The Hermit Priest *of the* Old Santa Fe Trail

By Colonel HENRY INMAN

Copyright, 1908, by American Press Association

The hermit priest, as he was now called, had of earthly possessions so little that he could have vied with the lowly Nazarene in the splendor of his poverty. Of crucifixes, devotional mementos and other religious trinkets sweetly suggestive of better and happier days he had preserved a few. His greatest solace was in half a dozen well thumbed small volumes, between whose covers none peered but himself. He was ever regular at his devotions, for notwithstanding he had grievously sinned, as he declared, he was constantly striving to outlive its horrid memory and to repair the injury he had done his Master's cause.

He possessed one article of property that tinges his sojourn at Council Grove with a delightfully romantic remembrance among the very limited number now living there who knew of the vagaries of the remarkably strange man; these were sometimes his confidants and friends within a limited degree. It was a rudely constructed mandolin, which during all the years

He became enamored of a fair devotee.

of his erratic pilgrimage he had tenaciously clung to until its exterior presented a confused mass of scratches and dents, indicative of hard usage. Despite all that, curious as it may seem, by some mysterious means its rich tones had been preserved in their original purity and depth.

On the evenings of Kansas' incomparable Indian summer, during the early part of which season he was living in his cave near Council Grove, the hermit priest, seated on a projecting ledge at the mouth of his rocky and isolated retreat, would sweep the strings of his treasured instrument with a touch as light, deft and sorrowfully tender as a maiden whose pure young heart has just been thrilled by its first breath of love.

To those who were fortunate—and they were very few—to be invited to spend an hour with him his vesper hymns, rendered in his exquisite tenor voice, were as soul inspiring as the gentle earnestness of a young girl's prayer. His sometime Neapolitan songs and soft airs of his native isle were as sweet as the chant of the angels he invoked when in a deeply religious mood, and his heart feeling tones mingled sadly with the gentle soughing of the evening breeze in the dense foliage on the margin of the placid Neosho that flowed near by. Thus in the calm enjoyment of his self imposed solitude he lived with—

The moss his bed, the cave his humble cell,
His food the fruits, his drink the crystal well.

Among the various languages necessary for the communication of ideas between the motley crowd comprising the civilization of the then remote region there was none that Matteo Boccalini did not understand and speak fluently, so liberal had been his education in that particular.

Once when a stabbed and dying Mexican, the victim of some gambling quarrel among the drivers of the bull train to which he was attached, asked a service for the repose of his soul Father Francesco hastened to the anxious man's side. There he administered in the Mexican's own language the last sacrament of the church to the expiring creature, who died with a resigned look upon his face as he listened to the absolving words he could perfectly understand, and this was a thing of joy to the holy man who had performed the sacred office.

One day late in the month of October, now nearly thirty-four years ago, the hermit priest saw walking through the streets of the little village a dark visaged person clad in clerical garb and whom Boccalini believed to be the lover of the woman he had wronged in his youth and that the stranger, if it were he whom he suspected, could never be persuaded to think that Matteo was not wholly to be blamed for the life he had blasted.

He told his friends he could no longer tarry with them. He would go away to the mountains of New Mexico, seek another cave, rear again the blessed cross, emblem of his Master's suffering, and once more live in solitude, from which here he had somewhat strayed.

He frequently when in a communicative mood had talked much to them of the delights of absolute solitude. It was, he argued, the nurse of enthusiasm; that enthusiasm was the parent of genius; that solitude had always been eagerly sought for in every age. It was the inspiration of the dominant religion of every nation; that the founders of these religions were men who, seeking the quiet and seclusion of the desert and by subordinating the flesh to the spirit, had visions of the beyond; that the veil hiding the better world had been lifted for them and that their teachings had come down to us through the eons, elevating man above the brute.

The next morning after the sudden appearance of the stranger whose presence had so discomposed the usually calm priest, a delicious morning in the month of "autumn's holocaust," when the breeze was billowing the russet colored grass upon the virgin prairies, Father Francesco gathered up his few precious relics and, accepting the escort of a caravan just ready to start for New Mexico, left Council Grove, his cave and the warm friends he had made there forever.

