DIPLOMACY

By Frances Wilson

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SHE looked down ruefully at her new walking gown and patent leather boots. What should she do? It was half past 5, and for three-quarters of an hour she had stood at the entrance of the great office building, waiting for a chance to get to the cars between drops. It was coming down in straight, unerring lines that struck the pavement like javelins and made a thousand splashes in the water already there.

She sent a furtive glance at the cabs which were scurrying up and down the street, summoned now to one building, now to another, and evolved a new beauty formula—"To prevent wrinkles, take cabs."

"Won't you take this?" The voice was so near her that she gave a startled jump. A man was standing on the step below her, holding an umbrella and a card in his outstretched hand.

"I'm with a friend and do not need it, and you can return it to me."

The words were spoken hurriedly, and before she knew what had happened—before, indeed, she recovered from her astonishment enough to notice his face—she was holding the umbrella and the card in her hand, and her benefactor had melted back into the crowd of dripping figures which was making its way as one man toward the street car lines.

"Why," she gasped in amazement, "I didn't even get a glimpse of him! I've heard of effacing oneself, but that's the neatest illustration of it that I've ever seen. He must have a nice mother."

She looked at the card and read, "Mr. Murray Sheldon, Union League Club."

His business address, Wall street, had been hurriedly scrawled upon it in pencil. She tucked the card carefully away in her purse and, with her mind full of the little episode, joined the crowd of bobbing umbrellas which was moving down the street.

As she entered the elevated train she saw with satisfaction that one of the cross seats was still vacant and seated herself by the window with a comfortable sense of being coddled by Dame Fortune. Two gentlemen who occupied the opposite seat exchanged a quick look as she did so. She was vaguely annoyed, for she felt sure that she had been indulging in that idiotic habit of smiling at her thoughts which was always making people stare at her in amazement.

The rain rolled smoothly down the car windows, and the train squirmed around curves and stopped from time to time to take up a few more dripping humans, but she was only vaguely conscious of it. She was dreaming, but she could scarcely have told of what.

She opened her eyes in bewilderment. Surely, the Thirty-third street station! She made her way quickly through the crowd, barely managing to get off before the gate closed and congratulating herself upon her escape. But her elation was soon changed to consternation, for the umbrella—Mr. Murray Sheldon's umbrella—was missing.

She stood there in the rain staring helplessly at her empty hand. She might take the next train and follow

She was vaguely annoyed.

the umbrella up. Then she remembered dismally that she didn't know whether it was a Fifty-eighth street or a Harlem train. There was nothing to do but go home, start out early in the morning and visit the lost article office.

But if she didn't find it! She became positively hollow eyed as she recalled that it had a very odd handle, evidently a curio, for it had an unusual, made to order look. It was probably some souvenir of travel, something which had associations, and she turned faint as she pictured to herself Mr. Sheldon's emotions when he received the pleasing information that she had lost it.

Nine o'clock the next morning found her in the dingy room where by the murky yellow light of a solitary gas jet lost articles of every description peered coquettishly out from the shelves which lined the walls.

There were hundreds of umbrellas—umbrellas with wooden handles, ivory handles, Dresden handles, handles of glass, gold and silver; there were umbrellas of every sort known to man, it seemed to her, save only the one that she was seeking. It was sickening!

She made her way dejectedly to the office.

"Sick?" inquired the senior partner, who was her second cousin and who had more than once lectured her upon her carelessness.

She shook her head despondently.

"Lost something?" was the next question, and this time she looked at him without answering.

"I'd tell you about it," she volunteered at last, "if you were not so unsympathetic."

But, having reached the point where she must unburden her mind, she told him anyway, remarking in a dignified tone as he burst into a peal of laughter, "I am glad that it amuses you."

"But what do you suppose that the handle was?" she asked anxiously, overlooking his brutal behavior in her anxiety to get expert opinion.

"From your description I should fancy that it might be a walrus tusk which he or some friend had brought back as a relic of an arctic trip"—

The girl groaned.

"What do you think I would better do?" she asked, with tears in her voice.

"There is the great exemplar," murmured her cousin dreamily, "he who uttered the immortal words, 'I did it with my little hatchet.'" And he looked at her teasingly.

