

Guthrie Wooing...

By OLIVIER HENRY

"So even after Collier was kidnapped out of the way by the revolt of his appetite 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 show signs of wear, and the kinder refused to light up right frequent on wet mornings. There is always a time in my business when the star of success says, 'Move on to the next town.' I 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 goodbye. I wasn't abandoning the game. I intended running over to Oklahoma 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 traveling dress, with her little trunk at the door. It seems that Sister Lottie Belle, who is a typewriter in Terre Haute, is going to be married next Thursday, and Mame is off for a week's visit to be an accomplice at the ceremony. Mame is waiting for a freight wagon that is going to take her to Oklahoma, but I condemn the freight wagon with promptness and scorn and offers to deliver the goods myself. Ma Dugan sees no reason why not, so Mr. Freighter wants no 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 grass, and the little cottontail rabbits entertained themselves with skylarking across the road. My two Kentucky hounds went for the horizon until it came 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 hate of 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 craving 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 with 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 seawarding along the edge of nowhere in some undiscovered river bottom, and the rain was 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 charparral and the lonesome timber crowded all around it. It seemed to be a melancholy little house, and you felt

"I sat there arguing with myself quite heated."

"I was that house for the night, the way I reasoned it. I explained to Mame, and she leaves it to me to decide. She doesn't become glib and protesting as most women would, but she says it's all right—she knows I didn't mean to do it."

"We found the house 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 scornfully, 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 kinder and the Brazilians, neither of which are guaranteed against the action of water."

"Mame and I sat on the wagon seats on the floor, and I lit a fat of the kinder 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 kinder 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 of the grass sign. I opened up a gross or two of the Bra-

WOMAN AND FASHION

To Match Tailor Made Suits.

For wear with tailor made suits this walking hat, designed by Marthe, Paris, will prove an almost universally becoming model. As here shown, it is made of black velvet, with a band of white satin, and a bow of white satin.



THE PARIS WALKING HAT.

In brown velvet, sharply turned up at both sides, with green plumes in a lighter shade of brown relieved with white, these meeting at the back, where the hat, like all of this season's shapes, sets closely to the head.

The Yoke Collar.

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 shoulders well.

A Winter Hat.

One of the white winter hats is round and has a retousse 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 of 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 water-like ornaments fashioned of white plisse chiffon.

Checks Will Be Popular.

Checks will be worn through the fall and winter, some of them almost imperceptible and perhaps better described as shepherd's plaid, in light tweeds. The tailors will again endeavor to bring in a severe style, but they are trimming their plain cloths with their brilliant plaid effects. They will also use taffeta and kid as trimmings and quaint ornaments of silken fringe and taffeta and velvet bows.

An Up to Date Blouse.

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

A Paradox Explained.

Why does not a man weigh a pound more immediately after eating a pound weight of food? A little reflection will readily explain this apparent mystery. During the process of mastication, digestion, etc., certain muscles are brought into active play, and the exercise of any muscle necessitates a temporary waste of its tissues, and a certain amount of carbon is eliminated and passed off during the course of the meal. This loss, however, is trifling as compared with that due to respiration and perspiration, both of which are increased during the various operations of making a meal.

He Was His Own Grandfather.

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 daughter married the father. The widow was therefore mother (in law) to her husband'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 person 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 other than his own grandfather.

Valuable Insects.

Perhaps there are few substances contributed by animals to the materia medica of greater value or more extensively beneficial than certain species of insects. Of these there are none more highly esteemed for medicinal purposes than those beautiful, shining green colored insects known as blister beetles, or cantharides. Their corrosive action is so great that they frequently inflame and excoriate 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 ointment, and in cases of violent visceral inflammation their external use can scarcely be supplied by any other medicine.

Curious Mode of Catching Turtles.

A curious mode of catching turtles is practiced in the West Indies. It consists in attaching a ring and a line to the tail of a species of sucker fish known as the remora. The live fish is then thrown overboard and immediately makes for the turtle he can see, to which he attaches himself very firmly by means of a sucking apparatus arranged at the top of his head. Once attached to the turtle, so firm is his grip that the fisherman on drawing the line brings home both turtle and sucker.

NEW SHORT STORIES

The Rolling 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 going.

"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 look at the place," said the man, so St. Peter agreed to give him a return pass if he promised to be back along toward night.

"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 money."

"Well, I'll fix that all right," he 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 demanded chips. They all looked in astonishment at the size of his pile and wanted to know where he got it, saying that they would not play with him unless he told them.

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

Lincoln Marched Him Out.

A caller at the White House during Mr. Lincoln's early days in office was an army officer who had been dismissed 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 executive interference. The man withdrew only to seek a few days later a second interview, but without accomplishing

Mess System on Board a Man-of-war.

The messing system on board a big man-of-war is as complex and complete as the table service of a big hotel. The hundreds of persons on board must be housed in 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 officers' servants are not included in this division. Every mess has one or two petty officers at its table, who fare like the men. Every mess has its special mess 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 and in order. The messes on board ship are under the direct supervision of the commissary department, which is under the control of the pay officers.—Gunton's Magazine.

