A Guthrie Wooing...

....By OLIVIER HENRY

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"THE dispositions of woman," said Jeff Peters after various opinions on the subject had been advanced, "run, regular, to diversions. What a woman wants is what you're out of. She wants more of a thing when it's scarce. She likes to have souvenirs of things that never happened. She likes to be reminded of things she never heard of. A one sided view of objects is disjointing to the female composition.

"'Tis a misfortune of mine, begotten by nature and travel," continued Jeff, looking thoughtfully between his elevated feet at the grocery stove, "to look deeper into some subjects than most people do. I've breathed gasoline smoke talking to street crowds in nearly every town in the United States. I've held 'em spellbound with music, oratory, sleight of hand and prevarication while I've sold 'em jewelry, medicine, soap, hair tonic and junk of other nominations. And during my travels as a matter of recreation and expiation I've taken cognizance some of women. It takes a man a lifetime to find out about one particular woman, but if he puts in, say, ten years industrious and curious he can acquire the general rudiments of the sex. One lesson I picked up was when I was working the west with a line of Brazilian diamonds and a patent fire kindler just after my trip from Savannah down through the cotton belt with Dalby's Antiexplosive Lamp Oil Powder. 'Twas when the Oklahoma country was in first bloom. Guthrie was rising in the middle of it like a lump of self raising dough. It was a boom town of the regular kind. You stood in line to get a chance to wash your face; if you ate over ten minutes you had a lodging bill added on; if you slept on a plank at night they charged it to you as board the next morning.

"By nature and doctrines I am addicted to the habit of discovering choice places wherein to feed. So I looked around and found a proposition that exactly cut the mustard. I found a restaurant tent just opened up by an outfit that had drifted in on the tail of the boom. They had knocked together a box house, where they lived and did the cooking and served the meals in a tent pitched against the side. That tent was joyful with placards on it calculated to redeem the world worn pilgrim from the sinfulness of boarding houses and pick-me-up hotels. 'Try Mother's Homemade Biscuits,' 'What's the Matter With Our Apple Dumplings and Hard Sauce?' 'Hot Cakes and Maple Sirup Like You Ate When a Boy,' 'Our Fried Chicken Never Was Heard to Crow'—there was literature doomed to please the digestions of man! I said to myself that mother's wandering boy should munch there that night. And so it came to pass. And there is where I contracted my case of Mame Dugan.

"Old man Dugan was 6 feet by 1 of Indiana loafer, and he spent his time sitting on his shoulder blades in a rocking chair in the shanty memorializing the great corn crop failure of 1886. Ma Dugan did the cooking, and Mame waited on the table.

"As soon as I saw Mame I knew there was a mistake in the census reports. There wasn't but one girl in the United States. When you come to submit specifications, it isn't easy. She was about the size of an angel, and she had eyes and ways about her. When you come to the kind of a girl she was, you'll find a belt of 'em reaching from the Brooklyn bridge west as far as the courthouse in Council Bluffs, Ia. They earn their own living in stores, restaurants, factories and offices. They're descended straight from Eve, and they're the crowd that's got woman's rights, and if a man wants to dispute it he's in line to get one of them against his jaw. They're chummy and honest and free and tender and sassy, and they look life straight in the eye. They've met man face to face and discovered that he's a poor creature. They've dropped to it that the reports in the story books about his being a fairy prince lack confirmation.

"Mame was that sort. She was full of life and fun, and breezy; she passed the repartee with the boarders quick as a wink; you'd have smothered laughing. I am disinclined to make excavations into the insides of a personal affection. I am glued to the theory that the diversions and discrepancies of the indisposition known as love should be as private a sentiment as a toothbrush. 'Tis my opinion that the biographies of the heart should be confined with the historical romances of the liver to the advertising pages of the magazines. So you'll excuse the lack of an itemized bill of my feelings toward Mame.

