so even after Collier was kidnaped he way by the revolt of his ap-

petite my own prospects with Mame didn't seem to be improved. And then business played out in Guthrie. "I had stayed too long there. The Brazilians I had sold commenced to w signs of wear, and the kindler sed to light up right frequent on mornings. There is always a time business when the star of sucess says, 'Move on to the next town. was traveling by wagon at that time, so as not to miss any of the small towns, so I hitched up a few days later and went down to tell Mame goodby. I wasn't abandoning the game. I in-tended running over to Oklaboma City and work it for a week or two. Then I was coming back and institute fresh

proceedings against Mame.
"What do I find at the Dugans' but Mame all conspicuous in a blue trav-sling dress, with her little trunk at the door. It seems that Sister Lottle Belle, who is a typewriter in Terre Haute, is going to be married next Thursday, and Mame is off for a week's risit to be an accomplice at the cerenony. Mame is waiting for a freight agon that is going to take her to Ok ahoma, but I condemns the freight wagon with promptness and scorn and offers to deliver the goods myself. Ma Dugan sees no reason why not, as Mr. Freighter wants pay for the job, so thirty minutes later Mame and I pull out in my light spring wagon with white canvas cover and head due south.

"That morning was of a praise-worthy sort. The breeze was lively and smelled excellent of flowers and rass, and the little cottontail rabbits entertained themselves with skylarking across the road. My two Kentucky sailing in so fast you wanted to dodge It like a clothesline. Mame was full of talk and rattled on like a kid about her old home and her school pranks and the things she liked and the hateful ways of those Johnson girls just across the street, way up in Indiana. Not a word was said about Ed Collier or victuals or such solemn subjects. About noon Mame looks and finds that the lunch she had put up in a basket has been left behind. I could have managed quite a collation, but Mame didn't seem to be grieving over nothing to eat, so I made no lamentations. It was a sore subject with me, and I ruled provender in all its branches out of my conversation.

"I am minded to touch light on explanations how I came to lose the way. The road was dim and well grown grass, and there was Mame by my side confiscating my intellects and attention. The excuses are good or they are not, as they may appear to you. But I lost it, and at dusk that afternoon, when we should have been in Oklahoma City, we were seesawing along the edge of nowhere in some unwas falling in large wet bunches Down there in the swamps we saw a little log house on a small knoll of high ground. The bottom grass and the chaparral and the lonesome timber crowded all around it. It seemed to be a melancholy little house, and you felt



sorry for it. 'Twas that house for th night, the way I reasoned it. I ex-plained to Mame, and she leaves it to me to decide. She doesn't become galvanic and prosecuting as most women would, but she says it's all right—she knows I didn't mean to do it.
"We found the house was deserted.

It had two empty rooms. There was a little shed in the yard where beasts had been once kept. In a loft of it was a lot of old hay. I put my horses in there and gave them some of it, for which they looked at me sorrowful, which they looked at me sorrowful, expecting apologies. The rest of the hay I carried into the house by armfuls, with a view to accommodations. I also brought in the patent kindler and the Brazilians, neither of which are guaranteed against the action of

on the floor, and I lit a lot of the kin on the hearth, for the night was chilly If I was any judge, that girl enjoyed it. It was a change for her. It gave her a different point of view. She laughed and talked, and the kindler made a dim light compared to her eyes. I had a pocketful of cigars, and as far as I was concerned there had never been any fall of man. We were at the same old stand in the garden of Eden. Out there somewhere in the rain and the dark was the river of Zion, and the angel with the flaming sword had not yet put up the keep off the grass sign. I opened up a gross or two of the Bra-

I looked across the table at Mame and smiled, for I had recollections. Mame was looking at the table like a boy looks at his first stem winder. Then . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . she looked at me, straight in the face,

bracelets, girdles and lockets. lar princess until she had pink spots in her cheeks and almost cried for a look-

on the floor for Mame with the hay and my lap robes and blankets out of the wagon and persuaded her to lie down. I sat in the other room burning tobacco and listening to the pouring rain and meditating on the many vicissitudes that come to a man during the seventy years or so immediately pre-

"So, as I've said, a woman needs to change her point of view now and then. They get tired of the same old sights—the same old dinner table, washtub and sewing machine. Give 'em a touch of the various—a little travel and a little rest, a little tomfoolery along with the tragedies of keeping house, a little petting after the blowing up. a norning, for my eyes were shut, and when I opened them it was daylight, and there stood Mame with her hair all done up neat and correct and her eyes bright with admiration of exist-

