

This Too, Too Solid Fresh...

By HOWARD FIELDING

WAS sitting in my office alone in the dark. The unaccountably gloomy day had sunk into night an hour before its time. It had been long enough to bring me on a full day's journey to the path of ruin. The upper drawer on the right side of my desk wished to open, but an imaginary hand held it—a woman's hand, white and beautiful. I could not bring myself to push that vision away and let the drawer with the revolver in it spring out.

I heard the rattle of the elevator door. Some one was getting out at the seventh landing. That would probably be Harbert, coming to tell me that business was business. In his case nothing could be more untrue, for he was ruining me from sheer revenge for a blow struck years ago, when the fellow behaved like a cur in my presence and received what he deserved. Well, he had me where he wanted me at last.

I looked out across the main room at the ground glass panel that was part of the wall. It shone white as marble, and it was shaped like a round topped gravestone. There was my name in black letters.

It was not Harbert's shadow that fell upon the glass. It was Amy's. Poor girl! I know she must have been alarmed to see that there was no light within. I cried out to her as cheerfully as possible and ran to open the door.

"Where are all the people?" she asked, looking about at the desks and chairs of my small staff. "Nothing has happened?"

"Not yet," said I; "but, my dear little girl, I'm afraid the end is in sight. If this fellow Harbert could be bottled up for thirty days, I would be all right. But you have heard about Harbert. I need say no more. It's all over."

"You haven't come to an end," said she. "You've come to another beginning; that's all. And I want to help you. You don't know how much I can do. You think I am only a child."

"I know you're only a child," I replied. "And I thank God for it night and morning. If you were a woman with the thousand years of experience which they require nowadays before they're twenty-five, why, I suppose I'd love you just the same."

"Then we kissed each other. And that sounds conventional, doesn't it? But wait until you are in love, my friend. At present you are only a child."

"When the touching of lips is of more account to you than dying or being born, you will view the subject more clearly."

"If the money were all and the business were all," said I, "we could laugh at it, but I have suffered a few things recently and am in doubt whether there remains enough of me to go on with. However, we won't talk of that today. You are going to your brother's office now and then home with him."

"I shall not leave you this evening," said she. "I shall stay in town and go to my aunt's for the night. We will dine together and then go up to her house. But first I must run and tell Jack or he may wait for me. I'll be back in ten minutes."

"She flew away like a bird, and I went into the inner office hurriedly, half crazed. But the white hand was still holding the drawer of the desk."

"When I turned away, Harbert was standing in the outer office. There wasn't much light, but the devil seemed to furnish Harbert with a special illumination. The expression of his face is to be seen when another man beside him would scarcely be visible at all. His face has a peculiar bluish whiteness that comes out through any shadow, and his eyes glitter because they are never still. He came straight to my desk and put a hand upon it, leaning over till his face was close to mine.



His design was murderous.

his private room, bearing the body. There was a long bench on the other side of the room. It was about four feet high and had a tiled top. Oswald was setting up some apparatus upon it, and his back was toward me. He faced about suddenly, and we confronted each other. In the momentary silence I could hear the clinking of glass tubes which he held in his right hand. Oswald trembles always as the result of an accident in his laboratory years ago, and the nervous shock which he sustained at that time has imprinted upon his countenance an unvarying expression of fear, though I believe few men are less susceptible than he to that emotion. Even his voice trembles, and though I knew him so well, these peculiarities, which signified nothing as to his mental state, suggested terror and set my own flesh quaking.

"I think you'd better shut the door, my friend," said he.

I closed it with my foot and simultaneously let my burden slip down to the floor. Oswald raised a cigar to his lips with his left hand. It came up with little tremulous jerks, but still with a singular effect of precision. He puffed upon the cigar half a dozen times very rapidly as he set down the bit of apparatus upon the desk with obvious care.

"What's the matter with him?" he asked. "Shot, I should judge. I thought I heard something."

"I must put my life into one word! Can you destroy this body?"

"You shot him, eh?"

"He tried to kill me, and I killed him. I don't understand it myself. We were fighting for my revolver. You know what he has done to me, and you can see that I am lost if this is discovered."

While I was speaking Oswald approached the body of Harbert, which he turned upon its back. I was conscious only of rage and shame that I

ALONG PICCADILLY.

There's the Tide of Social London Flows to the West.

