This Too, Too Solid Flesh...

By ... HOWARD FIELDING

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She made a gesture of despair, but she stepped out of the closet just as Outland and Walworth entered the larger room.

"What does this mean?" I demanded.

"I beg your pardon," said the lawyer in his smoothest tone. "Is Mr. Harbert here?"

"No," I answered. "He has been here, but has gone away."

"It is singular that I did not see him," said Walworth. "I was waiting in the lower hall."

I made no comment. The two men stepped into the inner office.

"He could not have got out of the building," Walworth resumed. "Do you know where he went? Into some other office, perhaps."

"He did not tell me where he was going," I answered, experiencing a singular gratification on being able to speak the truth.

I sat in my chair by the desk, with the best affectation of indifference that I could command. It was a miserable failure, as I knew by the look that Amy turned upon me. Walworth's shifty glance ran over me like a search light and flashed to all parts of the room.

"We thought we heard a noise up here," said the superintendent, "and Mr. Walworth suggested"—

He paused.

"Yes?" said I. "What did Mr. Walworth suggest?"

"That the sound was a pistol shot," rejoined the lawyer, "and that you were an enemy of Harbert's."

He had dropped his smooth manner, and he seemed to have thoroughly made up his mind.

"You are insane," said I, with a weak assumption of anger.

"I smell powder smoke," he continued, "and there is blood on the floor."

He pointed to the place where Harbert's head had lain. Outland stooped down to look, while Walworth turned on more electric lights. I knew not how to interpose an objection.

"This needs investigation," said the superintendent.

"Go ahead and investigate," I rejoined. "But if you really wish to know what has happened I will tell you. My revolver was accidentally discharged, and I am wounded."

I drew back the coat with which I had replaced the light one and showed the blood stains beneath.

"A revolver does not go off twice by accident," said Walworth. "We heard two shots. I am afraid that the first was better aimed than the second. A suicide shoots with an unsteady hand."

So he believed I had killed Harbert and had then attempted to escape the consequences. It was plausible, and my blood ran cold.

"Harbert is certainly not here," continued the lawyer, "and there is but one place in the building where he could have gone if this man's story is true."

"Mr. Oswald's office?" said Outland.

"Precisely," responded Walworth. "He did not say he was going there, and I am reasonably sure that he did not go. But we will cover that point, and then, Mr. Cheever, we shall look to you for an explanation."

He walked away, followed by Outland. Amy and I looked at each other helplessly. I knew that Walworth had no suspicion of the truth. He merely recognized the possibility, which had just occurred to him, that Harbert had gone to see Oswald, perhaps for help after an encounter with me. Harbert had tried very hard to make a friend of Oswald. It may be that he was really attracted to the chemist, but I had thought it more probable that he had made the mistake of supposing that he could get information from my friend that would be useful in his campaign against me.

Fate had arranged all the details of the situation with admirable forethought. Beyond a doubt I was doomed to the miseries of a fight against the law, if not to actual penalty of murder. It was inconceivable that in the brief time at his disposal Oswald had made any disposition of Harbert's body. If he had been rash enough to begin a chemical process upon it, then he and I were both involved in a most terrible net of suspicion. It came to me then for the first time that Oswald had acted entirely outside the bound of ordinary human conduct in entering with me into this affair of deadly peril. When a man utterly desperate, as I had been, asks his friend for help it seems natural to him that it should be granted, and thus I had accepted Oswald's tremendous sacrifice as no great wonder.

Amy and I followed Outland and Walworth into the hall and up the stairs. It was an absurd thing to do, but we were beyond our own control. Upon the floor above the scrub woman was busily at work.

"Is anybody in Mr. Oswald's room?" the superintendent asked her.

"No one but myself, sir, I guess," said the woman. "Nobody 's gone in since I've been here, and nobody 's come out except Mr. Cheever."

In the larger laboratory we heard Oswald's three assistants singing, as they often did at the close of the day, but not a sound came from his own room. Outland tried the door.

"In just a second," called Oswald cheerfully.

Almost at once the door was opened. We all filed in.

"Well, upon my word!" exclaimed the chemist. "This is an agreeable surprise. Miss Romaine, I'm delighted to see you. Have a chair. And you, too, Cheever. You're not looking very well. Sit down, gentlemen, all. What can I do for you?"

My eyes, which, with the nervous strain, were sore in their sockets, roamed round the room. There was not a place in it where a man could hide a tall hat. Yet Harbert's body had disappeared. Could Oswald have taken it into the main laboratory? Impossible. He would not trust such a secret to three men.

