian satirist, author of the celebrated "Ragguagli di Parnaso," who died in Venice in 1613. Matteo was born about the beginning of the nineteenth century in Capri, that charming and most romantic island nestled upon his benevolent countenance in the bay of Naples, twenty miles south of the beautiful city whose name the bright waters bear.

His youth was passed on the island in the city of Capri, the seat of a bishopric. There he received his early education, devoting himself to the church and commencing his theological studies. The island of his birth, which has so often been sung by the muse, is historically as well as pictorially beautiful. It was there that the Roman Emperor Tiberius passed the closing decade of his life, and the ruins of the twelve gorgeous palaces he erected during that period are still visible. Capri, too, as tourists well remember, is famous for a cavern called the Grotto of the Nymphs, or the blue grotto. Matteo declared it was there that during his youth, in the calm recesses and sequestered nooks of that delightful underground retreat, he first learned to love the companionship of his own thoughts, a desire for solitude and that, to him, indescribable peace which a life apart from the "madding crowd" assures. It was this strange characteristic, absence of that love ofregariousness common to man, which earned for him in Council Grove half a century later the sobriquet of "The Hermit Priest of the Santa Fe Trail" and a year after his departure from that place, among his devoted adherents in the mountains of New Mexico, the more applicable one "El Solitario" (the solitary man), in contradistinction to "El Hermito" (the hermit, which he never was in the strict interpretation of the word).

When, but eighteen, the youthful Matteo left his native island under the patronage of the good bishop, who loved him, to perfect his education in Rome beneath the very shadow of St. Peter's, where he took holy orders at the early age of twenty-one. Then, according to his sad story, began a life of stormy passions and sorrowful pilgrimages.

He was called by the church Father Francesco and, although so young, was noted for his eloquence, subtle philosophy and the boldness of his political utterances; but, notwithstanding his pronounced views, the pope named him as one of his secretaries. The college of the propaganda, however, refused to confirm him and placed him under interrogation and discipline. He eloquently defended himself, and the charges were not sustained. The severe discipline ended to which he had been subjected, he was assigned to duty in the purlieus of the Eternal City.

In a short time Matteo Roccellini's sunny nature and warm passions caused his disgrace. He became enamored of a fair devotee, one of his charge, a dark haired, lustrous eyed, bewitching creature of the "land of the vine." Alas, the too susceptible young man succumbed to the wiles of the "radiant maiden," and he fell. Poor Roccellini was immediately and openly charged with the enormity of his crime, prosecuted and denounced. He was despoiled of his sacerdotal functions and compelled to flee, became a wanderer upon the face of the earth, supping with sorrow and despair for companions throughout the remainder of his mendicant pilgrimage.

For a short time after his unwarranted and sinful escapade he campaigned with the heroic Garibaldi; then he turned with appealing looks toward America, crossed the ocean and in a few weeks began his eventful journey on this continent. Never again was he to behold the place of his birth, the chalky outlines of fair, beautiful Capri, which so gloriously beguiled the blue Mediterranean. The phosphorescent bay of Naples, the sky, sunshine and vine clad hills of dear old Italy were nevermore to stir his once impulsive nature of quicken into life the now deadened heart.

Years rolled on, youth passed by, and middle age was upon the homeless man, when, after having roamed wearily from place to place, visiting one Indian tribe here and another there in the vain hope of discovering some clan or people near unto nature's heart whose souls were attuned to his own who could receive him in the simplicity of his severe and pious penance, he arrived among the Kaws of Kansas, whose reservation was in the lovely valley of the Nechoe, a few miles below Council Grove. But that tribe, a dirty, despicable race, very suspicious and without notable reverence for any religion, did not take kindly to the weary old man, who had entered their midst with the purest intentions. His pious zeal, his abstinence and self denial made them fear to approach him. They did not understand that—

When holy and devout religious men are at their beads, "tis hard to draw them

to sweet is serious contemplation. The miserable savages looked upon him, the meek and humble pilgrim, as an intruder, said he was "bad medicine," so Father Francesco was no more at ease with them in their skin lodges than he would have been in the luted halls of the Vatican.

