Copyright, 1002, by A. T. Quiller-Couch

open? It was Bill, I tell you." At the first word the Snipe had wheeled right about face and stood now pointing and shaking like a man with

"Matey, for the love of God"-

up there shakin'."
Cooney tumbled out with an oath and a thud. "Hush it, ye white livered swine. Hush it, or by"hand went behind him to his knife

"Dan Cooney"-the Gaffer closed his book and leaned out-"go back to your

"I won't, sir, not unless"-"Go back!"

"Flesh and blood"-

"Go back!" And for the third time that night Cooney went back. The Gaffer leaned a little farther

over the ledge and addressed the sick "George, I went to Bill's grave not

wasn't even disturbed. Neither beast | Ede was nowhere to be seen. The old nor man, but only God, can break up man slipped a jumper over his suits of the hard earth he lies under. I tell you that, an' you may lay to it. Now go to for a gun and moved to the door. "Take

sleeping bag, his knees drawn up and dragged the door open the two guns laid across them. The utes on the chance of a shot-that is, ready covered out of sight by the powuntil the cold should drive him below. For the moment the clear tingling air was doing him good. The truth was Long Ede had begun to be afraid of himself and the way his mind had been running for the last forty-eight hours upon green fields and visions of spring. As he put it to himself, something inside his head was melting. Biblical texts chattered within him like running brooks, and as they fleeted he could almost smell the brown meadow scent. "Take us the foxes, the little foxes, for our vines have tender grapes. · · · A fountain of gardens, a well of living waters, and streams from Lebanon. * * Awake, O north wind, and come, thou south: * * * blow upon my garden, that the spice thereof may flow out." He was light headed, and he knew it. He must hold out. They were all going mad-were, in fact, three parts crazed already, all except the Gaffer, and the Gaffer relied on him as his right hand man. One glimpse of the returning sun, a glimpse only, might save them yet.

He gazed out over the frozen hills and northward across the fee pack. A few streaks of pale violet, the ghost of the aurora, fronted the moon. He could see for miles. Bear or fox, no living creature was in sight. But who could tell what might be hiding behind any one of a thousand hummocks? He listened. He heard the slow grinding of the ice pack off the beach-only that. "Take us the foxes, the little

foxes." This would never do. He must climb down and walk briskly or return to the hut. Maybe there was a bear, after all, behind one of the hummocks, and a shot, or the chance of one, would scatter his head clear of these tomfooling notions. He would have a search

What was that moving on a hummock not 500 yards away? He leaned forward at gaze.

Nothing now, but he had seen something. He lowered himself to the eaves by the north corner and from the eaves to the drift piled there. The drift was frozen solid but for a treacherous crust of fresh snow. His foot slipped upon this, and down he slid of a heap.

Luckily he had been careful to sling ed himself up and, unstrapping one, took a step into the bright moonlight to examine the nipples, took two steps

There before him on the frozen coat of snow was a footprint-no, two, three, four, many footprints, prints of a naked human foot, right foot, left foot both naked, and blood in each print, a little smear. It had come, then. He was mad for

certain. He saw them. He put his fingers in them, touched the frozen blood. The snow before the door was Long Ede lay and listened dreamily trodden thick with them, some going,

some returning. "The latch lifted." Suddenly he recalled the figure he had seen moving upon the hummock, and with a groan he turned and gave chase. Oh, he was mad for certain! He ran like a madman, floundering, slipping, plunging, in his clumsy moccasins. "Take us the foxes, the little foxes, * * * My beloved put in his hand by the hole of the door, and my bowels were moved for him. * * * I charge you, O daughters of Je-

rusalem, I charge you, I charge"-He ran thus for 300 yards maybe and then stopped as suddenly as he had

started. His mates-they must not see these footprints or they would go mad, too, mad as he. No; he must cover them up, all within sight of the hut, and to- dead and buried. None of these was ed him and uttered this prophecy: morrow he would come along and cov- Bill or like Bill. Try again-one, two, Now the cast has been made, the net is outspread er those farther afield. Slowly he rethree, four, five, and us two sick men traced his steps. The footprints, those which pointed toward the hut and Cooney-have I counted Dan twice? those which pointed away from it, lay No; that's Dan yonder to the right and close together, and he knelt before only one of him. Five men kneeling tace, accepted the oracle, fell upon the each, breaking fresh snow over the hol- and two on their backs-that makes Athenians, defeated them and returnlows and carefully hiding the blood, seven every time. Dear God, sup- ed to power.-Nineteenth Century. And now a great happiness filled his pose"a telescope of his hands. He saw noth- ped over and bent and whispered:

קוום או יבה יבה יבה יבה יו ז ז ז לי יבה יבה יבה יבה יבה בהיבון Suddenly the sick man's voice qua- ing and fell again to his long task. Within the hut the sick man cried "It's not him they want. It's Bill. softly to himself. Faed, the Snipe and

and after George, who next? And who The men were weakening fast, their wits and courage coming down at the last with a rush. Faed and Long Ede theirs. were the only two to be depended on wrong here tonight. I can't sleep. It's for a day. The Gaffer liked Long Ede, strike up?" answered Dan Cooney and who was a religious man. Indeed he fetched his concerting. The Snipe for the strike up?" answered Dan Cooney and fetched his concerting. elect, or might be if interceded for. Lost" and joined in the chorus. The Gaffer began to intercede for him

sleep with a sense of failure. The Snipe stretched himself, yawned and awoke. It was 7 in the morning. time to prepare a cup of tea. He tossed an armful of logs on the fire, and the noise awoke the Gaffer, who at once inquired for Long Edc. He had traordinary thing: of returned. "Go up to the roof. The ad must be frozen." The Snipe climbclothing, already three deep, reached cup of somethin' warm to fortify." the Snipe advised. "The kettle won't Long Ede crouched on the frozen be five minutes boilin'." But the Gafridge of the hut, with his feet in the fer pushed up the heavy bolts and

"Here, bear a hand, lads!" creature, whatever its name, that had Long Ede lay prone before the tried the door was nowhere to be seen, threshold, his outstretched hands albut he determined to wait a few min- most touching it, his moccasins al-



dery snow which ran and trickled inessantly, trickled between his long, disheveled locks and over the back of his gloves and ran in a thin stream ast the Gaffer's feet.

They carried him in and laid him on forced rum between his clinched teeth and beat his hands and feet and kneadreally a smile. "What cheer, mate?" It was the

Snipe who asked. "I-I seen"- The voice broke off,

but he was smiling still.

What had he seen? Not the sun, sun would not be due for a week or it sank out of sight. two yet, how many weeks he could not | Immediately the captain rushed for the guns tightly at his back. He pick- say precisely, and sometimes he was ward and seized the man, under the glad enough that he did not know.

> varmly. Every man contributed some of his own bedding. Then the Gaffer done, and the supposed drowned man called to morning prayers, and the was discovered squatting on the deck. three sound men dropped on their So realistic had been the throwing knees with him. Now, whether by overboard, however, that it was some reason of their Joy at Long Ede's re- time before the surprised passengers splendid voice, they felt their hearts committed. uplifted that morning with a cheerfulness they had not known for months. while the passion of the Gaffer's thanksgiving shook the hut. His gaze wandered over their bowed forms, The Gaffer, David Faed, Dan Cooney. he Sulpe and-George Lashman in the bunk, of course-and me." But, then, the bunk, David Faed, the Gaffer, the the first authentic classic reference to Snipe. Dan Cooney-one, two, three, the tunny is by Herodotus. four-well, but that made seven. Then ' That the capture of the tunny was a who was the seventh? Was it George, who had crawled out of bed and was these times is proved by the story rekneeling there? Decidedly there were lated by Herodotus, who tells us how five kneeling. No; there was George, plain enough, in his berth and not able his second expulsion, pitched his camp to move. Then who was the stranger? opposite to that of his adversaries near Wrong again. There was no stranger. the temple of Pallas at Pallene. Here He knew all of these men. They were a soothsayer, Amphilytus by name, his mates. Was it-Bill? No; Bill was moved by a divine impulse, approach -seven. The Gaffer, David Faed, Dan

heart, interrupted once or twice as he | The Gaffer ceased, and in the act of worked by a feeling that some one was rising from his knees be caught sight and since the cessation of whaling it is

"Tell me, you've seen what?" 'Seen?" Long Ede echoed.