I'm hungry! I could eat a'—
"I looked up and caught her eye.
Her smile went back in, and she gave
me a cold look of suspicion. Then I aughed and laid down on the floor to laugh easier. It seemed funny to me. By nature and geniality I am a hearty laugher, and I went the limit. When came to, Mame was sitting with her

"'Don't be angry, Mame,' I says, 'for I couldn't beip it. It's the funny way you've done up your hair. If you could

ack to me, all contaminated with dig-

nly see it!' "'You needn't tell stories, sir,' said Mame, cool and advised. 'My hair is all right. I know what you were laughng about. Why, Jeff, look outside, she winds receiving through a chink Setween the logs. I opened the little wooden window and looked out. The entire river bottom was flooded, and the knob of land on which the house stood was an Island in the middle of a rushing stream of yellow water a hundred yards wide. And it was still raining hard. All we could do was to stay there till the dove brought in the

"I am bound to admit that conversa tions and amusements languished during that day. I was aware that Mame was getting a too prolonged one sided view of things again, but I had no way to change it. Personally I was wrapped up in a desire to eat. I had hallucinations of hash and visions of ham and. I kept saying to myself all the time, 'What 'll you have to eat, Jeff? What 'll you order, now, old man, when the waiter comes? I picks out to myself all sorts of favorites from the bill of fare and imagines them coming. I guess it's that way with all

very hungry men. "I sat there, musing along, arguing with myself quite heated as to how I'd have my steak-with mushrooms or discovered river bottom, and the rain a la creole. Mame was on the other hand. 'Let the potatoes come home fried,' I states in my mind, 'and brown the hash in the pan, with nine peached

eggs on the side. "Night come on again, with the river still rising and the rain still falling. I ooked at Mame, and I noticed that lesperate look on her face that a girl niways wears when she passes an ice cream lair. I knew that poor girl was hungry, maybe for the first time in her life. There was that anxious look in her eye that a woman has only when

skirt coming unfastened in the back.
"It was about 11 o'clock or so on the second night, when we sat gloomy in our shipwrecked cabin. I kept jerking my mind away from the subject of food, but it kept flopping back again before I could fasten it. I thought of everything good to eat I had ever

"They say a drowning man sees panorama of his whole life pass before Well, when a man's starving he sees the ghost of every meal he ever ate set out before him, and he invents new dishes that would make the fortune of a chef.

"I guess I must have had my conscience pretty well inflicted with cull-nary meditations, for without intend-ing to do so I says out loud to the imaginary waiter, 'Cut It thick and have it rare, with the French fried, and six

"Mame turned ber bead quick as wink. Her eyes were sparkling, and she smiled sudden.

" 'Medium for me,' she rattles out 'with the Juliennes, and three, straight up. Draw one and brown the wheats-double order to come. Oh, Jeff, wouldn't it be glorious! And then I'd like to have a half fry and a little chicken curried with rice and a cup custard with ice cream and'-

"Go enty,' I interrupts. Whore's the chicken liver pie and the kidney sauce on toast and the roast lamb

"'Oh,' cuts in Mame, all excited with mint sauce, and the turkey salad and stuffed olives and raspberry tarts

"'Keep it going,' says I. 'Hurry up with the fried squash and the hot corn pone with sweet milk, and don't forget the apple dumpling with hard sauce and the cross barred dewberry pie'—

"Yes, for an bour we kept up that kind of restaurant repartee. We ranges up and down and backward and for ward over the main trunk lines and the branches of the victual subject, and Mame leads the game, for she is apprised in the ramifications of grub and the dishes she nominates aggra

finds myself sitting with Mame at table, with knives and forks and plates WOMAN AND FASHION

between us, and she not scornful, bu To Match Tailor Made Suits smiling with starvation and sweetne smiling with starvation and sweetness.

"Twas a new restaurant and well stocked. I designated a list of quotations from the bill of fare that made the waiter look toward the wagon to see how many more might be coming.

"There we were, and there was the order being served. "Twas a banquet for a dozen, but we felt like a dozen. For wear with tailor made suits this valking hat, designed by Marthe, Pars, will prove an almost universally becoming model. As here shown, it is

and two big tears came in her eyes.

The waiter was gone after more grub.