"I don't agree with you," she protested hastily. "I think it's a case for diplomacy. What I need is time to think." And, having got his advice, she proceeded, womanlike, to act upon her own judgment.

A few minutes later the office boy handed Mr. Sheldon a note which informed him that Miss Hatton regretted exceedingly that she "had carelessly failed to bring his umbrella down" that morning and which expressed the hope that "a few hours' delay in returning it would cause him no inconvenience."

Upon reading this note Mr. Sheldon's eyebrows went up involuntarily, and he swung around in his chair and gazed for a moment at the rack in the corner of his room. Then he looked at the letter, and then he burst out laughing. After some hesitation he remarked aloud, "If the lady says she has forgotten to bring my umbrella down, why, she has; that's all." And he penned a polite reply which conveyed to Miss Hatton Mr. Sheldon's earnest hope that she would give herself no uneasiness about the matter and would consult her own convenience about returning the umbrella.

There was a quizzical look in his eyes for the rest of the morning, and something of the uneasiness that tormented Miss Hatton herself was discernible in his manner. She must be dreadfully uncomfortable, he knew, but he would wait a few hours and give her a chance to make another move before he acted.

For the truth of the matter was that the umbrella was resting in the rack in the corner of his private office. But how was he to communicate the fact to her in the face of her note regretting that she had carelessly failed to bring it down, etc.? He, too, was sparring for time.

"Poor little girl!" he thought as he returned from his lunch at 2 o'clock and there was still no word. "She is probably making herself sick over it." She must be told, but how to tell her—that was the question.

Ah—the very thing! He seated himself at his desk and rapidly wrote the following note:

My Dear Madam—I have just come in and find my umbrella in the rack. I trust that you have put yourself to no trouble in the matter, else I should feel that the umbrella had been of more annoyance than service to you. Sincerely yours,

MURRAY SHELDON.

He rang for the office boy and sent the note, feeling that at last the episode was closed.

The note was handed to Miss Hatton ten minutes later, and she gave a gasp as she recognized the writing. She had gained time to think, and she had thought and thought and thought, but to no purpose. And now—probably Mr. Sheldon was leaving town or something and wanted his umbrella.

She tore it open with shaking hands, read it and then sank back in her chair and looked about her in a dazed way. The familiar objects were all there. She seemed to be awake and rational. She hurried into the senior partner's room.

"Read it to me," she said appealingly. "Read it out loud."

There was no mistake. Mr. Sheldon thanked her for returning his umbrella. Even the senior partner looked puzzled.

"What shall I do now?" she demanded.

"Have you ever happened to notice how very like a confessional the telephone booth looks?" he inquired in an innocent manner.

"Perhaps that will be the best way," she agreed.

The glib speech which she had prepared suddenly went out of her mind when in answer to her rather timid "Is this Mr. Sheldon?" a masculine voice affirmed that it was and waited for her to reveal herself further.

"This is Miss Hatton"— What was she going to say next? She could not remember.

"I want to tell you that I did it—I mean that I didn't return your umbrella. I left it on an 'L' train."

She could have bitten her tongue at the way in which she blurted out this crude statement. She had meant to put it so differently.

A queer sound came over the wire. She hoped nervously that Mr. Sheldon was not apoplectic and was distinctly relieved when after a second's pause his reply came.

"I shall have to confess," he said in a confidential tone, "that I knew you did not return it."

She almost dropped the receiver. Was the umbrella bewitched, or was she losing her mind?

"You see," he went on, "my friend and I sat opposite you on the train last night. We were rather amused at the coincidence. [That accounted for the quick glance that had so annoyed her.] I saw that you did not recognize me, and it was not until the train was under way that I discovered that you had left the umbrella."

"But you didn't tell me," she began impetuously.

"I know," quickly came the answer. "But, you see, Miss Hatton, I was practicing a little diplomacy."

"So was I," she confessed in a very small voice. "Please let's forgive each other."

His Trip.

Owenlotts (coughing forcedly)—I've been advised that a trip abroad would be greatly to my benefit.

Sharpun—Who advised you—your lawyer or doctor?—Town and Country.

INGALLS AND SHERMAN

How the Kansas Senator Waited Two Years to Get Even.