"Pretty soon I got a regular habit of dropping into the tent to eat at irregular times when there wasn't so many around. Mame would sail in, with a smile, in a black dress and white apron and say: 'Hello, Jeff! Why don't you come at mealtime? Want to see how much trouble you can be, of course. Friedchickenbeefsteakporkchopshamandeggspotpie—and so on. She called me Jeff, but there was no significations attached. Designations was all she meant. The front names of any of us she used as they came to hand. I'd eat about two meals before I left and string 'em out like a society spread where they change plates and wives and josh one another festively between bites. Mame stood for it pleasant, for it wasn't up to her to take any canvas on the tent by declining dollars just because they were chipped in after mealtimes.

"It wasn't long until there was another fellow named Ed Collier got the between meals affliction, and him and me put in bridges between breakfast and dinner and dinner and supper that made a three ringed circus of that tent and Mame's turn as waiter a continuous performance. That Collier man was saturated with designs and contrivings. He was in well boring or insurance or claim jumping or something—I've forgotten which. He was a man well lubricated with gentility, and his words were such as recommended you to his point of view. So Collier and me infested the grub tent with care and activity. Mame was level full of impartiality. 'Twas like a casino hand the way she dealt out her favors—one to Collier and one to me and one to the board, and not a card up her sleeve.

"Me and Collier naturally got acquainted and gravitated together some on the outside. Divested of his stratagems, he seemed to be a pleasant chap, full of an amiable sort of hostility.

"'I notice you have an affinity for grubbing in the banquet hall after the guests have fled,' says I to him one day to draw his conclusions.

"'Well, yes,' says Collier, reflecting. 'The tumult of a crowded board seems to harass my sensitive nerves.'

"'It exasperates mine some, too,' says I. 'Nice little girl, don't you think?'

"'I see,' says Collier, laughing. 'Well, now that you mention it, I have noticed that she doesn't seem to displease the optic nerve.'

"'She's a joy to mine,' says I, 'and I'm going after her. Notice is hereby served.'

"'I'll be as candid as you,' admits Collier, 'and if the drug stores don't run out of pepsin I'll give you a run for your money that 'll leave you a dyspeptic at the wind up.'

"So Collier and me begins the race. The grub department lays in new supplies; Mame waits on us, jolly and kind and agreeable, and it looks like an even break, with Cupid and the cook working overtime in Dugan's restaurant.

"'Twas one night in September when I got Mame to take a walk after supper when the things were all cleared away. We strolled out a distance and sat on a pile of lumber at the edge of the town. Such opportunities was seldom, so I spoke my piece, explaining how the Brazilian diamonds and the fire kindler were laying up sufficient treasure to guarantee the happiness of two, and that both of them together couldn't equal the light from somebody's eyes, and that the name of Dugan should be changed to Peters or reasons why not would be in order.

"Mame didn't say anything right away. Directly she gave a kind of shudder, and I began to learn something.

"'Jeff,' she says, 'I'm sorry you spoke. I like you as well as any of them, but there isn't the man in the world I'd ever marry, and there never will be. Do you know what a man is in my eye? He's a tomb. He's a sarcophagus for the interment of Beefsteakporkchopsliver'n'baconhamandeggs. He's that and nothing more. For two years I've watched men eat, eat, eat, until they represent nothing on earth to me but ruminant bipeds. They're absolutely nothing but something that goes in front of a knife and fork and plate at the table. They're fixed that way in my mind and memory. I've tried to overcome it, but I can't. I've heard girls rave about their sweethearts, but I never could understand it. A man and a sausage grinder or a pantry awake in me exactly the same sentiments. I went to a matinee once to see an actor the girls were crazy about. I got interested enough to wonder whether he liked his steak rare, medium or well done, and his eggs over or straight up. That was all. No, Jeff; I'll marry no man and see him sit at the breakfast table and eat and come back to dinner and eat, eat, and happen in again at supper to eat, eat, eat.'

"'But, Mame,' says I, 'it 'll wear off. You've had too much of it. You'll marry some time, of course. Men don't eat always.'

"'As far as my observation goes, they do. No. I'll tell you what I'm going to do.' Mame turns, sudden, to animation and bright eyes. 'There's a girl named Susie Foster in Terre Haute, a chum of mine. She waits in the railroad eating house there. I worked two years in a restaurant in that town. Susie has it worse than I do, because the men who eat at railroad stations gobble. They try to flirt and gobble at the same time. Whew! Susie and I have it all planned out. We're saving our money, and when we get enough we're going to buy a little cottage and five acres we know of and live together and grow violets for the eastern market. A man better not bring his appetite within a mile of that ranch.'