The caravan under the protection of which the frightened hermit went westward was owned by a Mexican don, brother-in-law to Kit Carson. He still resides near the spot where the ill fated Italian was, a year or two after his wearisome journey across the great plains, hurried to eternity.

This venerable Mexican and old time voyageur of the almost obliterated Santa Fe trail, when I last visited him at his hospitable home in the mountains fourteen years ago, entertained me by relating some of the more prominent characteristics of his strange companion during that memorable trip with the hermit priest from Council Grove more than twenty years previously. He said that the strange man would never ride either on horseback or in one of the wagons, despite the earnest invitation extended to him each recurring morning by the master of the caravan, preferring to trudge along uncomplainingly day after day during the sunny hours beside the plodding oxen through the alkali dust of the desert.

Neither at night would he partake of the shelter of the tent constantly offered, but as constantly and persistently refused, preferring to roll himself up in a single coarse wrap, seeking some quiet spot removed from the corral of wagons, where for an hour or two under the scintillating stars he would tell off his beads or, accompanied by his mandolin, chant some sad refrain to the Virgin until long after the camp had gone to sleep. For his subsistence he himself caught and cooked the prairie dog, ground squirrel, rattlesnake and gopher. Only occasionally when hard pressed would he accept a meal, which was constantly proffered by the Mexican teamsters, who begged the hermit priest to share with them, for in their love for the church to which they were so devoted he seemed to their simple minds a most zealous but humble exponent of their religious tenets and the visible form of their sacred faith.

Thus reticent, thoughtful and devout, he marched with the caravan for many weeks until at last the City of the Holy Faith, the quaint old Spanish town of Santa Fe, was reached. There he parted company with his escort and for nearly a year afterward wandered all over that portion of the territory of New Mexico and into Arizona, still seeking the Alnaschar of his dreams, a suitable abiding place in the recesses of the hills and a people whose souls might be made to attune with his. But he miserably failed in all that he desired during his sad pilgrimage throughout the southwest. Then, turning northward again, he slowly and almost despairingly retraced his steps until he arrived in the sequestered valley of

Through sickness he nursed.

the Sappillo, where he at last found a humble class and his coveted cave on the summit of the mighty mountain described at the opening of this chapter.

There, content after so many years of unsatisfied wandering, he commenced that life of religious ministrations and exercised those unselfish acts of kindness and love whose remembrance is imprinted so indelibly on the hearts of his devoted followers, for—

Through suffering he soothed and through sickness he nursed.

There again, under the constellations, which nowhere else shine more brilliantly, were the strains of his mandolin and the rich notes of that magnificent voice heard by the enchanted people who listened each evening at the doors of their rude adobe huts in the valley below the huge hill that cast its shadow over them.

Notwithstanding the hermit priest had found a class congenial to his soul's demands, his eccentricities still clung to him. His persistency in living apart from his chosen people enforced them to always speak of him as "El Solitario."

He would visit among them to solace and nurse the sick and give absolution to the dying, but he would never break bread within their hospitable doors, preferring and insisting always upon a crust and a cup of cold water outside.

Nor would he sleep upon the soft woolen colchons which even the poorest of New Mexican homes afford, but, absorbed by devout thoughts, wrapped himself in his coarse blanket and laid himself on the bare ground or in some outhouse with the sheep and goats. This, of course, was part of his self imposed penance, from which he never deviated, rigorous as it was.

One day after his familiar and beloved face had been missed for some time by his devotees a sorrowful party went out to seek him. They found him dead in his cave, his beads infolded in his delicately shaped fingers and his countenance wearing a saintlike expression. A poisoned dagger in his heart by the hand of an assassin had accomplished the foul deed, which for a whole lifetime, during every moment of the unhappy man's active and dreaming hours, was a continually disturbing anticipation.

Thus passed away, as he had predicted in his youth, the eccentric but holy Matteo Boccalini, hermit priest and the "El Solitario" of the New Mexico mountains, a man of sorrow and grief, yet with as much repentance and as many penances as sins, one of those ethereal beings who might become physically unclean, but never spiritually impure.