"'Jeff,' she says, soft like, 'I've been
a foolish girl. I've looked at things

from the wrong side. I never felt this

way before. Men get hungry every day like this, don't they? They're big

to spite silly waiter girls in restaurants do they, Jeff? You said once—that is

you asked me-you wanted me to-well, Jeff, if you still care-I'd be glad

and willing to have you always sitting

across the table from me. Now give me something to eat quick, please.'

"So, as I've said, a woman needs t

little upsetting and jostling around-and everybody in the game will have chips added to their stack by the play."

VIGOROUS OLD AGE.

Plate died in his eighty-third year

Isocrates was ninety-four years old when he wrote his famous work, "Pa-nathenatkus."

Terestius Varro lived to be nearly

hundred, and he continued to write up to the day of his death.

Hiero, king of Sicily, lived to be

ninety, and Masinissa lived to be still older and ruled for sixty years.

Quintus Fabius was appointed augus

when he was past middle age, and he held the office for sixty-two years.

Cato Censorius transacted busine

until he was nearly ninety and re

tained to the end all his old time vigor.

Gorgias Lorntium, the teacher of Isocrates and other distinguished men.

was in excellent health at the age of

Chrysippus began to write his work on logic in his eightieth year. Clean

thes taught his pupils up to his ninety

Sophocles lived to be nearly a hu

dred, and during his last days he wrot

Arganthonius began to rule when i

was forty years old and held power

for eighty years, and in the third book

of the "History" Asinius Pollio tells us that he did not die until he was past

his one hundred and thirtieth year.

Why does not a man weigh a po-

readily explain this apparent mystery

glutition, etc., certain muscles are

brought into active play, and the exer-

cise of any muscle necessitates a tem

porary waste of its tissues, and a cer

aln amount of carbon is eliminate

and passed off during the course of the

compared with that due to respiration and perspiration, both of which are

increased during the various operations

The length of time one may take t

consume a pound of food makes but little difference to those losses, for if it is eaten leisurely there is but slight

increase of respiration or perspiration, whereas if it is hurried through both

are abnormally accelerated. Hence by

the time the pound is eaten the con-sumer has lost appreciably in moisture

Of all genealogical curiosities the one set forth below is probably the oddest-

a singular piece of reasoning to prove that a man may be his own grandfather:

Here it is: There was a widow (Anne and her daughter (Jane) and a man

(George) and his son (Henry). This

widow married the son, and the daugh-ter married the father. The widow was

therefore mother (in law) to her hus-band's father and grandmother to her own husband. By this husband she

had a son (David), to whom she was, of

course, great-grandmother. Now, the son of a great-grandmother must be grandfather or granduncle to the per-son to whom his mother was or is great-grandmother, but in this instance

Anne was great-grandmother to him (David); therefore David could not be

Valuable Insects

Perhaps there are few substance

contributed by animals to the materia medica of greater value or more ex-tensively beneficial than certain species

of insects. Of these there are none more highly esteemed for medical pur-poses than those beautiful, shining.

green colored insects known as blister

ing beetles, or cantharides. Their cor

rosive action is so great that they frequently inflame and exceriate the hands of those who collect them, and on this property their chief medicinal virtue depends. They are generally used in the form of plasters or oint-

ment, and in cases of violent viscera

carcely be supplied by any other medi-

A curious mode of catching turi

to the tail of a species of sucker fish known as the remorn. The live fish is then thrown overboard and immediate

ly makes for the first turtle he can

firmly by means of a sucking apparatus arranged at the top of his field.
Once attached to the turtle, so firm is his grip that the fisherman on drawing the line brings home both turtle and

its in attaching a ring and a lin

nation their external use can

other than his own grandfather.

of making a meal.

and carbonic acid.

more immediately after eating a po-

greatest tragedies ever written.

"Œdipus Coloneus," one of the

107 years.

ninth year.



both sides, with grebe plumes in lighter shade of brown relieved wit white, these meeting at the back where the hat, like all of this season's shapes, sets closely to the head.

A feature to be brought prominently forward for winter is the yoke collar, which is a collar so deep as to form a yoke. This is cut out of heavy material so as to keep its stiffness and shape, and it is made with points that fall over the shoulders; not flappy points, but small, neat ones that fit the

There are very pretty yoke collars which are cut with deep pieces at front and back and shoulder projec-tions. The front extends down in a long piece, which comes to the belt. making a sort of plastron front.

It is very smart to trim the yoke co lar with a few large pearl buttons and to stitch it around the edge, but there should be no other trimming. Others are embroidered in white around the shoulders and down the front, with deep cuffs to match.