Piccadilly seems cold and blatanly by contrast as one charges down it. Yet even here, be the sunshine ever so bright, the vision is crowned in the pearly haze that hangs, attenuates, undies, that is not London, that has not been so fastidiously and defeated by many artists! Even over Piccadilly, even over this most mundane of all London streets, it throws its saving glamour. Indeed the whole splendid avenue might serve for a studio, not for its values alone, but for the complexity of the types that throng it. It is the quintessence of London, the distillation of all London humanity, to be studied nowhere so narrowly as from a bus top. Perfect Du Mauriers in the original approach, pass by and are left behind or stand in groups looking from the club windows. Phil Mays in the life swarm beneath one, and characters from Thackeray and Dickens jostle unsuspectingly on the sidewalk. The clubs alone, which never look so thoroughly clubbable as when hastily glanced at from a passing bus, will show a memory with a hundred recognizable types. All England, all the empire, indeed, sooner or later finds its way to Piccadilly. One cannot pass down it without a sight of some glittering, tubed, alien figure, majestically isolated, majestically unheeded. Regent street may claim a grander sweep, and by virtue of its shops a more devoted femininity, but it is along Piccadilly that the tide of social London flows brim full.—Sydney Brooks in Harper's Magazine.

In Frozen Russia.

In Russia, where the cold in winter is very intense, the markets are very curious things. The meats are frozen, the carcasses of dead animals, as sheep and pigs, stand upright outside the stalls; everything, even game and poultry, requires to be thawed before it can be cooked, and the market people's dress is as picturesque as it is warm and comfortable.

Then the rivers are frozen over all the winter long, and so thick is the ice that every one can skate anywhere and any time. Stalls are put up on the ice and busy markets held there.

In the Asiatic part of Russia the people live chiefly by hunting and fishing, and the fur of the Russian animals is very beautiful—the ermine, fox, sable, sea otter and others.

At the end of the winter, when the snow melts, the huntsman pursues the elk, wearing long shoes, in which he can glide over the snow very quickly, while the poor elk sinks into the snow deeper and deeper every step and is at last overtaken and killed.

His Two Purchases.

A story is told of a Louisiana merchant who came to New York determined to secure a bargain. He wanted cheap cloaks, and after trying in vain to suit himself at the wholesale houses he bought a job lot at auction. He examined the goods hurriedly and had them shipped home. In due time he was confronted by an excited head salesman who said the garments were out of style.

"They didn't look that way," said the merchant.

"But they are," replied the clerk. The merchant persisted that the cloaks would sell, but they didn't. In desperation he returned them to New York to be disposed of to best advantage. On his next trip to New York he again visited an auction house and bought a lot of cloaks. When he returned home and examined his purchase he saw that he had bought the same lot as before.—World's Work.

The Bird Monopoliat.

As is generally known, the cuckoo lays its eggs in the nests of other birds, and then to be hatched and the young cuckoo reared by their foster parents. The young cuckoo throws the other birds out of the nest and gets all the care itself. After murdering its foster brothers and sisters in the most deliberate and callous way it is then forth tended with the greatest devotion. Long after it has left the nest the great bird, apparently big enough to get on its own living and many times larger than its foster parents, is followed about and fed by them with the same care as when in the nest.

The Origin of Starching.

The course of history carries us back no further than the year 1564 for the origin of starching in London. It was in that year that Mistress Van der Plasse came with her husband from Flanders to the English metropolis for their greater safety, and there professed herself a starcher. The best housewives of the time were not long in discovering the excellent whiteness of the "Dutch linen," as it was called, and Mistress Plasse soon had plenty of good paying clients. Some of these began to send her ruffs of lawn to starch, which she did so excellently well that it was not long before she was able to starch it. So greatly did her reputation grow that fashionable dames went to her to learn the art and mystery of starching, for which they gladly paid a premium of 4s or 5s, and for the secret of seething starch they paid gladly a further sum of 20 shillings.

Byron's Fatted Goose.

One of the stories concerning the traditional dish of roast goose on Michaelmas day refers to Lord Byron, says an English newspaper. The poet always fasted in keeping up old customs in small things, such as having hot cross buns on Good Friday and roast goose on Michaelmas day. This last fancy had a grotesque result when he was in Italy. After buying a goose and fearing it might be too lean Byron fed it every day for a month previous to the festival, so that the poet and the bird became so mutually attached that when Sept. 29 arrived he could not kill it, but bought another and had the pet goose swing in a cage under his carriage when he traveled.

A Natural Desire.

Smth—I wonder what Br-w intends to do with all the money he got for those historical novels he wrote.

J-u-s—He intends to travel. He feels that he ought to visit some of the places he wrote about just to see what they are like.—Life.

WOMAN AND FASHION

A Vest Street Gown.

The illustration shows a street gown of bourette canvas with very rough surface. The model sketched is in mole color, which is a popular shade.



GOWN OF BOURETTE CANVAS.

It is self-trimmed, but a very smart touch of color is added by the bishop stock, which is of oriental embroidery. The girle is of the material, fastened with a gilt buckle.