For years after his departure from Council Grove the hermit priest's cave was an object of much interest. Until within a very short period, when the quarrymen tore down its last vestige, upon its time worn walls could be traced, rudely carved, his name, Matteo Boccalini, a cross, "Jesu," "Maria" and "Capri," all so dear to the lonely and sad man's heart.

STEVENSON.

So Limp He Looked as Though Just Fished From the Sea.

He was tall, thin, spare—indeed, he struck me as almost fantastically spare. I remember thinking that the station draft caught him like a torn leaf flowing at the end of a branch. His clothes hung about him as the clothes of a convalescent who has lost bulk and weight after long fever. He had on a jacket of brown velveteen—I cannot swear to the color, but that detail always comes back in the recalled picture—a flannel shirt, with a loose necktie bundled into a sailor's knot, somewhat fantastical trousers, though no doubt this effect was due in part to their limp amplitude about what seemed rather the thin green poles familiar in dahlia pots than the legs of a human creature. He wore a straw hat that in its rear rim suggested forgetfulness on the part of its wearer, who had apparently, in sleep or heedlessness, treated it as a cloth cap. These, however, were details in themselves trivial and were not consciously noted till later. The long, narrow face, then almost sallow, with somewhat long, loose hair, that draggled from beneath the yellow straw hat well over the ears, along the dusky hollows of temple and cheek, was what immediately attracted attention. But the extraordinariness of the impression was of a man who had just been rescued from the sea or a river. Except for the fact that his clothes did not drip, that the long black locks hung limp, but not moist, and that the short velveteen jacket was disreputable, but not damp, this impression of a man just come or taken from the water was overwhelming.—William Sharp in Pall Mall Magazine.

Thackeray's Mustache.

In a note on Samuel Laurence's portrait of Thackeray—that representing the novelist's face in full—the Illustrated London News of Oct. 13, 1855, says:

"It is not, we must confess, altogether true to his present appearance, for it wants a recent and becoming addition to the upper lip in the shape of a black mustache that contrasts most admirably with a head of silver gray, but it is like the man and will be welcome to his many admirers."

The reference here to the mustache is interesting for the reason that every portrait of Thackeray, with one exception, represents him with a clean shaven upper lip, the exception being Maclise's pencil drawing of the famous "Titmarsh," which, however, belongs to a much earlier date—viz, about 1840—and in which there is just a suspicion of a mustache. Presumably the hirsute appendage of 1855 was merely a passing fancy, which the razor speedily disposed of.—Notes and Queries.

What He Was.

A man of letters—of poor physique—recently knocked a policeman down and is still at large to tell the tale. It was on the bank of the upper Thames, where a notice bids "Pedestrians to enter the towing path by the roadway." The man of letters, however, knew the short cut and took it, running into a huge Berkshire constable. "See that notice board?" remarked the constable, blocking the narrow path. The man of letters looked, considered, and replied, "But you see I'm not a pedestrian." The constable considered him from his hat to his boots and back again. "Why, what are you then?" he asked. "I'm a Congregationalist," said the man of letters. The constable dropped.—London Chronicle.

The Boys In Gray.

A question often asked, according to the United Service, is why the army cadets at West Point wear a gray uniform, while the uniform of the army is blue. The origin of the distinction dates back to the war of 1812-14, when the commissary general of the army could not procure the blue cloth required for General Winfield Scott's brigade, and so they were clad in gray. So distinguished was the conduct of that brigade at Lundy's Lane and Chippewa that when, after the war of 1812, a reorganization of West Point Military academy was made, out of compliment to General Scott and his brigade the uniform of the corps of cadets was changed from blue to gray.

Conservatism.

"Wasn't the execution of the man who stole horses a trifle irregular?"

"It was jes' as reg'lar as we could make it," answered Bronco Bob stoutly. "Course we didn't have no judge or jury handy. But we captured the feller on Wednesday an' put off the hangin' till Friday, so's to have it accordin' to custom."—Washington Star.

BLOOD CIRCULATION.

Breathing and Its Relation to the Secret of Good Health.