In the course of his memoirs of departed statesmen Senator Vest tells of a sharp passage between Senator John J. Ingalls and Senator John Sherman. Ingalls had reported from the pensions committee a bill granting a pension to all who had served thirty days in the Federal army. He stated that the bill had been unanimously indorsed by the Republican national convention. He moved an immediate consideration and resumed his seat. "The Democratic senators felt much delicacy in opposing any pensions proposed by the Republicans," says Senator Vest, "and they knew that any opposition on their part would be quoted as evidence of their hostility to Union soldiers. There was profound silence for a moment, and Senator Sherman then addressed the chair, stating that the time had not yet come for service pensions to the soldiers of the last war. He stated that no convention, national or state, had the right to instruct him as to his senatorial duty, and he objected to the present consideration of the bill. The measure went to the calendar and died there, while the crowd of pension attorneys who had originated the scheme formed a sad procession as they filed out of the galleries, uttering fierce anathemas against the Ohio senator."

Senator Vest declares that Ingalls, "who never forgot nor forgave, nursed his wrath and two years afterward had his revenge when Sherman appeared before the District of Columbia committee, of which Ingalls was chairman, and advocated an appropriation bill providing for the extension of Fourteenth street to Columbia heights, where Sherman was a large owner of real estate. Senator Sherman in urging the bill said that Washington should be made the most beautiful capital in the world and should have streets, parks and public buildings equal to those of Rome when she was mistress of the world. Ingalls dryly remarked that he had no objection to improving Washington city so as to make it the superior of Rome in every respect, but that he had never heard of a Roman senator asking for an extension of the Appian Way at public expense in order to increase the value of his suburban property."

But after this telling shot the Kansas senator voted for the measure.—Kansas City Journal.

LET THE YAWN COME.

A Good One Is a Splendid Thing For the Whole Body.

A good, wide, open mouthed yawn is a splendid thing for the whole body. A yawn is nature's demand for rest. Some people think they only yawn because they are sleepy. But this is not so. You yawn because you are tired. You may be sleepy also, but that is not the real cause of your yawning. You are sleepy because you are tired, and you yawn because you are tired.

Whenever you feel like yawning just yawn. Don't try to suppress it because you think it is impolite to yawn. Put your hand over your mouth if you want to, but let the yawn come. And if you are where you can stretch at the same time that you yawn just stretch and yawn. This is nature's way of stretching and relaxing the muscles.

Don't be afraid to open your mouth wide and yawn and stretch whenever you feel like it. Indeed, if you are very tired, but do not feel like yawning, there is nothing that will rest you so quickly as to sit on a straight back chair and, lifting your feet from the floor, push them out in front of you as far as possible, stretch the arms, put the head back, open the mouth wide and make yourself yawn.

Those tense nerves will relax, the contracted muscles will stretch and the whole body will be rested. Do this two or three times when you are tired, and see what it will do for you.

Origin of the Bowery.

Even many native New Yorkers do not know how the Bowery came by its name, according to the Pittsburg Dispatch, which thus proceeds to their enlightenment: No less a person than the famous old one legged Governor Peter Stuyvesant was responsible for it.

When the city of New Amsterdam sprang into existence many farmers from Holland came over to seek their fortune in the new world, among them old Peter. They settled outside the town and proceeded to develop the land by clearing away the woods and planting it with grain, fruit trees and ornamental shrubs they had brought with them. Peter Stuyvesant called his residence and grounds the Bouwerie, and the lane connecting it with New Amsterdam became known as Bouwerie lane, the settlement itself taking the name of Bouwerie village.

Stuyvesant's farm extended from the junction of what is now Third and Fourth avenues to Seventeenth street and eastward to Second avenue, where at the corner of Tenth street his home was located.

No Millionaires, No Progress.

A country without millionaires will have few if any railroads, no modern sanitation, none of the devices and assistants of modern science. Poverty, ignorance, superstition and despotism are invariably the lot of the common people in any country where millionaires have not appeared or do not remain. Nobody can do very much for himself without doing something for others. No man ever acquired a million in legitimate business without benefiting the community perhaps to the extent of many millions. Millions nowadays can come only with an active, exceptional capacity for successful business. Successful business does not mean, as it did in the middle ages, the power to rob your neighbor. It means the power to serve the public better than your neighbor can serve it. Necessarily this comes through the development and use of superior machinery or better methods for producing wealth and doing business.—Gunton's Magazine.

