0 0 0 0

000000000000000 HEN the windstorm blew | country choky what I found the door over the horizon it left four of wide open. Seemed the constable 'd men adrift in a catboat on the Atlantic ocean. Since midnight these men had struggled for round an' locked me in. But this beats their lives, and dawn found them wet- it. Look out now. Don't let her bump and weak, without food and without soldier. Hold her off wit' the oar till I an idea of their geographical position. get up. Now!" Their sail had split to ribbons. They sat with their feet in the half filled

inch and yearning for the land whence they had come. Two of the men wore the fatigue uni form of the United States private soldier. The other two were ragged with the wretchedness of the vagabond. All four looked disreputable. He who sat on the port quarter lifting water over the side in an old and leaky slouch hat had the strongest face of the quartet, though he seemed the most annoyed at

cockpit, fighting the water inch by

"An' to think we would get pickled like this for a cursed tin soldier," he said wrathfully. "He knew we wasn't spies Spanish spies at that. Do we look like Spaniards, hey, me an' you. Andy? What if we was next the powder house? We didn't know it. Did he think we'd go monkeyin' wit' death like that if we'd knew it, hey?"

"Ah, break away, Choky, an' mind yer hat," growled the other ragged one sententiously. The seemingly hopeless effort to lower the water made him ill humored.

"What were you doin' there anyhow?" asked one of the soldiers curlously.

"We was a doin' the Jersey summer resorts from Cape May up," answered Choky, with a flerce grin. "We was a-walkin' along Sandy Hook an' got on to gov'ment ground without knowin' It. An' there we was a-smokin' our pipes an' us sittin' up ag'in that little red house an' a ton of dynamite behind us. Then they goes an' says we're Spanish spies. B'jee, if I had that feller that took us in-if I had 'im here In this boat an' his little ticklin' gun baynit wit' 'im, I'd-I'd"-

'Yes! You'd, you'd-what?" somewhat derisively inquired the one named "Well, I'd give 'im the he-cups!" re-

plied Choky after a collapse of explosive utterance.

"It is all very well for you fellows," said the other soldier. "If we do get ashore, you can prove you are only tramps. But with us it's different. I've been thinking it out overnight. It would have been better, Morley, for you and me to go to Fort Leavenworth and work out the sentence they gave us. We didn't do very much after all. But breaking the jail and coming away make it desertion. It's desertion; that's what it is. And now this Spanish war is on it may come to them condemning us to be shot. Oh, I wish we'd never left the jug, and if you hadn't come along persuading us that".

"Now, look a-here, young feller," in terrupted Choky. "When we saw the chance to break them bars an' cut loose, who was it begged to go 'long? An' then, when he finds this boat on the beach, who tells us to get in it an' sail round to N'York? Why, you, you chicken livered ration stealer! 'Twasn't our fault if the storm blew us out, near over to Spain maybe. An' you a-tellin' us you could sail a boat!"

There was more than disdain in Choky Reardon's voice. After a silence Andy, who in hobo circles was known as "the Buckeye," said; "I suppose maybe we'll get picked

"Maybe," answered Reardon, "but

let's get out the oars an' row away from the sun. We'd ought to hit the United States somewhere. You, Morley an' Archer"-he motioned to the privates-"you two bail. Andy an' me 'll row a bit."

After an hour at the oar the Buckeye got up and straddled the cockpit, on hand pressed hard into the small of his back, the other resting on the edge of the cabin trunk to steady him while be remarked that he had had enough of that for one day. He was peering toward the west when he said it. Suddenly, as the boat slipped down into a hollow, he uttered a startled curse. Then when she came up again he cried: "Say, there's a steamer! Right under

her nose we was an' never knew it!" They all got up and looked. Sure enough, it was a steamer, two miles from her funnel, but she was not moving on her course.

"She sees us:" exclaimed Reardon "We'll be picked up, all right, all He waved his wet hat and yelled. They worked hilariously at the oars to hold their craft steady pull a rescuing boat should make its appearance. The steamer drifted down toward them, but when fifteen minutes had passed and no boat came away some one suggested that, after all, perhaps they had not been sighted.