"'Don't girls ever'— I commenced, but Mame heads me off, sharp.

"'No, they don't. They nibble a little bit sometimes; that's all.'

"'I thought the confect'—

"'For goodness' sake, change the subject,' says Mame.

"As I said before, that experience put me wise that the feminine arrangement ever cuddles after deceptions and illusions. Take England—beef made her. Wieners elevated Germany. Uncle Sam owes his greatness to fried chicken and pie. But the young ladies of the Shetalkyou schools—they'll never believe it. Shakespeare, they allow, and Rubinstein and the rough riders are what did the trick.

"'Twas a situation calculated to disturb. I couldn't bear to give up Mame, and yet it pained me to think of abandoning the practice of eating. I had acquired the habit too early. For twenty-seven years I had been blindly rushing upon my fate, yielding to the insidious lures of that deadly monster, food. It was too late. I was a ruminant biped for keeps. It was lobster salad to a doughnut that my life was going to be blighted by it.

"I continued to board at the Dugan tent, hoping that Mame would relent. I had sufficient faith in true love to believe that since it has often outlived the absence of a square meal it might in time overcome the presence of one. I went on ministering to my fatal vice, although I felt that each time I shoved a potato into my mouth in Mame's presence I might be burying my fondest hopes.

"I think Collier must have spoken to Mame and got the same answer, for one day he orders a cup of coffee and a cracker and sits nibbling the corner of it like a girl in the parlor that's filled up in the kitchen previous on cold roast and fried cabbage. I caught on and did the same, and maybe we thought we'd made a hit! The next day we tried it again, and out comes old man Dugan, fetching in his hands the fairy viands.

"'Kinder off yer feed, ain't ye, gents?' he asks, fatherly and some sardonic. 'Thought I'd spell Mame a bit, seein' the work was light and my rheumatiz can stand the strain.'

"So back me and Collier had to drop to the heavy grub again. I noticed about that time that I was seized by a most uncommon and devastating appetite. I ate until Mame must have hated to see me darken the door. Afterward I found out that I had been the victim of the first dark and irreligious trick played on me by Ed Collier. Him and me had been taking drinks together up town regular, trying to drown our thirst for food. That man had bribed about ten bartenders to always put a big slug of Appletree's Anaconda Appetite Bitters in every one of my drinks. But the last trick he played me was hardest to forget.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

HINDOO CUSTOMS.

The Sword Plays a Prominent Part In Oaths and Marriages.

The sword plays many different roles in Hindoo manners and customs. There are certain warlike tribes among whom oaths taken over the sword are binding, while taken otherwise they are not. A similar sentiment prevails among some predatory classes of Europe, where oaths taken over their weapons of offense—a dagger, a poniard, a rapier—are considered binding. The idea with these classes seems to be that perjury committed after taking oaths over their weapons recoil; that they die by the weapon against which they perjure themselves.

In Berar, in India, women who are about to lead an irregular life marry a sword. This marriage in name, as an emblem of conjugal life, serves as a ray of consolation to them in the midst of their evil doings. In certain parts of India when a Hindoo is about to marry a third wife, which marrying is considered an ill omen, he marries a tree, for obviating the ill omen, before he marries the third lady.

In Kathiawar there is still the custom for rajput princes who are much married to marry other wives by means of a sword. They send over their sword to the bride's people. The bride is married to it with all the required pomp and splendor, the only difference being that the prince's sword becomes a substitute for him, the bridegroom. The legality of this marriage to a sword is indisputable. The bride married to it enters the rajput zenana as a legally married wife.

Where the Hourglass Is Used.

Among things not generally known is the fact that the hourglass is universally used on board ships in the English navy when the log is heaved at night.

Every hour the boatswain or one of the boatswain's mates blows on his whistle a peculiar shrill note called the reel. The person in the watch to whom this duty is assigned then heaves the log, a small piece of wood with a sinker fitted in it, and at that moment the glass is turned. Though termed an hourglass generally, it is only a fourteen second glass really.