He then came to Council Grove, as stated—came as the train has since come—unabridged and uninvited, but not to beg bread at the doors of its residents, as the latter now does, nor did he come to tell off his beads in the presence of the vulgar curious, but went upon the hillside beyond the town to seek the solitude and retirement of a natural cave in the limestone rock of the region, troubling no one—an enigma to the world and a subject for idle gossip.

There for five months he lived, accessible to but few, with whom, when he felt and recognized in them the quickened glow of a soul that believed in the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man, he would talk in tender strains of everything that was good, true and beautiful.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THIEVES AND OMENS.
Criminals as a Rule Are the Slaves of Superstition.
Some of the most notorious criminals who, it would hardly be thought, paid the slightest attention to omens, good or bad, have the greatest faith in superstitions of all kinds.

The burglar is a believer in the significance of dreams and has been known to relinquish a big burglary feat if a dream the night before has warned him that he will be in danger should he disregard the warning. If he saw a rainbow he would consider it to portend that, however reckless he may be, he is not likely to fall into the hands of the police for a space of three months. Burglars have been known to carry a donkey's shoe in their pocket before turning out, believing that this will protect them from danger, while others pin their faith to a piece of coal, which they will carry in their pockets throughout their career and afterward bequeath it to a confederate.

The pickpocket is equally superstitious. It is said he will not rob a person who squints, this being accounted a sign of disaster, and if it happens that the purse he robs contains foreign coins it is believed to augur that he will travel a good deal in the immediate future, whether in the company of a couple of officers or not there is nothing to show.

Weddings and funerals are pregnant with meaning for the professional thief. To pick a pocket at a funeral would be to court immediate disaster, whereas if a purse stolen at a wedding contains foreign coins it is believed to augur that the thief during the ensuing six months. Some pickpockets have a favorite pair of boots that they wear as long as they can keep them on their feet, and if they are not arrested while they are wearing them they cut the boots up into little square pieces and give them away as "lucky tokens" to their pals.

THE EYES.
Black or very dark eyes denote a capacity for extreme ardor in love. Greenish tints in blue or hazel eyes are the signs of wisdom and courage. Steel colored eyes usually denote a cold nature, also deceit and treachery. Russet brown eyes, untinged by yellow, mean an affectionate and gentle disposition. Dark blue eyes, while indicating affection and purity, do not represent intellectuality.

Variable gray eyes are highly intellectual and indicative of an impulsive and impressionable temperament. Clear light blue eyes, especially if accompanied by steadfastness of expression, denote cheerfulness, amiability and constancy.

Tawny eyes denote fickleness. Eyes of no particular color, only feeble shades of gray and blue, go with lymphatic dispositions, characterized by coldness, selfishness and listlessness.

A Late Supper.
A very steady and serious country gentleman had joined a newly established London west end club, which offered the advantage of bedrooms for country members temporarily in town. When next the squire visited the modern Babylon he put up for the night at the club, which had in the meantime become extremely fashionable and its hours correspondingly irregular. The squire went to bed at an early hour, when all was quiet and decorous. If there were a racket in the night he slept through it.

Next morning he came down to breakfast at his usual hour, 8 o'clock, but was surprised to find the room in the middle of the dusting process and not a cloth on the tables. While he was gazing helplessly around a sleepy eyed waiter came up to him.

"I beg your pardon, sir," he said apologetically, "but no suppers can be served after half past 7."—London Tit Bits.

Our Animals.
A dish of fresh water is a constant necessity where there is a dog or a cat, even though they never appear to touch it. Offering them water now and then doesn't answer at all.

Those who suppose a cat requires only meat and milk should offer it a bit of steamed vegetable, especially asparagus, corn, green beans or potato. It is criminal to keep caged pets unless one is sure to remember their needs, not when one "thinks of it," but constantly.

The man who has no tender feelings for his horse should remember that this faithful servant will last longer and serve better while he does last if he receives consistent treatment.

Read With Ease.
A writer in Leslie's Monthly says: A schoolbook that is in my possession, dated 1832, has penciled inside the front cover these lines:

Puzzle written over the commandments P. R. B. V. R. Y. P. R. P. C. M. N. V. R. K. P. H. E. P. R. C. P. T. N.

No solution was offered, and I studied over the mysterious medley for some time before I saw that it made sense if an E was substituted for each of the dots.