Then the Buckeye, who had been gazing intently at the drifting ship, cried:

"Why, I can't see a soul aboard. Give another yell. All together now!" "Maybe It's a fever ship and all hands have died off," finally volun-

teered Private Morley, who had imag-"Fever nothin'!" exclaimed Choky "An' her wit' her steam up! Fever nothin'! I run a freight hauler ouce on the Dope, an' I've passed coal, too, on a gulf boat. Fever nothin'! They're all below, an' they don't want us. Let's

row around to the other side.' They got down to the oars again and painfully worked the catboat around sight of them retreated into the obscurthe bow of the steamer.

As they passed her forefoot they looked up and saw her name, Lotus, gilded on the bow. When they swung to the Carboard side—she pointed south they saw a flight of ladding stairs He was probably sixteen years old, and reaching from a port aft of her waist. his features, like his clothes, were not a plain witation to boarders.

this beats me!" exclaimed Reardorf. "Once I went in to sleep in a "Je cherche mon cousin."

lost his keys, but he found them suddent-like durin' the night, an' he comes or we'll get spilled out. That's right

The wash sucked them to the steam er's side, and the ladder almost succooded in stamping !ts foot on the gunwale of the catboat. One by one they caught the steps and hauled themselves up the side more by their arms than by their legs, for they were cramped from their long vigil in the to a hatchway and loosened the screws boat.

No one met them on deck, and they stood in a group awed by the stillness and the vastness of the ship. The very neatness of things held them in check, they were so grimy in comparison. They peered through the covered alley which extended past the engine room in the waist. This passage was lined with stateroom doors, but no one stood in it, and the forward deck was possibility that suggested itself appalldeserted. Finally Reardon, less impressionable than the others, grunted and started forward, to be halted by a peculiar crunching sound which made them look askance at one another. But, after all, it was only the landing ladder, which had succeeded finally in stepping down through the bilge of the catboat. Private Morley looked over the side.

"Oh!" he cried. "She's smashed to pieces, an' she's sinking!"

"Then we belong here, sure enough." replied Reardon, turning and walking aft. "You go forward, Andy, an' see if

you can find anybody!" Morley and Archer followed the Buckeye into the waist. Reardon entered the cabin and explored systematically. He entered one room after another, but saw little to interest him. On the lookout for men, he was careless of mere fittings, and he was too cautious to rummage until he was sure of his ground. One thing he did not leave untouched. That was the rack of bottles on the saloon buffet. He drank to himself in a pier glass and followed the others forward. In the miles away to the north of the Lotus,



They heard a very distinct and peculia rap, rap, rap, on the doo

engine room he looked down from the fron bridge over the cylinder heads, but saw no one below.

"Hump!" he muttered. "Looks enough like the old Santa Cruz to be her. You'd almost think you could hear Barney Sullivan cursin' the ash cats in the fire room beyont, blast him!"

The voyage on which he had shoveled coal in a gulf steamer was still a bitter memory. He opened the bulkhead door and stepped down into the fire room. No one was there, and the fires, eight away. A pale thread of smoke rose of them, were banked and slightly incrusted with dampened ashes. He open door once or twice, and the warmth did him good. But a desire to know what his comrades were doing led him up to the deck again. He found with vigorous actions. "Watch me! them in the steward's pantry, which | Get this crust off the other fires see opened from the galley, and they were this way-an' then spread yer coal like wading into the canned goods in a this. Look out there, dago. Do you manner that would have broken the

Tie joined the raiders. No one had been found in the forward part of the ship, although the an' hurry. Quicker! Quicker! Quicker! Buckeye and the privates had searched B'jee, if you had Barney Sullivan at it well. In fact, it seemed evident that yer back, you'd know what it is to coal they were the only human beings on

board. It was while they were discussing these questions that they heard a very distinct and peculiar rap, rap, rap, on the door of a small pantry used by the scullion for the storage of pots and pans, a noise which produced among them a tableau of grotesque attitudes. Choky recovered first and called hoarsely, "Who's there?" Then, as no answer was returned, he walked to the door and threw it wide open. On the thresh old crouched a pale faced boy, who at

ity of the closet. There was a short silence, then a sudden movement of the pots and pans. after which the boy walked forth and

of American cut. "Pardonnez, moi, messieurs," he said

"Now, there you are, gentlemen," said Reardon derisively to the others "There it is in a few simple faw breakers. French, I guess."

Now, Morley had once been stationed on the Canadian frontier, and he had picked up enough patois to enable him to get at the boy's story. "Look here," he said. "He isn't one bircumstance •

of the crew. He is a stowaway. His ousin is a cook's helper. The crew must have gone off and left him." "Ask him where the boat came from n' how about it."