As the last grain runs out the log line is stopped with a jerk, which also loosens the lead sinker. The log floats up to the surface of the sea, the line is hauled in and an entry made in the book, which, from its containing this among other items of the daily and nightly events of the voyage, is called the log book.—London Country Life.

A Troublesome Ant.

In the state of Colombia there is a large ant (Atta cephalotes) which causes a great deal of injury to plantations. It attacks and carries off indiscriminately all kinds of foliage, and no sort of vegetation seems to come amiss to it. The quantity of foliage carried off by these ants is immense. A naturalist recently investigated the uses to which the ants put this mass of vegetable matter, and he ascertained that they employ it to make hotbeds, upon which their eggs are deposited to be hatched by the heat produced by the fermentation of the leaves. The ants do not eat these portions for food, and the larvæ are fed upon a carefully selected diet. Once the brood is hatched, the ants clear away the hotbed, carrying out of their nest all the decomposed vegetable matter. This is thrown out in heaps apart, and in the large ant hills these heaps will contain bushels and upward.

Buying a Daughter.

A lady in costly mourning attire was walking in a street in Vienna the other day when she saw a beggar woman with three children, one of them a girl of two, sitting at the foot of a monument. She sent a street porter to ask if she would give up the girl. The woman nodded, whereupon the lady in black walked up to her, gave her some bank notes and took the child to a store. Half an hour later she emerged with the same child elegantly dressed, hailed a cab and drove away.

Ancient Head Coverings.

The hat is simply a variation of and no doubt an improvement upon the ancient coverings for the head, no matter what their shape or material. Comment has been made because some noted paintings of Scriptural and oriental life do not depict the headdresses of the males. This is most noticeable in paintings of ancient Syrian life, for no doubt the Syrians wore then, as now, a turban, thick, light and colorless, to protect them from the burning sun.

The Rule Wabbled.

Whiffers—See here, Bliffers! You told me the way to win a girl was to devote myself to her mother.

Bliffers—Yes, sirree, that will do it every—

Whiffers—Huh! I wanted to win Miss Beauti, and I took your advice and devoted myself to Mrs. Beauti, and now the old lady, who is a widow, wants to marry me herself.

WOMAN AND FASHION

The Florette Hat.

The long white plume will continue to be a feature of the coming season's millinery, and this Florette shape shows it disposed to good advantage.

JUST A TOUCH OF BLACK.

The shape is in white chantilly fashioned on a featherbone foundation, so that it may be readily cleaned. The little touch of black velvet on the under brim adds to the smart effect.

New Fashion With Hats.

It is quite the fashion abroad now to wear a hat with a decollete dress just covering the shoulders, with a soft fichu and lace pelerine. Some of the autumn black velvet hats are charming. One shape is like an elongated "boater," the points, of course, coming on either side of the face and having a deeply indented crown piped with black silk braid. This piping is quite a feature on the autumnal models. Concerning toques le dernier cri is to have them made of shaded ribbon about one-half to three-quarter inch wide, and rose to the palest pink are favored tints, brown to fawn others. A huge flat rosette decorates the middle of the crown and the brim, which, pointed back and front, is covered with smaller rosettes, a fold of chiffon softening the inside of the brim and a couple of brown and white birds placed as a finish at the left side.

Autumn Hats.

The high crowned hats seen occasionally during the summer did not meet with much favor, but it is said that an effort will be made to push them for autumn wear. Those already worn have crowns from four to five inches high and not much wider across the top and were somewhat trying to many unless wreathed with plumes. A very wide brim invariably accompanied them. The small toques are also promised for the autumn and the winter, and welcome indeed will they be to the great majority, for they are generally more becoming and also more easily adjusted, as well as more comfortable, than the large hats.

The Military Effect.

For misses and slender women the military is the predominating effect. In the majority of cases this is confined to the walking and outing costumes. One design which seems a compromise between a Norfolk jacket and a Russian blouse has the skirt made "sidewalk" length and arranged in inverted box plaits. The front seams are overlaid with broad straps of the material, closely stitched and finished with big smoked pearl buttons. The coat is belted at the back and sides, much as a Norfolk jacket would be, but the front is plaited and slightly curved to the figure like a blouse.

A Neat Coat.

AN IDEA FROM PARIS.