No Danger.

"Although I have granted you this interview," said the pompous new officeholder, "I don't want people to think I'm in the habit of talking for publication."

"They won't," replied the reporter, "when they see these remarks in print."—Exchange.

HOW TO GO NUTTING.

Looping the Bough Is an Effective Way to Strip a Tree.

Not a few are the devices of skilled nutting. How often shall we see the novice crushing the green bur with a stone—and the chestnut by the same blow—or with many pains from the sharp spines trying to open the bur by hand. The nutter who is better versed has the trick, not mastered until some practice, of a peculiar quick tap of the heel—something between a blow and a cut—which at one deft side stroke lays open the nuts for the hand. The other device of jarring by a heavy stone the tree bole—especially the slim secondary trees of the deeper woods—may be trite, but not its refinement of taking a smaller stone and by a series of quick taps on the trunk "snapping" the upper branches.

Less known and more effective is another good plan. Its elements are a good arm, a ball of strong cord and, attached, a half pound stone, more or less, according to the weight of the string. The theory involves the casting of a weight over a bough of the nut tree and shaking it briskly when looped by the cord. The practice is that many a youngster who deems himself a crack thrower on the ball field will find some lessons to be learned in the precision of "looping" a chestnut branch and in the retarding power of an ascending cord tied to a projectile. Again, with usage comes the art of so releasing the cord from an upper bough as to loop the bough below and, with acquired dexterity, strip half a dozen branches after a single cast.—Clarence Deming in Outing.

Getting Rid of an Office Seeker.

In 1863, after the fall of Vicksburg, a man came to Mr. Lincoln seeking an office. He had known Mr. Lincoln very well in the early fifties, but had drifted south. He claimed to have been always a Whig and a Union man, although compelled to hide his sentiments until Vicksburg fell. He wanted an office and a good one, and he was very importunate.

At last Mr. Lincoln said to him: "John, when I was a young man, about the time I first went to Springfield to live, I was invited to a dance, and I was very proud of the invitation. I remember that I bought a new hat and a very good one, for it cost more than any other hat I had ever bought, and I was very proud to wear it to the dance. Well, I enjoyed myself so much at this hop that I stayed very late—about the last one to leave, if I remember—and as I was ready to go I said to the colored man who had charge of the coats and hats, 'Now, John, I wish you would bring me my hat.' He brought me a hat that had been worn for a long time and was very rusty and shabby, and I said to him: 'This isn't my hat. I wore a new one.' And then he replied, 'Mr. Lincoln, the new ones were all gone two hours ago.'"

The office seeker did not catch the hint for a moment or two, but when he did he burst out laughing and said that he had forgotten that it was two years since Mr. Lincoln had any offices to give, and then he went away, and Mr. Lincoln never saw him again.

The Forgetful Deacon.

One Sunday afternoon a good old Carthage deacon, overtempted by the sunshine, hitched his team to his surrey and drove with his grandchildren to Center creek. While he was not looking the young folks slipped some jointed fishing rods and tackle under the seat. Arriving at the creek, they pulled them out, much to the old gentleman's surprise and indignation. He was still remonstrating against such usages on Sunday when one of the girls hooked a catfish more than a foot long. Now, the deacon is an old time sport at fishing, and the sight of this fish set him wild. The girl couldn't land her prize, and the deacon pulled it in for her. Then, baiting the hook, he began angling on his own account and soon landed a four pound bass. Forgetting the Sabbath and all else save the glorious sport he was having, the deacon kept on fishing, bringing out several beauties, until the children reminded him that they would have to hurry home to get supper, so as to attend church.

"My gracious, yes!" he said. "I forgot this was Sunday. This is awful. Just awful!"

With one longing, lingering look at the creek, the deacon drove away.—Carthage (Mo.) Press.

Snake Oil.

A resident of Farnham, England, writes to an English publication: "I have a man who works for me and in the summer time is a great adept at catching snakes in this neighborhood. He boils them for the oil they yield, which he gives away to his neighbors. He says that it heals wounds and cures deafness, but you can imagine my astonishment when he made a statement to me the details of which I inclose: 'First catch your adder, then skin it as if it were an eel, then hang it up in the chimney over a wood fire. When dry and stiff it is fit to use, thus: Take a small portion of the dried adder and grate through a ginger grater quite fine, then take a teaspoonful of the grated powder and mix it with an early cup of tea. Take this three days in succession, then miss three days and take again in the same way until nine doses have been taken in all, and by that time the complaint (St. Vitus' dance) will have disappeared. A patient who was completely cured thus has given his experience to the narrator.'"