A Winter Hat.

One of the white winter hats is round and has a retrousse brim and a medium crown. The latter and a part of the brim are of soft fleecy beaver as fluffy as swansdown. The edge of the brim for about three inches is o smooth, silky beaver further stiffened by rows of stitching. This hat is trimmed with black velvet around the crown, a piece of it going down over the brim and forming a bow near the hair in the back. In the front are two wafer-like ornaments fashioned of

Checks will be worn through the fall perceptible and perhaps better decribed as shepherd's plaid, in light or to bring in a severe style, but they are trimming their plain cloths with rather brilliant plaid effects. They will also use taffeta and kid as trim mings and quaint ornaments of silken fringe and taffeta and velvet bobs.

The illustration shows a model for plouse of white flannel or albatross.



DROOPING SHOULDERS

Scularly good, giving the throughing lines much desired.

Passing of the Baggy Front. The day of the baggy blouse front is long since past, for, no matter how full the bust may be, the walst must not sag over the belt. On the contrary, the belt is a very neat article of dress and holds the walst snug and firm. The the effect must be that of a full figure rather than a baggy, slouchy one.

Cholly-That was a clevah thing you anid to Frenchey lawst night.

Miss Peppery—Who told you?

"Why, I—er—heard you say it."

"Yes, but who told you it was clev

Not a Repeater. Gossip-Does little Reginald Mrs. Knowser - Not much. You needn't be afraid of his repeating any-thing you say.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

ODD ROCK FORMATIONS. Iwo Queer Frenks of Nature on the

There are at least two queer freaks f nature on the island of St. Helenar rather four, for one of them is group of three figures—known the world over as the "Devil's Nose" and "Lot and His Daughters." Any one who is able to study the island as it is and not run wild over the Napoleonic legends which have clustered ab that "seabound rock" since the days when the "Little Corporal" was h there in his living grave will find much

that will repay for investigation, time The queerest of the natural forms tions are the oddities above alluded to. The first of these imitative forms is a rocky promontory which has be known by names which signify Nick's nasal projection since May 22. 1502, when Juan Castella and his men sighted the Island just in time to see the devil disappear beneath the waves in the best harbor, leaving his nose as should the venturesome Spaniard seek to take possession of his Satanic maj-esty's favorite haunts.

"Lot and His Daughters" are three conical rocks which can only be conconical rocks which can only be con-jured into representing a man and two women by a strong play of the imag-ination. According to the views of some writers they are weather worn statues of colossal size, probably the work of some aborigines of the island. Their gigantic size, however, would seem to preclude this idea. When or by whom they were dubbed "Lot and His Daughters" no authority has ven-

American Drums Excel. "Ever know that Americans were reatest drum makers in the world? Not only do they make the most drums but they make the finest drums too And there's a great deal more to the manufacture of a drum than you would think. Of course the cheap variety doesn't amount to anything. They're simply toys. There is just as mu musical instrument, though most per ple wouldn't think so. The drums re quired in orchestra and band work have a certain sharpness of tone, while those used in corps and military work must have a duller tone, and the drum

must not be so sensitive to the touch. "And how many parts do you think a well made drum consists of? Wrong It has 248 pieces, not including sticks. hooks and belt. Everything must be of first quality, too, for a drum must have tone first of all, and it must be constructed to withstand rough usage. Great business is drum making and in teresting too."

The messing system on board a big man-of-war is as complex and complet as the table service of a big hotel. The modern war ship, with its five or six hundred persons on board, must be a floating hotel and storehouse in itself. Every vessel of the navy is required by the regulations governing the navy to have a general messing system. The enlisted men on ship are divided into squads of about twenty each, forming a mess. Chief petty officers and offi cers' servants are not included in thi division. Every mess has one or two petty officers at its table, who fare like ness man, who brings the food from the galley and serves it at the table. It is also the mess man's duty to see that the mess table and mess gear are clean an in order. The messes on board ship are under the direct supervision of the com-missary department, which is under the control of the pay officers.—Gun-

ton's Magazine. Sarsaparilla "Floors Them."
"Of all the drinks asked for at thi counter," said the soda water clerk, "those doctored up with sarsaparilla Not one person in ten speaks that word correctly. Most people call it either

sasaprilla' or 'sasaprella.' "Even people who know how to spel the word don't seem to be able to twist their tongues around the combination of syllables and make 'sarsaparilla' out of them. They may be able to pro nounce words much harder without a stammer, but 'sarsaparilla' floors them every time."—New York Times.