Morley started a limited dialogue Antwerp for Havana. She had come It was very odd. There had been some noise, then silence, and now these strange men were there. He wished to know what it was all about and particularly where was his cousin.

A sudden thought came to Reardon, and he went on deck. Procuring a wrench from the engine room, he went on the combing. He raised a couple of hatch sections and looked into the hold. Packing cases long and narrow formed the top layer of the cargo, level with the deck girders. He peered at a name burned into the wood of one case. It was that of a European arms company, and farther along he saw other words pregnant with a certain meaning. He stood up with a jerk, for the

"Andy! Andy!" he yelled, running to where the others were yet raiding the larder. "B'jee, do you know what this ship is? She's a regular floatin' arsenal; that's what she is!" "How do you make it?" placidly

meals made bim sodden. "How? Look at her freight. She's loaded wit' machine guns under her forward hatch, an', b'jee, she may have

asked the Buckeye. Sudden heavy

dinnymite in the other hold." "What!" said Andy. "Are we up ag'in dinaymite ag'in? That reminds me." And he fished from his pocket a dirty clay pipe.

But Reardon fell on him and snatched it away.

"Don't you see? Don't you see?" he almost screamed. "Here we are, floatin' round on a big ship, full of powder an' guns, an' the Americans an' Spaniards huntin' each other all over the face of the eart'. B'jee, there may be one of them after us now!" And he rushed out on deck again to see. Now, it so happened that some five

where the morning haze had not thoroughly cleared, there rode a dim, gray vessel whose commander and crew had sworn allegiance to the government. She had been there since daylight, for her commander carried certain orders, and the eyes of her officers were on the freighter. But the men on the Lotus had not noticed her, so engrossed were they with their personal comforts. The into the spine of Mr. Choky Reardon. who, when he could get back his voice, shricked the name of his Maker in a shrill treble and called on his fellows to took. In the panie that ensued many things were said. Some of them were blasphemous; most of them. were totally irrelevant. The two deserters were particularly distracted. Private Archer ran about the deck and cried a little. Private Morley tugged vainly at a fourteen foot steel lifeboat and cursed the day he entered the service. Andy, the Buckeye, said things about both of them which might have led a stranger to the facts to believe that they alone were to blame for the affair, while Choky Reardon grouped them all, himself included, into a composite anathema upon the culmination of which he choked impotently. When he recovered coherence, it was to give speech to an

"B'jee-jee-jee!" he spluttered. "B'jee We'll run away! That's what we'll do! We'll run away!" Then, as the others stared at him wonderingly: "What's to stop us? There's steam half up! Hey?

Why not? Hey?" "Why, Choky," cried the Buckeye in amazement, "are you nutty? How can we work a big ship like this, man?

"Sure we can. Don't I know? We'v got to. It's that or swing. They'll prove us spies now, sure. I tell you, I run a locomotive over the Dope road once till I got trun out for bein' too swift. An' I fired on the old Santa Cruz out of New Orlins, b'ice, an' I'll run this boat, too, or bust it. You fellers can fire, the dago can oll, an' 'tween us all we can keep her goin' somewhere. If that boat don't ketch us by night, she'll never do it after that, for we'll dodge 'er in the dark an' sneak."

He grabbed the French boy, who was standing near, and pushed him down the engine room steps, the others following. Into the fire room they went, turned around slowly in front of an Choky setting an example in activity that astonished them.

"See here!" he cried, grabbing a clinker hook and punctuating his words want to get burnt? That's it. Now. steward's heart had he known of it. then, coal up, all of you. Look you, politics. You'll-not-need that blouse no, nor the shirt either. Take them off in a rush. That's right. Andy, you bring it from the bunkers while the others fill in. Keep yer door shut, you over there! How do you expect to make steam an' yer heat all comin' out the front?" The pride of the trade was on him. "There, now, keep it up. I'm off to the machine. An' you soldier, you that knows so much about runnin' boat, you come up when I call you. I'll want you on deck when we start.

Come, boy. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

Her Bread. Walter-Have you ever made brea before, Marie? Marie-Oh, yes; I used to make it for my father until his doctor made me

Money is not the balance of power. gentlemen. There are those scales in which an ounce of integrity is worth a ton of gold .- Schoolmaster.

AN ABODE OF THE DEAD. Not a Cemetery, but the Great Brit. ish Museum.