pre-comma toll 4.5E 4140 Res a column agree 27 Tol. 1044

"Aye, seen what? Speak low. Was t the sun?" "The s"- But this time the echo

died on his lipe, and his face grew full of awe uncomprehending. It frightened the Gaffer. "You'll be the better for a snatch of sleep," said he and was turning to go

when Long Ede stirred a hand under

the edge of his rugs. "Seven-count," he whispered. "Lord have mercy upon us," the Gafer muttered through his beard as he noved away, "Long Ede gone crazed!" Ard yet, though an hour or two ago this was the worst that could have befallen, the Gaffer felt unusually cheer-

ful. As for the others, they were like different men all that day and through They're after Bill out there. That was Cooney slept uneasily and muttered in the three days that followed. Even Bill tryin' to get in. Why didn't you their dreams. The Gaffer lay awake, Lashman coased to complain and, unthinking. After Bill, George Lashman, Jess their eyes played them a trick, had taken a turn for the better. "I declare would be the last, the unburied one? if I don't feel like pitchin' to sing!" the Snipe announced on the second evening, as much to his own wonder as to

> "Then why in thunder don't ye had a growing suspicion that Long struck up then and there "Villikins Ede, in spite of some amiable laxities and His Dinah." What is more, the of belief, was numbered among the Gaffer looked up from his "Paradise

> By the end of the second day Long silently, but experience had taught him | Ede was up and around again. He that such wrestlings to be effective went about with a dazed look in his must be noisy, and he dropped off to eyes. He was counting, counting to himself, always counting. The Gaffer

watched him furtively. Since his recovery, though his lips moved frequently. Long Ede had carcely uttered a word, but toward oon on the fourth day he said an ex-

"There's that sleepin' bag I took with me the other night. I wonder if 'tis on ed the ladder, pushed open the trap the roof still. It will be froze pretty six hours agone. The snow on 't and came back, reporting that Long stiff by this. You might nip up an' see Snipe, an' "-he paused-"if you find it stow it up yonder on Bill's hammock." The Gaffer opened his mouth, but shut it again without speaking. The Snipe went up the ladder.

A minute passed, and then they heard a cry from the roof, a cry that fetched them all, trembling, choking, weeping, cheering, to the foot of the ladder.

"Boys, boys, the sun!"

. Months later-it was June, and even George Lashman had recovered his strength-the Snipe came running with news of the whaling fleet, and on the beach, as they watched the vessels come to anchor, Long Ede told the Gaf-

"I wouldn't say just that," he answered slowly.

Spy.

us all." just for you an' me an' the rest were use?' presairved, as you say, inceedently."

A JUGGLER'S TRICK.

an East Indian.

aboard at Madras, he says. They were i juggler and his assistant. After they had performed a number of minor around them they called for a sack and a piece of sailcloth.

These having been provided, the chief juggler made a small tentlike heap of skins by the fire. They structure with the canvas and some stools. He then placed his assistant in the sack and allowed a sailor to tie ed and rubbed him. A sigh fluttered the knot which bound him a fast prison his lips, something between a sigh oner. This done, the chief carried the and a smile, half seen, half heard. His sack into an open space, warning the eyes opened, and they saw that it was people to stand back some distance and then carried on an animated con versation with his assistant, whose re plies could be distinctly heard coming from the s.ck. Suddenly the chief rushed forward, picked up the sack and dumped it overboard, where, to surely. By the Gaffer's reckoning the the horror of the passengers and crew,

full belief that he had murdered his They forced him to drink a couple of companion, but the juggler only spoonfuls of rum and wrapped him up smiled and, pointing to the canvas asked that it be raised. This was overy or because the old man was in could realize a murder had not been

Catching Tunnies. The industry of catching tunnies is a very ancient as well as lucrative one. Allusions to it run through the classics. Two hundred and twenty-eight years before the Christian era Athenæus took the trouble to prove that a brother scribe had made a mistake in attributwho was the seventh? He began to ing a panegyric of the tunny to Hesiod, count. "There's myself, Lashman in and modern scholars have agreed that

familiar feature in the daily life of Pisistratus, returning to Greece after

in the water.
Through the moonshiny night the tunnies will en -Herodotus i, 62. (Rawlinson's Translation.) Pisistratus grasped the meaning at

Spitzbergen belongs to no country following and watching him. Once he of Long Ede's face. While the others deserted even in summer. There are glory and happiness. Action rouses to throw me over. turned northward and gazed, making fetched their breakfast cars he step- deposits of coal and phosphates, but it does not pay to work them.

A CONTRAST IN BOYS

OMORPHED PRESSOR PARTY NO.

TOWN AND COUNTRY LADS IN THE STRUGGLE OF LIFE.

ty to One Over the City Lads.