This stylish coat comes from Paris. It is made of black cloth and is trimmed with taffeta and buttons.

A New Chiffon.

There is a new "double" chiffon, a cross between the transparent and the opaque, which will be welcomed for several seasons. It is not necessary to use as much of it as of the single chiffon. It lasts longer, and it lends itself delightfully to laces.

Very few know that chiffon, both single and double, washes nicely. Single chiffon when washed and pulled into shape without ironing looks quite like the double

Taking Away From the Subject.

When Frederick Robertson of Brighton, the great preacher who had written much about Tennyson's poems and for whom the poet had a high regard, first called upon him, "I felt," said Tennyson, "as if he had come to pluck out the heart of my mystery, so I talked to him about nothing but beer."

Of the world's hay crop the United States grows 28,600,000 pounds. This is about half as much as Germany and two-thirds as much as England.

NEVER MET DEFEAT.

Military Leaders Who Were Always Successful In Battle.

The Duke of Alva, one of the most eminent soldiers of the sixteenth century, never throughout his long and eventful career lost a battle. The archbishop of Cologne was struck by his effort to avoid a conflict, having on one occasion urged him to engage the Dutch.

"The object of a general," replied Alva, "is not to fight, but to conquer. He fights enough who obtains the victory."

Oliver Cromwell throughout his military career never lost a battle, though he nearly sustained a reverse at Dunbar.

The Duke of Marlborough fought several battles against the most experienced generals in Europe and was never once defeated.

The famous Russian general Suvaroff was another commander destined never to suffer defeat. He gained several victories against the Turks and against the Poles, and in Italy he was opposed by Moreau, and, being completely outnumbered, he effected a brilliant retreat over the mountains of Switzerland, through Germany, into Russia.

The Duke of Wellington throughout his brilliant campaigns, both in India and in the peninsula, preserved to himself a remarkable record of uninterrupted successes from the first battle in which he was vested with supreme command throughout the peninsular war, in which he defeated the ablest of Napoleon's marshals, until the eventful day at Waterloo.

An Unavailing Rain Penance.

No country subject to drought is without its own peculiar method of supplicating for rain. That in Kumaon, northern India, is not the least curious of them.

In a country where the population is almost entirely dependent upon grain as a means of subsistence drought means famine and starvation. During a drought in Kumaon a Hindoo fakir imposed a penance on himself and was suspended by his feet from a wooden beam. In this position he was swung back and forth for a considerable time by means of a rope attached to his body and pulled by a fellow fakir. Both men were besprinkled with ashes and mud and were minus all clothing except for a small cloth around the waist.

It is to be regretted that such pious zeal should have gone without the expected reward, for the chronicler sadly related that no rain fell until weeks after.

A Host of Reporters.

It is said that a reporter who had been assigned to talk with an American millionaire on an important question was repeatedly refused admittance to his house. Then he sought out a senator who was a personal friend of the millionaire and petitioned for his aid. Armed with the senator's card, he returned to the millionaire's house and sent in his talisman. This time he was admitted.

"Young man," said the millionaire, "do you know that sixteen reporters have called upon me today about this very question and that I have refused to see them all?"

"I ought to know it, sir," responded the visitor, "for I am the whole sixteen!"

Quaker Paraphrases.

A book on Nantucket contains some stories that are well known to lovers of the good old town, but may not have been widely repeated. One of them hangs on the Quaker custom of numbering the months and the days of the week instead of using the profane mythological names.

A Quaker schoolmaster set this copy on the blackboard for his writing class:

Beauty fadeth soon,
Like a rose in sixth month.

It was probably the same man who read to his scholars about Robinson Crusoe and his good man "Sixth Day."

Sold Him His Own Book.

A man appeared in a Paris bookstore the other day and asked for a volume of Balzac. The clerk showed him a rare edition, asking 40 francs for it. When the customer said that was too much the clerk advised him to go into the proprietor's office and see if he could get it cheaper. But the customer went and offered it for 25 francs, and the proprietor promptly paid the sum and afterward showed his "bargain" to the clerk.

The Word "Hurrah."