To say that the British museum is dead museum may sound like flat blas-phemy to those old habitues of the institution to whom its atsmosphere is almost the breath of their life and to whom its treasures of antiquity and art are certainly the nourishment of their minds and souls. But apart from this little band of devout worshipers at the shrine of learning the British museum seems to me quite dead-as dead with the boy, in the course of which he as a door nati. I have been there many learned the vessel had cleared from a time, and I went there again and walked through long and silent galler over to her present position in 110 ies peopled only by the gods of Egypt days, and she had been there since the India, China, of ancient Greece and night before, although the crew must Rome and thronged only by those won have left early that morning, for the derful works of sculpture wrought by boy (his name was Jean Loyeux) had cunning hands long crumbled into the spoken to his cousin only an hour ago. dust of past ages, but whose spirit of beauty and reverence still lingers in these heroes and heroines of old re-

nown. In some of the rooms one may see few nursemaids relieving the tedium of their daily walk through Bloomsbury by bringing their little charges to the museum, where they may amuse them selves and get material for bad dreams while the nurses themselves have a quiet gossip.

In the holiday season also one may see troops of Americans passing swiftly through the galleries, "doing" the museum with wonderful dispatch and commenting with western levity upon the relics of ancient civilization and the bones of prehistoric men.

But the Londoner does not come. The time that he can spare from lunch hour he devotes to a walk up Cheapside, the Strand or Holborn, "to look at the shops." The day's work done, he takes the first train home. On a Saturday afternoon he prefers a matinee, a game of tennis or cricket or a few hours on the river. I do not blame him altogether, but the fact remains that the British museum is to him an abode of the dead, which he regards with the same repugnance as a tomb.-Philip Gibbs in London Mail.

FARMER IN WINTER TIME. Steady Jobs Are Feeding the Stock and Keeping Warm.

The great steady winter jobs on an American farm in the north nowadays are feeding the stock and keeping warm. And keeping warm nowadays means hauling coal. When I lived in the country, it meant cutting wood. It meant for our large family constant teaming day after day from the woods to the wood yard and a wood pile that must have covered a quarter of an acre. It meant toward spring the coming of men with a horse power and buzz saw to cut firewood, and that was almost as interesting an operation as thrashing.

There were other stirring days when the lake had frozen hard and the icehouse was filled, involving ice cutting and more teaming and more precarious hitching on behind loads and going back in empties. And early in the winter there was the momentous and gory sight of her now sent chilling paralysis killing of pigs. Oh, that was indeed a stirring time! They kill a pig every second, no doubt, in Chicago nowadays, but that is mere mechanical

routine, with no quality of sport in it. There was nothing so very slow about the country winter in days as late as the civil war. I suppose soapnaking as a domestic industry is as dead as household spinning. In those times of wood fires and wood ashes all self respecting families made soap. Our family had an outstanding kitchen expressly for that use, with a big cistern-like hogshead behind it in which ashes were leached and convenient tubs for holding the soft soap. A very handsome substance is soft soap of the proper consistency and complexion, and a pleasing exercise it used to be for the young to stir it with a stick and watch its undulations. All the superfluous fat of meat from our kitchen was turned into soft soap in those near by old times.-Harper's Magazine.

Burglarious Bees. To the person who knows nothing about bees they represent the supreme type of industry. But even the bee communities are disturbed by those of their own kind who break through and steal. Robber bees are always a source of anxiety to beekeepers, says the London Chronicle, and in the autumn the marauders seem particularly active. Having gathered no honey, or, at any rate, an insufficient supply for themselves, they will descend upon a hive, kill its industrious occupants and carry off the golden treasure in an astonishingly short space of time. We know of one instance in which the attack was developed and the home bees killed in a couple of hours. Sometimes hive will attack neighboring hive. In such cases the old straw "skip" was better than the modern arrangement, for knife thrust through the top would break the comb and set the honey free at which the thieves would instantly return to seal up their own store. It is not primarily in their industry that

Lord Orford, an eccentric English nobleman, once had a team of red deer stags that he frequently drove to light coach. All went well until on day there happened to be a pack of staghounds on the road from London to Brighton, along which Lord Orford's picturesque team was merrily fleeting. There followed the strangest chase that ever mortal man witnessed. The hounds hunted the team and its owner hard to Newmarket, and with such a smash into the Ram inn yard the whole lot went that there was no more coach left and little more of driver. Lord Orford took to horses after that.

ments.