A country boy's lack of opportunity is his best equipment for the serious struggle of life. This sounds paradox- The report does her a grave injustice, ical, but it is true. It is just as true for as a matter of fact she not only has as the opposite proposition, that the no monopoly in blushes, but does not greatest hindrances a city boy has to make use of the share that properly contend with are the opportunities belongs to her. There are some wo which beset him when young and pur- men, of course, who blush if you even sue him till he begins the real business blink an eyelid in their direction, but of life, a business which each individu- as a general thing men blush much il must carry on for himself. For the more readily and more violently than city boy everything is made as easy as women. ossible. Even pleasure becomes to him an old story before he is out of his I am making for the purpose of hearteens. Brought up in the feverish rush ing myself talk, but a sober deduction of a place where great things are hap- founded on careful observation. For pening day by day, he sees the world with a cyalc's eyes and despises the the sexes in moments of embarrasssmall things which, like the bricks in ment, and the statistics I have jotted house, go to the upbuilding of char- down prove that in nine cases out of acters and careers. He believes in using large markers in the game of life; for pennies and small units of value he has little taste and scant regard.

The conditions surrounding the country boy are as different as possible. There is a deal of regular work that every country boy must do, and this regularity of employment, mostly out of doors, inculcates industrious habits, while it contributes to a physical development which in after years is just as valuable as any athletic training that can be had. He cannot run as fast perhaps as those trained by a system. He may not be able to jump so high or so far or excel in any of the ables him to buckle down to the hard and from which very little or no immediate pleasure is extracted. His strength may be something like that of the cart horse, but the cart horse is to be preferred where a long and steady pull is required. The thoroughbred race horse has a fine flight of speed and canters with delightful lightness and grace along the park bridle paths, but the heavy work is the work most in demand, and for that we want the draft animals every time.

Enthusiasm is the spur to endeavor, | red light, are: and at the same time it is the savor of life. The country boy whose ambifer his story: "It was a hall-a hallu- tion has taken him to town comes what d'you call it, I reckon. I was filled with enthusiasms. Even the litcrazed, eh?" The Gaffer's eyes wan- the things are novelties to him, and as which alarm is intended to notify any dered from a brambling hopping about he accomplishes this and that he feels one in the neighborhood, especially the the lichen covered bowlders and away that he is doing something he only to the sea fowl wheeling above the interesting, but valuable. His simple ships, and then came into his mind a tastes have not been spoiled by a multale he had read once in "The Turkish | tiplicity of gratifications, and so he is glad of everything good that comes his way. At thirty, if he leads a clean life, he has more of the boy in him "Anyway," said Long Ede, "I believe than his city cousin has left at fifteen side lever is pulled down and let go, it the Lord sent a miracle to us to save He does what is before him because it sets in motion a certain clockwork that "I wouldn't say just that either," the cynically to question the value of do- times in succession at headquarters in Gaffer objected. "I doubt it was meant ing anything and ask, "What is the Sixty-seventh street. Not only that,

affairs of state the country boys are at | pulled. orient, but none is more surprising than are at the top in other lines of endeavthat for which an old seadog vouches. or. In finance they are pre-eminent, While he was an officer on board a and the great bank presidents today in cumbed to the civilizing influences of feats and gathered quite a crowd scientific pedagogy. Our great railways were in the main built by them, and today the administrators of these gréat companies are in great measure from farms and country villages, from places where work began in early infancy and a sense of duty developed while still the lisp of childhood lin

gered. Some city boys, however, are of such sturdy stuff and endowed with such natural gifts that they succeed by reason of their inherent superiority. Others succeed abundantly because they and in real life have pursued the same course which enables so many country boys to win fame and fortune. The more honor to them for having survived their too great opportunities. But the country boy when he comes to town reaches out for the high places. Though not all find seats of the mighty, nearly all of the exalted stations are filled in the end by men of ountry birth and country rearing, for they usually start out with the sound theory that what is worth having is worth striving for .- John Gilmer Speed in Brandur Magazine.

Scotch Civility.

A lady went out in search of two others who had gone out for a walk some time before. She met an old man and asked him if he saw two ladies pass this way. "Na, nor I wisna look-' for them.'

She met another and asked the same question. "Na, but there might 'a' been ten pass't for onything 'at I ken or care.

At last she met a boy and asked the same question. He replied. "Na, I didna see ony ladies, but I saw twa sul' wives."-Scottish American.

His Boy's Future. "Are you educating you son for any

merticular calling?" "Yes." What?" Well, he made his own selection. and as near as I can find out he is edu-

cating himself to be the husband of an

heiress."-Chicago Post

M. Colombies, a merchant of Paris had his revenge on a former sweetheart, a lady of Rouen, when he left her by will a legacy of \$6,000 for having some twenty years before refused to marry him, "through which," states the will, "I was enabled to live independently and happily as a bachelor.'