The secret of health, as every intelligent physician knows, is free and full circulation of the blood, and this circulation is dependent absolutely on thorough oxygenation. In many cases where erroneous habits of living have been so long continued that congestion has become chronic in one shape or another—obesity, gout, rheumatism, constipation or tuberculosis having camped in the system and crippled it—the patient is not apt to be in a condition to readily assimilate a sufficient quantity of oxygen direct from the atmosphere. The breathing apparatus must first be properly developed, so that the patient shall be able to gradually increase the supply of air to the system, until at last he recovers the normal power of deep breathing.

With the building up of the lungs through proper breathing there is a metabolism of all the tissues and organs, so that, for most men, breathing exercises are more important than any more muscular exercise. Not only the lungs, but all the internal organs are brought into play by correct breathing. It develops the heart, stomach, liver and kidneys directly and indirectly and nourishes all these organs as they should be nourished by more blood and better blood in constant and regular circulation. Breathing, therefore, is a sovereign remedy for our national disease of nervous depletion. It might well replace the countless tonics, stimulants and anodynes now so commonly resorted to, where results are nothing less than tragic in thousands of cases. —Maurice Manning, M. D., in Vim.

WHERE OLD HATS GO.

Clerk Tells of Unique Scheme For Making Cigar Money.

"Needn't send that old hat home," said the customer as he placed the newly purchased derby on his head. "It's too shiny around the edges, and it would just take up room in the closet."

The customer walked out of the store and the clerk turned to a friend.

"That means cigar money for me," he said, "and I smoke good cigars at that. In most stores it wouldn't do me very much good, as all the discarded hats are given to the drivers of the delivery wagons. But here the house allows the clerks to have the hats, and as result we make a little extra money. About once a week the bushelman comes around to the store looking for old hats, and when I give him all I have collected he pays on an average of 15 cents apiece for them.

"After the bushelman has made his rounds he takes the hats to a shop on South street, and there they are taken apart. The silk ribbons and bands and sweatbands are removed and the hat given a thorough cleaning and new material and trimmings put on. When it is all fixed up it is extremely difficult to tell it from a new hat, and in many cases it will sell for as high as $2. When you can buy a hat for 15 cents, clean it for about 5 cents, put 25 cents' worth of leather and ribbon on it and sell it for a dollar or more, you see where the profit comes in, don't you?"—Philadelphia Press.

The "Show" and the Showy People.

"Society" in England is divided into two classes—show people and showy people. To the first "society" belongs; the second are anxious to belong to "society."

Of the former there are comparatively few. It is a feature of the times that there are very many of the latter.

The show people are those who, because of their position, their popularity or their abilities, have attained prominence and are more or less associated together in the social life of their period.

The showy people, without the position, the popularity or the abilities, strive to become prominent by display, extravagance, eccentricities or self advertisement. Their carriages are painted in the most glaring color; they are dressed expensively even on ordinary occasions; they are tireless and tiresome in their endeavors to appear to be associated with "society;" their life may be described as one of continuous deceit and disappointment, and they take offense on the least provocation and are implacable in their vindictiveness.—London Truth.

Mohammedans and Pigs.

A recent traveler in Somaliland gives the following curious incident showing the Mohammedan hatred for pigs: "We shot two wart hogs, one a particularly big boar. Alan wished to keep the tusks, but of course none of the Somalis would touch the unclean animal. At last a bribe of 2 rupees induced the Midgan woman to chop the tusks out with a hatchet. Even then she would not touch them and with the help of two sticks, which she used like a pair of tongs, put them on a camel. Then there was a long dispute about the hatchet. No one would touch it. It had been defiled. Of course this was pure affectation and playing to the gallery on the ayah's part. At home with her native tribe she would have gorged all the pig she could get. But it flattered the Somalis, and we marched off, the ayah holding the hatchet at arm's length as if it were going to bite her."

The Twelve Jurymen.

A prisoner is tried by twelve of his fellow countrymen. This custom is a thousand years old, and we get it from the Vikings. The Vikings divided their country up into cantons, which were subdivided into twelve portions, each under a chieftain. When a malefactor was brought to justice it was usual for each chieftain to select a man from the district over which he ruled and compel him to try the prisoner, the verdict of these twelve men being declared by the judge to be final.

"So Mistah Erastus Pinkney is gwine to git married," said the coffee colored youth with the large scarfpin.