WHALES AS THEY DIVE.
Something About the Habits of the Ocean Monsters.
Both whalers and naturalists have usually held that when whales "sound" they descend to great depths. Says Knowledge, an English writer on the subject, that the larger members of the group dive fully a thousand yards. In a memoir published in Belgium Dr. Racovitz challenges this belief and states that in his opinion 100 yards is the maximum depth to which any whale can dive and that many species cannot reach anything like that limit. Says the writer:

Why should whales want to go to such depths? All whales sound for the purpose of obtaining food, and in the profound darkness of 1,000 yards what food could they get? Those species which feed on animalcules might, perhaps, obtain what they want. But how about the species which feed on fishes and cuttles? At a depth of 1,000 yards they certainly could not see their eyes to detect nonluminescent species, and we have no evidence whatever that they feed on the self luminous deep sea fish and cuttles. If, indeed, there be any of the latter, the available evidence indicates that they feed on ordinary light dwelling fishes and cuttles which live in much shallower zones. But this is not all. It is known that the effects of a pressure of more than three atmospheres prove fatal to human life; and, although we may believe that whales can stand twice this pressure, or nine atmospheres, which would occur at about ninety yards' depth, is it conceivable that they could resist the effect of ten times the latter pressure, or ninety atmospheres? Moreover, does it seem possible that a whale whose body is only slightly heavier than water at ordinary pressure, could exert the muscular force necessary to propel that body to a depth of 1,000 yards?

COLD WAVES.
They Purify the Atmosphere and Benefit the Human System.
The cold wave, so much dreaded by most people, is really a blessing in disguise. It charges the atmosphere with fresh oxygen and a surplus of free electricity, which produces a most exhilarating and beneficial effect upon mankind. Torpid energies are aroused, physical vigor and resistance increased, by the advent of a cold wave to such extent that any accidental damage is more than made up for.

The American climate has always been recognized as a strong factor in causing the aggressiveness and enterprise which have lifted our people into the first rank among nations and made us commercially supreme. The cold wave, with its results of increased energy and vigor, is a meteorological phenomenon peculiar to this country. The chief of the weather bureau at Washington explains the origin of this wave. It appears that with a high pressure system, rotating with great velocity, large volumes of cold air are drawn down from above the clouds, so that the cold wave is "homenade," being simply a product of motion. The system of motion originates in the northwest, but the cold air comes from above.

The cold wave is not only useful for its beneficial effect upon the human system, but as a cleansing and purifying agency. It dissipates the deadly carbonic acid gas, the product of respiration and combustion, and the foul fuvia of decaying matter, increasing atmospheric circulation generally and thereby relieving stagnation.—Medical Brief.

A Water Test.
It is one of the easiest things in the world to tell pure water from the impure. If you want to test the color of the water just fill a colorless glass bottle with the water and look through it at some black object, and the distinctness with which you can see the object will give you an idea as to the amount of clay or dirt there is in the water. Then pour out one-half the water, cork the bottle tightly and set it in a warm place for about twenty-four hours. Remove the cork and smell the air in the bottle. If there is an offensive odor, even the slightest, the water is unfit for domestic uses. Well water, no matter how bright and sparkling, is nine times out of ten putrescent. In a matter of course, decomposition is sure to set in in a day or two if you put the bottle in a warm place.

The Women of Morocco.
The women's dress in Morocco shows great variety of color, but because of their black head (tooth, which are often filed to an arch in front, they are, as a rule, not charming to look upon. Their hair is fringed over the forehead and temples, while at the back it is drawn into a knot, from which one end invariably straggles, giving a most untidy effect. The wealthier women wear their finger nails very long, in some instances almost as long as the finger itself, and sometimes the nail is protected with a shell of silver.

All have their ears pierced, and many of them wear a round bone or a stick resembling a cigarette in shape and size thrust through the aperture.—Everybody's Magazine.

Humble Pie.
We often hear of eating "humble pie." In the old hunting days of "Merrie England," when a king or knight down the "quarry" was taken on the spot, the choice parts of the venison being reserved for the huntsmen, while the entrails, heart, liver, etc., called in the hunting language of the day the "humbles," were given to the common people.

Of these they made a pie called "humble pie." Hence to eat "humble pie" became to abase oneself—spoil one's self. The transition from "humble pie" to "humble pie" was easy, especially in view of the significance of the word.