Act! In action there is wisdom and pe, and hope rouses action.-Free-

A MAN'S BLUSHES.

Le Will Fly the Red Signal More Quickly Than a Woman.

"If there is any one thing that makes me want to get up and talk right out of the Men Who Have Achieved in meeting it is to hear it said of a Great Prominence in Public Affairs man that 'he blushes like a woman,' the Rural Boys Are at Least Twen. said the social philosopher to a representative of the New York Times.

"How women ever gained the reputation of having run up a corner in blushes is beyond my comprehension

"This is not a random statement that years I have made it a point to study ten the average man will fly the red signal of distress much more quickly than the average woman. This holds good in all sorts of situations "Crack a joke at a man's expense

he blushes; ply him with awkward questions, he blushes; subject him to me humiliation or let some ludicrous accident befall him in public, and he straightway rivals the boiled lobster in hue. A woman may redden slightly under the same circumstances, but her blush is diluted and perfunctory compared with the brilliant, sunlit glow that suffuses the countenance of man. "I don't attempt to explain the phenomenon-physiologists and moralists sports upon which we bestow so much | may do that if they can-but merely ime and from which we get so much give the facts for what they are worth of pleasure, but his development en- in the hope that the next time a story writer has a crop of blushes to dispose work in which hours are consumed of he will ring a few changes on the old phrase that has done duty for generations and say of the heroine that she 'blushed like a man.' '

FIRE ALARM BOXES

The System In New York and How I

Greater New York is thickly studded with lamppost fire alarm boxes. The directions on each box, which is painted red and is surmounted at night by a

"Turn handle to right until door opens; then pull inside hook once and shut the door." The opening of the box rings a large bell in the door, nearest policeman, that the box has be a opened. The policeman will then make sure that this was not done out of mischief by some one who wanted to see the engines arrive or, as recently happened, by a raw maidservant who wanted to mail a letter. When the inis his duty, while the other is apt ticks out the number of the box three but it makes a record upon a tape, Of the men who have achieved great showing the number of the box and the prominence and high influence in our exact second at which the lever was

least twenty to one over the city lads. A clerk who sits night and day be-Clever Feat of Illusion Performed by Nowadays indeed our cynical city lads | side the headquarters instrument notes look upon men who take an active in- the number and selects from a drawer The wonderful feats of East Indian terest in public affairs as rather low a certain disk which when inserted in jugglers have formed the theme of fellows and quite beneath their associ- the proper apparatus causes the alarm many a letter from travelers in the ation and notice. But the country boys to be rung in the station houses of the district in which that firebox is situated. The average time required to se lect this disk and send out the alarm is P. and O. steamship two natives came the great cities nearly all learned to ten seconds. There are always two read and to cipher in country schools | clerks and sometimes three in this dewhere birch and ferule had not suc- partment. Not a word is spoken. An outsider would hardly know that an alarm is going out. In order to prevent several alarms coming at the same time from people who see the same fire and run to different boxes no two neighboring boxes are on the same circuit.—Scribner's.

Who Told the Fih!

The bell rang, and the occupier of the apartment started to the window to see who the visitor might be. To his annoyance he saw a persistent creditor who had evidently called again for payment of his long outhave used their opportunities wisely standing account. The impecunious one instantly called to his youthful son and said:

"Tommy, go to the door at once. 1 don't want to see that man. Tell him I'm not at home."

"Oh, papa, I thought you never told fibs," remarked Tommy. "I don't, my boy. It's you that's going to tell one. Now run off."-New York Times.

Fixing the Blame. Mr. Snow was seen holding the week

ly paper as far away as he could get it and working his head from side to side, with squinted eyes, "Soho! Your sight's begun to fail ye at last," said the visitor bluntly. "Well, 'tain't surprising at your age."

Mr. Snow glared. "My eyesight's all right!" he roared. "The only trouble is Star. my pesky arm isn't long enough!"-Youth's Companion.

"When I grow up," remarked Bobby

Toughmuscles, "I am going to be the people's choice.' "Pugilist or president?" asked Tommy Sharpboy.-Cincinnati Commercial

Every one should occasionally say "Whoa!" to himself. Because his friends do not say it does not indicate that he doesn't need it.-Atchison Globe.

An orange tree in full bearing has been known to produce 15,000 oranges; a lemon tree, 6,000 lemons

Strangers Now "You ought to see the lovely letters

my husband writes," said the bride of a month to one of her girl friends. "Oh, I've seen a few," rejoined the dear girl friend, "In fact, I've got nearly a trunkful of them in the attic." Exchange.