Sarsaparilla "Floors Them."

"Of all the drinks asked for at this counter," said the soda water clerk, "those doctored up with sarsaparilla are most frequently mispronounced. Not one person in ten speaks that word correctly. Most people call it either 'sarsapilla' or 'sarsapella.'"

"Even people who know how to spell 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 pronounce words much harder without a stammer, but 'sarsaparilla' floors them every time."—New York Times.

A Creature From the Fire.

Aristotle believed that fire creatures were capable of supporting life even though confined to the devouring element. He says: "In Cyprus, when the manufacturers of chalcitis (lime) 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 furnace."

Damas on Age.

Dumas fils used to be a neighbor of 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. Dumesnil, the friend, said that this proved a man was only as old as he looked, 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 said, 'We are ill only when we allow ourselves to be so, we die because we 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 its death prowls around us, old age grips us with its crow's feet, and we are unable to defend ourselves."

In a Nutsell.

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

Two of a Kind.

"Sir," said the shipping clerk, "I should like to attend my mother-in-law's funeral tomorrow."

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

For All the Lives.

"Say," began the determined looking man, "I want a good revolver."

"Yes, sir," said the salesman, "a six shooter?"

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

The dead stars probably outnumber the living stars by many. It may be millions to one.

BLAKE, MOFFITT & TOWNE
...Straw and Binders' Board...
55-57-59-61 First Street
Tel. Main 196. at SAN FRANCISCO.

Bright's Disease

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

We have before you a little work on kidney disease by Joseph F. Edwards, M. D., of Philadelphia, that contains some things that everyone ought to know. Many people imagine Bright's Disease is rare, when, in fact, it covers the whole gamut of kidney disease. This book sets out what the kidneys have but not know, and the elimination of the urea waste products, and that all interference with that function are called Bright's Disease. Dr. Edwards adds: "For the benefit of physicians who may read this book, I have included in the cases which I attribute to Bright's Disease."

Albumuria.
Congestion of the Kidney.
Degeneration of the Kidney.
Inflammation of the Kidney.
Trauma.

Disease of the Kidney.
This is the disease which brings Bright's Disease, the serious question is, is it acute or chronic? The chronic stage is the one of secondary nature. After the eighth to tenth month it becomes chronic and is then incurable by all known means except the Fulton Compound. 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 Fulton Compound will cure it quickly. If it is of more than a 10 month standing it is the only thing known that will cure it. It is of more than a 10 month standing it is the only thing known that will cure it. It is of more than a 10 month standing it is the only thing known that will cure it.

Save the Baby.

The mortality among babies during the three months of life is something frightful. The cause of 100 such deaths is a case of every seven succumb.

When baby begins to sweat, worry or cry out in sleep don't wait and the mother 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.

204 Washington St.,
San Francisco, June 1, 1902.
Gentlemen—An epidemic of infant mortality due to the multitude of baby troubles due to impeded dentition. A large percentage of infantile ill and fatalities are the result of slow teething. Your food supplies what the deficient system demands. It is most surprising success with it. In scores of cases this diet, given with your regular food, has not failed to check the disease. 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 Sir—I was very tried the teething food in two weeks. My baby was a success. One was a very serious case, so critical that it was brought to me from another city for treatment. Fortunately, in three days the baby ceased suffering and commenced eating and is now well. Its action in this case was reminiscent of the attention of the mothers of the country. It is an absolute necessity.

I. M. PROCTOR, M. D.

Sweetman's Teething Food will carry baby safely and comfortably through the most dangerous period of child life. The teething of the gums unaccompanied by a fever, plan and a blessing to the baby to not wait for symptoms but to administer it from the fourth or fifth month. Then all the teething will come healthfully, without pain, distress or hardship. It is an auxiliary to the regular diet and easily taken. Price 50 cents enough for six weeks' use. Send for receipt of price. Pacific Coast Agents, Inland Drug Co., Mills Building, San Francisco.

MASTER OF THE VESSEL.

A Story of Farragut in Command When but Twelve Years of Age.

The story of a boy of twelve years acting as commander of a ship seems rather wonderful, yet the fact is that 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. Farragut tells the story of the queer division 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 topmast fished away in order that we might close up with the Essex Junior. He replied that he would about any man who dared to touch a rope without his orders. He would go by his own course and had no idea of trusting himself to a blasted nutshell, and then he went below for his pistols.

"I called my right hand man of the crew and told him of my situation. He also informed him that I wanted the main topmast fished. It answered with a clear 'Aye, aye, sir' in a manner that was not to be understood, 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 overboard, for I really would have had very little trouble in having such an order obeyed."

Beats.
"But, after all, is not good digestion the basis of beauty?"
"Aye, sir, what else may change the grub into the butterfly?" exclaimed Beatrice, attacking the sirlion zestfully.—Detroit Free Press.

The bashi-bazook shaves his head except a tuft at the crown, which is to be used by the angel to jerk him to paradise if he should be slain by his intended victim.