Healey and Stevenson.
W. E. Healey once met Robert Louis Stevenson and found his friend distressed because he was not a Voltairre or a Dumas, though he had an equipment which ought to have made him his peer. Stevenson put his "failure" down to the weakness of his lungs. "Perhaps you are right, Louis," said Healey. "I've always felt that if I had not been a blessed cripple I could have taken the earth in my hand and hurled it into the sun."

WOMAN AND FASHION
A Fall Street Gown.
Fall street gown of light weight broadcloth in oyster color. The sketch shows one of the new cape and stole effects which are to be so much worn. The stole is decorated with silk ornaments of the same color as the costume.

KINGBIRD AND ORIOLE.
The Difference in the Birds Shown by Their Nest Building.
The kingbird and oriole are strikingly exhibited in the style of their nests. The kingbird has a particular imagination, not an atom of the artistic. His shape, dress and voice declare it. He is hard headed, straightforward and serious, somewhat overbearing, perhaps, and testy, but businesslike and refined in all his tastes. His nest is himself ever again—strong, plain, adequate, but like his builder, refined. Contrast the oriole's. Romance, poetry and that indescribable touch—the light, easy, negligent touch of the artist—in every line of it! Why, the thing was actually woven of new mown hay—as if one should build his house of sandalwood—with all the scent of the hay field about it. I put my nose near and took a deep, delicious breath. The birds had selected and cut the grass themselves and worked it in while green. Some of it was still succulent, still soft and sweet with sap. One oriole, perched on the sun through a leaf rift, had gone a golden yellow, but the other side, deeply shaded the day through, was yet green and making more slowly under the leaves. And this nest was woven, not built up like the kingbird's; it was hung, not saddled upon the limb, suspended from the slenderest of forks so that every time the bird flew past it, it swung loosely woven, so deftly, slightly tied—National Magazine.

Women on the Stage.
An attempt was made at Blackfriars theater in 1629 to introduce French women on the stage, but without success, and the appearance of Mrs. Coleman in Davenant's "Siege of Rhodes" in 1656 was of a private character.

On Dec. 8, 1690, an actress, whose name in not certainly known, took the part of Desdemona at Killigrew's theater in Vere street, when a "prologue to introduce the first woman" was written by Jordan.

Letters patent were granted by Charles II, dated Jan. 15, 1662, to Sir William Davenant, and these recited that whereas women's parts had formerly been taken by men, to remedy this abuse it was now "permitted and leave given" that all women's parts, then, and for the time to come, should be performed by women.

In Pepys' Diary, under date of Jan. 3, 1660, we find the record, "To the theater, where was acted 'Beggars' Dash,' it being well done, and here the first time that ever I saw women come upon the stage."—London Standard.

Bridal Fashions.
The newest bridal shoes are of gross grain silk exquisitely embroidered at the vamp. They have light Louis Quinze heels and lace with six eyelets under fifty roses.

Gloves are preferably of undressed kid, and to accommodate the placing of the ring the mousetrue wrist portion is slit an inch or two higher, so that the hand may be slipped through without removing the glove entirely.

The altar handkerchief, which must show a border of fine lace, is carried either in belt at the front of the bodice or in the prayer book.

Pointille Silk.
A new weave of silk is called pointille because it has a raised dot in white or color upon a black ground, and the same design is repeated all ways with a contrast in other weaves of the silk. A black dot on white is a showy specimen of the pointille. The dot is only slightly raised, not so much as to give it the effect of being embossed, but just a slight rise in the weaving, enough to show off the dot of brilliant china white or of whatever color be chosen. This makes a suitable church costume when properly made.

The Velvet Shirt Waist.
For the cool autumn days the new waist will be a welcome novelty. The velvet is in a dark shade of amethyst, with a little figure in ecru, and the vest

WHY WE ARE AGENTS
Here Are Some of the Convincing Facts That Caused us to Take the Agency for the Fulton Compound, the First Things Known that Cure Chronic Kidney Diseases.

First, let it be distinctly understood that every one of the cases below had been diagnosed by one or more physicians as chronic and incurable; second, note the certainty of the results as shown by the recovery also of the friends they told who were similarly afflicted with supposed incurable kidney diseases.

M. W. Spaulding, President Spaulding Saw Co., San Francisco, had a recovery in his own family and told several others who recovered.