"We are looking for Mr. Harbert," said Walworth. "Have you seen him?"

"He was here about fifteen minutes ago," replied Oswald. "I guess he'd come from your office, Cheever. I don't know where he is now. Miss Romaine, I'm afraid the vapors in this room are too much for you. It smells a little like a draft from the infernal regions. That's all in the chemist's trade, you know. We were supposed to have dealings with his Satanic Majesty a few hundred years ago."

"What is this white dust that is falling?" asked Amy faintly.

It was like the finest ashes, and it settled almost imperceptibly upon everything. The sleeve of my black coat was gray with it. I shook it off with a shudder.

"I had a trifling explosion here," said Oswald. "What you smell is called phosphoric anhydride. The powder is somewhat more complex. I'm afraid I couldn't make its composition quite clear to you without going into an explanation that would be tedious."

"I've never seen your laboratory," said Walworth. "Would you mind my looking in. It must be interesting."

"With all the pleasure of life," said the chemist.

He unlocked the door between the two rooms, and Walworth and Outland entered. Oswald stepped back and whispered to me:

"It's all right. Don't worry. I've disposed of him."

Amy and I looked into each other's face. I never saw any one else so pale as she was, but she had the strength to take Oswald's hand in both of hers while shuddering at the awful miracle he had performed. There was nothing in the laboratory that could afford the slightest clew to Harbert's disappearance. Walworth spent five minutes there in a thin pretense of examining the apparatus. We returned to Oswald's room, where I saw Walworth and Outland exchange whispers.

"Can you come with us, Mr. Cheever?" asked the lawyer. "I think we really ought to make a search for Harbert."

I did not dare refuse. From Oswald's manner I judged that he was anxious

'This is an agreeable surprise, Miss Romaine."

we should all be gone. Amy went with me to my office and waited there while Outland, Walworth and I made a futile search. First we went to the main entrance of the building, where the uniformed employee on duty reported that Harbert had not gone out. This did not surprise any of us, but the subsequent failure to find any trace of him in the building completely mystified both Walworth and Outland.

In truth, it was little less mysterious to me, for by no means of which I ever heard can a human body be reduced to vapor and fine powder that will float upon the air and in the space of fifteen minutes at the most. It was the more stupefying to me because in Oswald's room there was but little apparatus and no great quantity of any reagent. There was no furnace at all, no means of producing heat except the little Bunsen burners that one sees in every laboratory. Surely my friend possessed an awful secret which he shared with few of his fellow men.

The search was over in an hour, for the construction of the building was exceedingly simple. I had begun to suffer intense pain from my wound, which, however, I had found to be of even less gravity than I had supposed. The bullet had been deflected and had passed half round the body, just under the skin. Its extraction would be easy, but should not be too long delayed. I could see that Walworth was debating in his mind the advisability of making a charge against me. Obviously he was perfectly certain of his facts. My demeanor had betrayed me to his keen and practiced observation. Only his utter inability to suggest an explanation of the body's disappearance prevented him from causing my arrest.

Eventually he decided not to do so at once. I left the building with Amy, and we went to the nearest physician's office, where my injury was dressed. We then went to her aunt's house, where we passed the evening. I was able to go to my own apartments about midnight. A few minutes after my arrival Walworth appeared, accompanied by an officer from police headquarters. I was arrested for the murder of my enemy. I did not notify Amy of this misfortune until the following morning, for nothing could have been done. I was questioned by the detective who made the arrest, and I told the story of an accidental injury. It was perfectly obvious that he did not believe me.

"I think you two men had a row," he said, "and you'd have done a mighty sight better to tell the truth in the beginning."

I was distinctly of the same opinion, but the time had passed. That night in a cell was the most wretched of my life. I had not one pleasant thought. Even love was misery, for I had brought the dearest and truest woman in all the world to a grief that might be endless. About 10 o'clock the following morning I was summoned to the office of the chief of detectives, and there, to my surprise, was Oswald. He was chatting pleasantly with the formidable official, and one would have said that they were old friends agreeably met.

"Mr. Oswald has told me everything," said the chief smilingly as he extended his hand. "I guess you won't have any more trouble now that Harbert's remains are so neatly disposed of."

I gasped in astonishment, and my knees shook under me.