Conquering a Critic. William Simpson, a British artist, who accompanied the army during the Crimean war, said that Lord Cardigan. the commander, examined his early sketches of Balaklava with "a vacant stare," curtly remarking, "It is all wrong." Still Simpson persevered and was rewarded in the end "with the expression of Lord Cardigan's highest adniration." "The real aruth was," he adds in his simple way, "that In the last sketch I had taken greater care than in the first two to make his lordship conspicuous in the front of the brigade.

WOMAN AND FASHION

A Child's Apron.

A simple little design for a child's apron is pictured kere made up in white lawn. The front and back are tucked in yoke shape, and the shoulder cap is also made of tucking. The style is well suited to juvenile wearers, is



A YOKE APRON.

easy to make and pleasing in appear ance. The shaping is given by the shoulder and underarm seams, and the apron may be trimmed with torchor lace or with a wide ruffle of embroidery. For a practical little apron in ei ther white or colored wash stuffs this is a most satisfactory model.

Velvets In Light Weights.

that the modish shirred skirt is possible in this material. The deep dahlia shades are lovely in velvet and look well with a trimming of black, lacelike passementerie. A visiting costume in relvet of this color in a dark shade has skirt shirred except on the front breadth. It is trimmed on the bottom by two bands of a filet passementerie, ending in a fringe. For the top is a little bolero, with deep shoulder pieces, sloping away in a curve under the arms. This is trimmed with the passe menterie and fringe and is over a blouse made up of ecru lace ruffles. The novel sleeves are in one piece down the inside seam. The outside of the upper part swells out in a sort of funnel shape over a fall of lace, and the cuff, for bass. I told her I didn't know, instead of being close, as might be ex- but would find out. I asked the stewpected, swells out, too, a little toward and he said 7 cents a pound.' the elbow .- Paris Letter.

Hats Even More Beautiful.

Hats grow more and more beautiful with each week. Plumes always are models of grace and are fascinating but in addition we have a charming variety of small toques on which these cannot of course be used. For these fur is much liked and is seen both making the entire turban and combined with velvet. The soft, pliable moleskin, which is such a craze, is admirable for these last and is rendered doubly beautiful by touches of ermine. Tips and wings make the accepted trimmings and are both good. The torpedo shape is peculiarly well adapted to fur and is a favorite, but there are models enough to suit all styles.

An Attractive Blouse.

The illustration presents an attract tive blouse for afternoon wear. It is made of ivory white louisine. The deep



FOR AFTERNOON WEAR. shoulder collar is trimmed with three bands of lace insertion, having rows of

fine tucks between. The stock and cuffs are formed of two rows of the in-

New Sack Coats. Some of the new sack coats end well there the deep walst, with broad box plaits back and front allowed to flow loose. Of quite another nature are the whole back coats reaching to the knee, while the most fashionable are a revival from the middle of the fifties. With the addition of a watteau plait they have the same turndown collars and wide, hanging sleeves. Some of the shorter ones have little attempt at fastening save cords, which are but seldom secured, and are usually accompanied by a big turndown collar, often

Why They Parted.

with drooping tassels or cord orna-

He-Their engagement is broken off She-For what reason? "Why, he told her one night that when he was at his work her face was ever before him."

"Why, he's a cartoonist!"-Yonkers

Time never drags nor does life ever seem monotonous to those who are always working, thinking, learning and growing .- Maxwell's Talisman.

Statesman.

BABIES IN ARABIA.

The Way the Unfortunate Mites Are

Clothed and Doctored. They (Arabian babies) are rubbed with brown powder as soon as they are born, and their eyelids are painted; then instead of being dressed in soft flannels they are wrapped in calico and tied up like a bundle so tight that they cannot move hands or feet; then tight hoods are put on their heads with blu beads sewed on the front to keep off the evil eye. These babies cry a good deal, and I should think they would. They cannot move, and flies and other insects crawl over them and bite them and the sand gets in their eyes and hurts them.

When a baby is about six weeks old a sacrifice is offered, and the baby's, hair is cut and weighed, and the same weight in silver is given to the poor If he hasn't more bair than some of our six weeks' babies its weight in gold or even diamonds might be given and not make the poor much richer or

the parents much poorer. The mother puts charms on his neck and arms, and a verse from the Koran is written and put in a little silver or leather case and hung about his neck to keep off evil.