A Creature From the Fire. Aristotle believed that some crea tures were capable of supporting life even though confined to the devouring ment. He says: "In Cyprus, whe burn it many days in the fire, a winged creature something larger than a great fly is seen emerging from the stone and leaping and walking about in the fire. These creatures perish immediately upon being removed from the fur

Damaging Admission, "The baby weighs twelve pounds does he?" said the proud young moth-er. "Are you sure the scales are cor-

"Correct!" exclaimed the equally proud young father incautiously. course they are. They're the scales I always use for weighing the fish I satch."—Chicago Tribune.

Fill Bairdressing. No one has visited Fiji in the past without being astonished at the fear-ful and wonderful styles of bairdressing. They are geometrical, monumental, pyramidal and trapezoldal. An additional factor in this production of the grotesque is that the hair varies in color as lime varies in bleaching power or as the juice of the mangrove in coloring matter. Between black and white the colors run through the blue black and all the shades of red and yellow. Often half the hair is red and the other

half white, giving a kind of piebald ef

For All the Lives, "Say," began the determined lookin; man, "I want a good revolver."
"Yes, sir," said the salesman,

"Why-er-you'd better make it nine shooter. I want to use it on a cat next door."—Philadelphia Press.

The dead stars probably outnu the living stars by many. It may be

NEW SHORT STORIES BLAKE

The Ruling Passion Ed Gilmore, manager of the New York Academy of Music, said that recently he was in a little hamlet in

Pennsylvania and engaged a farmer to drive him over to a certain trout brook some five miles distant. Coming to a fork in the road, the farmer seemed in doubt which direction to take, so he was asked if he knew where he was

"Certainly I do," was the answer. "I drove a minister over last week, and he told me a mighty good story. He said that a man went to heaven, and after he had been there a few days he grew so lonesome that he told St. Peter he guessed he'd go down and take a look at the other place. "'But if you go down there you can't

get back,' said St. Peter. "'Well, I only want to go just to loo at the place,' said the man, so St. Peter agreed to give him a return pass if he promised to be back along toward

"He agreed, took the pass and started off. When he reached his destination the first thing he saw was a party of old friends playing poker, but they wouldn't let him into the game because he admitted that he had no

"'Well, I'll fix that all right,' be said as he left them and wandered off through one of the corridors. Pretty soon he came back and threw a big roll of bills down on the table and de-manded chips. They all looked in astonishment at the size of his pile and wanted to know where he got it, say-ing that they would not play with him

"'That's all right,' he said. 'Give me the chips. I sold my pass.' "-New York Press.

Lincoln Marched Him Out. caller at the White House during Lincoln's early days in office was missed from the service. The president listened patiently to the elaborate defense he had prepared and said that even upon his own statement of the case there was no warrant for execu

tive interference. The man withdrew

only to seek a few days later a second

interview, but without accomplishing

"REGONE SIR!" SAID THE PRESIDENT. his purpose. A third time he bodly forced himself into the presence of the president, who again listened to a statement of the case and at its conclusion again declared he could do

nothing for him. "Well," said the officer as he turned to depart, "I see you are fully deter mined not to do me justice."

The president at these words from his desk and, seizing his caller by the collar, marched him to the door, saying as he ejected him into the passage: "Sir, I give you fair warning never to show yourself in this room again. I can bear censure, but not insult." The man in a whining tor begged for his papers, which he had dropped. "Begone, sir," said the president. "Your papers will be sent to you.

I never wish to see your face again."—

Dumas on Age.

Dumas fils used to be a neighbor Lord Salisbury at Puy, and the two were on most friendly terms. One day it was twenty-five years ago-a friend commented on the English marquis' aged and worn appearance, comparing it with Dumas' youthfulness although the Frenchman was eight years older than the Englishman. roved a man was only as old as h looks, to which Dumas replied: "Don't talk nonsense, my dear fellow. You may deceive others, but not yourself. as regards your age. You remind me of our poor friend, George Sand, who desire it, and we grow old because we have not the energy to remain young. These are pretty paradoxes to which people treat themselves for the sake of illusion. Illness is watching for us. death prowls around us, old age grip us with its crow's feet, and we are mable to defend ourselves.