"You see, this was the way of it," said Oswald, lighting a cigar. "When you brought your friend into my office, he looked pretty bad. His forehead was black as your hat, and he had a scratch on the front part of his scalp—a scratch, nothing more. You thought that he was dead, naturally being considerably disturbed in mind at the time, but I knew that he was only stunned as soon as I looked at him. Your few words of explanation made the case quite clear to me, and a beautiful little scheme came instantly into my mind. I got you out of the way, and then I put some strong ammonia under Mr. Harbert's nose and quickly revived him.

"'What has happened?' he gasped, sitting up on the floor and looking around wildly.

"'Happened?' said I. 'You have shot Cheever, and you're in a pretty bad place, my friend.' You know the scoundrel had been making up to me for months with the amiable intention of pumping all I knew of your affairs out of me.

"He had not heard what I had said, for he was stone deaf, and I guess he always will be. I was obliged to write my remarks in our subsequent conversation. 'What shall I do?' said he. 'This is murder.'

"'Get out of the country,' I wrote in reply.

"'How?' said he.

"'There's a sailing vessel that will start tomorrow morning from the port for Bahia, Brazil,' I wrote. 'I'm shipping some chemical stuff on her, and I know the captain. I can get him to take you.'

"He grasped my hand—the coward. I washed his face and painted him so that his mother wouldn't have known him. Then I gave him a blouse and overalls, which he put on. It was agreed that he should go to a saloon on South street and wait for me. By the time that this had been arranged you and the others were at the door. I sent Harbert into the laboratory with instructions to go out in that way as soon as I had let you in. He managed it all right even without his ears, and he got out of the building without being recognized. I had given him an old cap to pull down over his forehead.

"Well, I met him at the appointed place and got him aboard the vessel. I told the captain the exact truth—that his passenger was a scoundrel who had by the meanest persecution and legal—or illegal—trickery brought an honest man to the verge of ruin. Then I explained the remainder of the circumstances and I gave the skipper $50. I took some witnesses along to satisfy our friend here. The vessel sailed with a good north wind, and Harbert is on the ocean for a good three months. Meanwhile there's no one here who has legal authority to act for him, not even Walworth. I was careful to find that out. By the time he can get back your affairs will be in such shape that he can't injure you. So what do you think of the case as it stands, my friend?"

"I am surprised that you did not suspect," Oswald continued. "There is no process by which this mortal frame can be dissolved so readily. It is 'too, too solid,' as Hamlet remarked."

"I thought that that white powder floating in the air was—was Harbert," I stammered.

Oswald laughed.

"While I was attending to him a bit of apparatus blew up," said he. "Perhaps that was lucky, as it relieved your mind. And now suppose you send a note and relieve some one else's mind. He will be released as soon as the matter is explained to the court, won't he, chief?"

London's Whistles.

A boy was charged at a London police court the other day with blowing a whistle in such a way as to cause three policemen to come toward him. The fact that such a thing is possible suggests the questions: How do the police distinguish between a cab whistle and a police whistle? What is there to prevent any one from blowing a whistle in such a way as to call a policeman?

A representative of the Graphic who put these questions to a high official of the city police learned that in the matter of attending to whistles, as with his many other duties, the policeman uses his discretion. Any shrill whistle will attract a policeman, but such a whistle blown at night outside a restaurant or any place where people congregate and cabs are wanted would not bring a policeman to the whistler. The same whistle blown in precisely the same way in the middle of the city at midday would bring a policeman on the scene at once.—London Graphic.

The Memory of Ants.

A remarkable fact in the physiology of ants is their memory. The number of ants that go to make a nest is enormous, yet they are all personally known to each other and are able to recognize members of their own community after a prolonged absence. Sir John Lubbock kept one of these remarkably intelligent insects from its home for a year. On its return the relatives from whom it had been so cruelly separated recognized their wanderer and welcomed it back, while an ant introduced from another nest was most inhospitably treated, even murdered and thrown out.

NEW SHORT STORIES

Sir Arthur's Way.

The report that the veteran librettist, W. S. Gilbert, may again take up writing for the stage has revived stories of the old Gilbert-Sullivan union and a new lot of reminiscences concerning Sir Arthur.

An old friend, Mr. Cellier, has been recalling the ways of the composer. "Sir Arthur Sullivan found his chief difficulty in getting started," Mr. Cellier says, "but once he got his hand in he would write for twelve hours at a stretch and for days took no time for regular meals, but snatched a bite from the sideboard when he thought of it. He was a charming man, making everything easy and being very approachable. Naturally all desired to please him. In a certain chorus he had written a high top note for the sopranos, and on it there was a difficult word to sing. They demurred over it and told him of their troubles.