If he is sick this is his medicine: A verse from the Koran is written with ink on paper; then the ink is washed off, and the inky water is given him to drink. I wish you could see the funvalue.

Bright's Disease is rare, when, in fact, it covers the whole gamus of kidney diseases. This book sets out that the kidney have he with that function are called Bright's Disease. Viz.:

Albumenuria.

Congestion of the Kidney.

Decentation of the Kidney.

Decentation of the Kidney.

Decentation of the Kidney.

Uraemia. ny little cradles these babies sleep in. They are made of date sticks fitted to gether. The rockers are almost flat so when the poor thing is rocked he is

Velvets come in such light weights pounds. One day she called a bell boy and inquired:

"'What do they charge for a bath?' "'I don't know,' said the boy, 'bu I'll find out.'

"After being gone a short time the boy returned and said: 'Seven cents a pound.'

".What!" "'Seven cents a pound,' said the boy a second time, while the woman's face became scarlet as she made her way to the clerk's desk. "'I want my bill,' she exclaimed

'I have been grossly insulted and shall leave your house.' "She stated her grievance, the boy was sent for and explained:

"'She asked me what they charged

"As the ludicrous blunder of the boy dawned upon them both the clerk and the guest made the hotel office resound

tinel.

Mr. Dolan, through the agency of butter and eggs, had reached that stage of prosperity where he was able to set up an establishment with a horse and carriage, and nobody begrudged

with their laughter."-Milwaukee Sen

him his success. "But what's the reason your wife drives round in a carriage with the letter C on it?" inquired one of Mr. Dolan's friends. "You've not changed

your name, Terry?" "Naw, man," said Mr. Dolan gayly 'me name has stood me fifty years, an' it 'll last out me tolme. But the carriage was a great bar-rgain at slcondhand, man, and the 'C' was on it. 'Twud cost a bit to change it to a 'D,' and I says to Mary Ann, 'D is a koind of a broad lukin' letther, whoile C is more dilicate and ornamintal,' l says. 'And, besolde that, it's the very next to D in the alphabet, and, more than all,' I says, 'it stands for con tinted, and that's what ivery Dolan that roides in the carriage will be, so let it stand,' and Mary Ann agreed wid me."-Youth's Companion.

Mrs. Stanton and Bad Children. Elizabeth Cady Stanton was fond of

children, though not of bad ones. Once in Boston she was calling on a young woman whose little son, a particularly vicious urchin, played about her while she conversed. The child would pull his mother's

hair, kick and thump her, nor did he hesitate to try now and then these tricks upon Mrs. Stanton. She said calmly, "You are a bad boy, aren't you?"

"He is a bad boy," his mother in a sad, hurt tone confessed. "I prefer bad children, though," said Mrs. Stanton.

"Do you?" cried the young mother. 'Why?" "Because," said Mrs. Stanton, "they are usually sent out of the room."

Chicago Record-Herald.

Longevity of Animals. Statistics of the longevity of animals interesting reading. Among the larger | gan.-Outing. species of cattle there is some approach to uniformity. Thus for the horse and donkey the extreme limit is about 35 years and for horned cattle about 30. For the dog it is given as 25, while sheep, goats, pigs and cats are grouped at 15. Among birds the disparities in length of life are very remarkable. While a goose may live to be 30 years of age, a sparrow 25 and a crow 100, ducks, hens and turkeys die of old age at 12. The palm for longevity is divided between the elephant and the parrot, which both often pass the century. The swan and the engle also are very

Writes and Draws. Kippax-And who is your favorite author, Mrs. Softly?

long lived.

Press.

Mrs. Softly-My husband. Kippex-Pardon me. I didn't know he wrote. Mrs. Softly-Oh, but he does, and so

elcely-checks!-Town and Country. Quite Different. Bailaw- Well-er-the truth is I was Tess-So she has fallen in love afraid that you might regard my visit

en English nobleman. Jess-You don't tell me? Tess-Surely you've heard.

as a reminder of the money you owe Jess-No. I merely heard she was engaged to marry one.-Philadelphia forgotten all about it. Sorry it troubled

BLAKE.

WRITING and PAPERS MOFFITT & TOWNE CARD STOCK

... Straw and Binders' Board ... 55-57-60-61 First Street

Brights Disease

Tel Main 100. 52 SAN FRANCE TO

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

We have before us a little work on kidney diseases by Joseph F. Edwards, M. D., of Philadelphia, that contains some things that every one ought to know. Many people imagine Bright's Disease is rare, when, in fact, it

Uraemia.