Here is a good story for a mothe

club meeting. It is told of the lat General Hector Macdonald, Always man of few words, when sending his only son to a public school for the first time he addressed the following brie note to the head master: "Herewith boy Hector, to be made a man of." sentence worthy of being handed down to posterity as a remarkable example of brevity and sterling common sense.

"Sir," said the shipping clerk, "i should like to attend my mother-inlaw's funeral tomorrow."

You have my sympathy, your man," replied the manager, with a sighting drawn out. "I have been wanting to do likewise for thirteen years."—An

Envy is not only a great weakness but it is a great ignorance too. No man envies what he can surpass or

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## **Brights Disease**

Not Rare, but Common-All Kidney Disease la Bright's Disease -The 8th to 10th Month It Becomes Chronic and Incurable by All Known Means Except the new Fulton Compounds, which Record 87% of Recoveries.

We have before us a little work on kidney diseases by Joseph F. Edwards, M. D., of Philadelphia, that contains some things that everyone cught to know. Many people imagine Bright's Disease is rare, whee, in fact, it covers the whole gamut of kidney diseases. This book sets out that the kidneys have but one function, via., the elimination of the urea and waste products, and that all interferences with that function are called Bright's Disease. Dr. Edwards adds: "For the benefit of physicians who may read this book I will give a list of the cases which I attribute to Bright's Disease, viz.:

Albumenturia.
Congestion of the Kidney.
Degeneration of the Kidney.
Fatty Degeneration of the Kidney.
Uraemia.

Fatty Degeneration of the Kidney.
Inflammation of the Kidney.
Uraemia.
Disease of the Kidney."
Thus, all kidney disease being Bright's Disease, the serious question is, is it note or chronic? In other words, is it in the primary or secondary stage? After the eight to tenth month it becomes chronic and is the, incurable by all known means except the Fulton Compounds. The kidneys are not sensitive. There is often no notice of the trouble till it has already fastened. If you have kidney disease in the first stage the Reasi Compound will ourse it quickly. If it is of more than a to lo months standing it is the only thing known that will cure it. In proof that nothing else will we cite all medical works as evidence that to this time there has been nothing that sures Chronic Bright's Disease. The stockholders of the John J. Fulton Co., business and professional men of San Francisco, are the first people in the world to announce a positive cure, presenting a definite percentage of recoveries (87 per cent), and giving out the lists of the cured, all among purely chronic, well-defined cases. If you have any kind of kidney trouble, there is only one thing to take. The Renai Compound for Bright's Disease, is \$1; for Diabetes, \$1; 50. John J. Fulton Co., 409 Washington street. San Francisco, sole compounders. Free analyses for patients.

## 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 skuil) 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, diarrhoes, brain troubles, convulsions, etc., that prove terribly fatal. The deaths in 1990 under three years were 304,888, to say authing 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 cryout in sleep don't wait, and the need is neither medicine nor narcotics. What the nittle 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.

L. C. MENDEL, M. D.

## MASTER OF THE VESSEL. Story of Farragut In Command

The story of a boy of twelve years acting as commander of a ship seems rather wonderful, yet Farragut was but twelve years and four days old when he was put in command of the Barclay, a prize ship taken by Captain Porter. In consideration of his tender years, says the author of "Twenty-six Historic Ships," the former English master of the vessel was sent in her for the possible benefit the young prize master might find in his advice. Far-

ragut tells the story of the queer di-vision of authority in his journal as follows: "I considered that the day of trial had arrived, for I was a little afraid of the old fellow, as every one else was. But the time had come for me at least to play the man. So I mustered up courage and informed the captain that I desired the main topsail filled away. In order that we might close up with the Essex Junior. He replied that he would shoot any man who dared to touch a rope without his orders. He would go his own course and had no idea of trusting himself with 'a biasted nutshell,' and then he went below for

"I called my right hand man of the crew and told him of my situation. I also informed him that I wanted the main topsall filled. He answered with a clear 'Aye, aye, sir,' in a manner that was not to be misunderstood, and my confidence was perfectly restored.

"From that moment I became master of the vessel and immediately gave all necessary orders for making sail, notifying the captain not to come on with his pistols unless he wished to go over-board, for I really would have had very little trouble in having such an order obeyed."

"But, after all, is not good digestion

the basis of beauty?" "Aye, what else may change the grub into the butterfly?" exclaimed Beatrice, attacking the sirioin zestfully.-Detroit Free Press.

The bashi-bazouk shaves his head ex cept a tuft at the crown, which is to be used by the angel to jerk him to para-dise if he should be slain by his intended victim.