"'Why, bless me, it is one of the best top notes I ever wrote,' was his reply.

"They were so devoted that they struggled with the word and sang it very charmingly.

"One day a young debutante was extremely nervous on a first rehearsal with the orchestra and almost in tears. When it came to an unaccompanied quartet she said to Sir Arthur, 'I know I shall sing out of tune.'

"'That's right, my dear,' he replied; 'sing out of tune. That's how I like it.' The result was that her nervousness quite disappeared. She sang it in tune and was afterward a successful prima donna of the Savoy."

Lord Erskine's Joke.

In connection with the resignation of office by a lord chancellor a good story is told by Lord Campbell of Lord Chancellor Erskine. Soon after that distinguished lawyer's relinquishment of the seals he was invited to a garden party at Oatlands, where the Duchess of York had upon the lawn a number of rare animals and, among others, a remarkable black monkey with a long, white,

"I SINCERELY WISH YOU JOY."

hairy mantle flowing gracefully over his head and shoulders. Erskine was late in arriving, but at last, while the Prince of Wales, the Duke of York and other royal personages were standing in a group near the entrance to the courtyard, he arrived in a very mean looking one horse vehicle. Immediately alighting, the ex-chancellor, instead of bowing to the royal party, suddenly stepped up to the monkey, and, taking off his hat in a very dignified manner and making three obeisances, he addressed the animal in these words amid the hearty laugh of all present: "Sir, I sincerely wish you joy. You wear your wig for life!"

An Ancient Family.

Dr. Clement Biddle of Philadelphia is proud of the distinguished family to which he belongs, but not foolishly, not ludicrously proud.

A certain aged Philadelphian discussed family trees with Dr. Biddle at an assembly ball. This old man carried his family pride to a ridiculous extent. He claimed that he could trace his ancestry directly back to certain princes of the seventh century.

Dr. Biddle, with a grave air, said:

"Yours is an old family. Mine is too. Both yours and mine, though, are young beside the family of Sir William Watkins Wynne of Wales."

"The Wynnes!" said the old man excitedly. "I am related to the Wynnes. Tell me all about them, won't you?"

"The Wynne family tree," said Dr. Biddle, "is written upon five skins. It goes back—back—farther back than Noah. So far back does it go, in fact, that in the middle of it, on the third skin, you may see inscribed the sentence, 'About this time the world was created.'"

Why, Indeed?

Bishop Potter and Chauncey Depew were invited to the same function recently, and both were expected to speak, which moved the bishop to remark: "This reminds me of the story of two oysters who were in attendance at an ecclesiastical festival. Said one to the other, 'What is this anyhow?' 'It's a church fair,' was the reply. 'A church fair! Then what in the world do they want with both of us?'"—Exchange.

Lakes of Blood.

The name Lake of Blood or its equivalent has been given to places as far apart as England and South America.

"Sanguelac"—i. e., the Lake of Blood—was the name given by the victorious Normans to the battlefield at Hastings, where the Saxons were overthrown and slain with terrible carnage.

For a similar reason Lake Trasimene has borne the name "Sanginetto" because its waters were reddened during the second Punic war by the blood of some 15,000 Romans who fell before the troops of Hannibal.

Yet another Lake of Blood, called also "Yaguar Cocha," is situated in the state of Ecuador. It is one of a series of lakes formed by the extinct craters of volcanoes on the towering heights of the Andes range of mountains.

A DANCE IN THE KLONDIKE

Joaquin Miller's Story and the Way He Clinched It.

At one of his lectures just after his return from the Klondike Joaquin Miller told the following story: "One night I was invited to a dance in a miner's cabin, and while Bill Dalton scraped away on his fiddle we just hoed it down. But the miners tramped in and out so much between dances that before midnight the ladies declared the floor was so slippery they couldn't dance another step unless something was done. Then something was done that never was possible in mining days in California. Each miner gallantly opened his buckskin powder pouch and sprinkled gold dust on the floor! And this was repeated throughout the night. And in the morning, ladies and gentlemen, those miners never troubled themselves about sweeping up that gold dust. They just hitched up their dog sleds and rode away."

At this point of Miller's narrative there was a slight agitation in the audience, an ominous sign of incredulity, but Miller was equal to it. With a wave of his hand toward one of the boxes, he said, "And my old friend up there in the box, Captain John Healy, will substantiate what I say."