Joseph Wenzel, Captain U. S. Army, San Francisco, recovered himself and told two friends who recovered.

Ed. D. Ziel, pioneer druggist, 222 Pacific street, San Francisco, recovered himself and gave to more than a dozen patients who recovered.

Charles Engelke, editor of the German paper, San Francisco, recovered himself and told to a number who recovered, one of them being Mrs. F. Wacker, the oldest German in San Francisco, and two other friends, etc. etc.

The kidneys are the filter of the blood, and when they become diseased the blood is poisoned out of the system. We can stand the poisons of a short while, but only when the kidneys are in good order. As the kidneys are the filter of the blood, they are the only organs that can be diseased, and if they become diseased the blood is poisoned out of the system. People having kidney disease should begin at first with the only known thing that will cure it if it has reached the serious stage. Fulton's Renal Compound for Bright's and Kidney Diseases, 317 Washington street, San Francisco, is the only agent. Send for pamphlet. We are the sole agents for 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 stomach hardening and constipation (due to the stool closing up and its teeth forming all these coming at once create a demand for some material that naturally weakens the little systems are deficient in. The result is weakness, nervousness, fretfulness, diarrhoea, brain troubles, convulsions, etc. It all proves terribly fatal. The deaths in 1900 under three years were 20,000. What a number 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 medicine now, not tomorrow. Fulton's Little System is crying out for more bone material. Sweeten your baby's diet with Little System. It has saved the lives of thousands of babies. They begin to improve within forty-eight hours. Here is what physicians think of it.

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

Gentlemen—I am prescribing your food in the multitude of baby trouble (opening in the infantile and fatal) are the result of slow feeding. Your food is not what the deficient system demands, and I have had surprising success with your Little System diet, given with their regular food. I feel sure, have been fatal without it. It cannot be too quickly brought to the attention of the mothers of the country. Write for the Little System.

L. C. MENDEL, M. D.

Fetaluma, Cal., September 1, 1902.

Dear Sir—I have just tried the teething food in two cases and in both it was successful. One was a very severe case, so critical that it was brought to me from another city for treatment. Fatal results were feared. On the third day the baby was eating and commenced eating and is now well. Its action in this case was remarkable. Please put Little System in your drug store.

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 diet and a blessing to those who wait for symptoms but to commence giving it the fourth or fifth month. The child will come healthfully, without pain, distress or lancing. It is an auxiliary to their regular diet and easily digested. Write for it (enough for six weeks), sent postpaid on receipt of price. Pleasant Agent, National Drug Co., Mills Building, San Francisco.

WHY HE DIDN'T MARRY.
Phil May's Story of an Australian Prisoner.
Phil May, the English artist, worked in his youth on the Bulletin of Sydney, Australia. Occasionally the young man would be assigned by the Bulletin people to the police courts, and from these assignments he could bring back sketches, now humorous and now pathetic, that were admirable.

One of the best of the Bulletin sketches portrays a tall, handgum man in the prisoners' bar talking to a very mild and sympathetic looking judge. Mr. May's story of the sketch was that the prisoner had been dragged before the judge every few months for a number of years.

"Your face is familiar here," the latter now said.

"It is, your honor, worse luck," returned the prisoner.

"Are you married yet?"

"Not yet, sir."

"Not yet, eh? How long is it now that you have been engaged?"

"Seven years, your honor."

"So long as that? Why in the world haven't you got married in all that time?"

"Because, your honor," the prisoner explained, "and I haven't managed to be both out of jail at the same time."—Boston Post.

A Death Feigning Plant.
That certain insects, birds, mammals and reptiles habitually pretend to be dead when danger threatens them is a well known fact, but it is generally believed that this stratagem is resorted to only by animals. In South America, however, there is a plant—a species of mimosa—which resorts to death feigning, evidently for the purpose of preventing the grass eating animals from eating it. In its natural state this plant has vivid green tops, but directly it is touched by a human finger or by any living animal it collapses into a tangle of apparently dead and withered stems.—London Globe.

Better Sued.
SI—I thought Hank was to college for a career as preacher.

HY—So he was, but from the big bills he kept sendin' in I thought I ought to make a doctor of him.—Beverly Times.