"Yes," was the answer. "Somebody done tol' him dat marriage was a lottery, an' he's sech a spoilt dat he's boun' to take a chance."—Exchange.

No More Money.

Old Lawyer—Why do you feel that your client will lose his case? Have you exhausted every means at your disposal to—

Young Lawyer—No, but I have exhausted all the means at his disposal. —Exchange.

WOMAN AND FASHION

A Gown From Paris.

The gown illustrated is of silver gray crepe de chine, trimmed with gray panne and silk fiber lace, dyed to match the crepe de chine. The skirt is shirred around the hips and worn over a foundation of gray silk. The corsage has a pointed lace yoke, with collar combined, ornamented by a sur-

FOR AFTERNOON WEAR.

pliced pelerine formed with pinhead tucks, and is finished with tucks of crepe de chine, panne velvet and large lace medallions. The belt is also of panne velvet. The sleeves are of crepe de chine, with full flowing puffs of chiffon with deep cuffs of lace.—New York Mail and Express.

Shirrings of Velvet.

Although velvet hats will be in the ascendant so far as style is concerned, felts are not tabooed by any means. The indications are that rough and hairy felts will prevail most generally, and they come in plateaus and a wide variety of stiff shapes, the colors being mostly brown and gray. In the majority of cases the brim will be sufficiently tractable to admit of the milliner's free manipulation.

Among fancy braids talked of is one made of louisine silk, narrow strips of which are plaited. Some very pretty shapes are made of this.

There is no better evidence that directoire styles generally will soon be with us than the fact that some of the newest hats have a crown called the directoire. It never exceeds three inches in height, is straight at the sides and not very wide. It represents a natural reaction from plateaus and will be a decidedly pleasing novelty, not too extreme.

Buckles are to the fore, both square and elongated. They come in cut steel, jet or either gilt or silvered metal. There is no word concerning rhinestones or other glittering gems.

The Shirt Waist Jacket.

Of the invention of wrap conceit there is no end. Among the newest is the "shirt waist jacket," so called presumably not so much because it covers a shirt waist as because it is so brief as to reveal the prettiness of that garment.

The sleeves end just below the elbow, and in front the jacket is cut very low and finished with long revers. Scarlet silk flannel makes up smartly into one of these jackets. It has black moire revers. The back of the little coat is tight fitting. In front there is a slight blouse, which is drawn into the waist by a narrow black moire belt. Below the belt the silk flannel extends in the shape of a narrow yoke over the hips with two tab shaped pieces in front. This little yoke portion is finished with rows of black stitching.

The Plume.

No hat is so becoming as the one that has a long fine white plume draped

NEW WAY TO WEAR IT.

over it. It gives softness to the face and is, after all, an economical way of trimming a hat.

This photograph shows a wide brimmed white horsehair hat, from which has been taken the faded trimming. It is draped with one plume, beginning in a paste buckle, the long quill of the plume left bare.

Still Good, Though Cheaper.

Beautiful indeed are many of the passementeries that are being sold at a small proportion of their former prices and many of them are good investments, for the negligees of the coming winter can be effectively trimmed with them, says a New York fashion writer. The various grape trimmings in white and cream—large clusters of grapes with lace foliage—can now be obtained at an eighth or less of their past prices a sure proof that their vogue is over, so far as the fashionable world is concerned.

The Bride's Critics.

"Now that we are married, dear," said the bridegroom, "you have a serious task before you."

"Why, George, what is it?"

"You must prove to my three sisters that you are worthy of me."—Philadelphia Press.

Pleasures.

"Pleasures," said Uncle Eben, "is a good deal like mushrooms. De right kind is fine, but you has to be on de lookout foh toadstools."—Washington Star.

THE TOWER OF SILENCE.

Bombay's Gruesome Cemetery and Its Well Fed Vultures.