It was a master stroke of the poet, for the house burst into applause and greatly embarrassed the modest millionaire mining and railroad promoter of Alaska, who unsuspectingly had accepted Miller's invitation to attend the lecture in the afternoon.

LEFT MINDED PEOPLE.

The Way the Brain's Orders Are Announced and Obeyed.

Both sides of the brain are capable of performing the duties of giving commands to the limbs, but the orders only come from one side, either from the right or left, but if the side upon which the speech center lies gets injured and is rendered incapable of performing its duty then the other side takes up the work, though it requires some time before it can do so properly.

Supposing a man meets with a bad fall or accident of any kind which damages the speech center on the left, he becomes dumb for the time being. Then the right side slowly learns how to give orders, and the man gradually regains power of speech after some years, but in many cases he becomes left handed because now the orders from the brain are transmitted more rapidly to the left than to the right.

You have often experienced, I suppose, the curious feeling that you have done something or met some one at some time or other when in reality you have not done so at all.

Supposing the left side of your brain conceived the idea that you were going to tie your boot lace and that the right side was, say, a thousandth part of a second behindhand in grasping the same idea, the result, when the right side did grasp it, would be that you would imagine that you had already tied your boot lace.—Dr. Withrow in London Answers.

SOCIETY IN IRELAND.

A Person Is Judged There Entirely Upon His Merits.

An English scribe gives a delightful picture of Irish society, in which, she says, there are "no millionaires and no nouveaux riches." Titles there are in plenty, but position counts for nothing unless the persons in question are "good sorts" in themselves. Whereas in England one is tolerated principally for one's wealth, in Scotland for one's birth, in Ireland it would appear one is judged entirely on one's merits.

"The average Irish household differs from the English in being less stiff, more amusing and more hospitable. Possibly the wall paper may be a trifle moldy from damp and the stair carpets not altogether innocent of holes, while your bedroom jug and basin may not match, but these are counterbalanced by priceless old prints, superb bits of old silver and all 'the fun of the fair.' It is more amusing to pay a round of country visits in Ireland than in England. There is no ceremony, but of hearty, sincere welcome there is no end. There is no anxiety about an Irish party amalgamating, for guests are all drawn into the family circle, whereas an English party does not thaw out until the visit is nearly over and often only shows signs of exhilaration when the hour of departure arrives. It is a mistake," concludes the critic, "for the Saxon to start plans for the improving of Ireland. The Irish standard of morality puts English society to the blush."

Mere Money Getting.

Money getting is no new passion. From the beginning nineteen-twentieths of our American population have had no other mastering purpose than to make money. They have been breadwinners, fortune getters, by the lines of least resistance, without dreams of success in the professions or in the arts or in patriotic politics.

But there have also been up to recent years a remnant, a select few, a company of enlightened and gifted people, who have put ideals ahead of money getting.

There was Agassiz, who refused to lecture at $500 a night because he was too busy to make money. Charles Sumner declined to lecture at any price because, he said, as senator all his time belonged to Massachusetts. Spurgeon refused to come to America to deliver fifty lectures at $1,000 a night, saying he could do better; he could stay in London and try to save fifty souls. Emerson steadfastly declined to increase his income beyond $1,200 because he wanted his time to think.—Everybody's Magazine.

She Settled It.

"Sir," began the youth, "I have come to ask for your daughter's hand in"—

"No, sir!" snorted her father. "You can't have her! What could possibly have prompted you to ask"—

"Why—er—she did, sir!"

"Oh, that's different! Also, that settles it!"—Philadelphia Press.

Anxious.

Alice—How did you feel while Fred was proposing to you?

Mildred—Two or three times I felt like supplying the words I knew he was groping for, but of course that wouldn't have been the thing to do at all.

WOMAN AND FASHION

Girl's School Dress.

The illustration shows a dress of mixed beige wool for little girl from seven to ten years old. The skirt and bolero are both box plaited. The corners of the latter are turned back and

FOR GIRL FROM SEVEN TO TEN.

faced with plain beige cloth and bordered with a bias band of tobacco brown cloth.

The turnover collar and the flaring cuffs are also of the plain beige cloth, bordered with the darker. The sleeves are full at the bottom and have little sleeve caps. The blouse is of white linen or waisting and the girdle is of the dark cloth, fastened in front with a buckle.—Le Guide des Couturieres.

The Law on Waists.