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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 stomach hardening and constipation (due to the stool closing up and its teeth forming all these coming at once create a demand for some material that naturally weakens the little systems are deficient in. The result is weakness, nervousness, fretfulness, diarrhoea, brain troubles, convulsions, etc. It all proves terribly fatal. The deaths in 1900 under three years were 20,000. What a number 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 medicine now, not tomorrow. Fulton's Little System is crying out for more bone material. Sweeten your baby's diet with Little System. It has saved the lives of thousands of babies. They begin to improve within forty-eight hours. Here is what physicians think of it.

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

Gentlemen—I am prescribing your food in the multitude of baby trouble (opening in the infantile and fatal) are the result of slow feeding. Your food is not what the deficient system demands, and I have had surprising success with your Little System diet, given with their regular food. I feel sure, have been fatal without it. It cannot be too quickly brought to the attention of the mothers of the country. Write for the Little System.

L. C. MENDEL, M. D.

Fetaluma, Cal., September 1, 1902.

Dear Sir—I have just tried the teething food in two cases and in both it was successful. One was a very severe case, so critical that it was brought to me from another city for treatment. Fatal results were feared. On the third day the baby was eating and commenced eating and is now well. Its action in this case was remarkable. Please put Little System in your drug store.

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 diet and a blessing to those who wait for symptoms but to commence giving it the fourth or fifth month. The child will come healthfully, without pain, distress or lancing. It is an auxiliary to their regular diet and easily digested. Write for it (enough for six weeks), sent postpaid on receipt of price. Pleasant Agent, National Drug Co., Mills Building, San Francisco.

WHY HE DIDN'T MARRY.
Phil May's Story of an Australian Prisoner.
Phil May, the English artist, worked in his youth on the Bulletin of Sydney, Australia. Occasionally the young man would be assigned by the Bulletin people to the police courts, and from these assignments he could bring back sketches, now humorous and now pathetic, that were admirable.

One of the best of the Bulletin sketches portrays a tall, handgum man in the prisoners' bar talking to a very mild and sympathetic looking judge. Mr. May's story of the sketch was that the prisoner had been dragged before the judge every few months for a number of years.

"Your face is familiar here," the latter now said.

"It is, your honor, worse luck," returned the prisoner.

"Are you married yet?"

"Not yet, sir."

"Not yet, eh? How long is it now that you have been engaged?"

"Seven years, your honor."

"So long as that? Why in the world haven't you got married in all that time?"

"Because, your honor," the prisoner explained, "and I haven't managed to be both out of jail at the same time."—Boston Post.

A Death Feigning Plant.
That certain insects, birds, mammals and reptiles habitually pretend to be dead when danger threatens them is a well known fact, but it is generally believed that this stratagem is resorted to only by animals. In South America, however, there is a plant—a species of mimosa—which resorts to death feigning, evidently for the purpose of preventing the grass eating animals from eating it. In its natural state this plant has vivid green tops, but directly it is touched by a human finger or by any living animal it collapses into a tangle of apparently dead and withered stems.—London Globe.

Better Sued.
SI—I thought Hank was to college for a career as preacher.

HY—So he was, but from the big bills he kept sendin' in I thought I ought to make a doctor of him.—Beverly Times.



NEW CAPE AND STOLE EFFECTS.

effects which are to be so much worn. The stole is decorated with silk ornaments of the same color as the costume.

New Ideas in Trimming.
The New York girl's latest trimming idea is delightfully simple, though it is most clever in its originality. It is merely a linen trimming, but linen beautified. Stitched linen bands and embroidered linen bands are no longer a novelty, though they are modish, but cut out odd designs in linen finished with a buttonhole stitch and applied upon the skirt or waist are new and exceedingly effective.

A plain white linen waist or even a silk waist takes on a fetching new beauty when it is trimmed, for instance, with clover leaves of green linen, the shading lined in with an embroidery stitch as cleverly as if it were hand painted. The clover leafed applique is used to good effect to outline the yoke, to trim the sleeves, and one lucky four leaf clover gives an original touch to the belt in front. These clover leaves also make a stylish trimming for a dark blue taffeta skirt waist suit.