Winter Hats.

The choosing of winter hats is a serious problem this year, and it is well to remember that not only must the color be in accord with the costume, but the shape also. Following out the law of exaggeration that has been fashionable for so long a time, if the style of the gown is one that makes the wearer look short and broad the hat is broad and flat. If the lines are long and slender the hat gives height and slenderness. But here also it is foolish to choose an unbecoming hat simply because it is a fashionable shape and color.

Hats to match the costumes in color are very smart this season, as are also the all black hats again, and the colored hats will be worn not only with the gowns they match, but with the black costumes as well, and, indeed, with gowns of contrasting colors they will be seen. Small and large shapes are alike in favor.—Harper's Bazar.

The New Wraps.

Many of the new wraps, especially those designed for evening, appear in variations of the old fashioned dolman shape. Some of these are merely wide cape with sleeves introduced in the folds of the garment. An attractive evening wrap is made of champagne colored broadcloth, heavily embroidered with chenille and lined with satin.

A stole embroidered solidly extends to the knees in front, while the wrap itself falls a little below the hips in front. The back consists of three square capelets stitched together and falling to the knees. The shortness of the front compared with the back of the garment gives a rippling effect to the cape sleeves. The wrap has a stock collar of sable.

Vala Garments.

Never was there such a charming display of rain garments as at the present time. The new cravettes and silk faced rubber garments are not only things of beauty, but they are practical protectors from rain. In color the newest models appear in castor shades, grays and in various shades of green. One may wear blue, black or brown cravettes garments as well. The silk faced rubber coats come in lovely shades of red, champagne, pastel gray and white and are dainty enough to serve as evening wraps.

A Winter Hat.

There is every reason to believe that the hat that fits the head will be the smart thing for all street wear this winter.

Turbans will be very much in fashion, especially those that fit close at

COURTESY IN THE HOME.

It is Essential to Happiness in the Family Circle.

There is no place where there is greater need of true, refined, everyday courtesy or where it will be more greatly appreciated than in the home circle. Yet in how many households do we see an entire lack of it.

The husband comes in tired and surly, hurries down his meal, gives the cat a kick and departs without one kind word or gracious act to any one.

The children are noisy and quarrelsome. The mother, tired and nervous, has only sharp, recriminating words for her husband, the children and the servant. The whole atmosphere appears surcharged with the very quintessence of disturbing and disheartening elements.

Let a visitor come in to make a neighborly call, however, and how quickly everything is changed. Both husband and wife welcome him with the sweetest of smiles and courtesy. When the visitor departs, he is bowed out with the most charming grace and he is never invited to call again.

This is eminently right and proper, but why should not the same consideration prevail among those who are bound to each other by ties of family relationship—our own, whom we love best? Why should not the wife, the child, the servant, when you meet every day in the most intimate relations, why should they not, I ask, be vouchsafed some courtesy as well as the guest who calls for a brief hour?

"Charity begins at home," we are told, and I think courtesy should too. No one, be he man or woman, can stand weeks and years of continual fault finding or habitual discourtesy.

You bow to your next door neighbor when you meet her in the street and give her a kind or cordial word. Why not be respectful to members of your own family? Try it. You will find you will become an ideal one, and every one will be influenced to good by the light which will radiate from it.—Pittsburg Press.

The Jimson Weed.

Probably a Legacy to Us From South America or Asia.

Once upon a time the name of James town must have been very sharply shortened. Within the memory of many people now living James was pronounced "Jeems"; in fact, we believe that that was the accepted pronunciation of our Virginian forefathers. But "Jim" must have been the diminutive of "Jeems," as well as of James; at least we judge so because what is popularly known as the "Jimson weed" really is the Jamestown weed.

Nor is there any reason to suppose that this contraction was made jokingly or sneeringly. More probably it grew into use "Jes so." And we find intelligent Americans to whom it has never occurred that there is any connection whatever between Jamestown and Jimson. All the same, the authorities say that "Jimson" is short for the name of the place where the English made their first permanent settlement in what is now the United States and where the Old Dominion's first capital was located.

The Jimson weed, however, is not a native plant, but probably came to us from South America or Asia. It is a question how it got to Jamestown, but we believe it is conceded that it is not indigenous to Virginia. If it was deliberately and designedly imported, it must have been because of its medicinal value; certainly not for its odor, which is vile; certainly not for its flowers and leaves, because they do not compare in beauty with those of scores of native plants. And, while this weed is now recognized as having some medicinal value, it may not have had that reputation "then" with Europeans. The Chinese, however, use it to some extent medicinally and may have done so from the immemorial, that country being little given to the acceptance of new ideas or new remedies.—Richmond Times-Dispatch.