Disease of the Kidney."

Thus, all kidney disease being Bright's Disease, the serious question is. Is it acute or chronic! In other words, is it in the primary or secondary stage? After the eight to tenth month it becomes chronic and is the. Incurable so when the poor thing is rocked he is so shaken up that it is a wonder if he is not seasick. I am sure any good American baby would rebel at such treatment.—Record of Christian Work.

COSTLY PRICE FOR A BATH.

It Was So Much a Pound, and the Woman Was Heavy.

"When I was connected with the hotel at Lake Minnetonka several years ago," remarked a hotel man, "we had as a regular summer guest a woman from the south who was remarkably stout, weighing something over 200 pounds. One day she called a bell boy and inquired:

"Secondary stage! After the eight to tenth month it becomes chronic and is the. incurable month it becomes chronic and is the. incurable by all known means except the Fultou Compound will cure it as fellows a free not sensitive. There is often no notice of the trouble till it has already fastened. If you have kidney disease in the first state the Renal Compound will cure it. In proof that nothing else will we cite all medical works resordence that to this time there has been nothing that cures Chronic Bright's Disease. The stockholders of the John J Fulton Co, business and professional men of San Francisco, are the first people in the world to announce a positive cure, presenting a definite percentage of recoveries (87 per count), and giving out the lists of the cured, all among purely chronic, well-defined cases. If you have along the not rouble till it has already fastened. If you have kidney disease in the first state the Renal Compound will cure it. In proof that nothing else will we cite all medical works resordence that to this time there has been nothing its the only on heat the first state the Renal Compound till it has already fastened. If you have kidney disease in the first state the Renal Compound will cure it. In proof that nothing else will we cite all medical works resordence that to this time the restaurch of the John J Fulton Co, business and professional men of San Francisco, are the first people in the world to announce a positive cure, presenting a definite percentage of recover

Save the Baby.

The mortality among babies during the three teething years is something frightful. The census of 1800 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 revishness, weakness, sweating, fever, diarrhoes, brain troubles, convulsions, etc., that prove terribly fatal. The deaths in 1990 under three years were 304,988, 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

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.,

think of it.

San Francisco, June 2, 1992.

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 teching. Your food supplies what the deficient system dermands, and I have had surprising success with 2. In accres 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.

L. C. MENDEL, M. D.

Sweetman's Teething Food will carry baby safely and comfortably through the mest 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 teetf will come healthfully, without pain, distress or lancing. It is an auxiliary to their regular diet and easily taken, Price 50 cent (enough for six weeks), sent postpaid on receipt of price. Pacific Coast Agents, Inland Drug Co., Mills Building, San Francisco.

An ancient Talmudic legend relates that Adam on his expulsion from paradise encountered a cutting north wind, against which his scant girdle of fig leaves proved poor protection. As he wistfully cast his eyes over the desolate plain of Shinar he perceived at a great distance a dead thorn bush. Running thither, he crouched behind it, and while still shivering he saw a wild ass come by. And Adam cried to the beast to lie down alongside and keep him warm. But the ass spake out ("for asses sometimes spake in those days as since," saith the commentator), and derided him for not having a warm coat of fur, whereupon Adam waxed wroth and slew the ass with a piece of the thorn tree and, with teeth and nails stripping off the ass' coat, wrapped it around himself. But toward noon, the sun growing hot and a scorching wind arising, Adam conceived the happy thought of hanging the skin over the bush and reposing in the shade thereof. It was done, the may not be very accurate, but they are | tent was invented, and civilization be

Wny Katph Edward Objected. Ralph was a great big boy, nearly three years of age, and had never re ceived a name, being called "Baby," "Pet," "Love," etc. Finally the name for the small man was decided upon, and, dressed in his Sunday best, he went to church with father and mother, where he was to be baptized. As the minister repeated "I baptize thee, Ralph Edward," he dipped his fingers into the font and touched the child's forehead with the shining drops. How important Ralph Edward felt! At last he was somebody.

By supper time his face was sadly in need of washing, but when mother started to wash her son's brow he cried out in dismay:

"Oh, don't wash my forehead! I'm 'fraid you'll wash my name away!"

The Debt Was Foreotten Trotter-Why haven't you been in to see me lately?

Trotter-Why, my dear fellow, I had