A Fair Question.

A hypochondriac who visited Sir Conan Doyle in the days when he was a practicing physician complained of "a very bad side." He told his story in great detail, says the London Chronicle.

He put his hand above his waist line and said:

"I get a sharp pain here, doctor, whenever I touch my head."

"Why on earth, then, do you touch your head?" Dr. Doyle asked mildly, but dryly.

Easy.

In the temporary absence of the beauty editor this question was handed by mistake to the sporting editor:

"How shall one get rid of superfluous hairs on the upper lip?"

"That's easy," he wrote in reply "Push the young man away."

WOMAN AND FASHION

An Attractive Costume.

The gown here illustrated is an excellent example of the modish tweed costume. It is extremely simple in cut and faultless in finish. The three-quarter sealskin coat has an inserted vest in white coming to the waist line, and the skirt, which just clears the ground, is plaited and finished about the hem with stitching. The hat is of rose pink velvet, with a lace edge and a shaded rose red plume.

TWEED GOWN AND SEALSKIN.

Aubergine a New Shade.

Aubergine is the latest color. It is a cross between pink and plum. There are aubergine velvets and aubergine chiffons, and to show this tint is to guarantee that the article was imported. One frock from a Parisian maker is appraised at $700. As it is a fairly plain tailor gown, the price seems extortionate. The frock is of soft cloth of aubergine color, and the velvet trimming is of the same tint. The richest embroidery is used to finish the coat, and this embroidery combines a variety of colors. The collar is edged with ruching, and the cuffs are finished with a fall of fine lace. In addition to the velvet bands and embroidery there are about twenty solid gold buttons.

Instep Evening Frock.

A great many evening dresses are cut in instep length, and very pretty they are and very convenient. Coming just to the instep, they show the high heels that are worn with the dinner gown and the very graceful arch of the foot. Indeed it is due to her vanity and the pretty shoes of the season that woman wears the instep skirt.

The instep skirt is a feature of the restaurant gown, as well as of the street dress, and is also worn for the evening and for the nicest of occasions. No more is it preserved for the rainy day skirts and the trotting costumes.

A Kid Coat.

A novel garment affected just now by the belles of Vienna and Paris is a small, tight fitting coat made of suede kid. It is worn with very smart traveling gowns, and its appearance is thought to indicate the revival of fitted coats in general. Kid is quite a favorite just now when one reflects upon the pretty crush girdles made of it and that it is even used to face the brims of hats. One pretty facing of the kind noted was of pale yellow suede, just the thing to set off brunette beauty.

Dressing the Hair.

The latest fashion of dressing the hair is to have a thick, waved piece of hair brought well forward on the forehead and the sides somewhat brushed upward, and the Parisiennes lightly pin this lock of waved hair to the bandeau of their hat, thus avoiding any ugly break. The French women always prod and poke their hair about after their hat is put on, so that all the indentations of the hat should be gracefully filled up.

A Lovely Hat.

The illustration presents a lovely hat showing several shades of the new smoke gray. It is in beaver, the under brim faced with shirred velvet, and sets well from the face. It is simply trimmed with bands of velvet, while a single shaded plume curls upward on the left side.

SHADES OF SMOKE GRAY.

Children and Play.

Play distinguishes the higher from the lower animals, and it signifies possibility of education. Fishes do not play at all, the lower mammals can hardly be taught to play, and birds are entirely devoid of the instinct. But the kitten and the lamb are essentially playing animals. The human young, however, are the true players, and in reality it is play that develops them into manhood. "Children," says Dr. Hutchinson, "are born little amorphous bundles of possibilities and are played into shape."

A MARVEL OF THE MAILS

Great Distances That Letters Travel at Small Expense.