Some authorities connect "hurrah" with a Hebrew shout of joy to Jehovah, which occurs in the Psalms. Others derive it from "Thor aide!" a war cry of the ancient Northmen. Others point to the Swedish and Danish "hurra" and the German "hurren," to move quickly, or the Danish "hurre," to buzz, with which our hurry is associated.

Sir Francis Palgrave in his "History of Normandy and England" says: "It was a wise custom in Normandy, established by Rollo's decree, that any one who had reason to fear damage of goods, life or limb could raise the country by the cry 'Haro!' "Ha Raoul,' justice in Duke Rollo's name; hence our 'hue and cry.' The old English 'harrow' and our 'hurrah' are but variations of this." There are some who regard it as merely an imitative interjection akin to "whurra," used by Addison in a play, 1715, or of "huzza," found in Evelyn's Diary, 1665.

Indulging a Genius.

Our ancestors were more indulgent and respectful to the eccentricities of men of genius than is the present generation. Byron was accepted and patiently tolerated when he chose to sit in moody silence throughout a dinner party given in his honor, scowling contemptuously at the delicious food before him, while he sipped vinegar and munched a cracker.

Showing Him Up.

Servant—There's a gentleman downstairs, ma'am.

Mistress—Show him up to the drawing room.

Servant—But he has come to clean the chimbly.

Mistress—Then show him up the chimney.

ORIGIN OF THE TOMATO.

There Is No Record of a Time When It Grew Wild.

The tomato is a native of South America and more particularly of Peru and the Andean region. The Indian name for it is "tumati" and the Spanish name "tomate." When the Spaniards arrived in the sixteenth century they considered nothing of much importance except silver. But in 1583 they took some tomatoes home with them as a matter of curiosity, little dreaming that there would some day be more silver in them than there was in all the Peruvian mines. There is a general impression that until sixty or seventy years ago the tomato plant was universally regarded as a poisonous weed and that its handsome fruit was called the "love apple," and never cultivated except as something pleasant to look upon. But this story is inconsistent with itself. The tomato was called the "love apple" for the reason that it was believed to be an aphrodisiac, or excitant of amorous feelings. But it could not even be suspected of such a property unless it had been habitually eaten. The truth is that there is no record of a time when in South America the tomato was not an article of food. There is indeed no record of a time when it grew wild. When the Spaniards reached Peru they found nothing but the cultivated tomato, which was cultivated for food. They took a fancy to it and took it to Spain, from which place it found its way in 1596 to England.

Sardines.

Genuine sardines are the young of the pilchard. Their name comes from the fact that they are most numerous off the coast of Sardinia. They swim in the spring in shoals containing millions—fish shaped shoals ten miles long and a half mile wide. The sardines are netted and taken at once to the shore. There they are washed, scraped and sprinkled with salt. The salt is soon removed, the heads and gills cut off and there is another washing. Then, on beds of green brush, the fish are dried in the sun. Next they are boiled in olive oil till cooked thoroughly.

The packers—women always—take them now and pack them in the tin boxes we all know, filling up each box with boiling oil, fitting on the lid and making the box air tight by soldering the joints together with a jet of hot steam. Sardines are more or less perfect according as they are prepared more or less immediately after their capture and according as the oil they are packed in is more or less pure.

For Peace Only.

It is well known that the Friends have always been devoted to the principles of peace. As they had a controlling influence in the public affairs of Nantucket, there was no military organization on that island for several generations. How the matter was managed is told by the author of "September Days on Nantucket."

Whenever military companies came to the island for a holiday young women thronged the windows and waved handkerchiefs, but there was no rise of military ambition in the town. Once a coterie of young men formed a training company and sent to Boston for equipments, but their elders compelled them to make the first article of their constitution read: "This company shall be disbanded immediately in case of war."

An Unsatisfied Ambition.

It is said by an old historian that when the Spanish armada sailed along the south coast of England in Queen Elizabeth's reign the Duke of Medina-Sidonia, admiral of the armada, was so affected at the sight of Mount Edgcumbe, a beautiful mansion, viewed from the sea, that "he resolved it for his own possession in the partage of the kingdom, which the Spaniards preconquered in their hopes and expectation." But, as the author quaintly observes, "he had catched a great cold, and he had no other clothes to wear than those which were to be made of the skin of a bear not yet killed."