Virginia Courtesy.

By Its Operation Mr. Culpepper Came Into His Own.

It is the story of a polite and polished Virginia gentleman and his landlady, also polite, polished and a Virginian. It rained on a day not long ago, and when Mr. Culpepper looked for his umbrella in the terra cotta tile in the hall it was not there. Mr. Culpepper was far too courteous to say that some body had taken it. He didn't even say it was gone. He merely looked at the terra cotta tile and cherished regrets. It was raining, and he had no umbrella. The courteous landlady came upon him and divined his trouble.

"Haven't you any umbrella?" she asked. "Oh, that's too bad! You mustn't think of going out without one. Just wait a moment till I get you mine."

Mr. Culpepper protested, but when Virginian meets Virginian courtesy is bound to prevail in the end. The landlady went upstairs and presently returned with an umbrella.

"There," said she. "Take it. I shan't need it today, and you are perfectly welcome to it, perfectly welcome."

And the grateful Mr. Culpepper stepped out and unrolled an umbrella which was the very one he had lost. Courteous Virginia gentleman, courteous Virginia landlady, and you needn't ask me how the umbrella came to change owners, for I don't know. Neither does Mr. Culpepper.—Washington Post.

Oak Wood.

The oak is a historic wood. As early as the eleventh century it became the favorite wood of civilized Europe, and specimens of carving and interior finish have come down to us from that early day, their pristine beauty enhanced by the subsiding finger of time. The early colonists brought with them to the shores of America their love for this wood, and here, too, the oak acquired historical interests.

The Dictionary.

"Neither is a dictionary a bad book to read," says Emerson in his essay on books. "There is no cant in it, no excess of explanation, and it is full of suggestion, the raw material of possible poems and histories. Nothing is wanting but a fine shuffling, sorting, ligature and cardage."

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WHY WE ARE AGENTS

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

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

N. W. Spaulding, President Spaulding Saw Co. San Francisco, had a recovery in his own family and in that of his friends. His wife, Adolph W. Wacker, capitalist, San Francisco, recovered himself and told two friends who recovered.

Dr. Carl D. Ziehl, pioneer druggist, 522 Pacific Street, San Francisco, recovered himself and gave it to more than a dozen patients who recovered.

Charles Engleke, editor of the German paper, San Francisco, recovered himself and told it to a number of his friends. One of them, being Charles F. Wacker, the sixth street merchant, recovered himself and told it to several who recovered. Among them being an old school physician.

Edward Short of the San Francisco Call recovered, also three of his friends. William Martin, Captain Hubbard of the Honolulu route and William Hawkins of the U. S. Quartermaster's Department of San Francisco.

John A. Phillips of the Hotel Repeller, San Francisco, and two of his friends recovered. The kidneys are the sewers that strain the poisons from the system. If they become clogged for a short while, but when the interference becomes chronic (permanent), as first shown by Bright's is the only question of how long before death will ensue. It is then that the kidneys develop into this form about the 35th to 40th month of life. People suffering with the kidney trouble should be treated with the Fulton Compound. It has reached the serious stage. Fulton's Special Compound for Bright's Kidney Disease, 211 Washington Street, San Francisco, is the only remedy for this disease. We are the sole agents for this city.

Save the Baby.

The mortality among babies during the three first years is something frightful. The cause is apparent. With baby's own hardening, the foetus receives the skull coming up and its teeth forming for home material that nearly half the little systems are deficient in. The result is weakness, nervousness, convulsions, etc., that prove terribly fatal. The deaths in New York three years were 34,000. In scores of cases 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 treat with any of the material medicine nor narcotics. What the little system is crying out for is more home material. Sweetman's is the only source of supplies. It has saved the lives of thousands of babies. They begin to improve within forty-eight hours. Here is what physicians think of it.

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

Gentlemen—I am prescribing your food in the multitude of baby troubles due to improper dentition. A large percentage of infantile ill and fatal diseases are due to the deficient system demands, and I have had surprising success with your product. This diet, given with their regular food, has not failed to check the infantile diseases. Several of the worst cases of infantile diarrhea have been cured without it. It can be used in any case of infantile diarrhea 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 of infantile diarrhea and I was told that it was brought to me from another city for treatment. The baby was born 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 innocuous the gums and soothes the inflamed plan and a blessing to the baby to not wait for symptoms but to commence with the teething food at once. Then all the teeth will come healthfully, without pain, distress or lancing. It is an auxiliary to the regular diet and easily taken. Price 50 cents (enough for six weeks), sent postpaid on receipt of price. Pacific Coast Agents, Indiana Drug Co., Mills Building, San Francisco.