Woman's Home Companion.
A plain white linen waist or even a silk waist takes on a fetching new beauty when it is trimmed, for instance, with clover leaves of green linen, the shading lined in with an embroidery stitch as cleverly as if it were hand painted. The clover leafed applique is used to good effect to outline the yoke, to trim the sleeves, and one lucky four leaf clover gives an original touch to the belt in front. These clover leaves also make a stylish trimming for a dark blue taffeta skirt waist suit.

Letters patent were granted by Charles II, dated Jan. 15, 1662, to Sir William Davenant, and these recited that whereas women's parts had formerly been taken by men, to remedy this abuse it was now "permitted and leave given" that all women's parts, then, and for the time to come, should be performed by women.

In Pepys' Diary, under date of Jan. 3, 1660, we find the record, "To the theater, where was acted 'Beggars' Dash,' it being well done, and here the first time that ever I saw women come upon the stage."—London Standard.

The newest bridal shoes are of gross grain silk exquisitely embroidered at the vamp. They have light Louis Quinze heels and lace with six eyelets under fifty roses.

Gloves are preferably of undressed kid, and to accommodate the placing of the ring the mousetrue wrist portion is slit an inch or two higher, so that the hand may be slipped through without removing the glove entirely.

The altar handkerchief, which must show a border of fine lace, is carried either in belt at the front of the bodice or in the prayer book.

A new weave of silk is called pointille because it has a raised dot in white or color upon a black ground, and the same design is repeated all ways with a contrast in other weaves of the silk. A black dot on white is a showy specimen of the pointille. The dot is only slightly raised, not so much as to give it the effect of being embossed, but just a slight rise in the weaving, enough to show off the dot of brilliant china white or of whatever color be chosen. This makes a suitable church costume when properly made.

For the cool autumn days the new waist will be a welcome novelty. The velvet is in a dark shade of amethyst, with a little figure in ecru, and the vest



FOR AUTUMN WEAR.

and cuffs are in white velvet with a tiny black polka dot. Tiny smoked pearl buttons form decoration, and the flaring cuff is interlined with the new princess haircloth to retain the shape. The sleeves are tucked on the outside to form a puff, and the full fronts are drawn down into a French curve belt.

Strapping and Stitching.
Stitching is a decorative effect in coming more to the fore than ever, it would seem. In fact, it is being exalted to the character of embroidery. Some odd examples of this are seen in imported models which display scroll and crescent shaped motifs wrought in shaded silks by clever machine operators.

China's Alum Mountains.
In China, about twelve miles from the village of Lionchek, there is, according to a writer in the Literary Digest, a mountain of alum, which, in addition to being a natural curiosity, is a source of wealth for the inhabitants of the country, who dig from it yearly tons of alum. The mountain is not less than ten miles in circumference at its base and has a height of nearly 2,000 feet. The alum is obtained by quarrying large blocks of stone, which are first heated in great furnaces and then in vats filled with boiling water. The alum crystallizes and forms a layer about six inches in thickness. This layer is subsequently broken up into blocks weighing about ten pounds each.

How Long Mosquitoes Live.
It is not known just how long mosquitoes can live, but their average life is much longer than is ordinarily supposed. Thousands of them live through winter, hibernating or asleep in dark places in barns or house cellars. In sparsely settled localities, where they cannot find such places for shelter, they live through the winter in hollow trees, in caves and holes under upturned trees, and even though the temperature may fall far below freezing they are not winter killed, but on the approach of warm weather become active again. Mosquitoes are frequently seen flying about in the woods before the snow has wholly left the ground.—William Lyman Underwood in Popular Science Monthly.

Turned the Tables.
An Irishman was called on to give evidence in a shooting affray. "Did you see the shot fired?" asked the magistrate.

"No," replied the witness, "but I heard it."

Magistrate (sharply)—That is not satisfactory. Go down.

As the Irishman turned his back he commenced to laugh, but was rebuked by the magistrate, who added that it was contempt of court.

Pat—Did you see me laugh?

Magistrate—No. I heard you.

Pat—That's satisfactory.

And the court laughed.

How the use of words changes is well illustrated by this extract from Bacon's "Prayer unto Prayer."
"Let us pray for the preservation of the king's most excellent majesty and for the prosperous success of his entirely beloved son, Edward, our prince, that most angelic Imp."

In those days "brat" had also quite another significance. In an old hymn by Gascoigne is the line:

"O Abraham's brats, O brood of blessed seed."—John Bull.