The Tower of Silence on top of Malabar hill is the prettiest spot in Bombay. There is a circle of concrete walls twenty-five feet high. Inside this wall, six feet from the top, is an inclined floor of concrete, divided into three circles and surrounding a pit. The outer circle is widest and is for the men; the second circle is a little narrower and is for the women; the inner circle, surrounding the pit, is narrowest of the three and is for the children. The center pit is deep and filled in the bottom with sand and charcoal. There are five of these. When a Parsee dies he is laid in one of these. No one ever sees the inside but those who bear the bodies in, and they do not look around, but walk right out. Overhead and perched on the tops of the walls are many vultures. When a body is borne in these vultures swoop down, and in two hours they have eaten it clean. Then the bones are swept into the pit, and the rain washes the circles clean, and the bones in the pit crumble to dust, and the water drains off through the sand and charcoal into the earth. The vultures sometimes become so large and heavy they can hardly fly. They allow no other birds near the place. That is how the Parsees dispose of their dead.

Lying on the Right Side.

When a patient complains of a bad taste in his mouth every morning on waking up, says a physician, the first question I ask him is as to the position he assumes when going to sleep. An immense number of people sleep on the left side, and this is the most common cause of the unpleasant taste which is generally attributed to dyspepsia. If a meal had been taken within two or three hours of going to bed, to sleep on the left side is to give the stomach a task which it is difficult in the extreme to perform. The student of anatomy knows that all food enters and leaves the stomach on the right side, and hence sleeping on the left side soon after eating involves a sort of pumping operation which is anything but conducive to sound repose. The action of the heart is also interfered with considerably, and the lungs are unduly compressed. It is probable that lying on the back is the most natural position, but few men can rest easily so, and hence it is best to cultivate the habit of sleeping on the right side. It is very largely a matter of habit, and the sooner it is acquired the better.

Camel Carriages.

Camel carriages are not common conveyances in most parts of India, but on the great trunk road leading to Delhi they are frequently to be seen. They are large, double story wagons, drawn sometimes by one, sometimes by two or even three camels, according to their size. Iron bars which give them a cagelike appearance were originally intended as a defense against robbers, and the carts were probably also used for the conveyance of prisoners. "The most picturesque 'property' of the Punjab government," says John Lockwood Dipling, "is a huge char-a-banc to which is harnessed a team of four or six fine camels with leopard skin housings and gayly attired riders." Neither camel nor bullock carts commend themselves much to the western traveler, but in out of the way places the latter are often found very useful.

Took Him at His Word.

In the year of 1083 the forces of King Alfonso VI. attacked the Moors and drove them out of Madrid. In this connection there is a legend that the Segovians, who were allies of Alfonso, had been checked by the snows in the mountain passes of Fuenfria and were therefore late in overtaking the main body of the army, which had sat down before Madrid. "Sire," they inquired of the king, "where shall we camp?" "Inside the city," returned Alfonso, with a sneer, being angry with them because of their tardiness. They took the king at his word, carried the walls and the next morning the banner of Segovia was floating from a turret of the gate of Guadalajara.

Tact.

"Laura," said Mr. Ferguson, "this is Mr. Klippinger of Harkinsville," the town where I used to live. He's the editor of the Echo. I was telling him we had the files of his paper for the last ten years. I'll show them to you, Mr. Klippinger. They're"—

"Why, George," interrupted Mrs. Ferguson, with a mechanical sort of smile, "I ought to have told you, but—but they're under the dining room carpet."—Chicago Tribune.

She Recognized Him.

Two little girls were playing in front of a city dwelling when a strange man went by.

"That man is an undertaker, sure," said one of the little girls.

"How do you know?" asked her companion.

"Oh, because he is the man who undertook my grandmother." — Lippincott's.

Just His Luck.

"I long to go about doing good," said Mrs. Henpeck.

"Don't hang back on my account," replied Mr. Henpeck wearily. "I know a woman who will come to take care of the children for her board and clothes."

Then she flared up and wouldn't go.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Did as He Promised.

During the civil war there was one conscription fakir who made thousands of dollars before the authorities restrained him. This rascal would send letters broadcast, wherein he said he would communicate for $2 a sure means of escaping the conscription. Letters inclosing two dollar notes poured in on him, and in reply to each letter he would send a printed slip reading, "Join the nearest volunteer regiment."

She Was There.

"Mamma," said little Frances, "I dreamed of you last night. We were all sitting in the parlor, and you began to scold me."