Quick Witted.

When Mrs. Isabella Bishop, the well known traveler, was in the United States she had at least one funny experience. She was riding in a car in Chicago and felt her pocket being picked, but said nothing at the moment. Presently along came the conductor to collect his fares. When he reached Mrs. Bishop she quietly remarked: "This gentleman," turning to the thief, "will pay. He has my purse."

He paid, and she got back her purse.

Lighting a Candle by Smoke.

When the candle has burned low, so as to leave a tolerably large wick, blow it out. A dense smoke will arise. If another candle be applied to the farthest end of the smoke a very strange thing will happen. The flame of the lighted candle will be carried to the one just blown out, looking sometimes like a flash of lightning proceeding at a slow rate. The experiment may be performed by blowing out the candle as often as it is lighted.

Tax Extraordinary.

A tax on marriage is still imposed by the proprietor of a leading Bombay hotel. In a revised tariff of prices the daily charge for a single lady or gentleman is set down as 5 rupees, but if the lady or gentleman be married the charge will be 7 rupees each. No explanation of this singular regulation is given.

Audiences.

"I desire an audience with the manager," remarked the dignified, smooth faced person as he approached the box office of the theater.

"Step in," replied the man in the box office. "I think he's looking for a few audiences himself."

Minerals and Life.

The base of nutrition in all living beings is oxygen, water, salts, carbon and nitrogen. Forster tried to feed dogs on organic substances deprived of nearly all their mineral matter. Death from starvation occurred sooner than if the dogs had been completely without food. M. Herrera says in Revue Scientifique, Paris, "Living beings are but aggregations of mineral substances and biology is but a chapter in mineralogy."

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

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

Dropsy, rheumatism from uric acid, gout and bladder troubles are proofs that the kidneys are not performing their functions. The chronic stage of kidney trouble is Bright's Disease. If you feel languid or miserable, if your kidney trouble hangs on send for Pamphlet. Percentage of recoveries nearly 90 per cent among purely chronic cases. Fulton's Renal Compound for Bright's and Kidney Diseases, $1; for Diabetes, $1.50. John J. Fulton Co., 429 Washington street, San Francisco, sole compounders. Free analyses for patients. We are the sole agents for the Fulton Compounds in this city

Save the Baby.

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

The cause is apparent. With baby's bones hardening, the fontanel (opening in the skull) closing up and its teeth forming, all these coming at once create a demand for bone material that nearly half the little systems are deficient in. The result is feevishness, 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.

THE MILKY SEA.

A Curious Sight Occasionally Witnessed In Tropical Waters.

Of the many sights witnessed in the oceans of the globe, one of the most curious and most weird is that described by sailors as "the milky sea," ships being surrounded for several hours by water that appears to be a snowy whiteness. The spectacle is restricted to the darkness of night and rare occasions, and, while it is limited mainly to the warmer waters of the tropical belt, it appears to be more common in the Indian ocean than in the Atlantic and Pacific. From the white water the light is so strong that ordinary newspaper print can be read on board ship, but the scene all round is of an awe inspiring description. The horizon is blotted out, sea and sky seem to become one in a sort of universal luminous fog, which, like a London fog, robs the observer of the sense of distance and direction, the deck being lit up with a ghastly, shadowless light. Once off the west coast of South America a bucket of the white water emptied back into the sea resembled molten lead. This curious sight has interested scientific investigators, but while it is no doubt related to the many phosphorescent displays common at sea there is no sufficient explanation forthcoming of this particular manifestation or of the singular atmospheric effects resulting from it.

Wouldn't Be Swindled.

Mrs. Newed—I would like a pound of your best cheese.

Grocer—Yes, ma'am.

Mrs. Newed (examining it)—Why, this cheese is full of holes!

Grocer—Yes, ma'am; that's the way it comes.

Mrs. Newed—Well, I don't want any of it. I'm not going to pay for a pound of cheese that contains a half pound of holes!

Promoters of Courage.

Spartacus—Women are a great incentive to manly courage.

Smarticus—That's right. Since I've been married and had a few tilts with my wife the prospect of a scrap with the meanest man on earth seems like mere child's play to me.—Baltimore American.