If a man should start from New York and travel northward to Alaska, then down the coast to California and take ship to Manila and follow the lines of travel to Hongkong, to Singapore, to Canton, to Tokyo, to Vladivostok, to St. Petersburg, to Vienna, to London, to South Africa and finally to South America, touching on the way at several Pacific and south Atlantic islands and thence back to his starting point, he could travel a distance several times greater than the circumference of the globe. If he ordered his mail forwarded to him and left correct addresses behind at each place the letters would dutifully follow him and finally be delivered to him in New York a few days after his own arrival there.

All that he would have to pay extra for this remarkable journey of his mail would be a dollar or two in tolls, which would represent the charges for forwarding exacted by some of the countries through which it passed. There are in the post office department at Washington the envelope of a letter which traveled in this way 150,000 miles and another which came safely through a trip of 125,000 miles.—St. Nicholas.

A Case of Kidnaping.

The pretty baby had fallen asleep in her perambulator in front of her father's house on a fashionable street. The nurse was nowhere to be seen. A shabbily dressed man, clad in black, looked at all the windows and saw that the blinds were drawn. It was the afternoon hour, when wealthy New York likes to drive in the park.

"Ah!" he exclaimed as he crept stealthily toward the sleeping child. "If I can only catch her before she wakes—so pretty, so peaceful! I know her father will be only too glad to pay my price!"

In two seconds he stood before the baby carriage, drew a black box from beneath his coat and snapped a rubber bulb directly in the baby's face. Then he put the black box beneath his coat and walked away with a smile of supreme satisfaction.

"Gee!" he exclaimed. "Such luck! Daddy will pay $3 for a dozen of those photographs; sure thing!"—New York Times.

Oliver Cromwell.

Newburg priory claims the distinction of sheltering the remains of Oliver Cromwell. After the protector's death on his lucky day, Sept. 3, his body was embalmed and, after lying in state for some time, was interred with regal pomp in Westminster abbey. After the restoration his body, along with those of Ireton and Bradshaw, was exhumed and hanged on the gibbet at Tyburn. The heads, so the story goes, were struck off and placed on the top of Westminster hall, while the bodies were buried beneath the gallows. On the other hand, it is said that another body was substituted for that of Cromwell and that the protector was buried secretly on the Hambledon hills. At all events, at the top of Newburg priory there is a narrow room, one end of which is occupied by a mass of stonework built into the wall. Here, it is said, the remains of Oliver Cromwell rest.

The Lead Pencil.

The name lead pencil is a misnomer made correct by custom. The so called leads of a pencil are in reality a mixture of graphite and clay. Graphite is a word derived from the Greek, meaning "to write." It is a native mineral carbon of black color and brilliant metallic luster. To the touch it feels smooth, somewhat like soapstone, and it breaks in a very flaky manner under a very light blow. It is so soft it will leave a trace on paper. It is sometimes called plumbago and has still another name—black lead—from which, of course, we get the name lead pencil. Graphite is found in the oldest rock formations, and deposits are to be found in various parts of the world, the most famous being those at Altai, in Siberia, and at Ticonderoga, N. Y., in this country.

The Postman's Knock.

The British postal service may be slower than the American, but it has its humors. The story is told that in one of the remotest districts of Oxfordshire—which contains some inaccessible and primitive villages—there has long been a subpostmaster with a wooden leg. In performing his delivery of letters he drove a donkey cart. But he found it difficult to get up and down. So it has been his custom to take with him a tin bucket full of large stones. These he hurled one by one with steady aim at the doors of his neighbors as occasion demanded. That was the postman's knock.

Bananas, Not Pajamas.

At a certain dinner party a charming young woman was seated next to an exceedingly deaf old man. She had done her best to interest him, but had found it necessary to shout out each remark unto the third and fourth narration before the old man could catch the point.

So the time dragged along till the dinner was waning and the fruit was passed.

The young woman determined to make a final effort at being agreeable, so she threw her voice into saying:

"Do you like bananas?"

"How's that?" asked her neighbor in a surprised tone.

"Do you like bananas?" she repeated.

"Well, my dear," he replied, "so long as you have introduced the topic, I will say that I much prefer the old fashioned nightshirt."

Two Doses Daily Enough.

Hewitt—Bruet used to be a big eater, but now he has only two meals a day.

Jewett—You know the reason, don't you?

Hewitt—No; what is it?

Jewett—The doctor gave him some medicine to take after each meal.—Brooklyn Life.