"What did I say, Frances?" asked mamma.

"Why, you ought to know, mamma," replied Frances, with some astonishment. "You were there."—Judge.

BLAKE, MOFFITT & TOWNE
IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN BOOK, NEWS, WRITING and WRAPPING ... PAPERS
CARD STOCK
...Straw and Binders' Board...
55-57-59-61 First Street
Tel. Main 199. SAN FRANCISCO.

INCURABLE.

That Is What the Books Say of Chronic Kidney Disease, But the New Fulton Compounds Have a Record of 87% of Recoveries Among Chronic Cases Incurable by All Other Medicines.

Druggists know that kidney disease that has hung on eight or ten months has become chronic and that it is then regarded by physicians as incurable and that up to the advent of the Fulton Compounds that nothing on their shelves would touch it. It is a proven fact that nearly nine-tenths of all cases are now curable, and druggists themselves are taking the new Compounds. One of the recoveries was Dr. Zeile himself, the pioneer druggist of 528 Pacific street, San Francisco, and he gave it to over a dozen others who recovered. Here is another interesting recovery. (We copy from the Sacramento News of November 16, 1902).

"After a serious illness of over a year Judge J. R. Allen of this city has recovered and regards himself most fortunate in successfully battling with what is generally regarded as a fatal malady, Bright's Disease of the kidneys. In speaking of his case Judge Allen says: 'I believe that the treatment given — by my physician was in accordance with the best methods used in the regular practice of medicine, but it afforded me no relief. Hearing of the Fulton Compounds I went to San Francisco to investigate and was soon convinced I should undergo the treatment. It was three months before I noticed a change for the better. I used the medicine faithfully for nearly a year and can now find no evidence of the disease and am satisfied it is entirely eliminated. My appetite is good, I have gained seventeen pounds in weight and will be pleased to describe my experience to anyone who may call or write.' —Sacramento News, Nov. 16, 1902.

"The editor of the News himself was the friend who told Judge Allen of the Fulton Compounds. They are the only things known that cure kidney diseases after as well as before they become chronic, which happens about the tenth month. Equally efficient in dropsy, gout, rheumatism from uric acid and bladder troubles, Fulton's Renal Compound for Bright's and Kidney Diseases, $1; for Diabetes, $1.50. John J. Fulton Co., 400 Washington street, San Francisco, sole compounders. Free analyses patients. Send for pamphlet. We are the exclusive agents for these Compounds in this

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.

SINGS ITS DEATH SONG.

A Peculiar Bird Found In the Jungles of South America.

There is a queer bird in the jungles of northern South America which is called the "pauji" by the natives, but is known to science as the galeated curasson. It is chiefly remarkable because it sings its own death song.

It does not really sing, but makes a deep humming noise which sounds very much like the Spanish words "El muerto esta aqui" (the corpse lies here).

"It is while uttering this lugubrious chant," said a South American traveler, "that the 'pauji' usually meets its death, for the hunter can then easily track it to its retreat, and it falls a victim, as the Indians say, to its own death song."

If the "pauji" gets suspicious it immediately ceases humming, and that is a sure indication to the hunter that the bird has seen him or scents danger. In such a case the only thing for the sportsman to do is to remain perfectly still. The bird may become reassured after waiting awhile and again begin to call, "The corpse lies here." It can then be cautiously approached and killed.

If it is only wounded the "pauji" usually escapes, though it cannot fly much better than the ordinary domestic fowl. It is very fleet of foot and will outrun the hunter until it is lost in the dense undergrowth of the jungle.

In the mating season the male "pauji" is the most pugnacious of birds and will fight its own kind whenever it meets them. Often the fight ends in the annihilation of both combatants.

His Maternal Grandma.

A devoted father after a day's absence was met by his two little sons. "Have you been good boys?"

Silence.

"Have you been good boys?"

"No, papa; I called grandma a bad word," said five-year-old, turning scarlet.

"Is it possible? What did you call your grandma?"

"I called her a human being."

The father, with mighty effort, maintained his gravity and closed the scene decorously. "I must forgive you for once, but remember if you ever call your grandmother a human being again I shall have to spank you."—Boston Budget.