Again the word has gone forth that separate waists are absolutely out of fashion and that blouses must be made to match the skirt with which they are worn, no matter how heavy the material. Like many of the arbitrary laws, this one will be constantly broken. There is no question, however, but that the most elegant costumes have skirts and waists of the same material. In the instance of cloth gowns the bodices are composed of the cloth mixed with either embroidery or lace in such a manner that they are made not only graceful, but they are not too warm. For off waists nothing is more becoming and beautiful than one composed of lace. Crepe de chine is also combined with lace and embroidery.

Blue Cloth the New Color.

Pale blue cloth is one of the season's latest dictates, and an exquisite toilet recently seen was of panne cloth in that shade. The style of the gown was extremely simple, being merely corded around the hips and shoulders of the pelerine.

The skirt trimming, equally unpretentious, was fashioned of old time ruchings of cloth. Both sleeves and lingerie wrist ruffles were of blue chiffon. The bodice had a vest and belt of white lace and another narrow vest of cloth, through which was threaded a tie of cerise silk.

The scarf and muff were of moleskin, which harmonized delightfully with the pale blue cloth.—Washington Star.

Ostrich Feathers Popular.

One thing is sure—ostrich feathers are the most popular feature of the winter millinery and appear not only upon the picture hats, but also upon the small hats and turbans. Bunches of small ostrich tips droop over the upturned brim of one hat, and a plume of incredible length made by joining two plumes together trails around the crown of another hat and falls low over the shoulder.

For the Ballroom.

This dainty frock is of sun ray plaited with white chiffon over rose pink liberty satin. The bodice has a wreath

DAINTY BALL GOWN.

of pink roses round the low cut neck, and the skirt is trimmed with three garlands of pink roses and white satin ribbon.

Black Evening Dresses.

Black dresses for evening wear are prettier than ever before, being wrought of filmy fabrics such as lace chiffon, mousseline de soie, spangled net or "dewdrop" tulle, by which is meant tulle showered over with sparkling crystals. Duchesse satin is again affected for evening wear.

It Would Seem So.

Wife (reading)—Here's the advertisement of a matrimonial agency offering to supply any man with a wife for $5.

Husband—Oh, of course. It costs less to get into trouble than it does to get out again.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

The Judge's Admission.

"What was your greatest trial, judge?" asked the young lawyer.

"Getting my seven daughters married off," replied the scanty haired jurist.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

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WHO KNOWS

When His Kidney Trouble Has Fastened and Reached the Chronic Stage? If it Has it is Incurable by Anything Known Except the Fulton Compounds. We Are The Sole Agents.

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 Ferry 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 anything 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., 402 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 convulsions, weakness, sweating, fever, diarrhoea, brain troubles, convulsions, etc., that prove terribly fatal. The deaths in 1900 under three years were 204,988, 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.

A DOG OF UTILITY.

The Pointer's Evolution From the Bloodhound Type.

The evolution of the pointer from what may be described as the bloodhound type to the modern English foxhound kind has taken, perhaps, close on 150 years. He is essentially, above all others, a dog of utility, and as the pointer has always been looked upon as one of the chief helpmates of the man who loves to take his pleasure behind a well broken brace of dogs, a pair of barrels and straight powder, it stands to reason that that man has called in all his ingenuity and all his knowledge of breeding to provide himself with a sporting dog that is best adapted for the sport that is provided for him. Therefore in some places in America, where the plains are so vast, a very fast and wide ranging pointer is required—one, too, with "bird sense." Where true ranging, a good nose and staunchness on game are to be found embodied in one single dog, there, perhaps, have we found the perfect animal, and a retrieving pointer at that.

As in other breeds of dogs, there are all sizes and sorts of pointers. The short headed, cloddy shouldered and often weak thighed and cow hocked pointer has gone by the board. It stands to reason that, although the cart horse can gallop, he cannot gallop with the thoroughbred, the clean necked, oblique shouldered, deep hammed, live racing machine. Half a day of real going will knock up the heavy headed, loose throated pointer. He has had to give way to the more elegant quantity; but even such as he should not be too small.—Illustrated Sporting News.

"Brethren," said an earnest exhorter to a body of religious workers, "brethren, remember that there is nothing which will kindle the fires of religion in the human heart like water from the fountains of life."

A Good Word.

Ferdy—I put in a good word for you, old chap. I told her you had more money than brains.

Algy—And what did she say then?

Ferdy—She asked me if you had any money.—Puck.

It cannot be too often repeated, "To innovate is not to reform."—Burke.