Noodles Under Fire.

"You must give Mr. Noodles a chance," interposed his hostess. "He's collecting his thoughts."

"Noodles always had such a fad for collecting rarities," observed the joshing chief sympathetically.—Syracuse Herald.

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Nothing Known

Will Cure Kidney Diseases After They Have Fastened and Become Chronic But the Fulton Compounds. We Have Secured the Sole Agency for This City.

Fulton's Renal Compound enjoys the unique distinction of being the only thing known that cures kidney trouble in all its stages from the primary inflammation up to and including the chronic stage called Bright's Disease which has been, up to the advent of this Compound, positively incurable. Then why not start with the Renal Compound at first rather than ordinary kidney medicines, all of which fall short if the disease has reached the chronic state? Then you will know you are right. No statements are published by the Fulton people except cases that have reached the chronic stage, incurable by all other known medicines. Here is another recovery we are permitted to refer to.

Mrs. S. E. Cline of 1737 Broadway, San Francisco, was pronounced by her physician as incurably ill with kidney disease that had become chronic (Bright's Disease). She also had diabetes. Another physician was called in. Dropsy had set in, the nails came off and he too said nothing known would save her. She was so far beyond help they told her not to further torture herself by dieting. She went on the Fulton Compounds. The third week was slightly better. The third month the nails began to come back, and a few months later was well and began dropping the treatment. An attorney, friend of Mrs. Cline, Judge E. H. Cutler of 330 Pine street, San Francisco, had diabetes that is also incurable according to the books. Knowing of her recovery he too took the Fulton Compounds and in eight months regained his health and is now in active practice.

Dropsy, rheumatism from uric acid, gout, pain in the back, bladder trouble, etc., are proofs that the kidneys are in trouble. The last stage is Bright's Disease and Diabetes. If you are feeling languid or miserable send for pamphlet. Recoveries nearly 90% among these hitherto incurable diseases. Fulton's Renal Compound for Bright's and Kidney Diseases $1. for Diabetes $1.50. John J. Fulton Co., 421 Washington street, San Francisco, sole compounders. We are their exclusive agents in this city.

Save the Baby.

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

The cause is apparent. With baby's bones hardening, the fontanel (opening in the skull) closing up and its teeth forming, all these coming at once create a demand for bone material that nearly half the little systems are deficient in. The result is feevishness, weakness, sweating, fever, diarrhoea, brain troubles, convulsions, etc., that prove terribly fatal. The deaths in 1900 under three years were 304,388, 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. MENDELL, 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 Blackened Character.

The city of Pueblo, Colo., is on account of its smelting and refining works one of the smokiest cities in the world. At times the sun is quite obscured, and the light is much like that which precedes a glowering thundershower.

One winter a traveler stepped from a train at Denver and, walking up to a policeman, asked him the way to a certain hotel. The officer cast a scornful eye upon the man, who was covered with soot and grime, so that he looked like a chimney sweep, and laconically inquired of the stranger if he was a coal miner.

"No," said the dirty one; "I am not a coal miner nor a charcoal burner; neither am I in the coal dust business. More than that, I am not a negro minstrel."

"What are you?" asked the policeman.

"Lean down," said the man, "and I will whisper to you. I am a millionaire in sore distress. I have been through a snowstorm in Pueblo."

Weariness In Metals.

It has been found that when animal matter (for instance, a muscle or nerve) is repeatedly irritated its sensitiveness wears off after a time. The deflection of the galvanometer needle is feebler and feebler. In fact, the muscle or nerve begins to show signs of fatigue. In the human body, of course, this fatigue is quite obvious. If we use a particular muscle or nerve continuously without giving it time to rest its original action soon becomes enfeebled.

Professor Bose finds that metals betray exactly the same signs of fatigue under repeated irritation.—A. S. K. Ghosh in Pearson's Magazine.

Where Diogenes Was Foolish.

Potter—You have heard of Diogenes going about with a lantern searching for an honest man?

Mrs. Potter—Bigger fool he! Honest men are not to be found on the street at night; they are at home with their families.—Boston Transcript.

The Song's Fate.

Patience—He wrote a song he thought was going to live.

Patrice—And did it?

"No. The first person he heard sing it murdered it."—Yonkers Statesman.