What More! He-You might at least have given me some warning that you were going She-Well, haven't I been nice to

you for over a week?

CHOATE'S ADVICE.

It Led a Choleric Client Into the Paths of Peace.

It seems always to have lain withit the power of the distinguished lawyer and humorist, Rufus Cheate, to lead a choleric client from ways of anger into the paths of peace. Just before the war a southern gentleman was dining with a friend in one of the best hotels of Boston. He was of French creole extraction, and his name was Delacour, says a writer in Lippincott's Magazine. The waiter was a colored man, and the southerner gave his or ders in a very domineering fashion. finding fault freely with what was put before him and the way in which it was served. Finally the waiter became ncensed and told Mr. Delacour to go to a place warm and remote. The latter sprang furiously to his feet and would have shot the offender dead if he had not been restrained by his wiser friend, who said:

"You can't do that sort of thing here You will have to remember where you

"Do you suppose that I am going to put up with such insolence and not be revenged?" said the enraged man. "Certainly not. But do it by process of law.

The landlord was first interviewed and the waiter discharged. That was not sufficient to satisfy the wounded feelings of Mr. Delacour. He asked who was the best lawyer in the city and was told it was Rufus Choate. Making his way to his office, he said: "Mr. Choate, I want to engage you in a case. What will your retaining

fee be? "About \$50." The check was made out and handed

"Now," said the lawyer, "what are the facts of the case? He was told, Said Mr. Choate

thoughtfully: "I know the United States law on the subject well, and I know the law of the commonwealth of Massachusetts, and I can assure you, sir, that there is no power on earth strong enough to force you to go to that place if you don't want to go. And if

were you I wouldn't." "Well," said the southerner, accept ing the situation, "I think I'll take your advice." And they parted good friends

POULTRY POINTERS

Supply plenty of gravel to fowls that are being fattened in confinement. Chickens should never be allowed to go on the roosts until ten or twelve

weeks old. Lime is a purifier and should be used as a wash on the coops, perches and nest boxes.

If a hen lays soft shelled eggs, give her plenty of gravel, oyster shells and crushed bone. Ducks should be allowed as much

liberty as possible. They are not partial to confinement. Flat eggs, eggs within eggs, double volked eggs and other unnatural for-

mations are due to the hens being over-

Geese may be fattened on any kind of grain if fed all that they will eat for about ten days before sending them to market. Corn, peas and barley are

Young chicks of fancy breeding perches until after they are eight months old, as it often causes crooked

Accumulating filth is a prolific source of disease, especially gapes. After the poultry yard is cleaned up sprinkle it well with diluted carbolic acid and a

Adding Insult to Injury.

She had just handed him the frosty

"If you are ever in trouble." he said. do not hesitate to lift up your voice, and you will find me 'Johnny on the

"I'm in trouble now," answered the human refrigerator, with a sigh long

"And, behold," exclaimed the unsus pecting youth, "I am here." "Yes." she said, "that's the trouble,

-Chicago News. No. Not You.

spot.'

"Mamma, what was that fuzzy bun dle you took out of papa's vest pocket and threw in the fireplace just now?" "That was an accumulation of house old recipes your father cut out of the papers downtown and put away for my benefit. I have to clean them out of his pocket about once a month." Chicago Tribune.

A Faulty Appraisement.

Mr. Spriggins prides himself on un derstanding the value of money.' "And that's where Mr. Spriggins makes a mistake," said the liberal man. "He expects a dollar to buy two or three times as much as it has any right to and is continually being annoved and disappointed."-Washington

Fatal to His Candidacy. "You have just as much right and theoretically just as good a chance as anybody else to be president," says the

patriotic citizen to his neighbor.

"I cannot agree with you," sighs the eighbor. "We have no children, and that fact alone would lose me the pho tographers' vote."-Judge.

A Corner In Eggs. "That old hen just seems to be burst-

ing with pride," remarked the farmer's dog. "Pride? Nothing of the sort. It's eggs," replied the Leghorn rooster.

"She thinks she's a financier, and she's trying to stop laying until there's a rise in price."-Exchange. A Bee Line.

The directness of the bee's flight is proverbial. The shortest distance between any two given points is called a bee line. Many observers think that the immense eyes with which the insect is furnished greatly assist, if they do not entirely account for, the arrowy straightness of its passage through the

A tomb of lanis lazult has been discovered among several others south of were many sarcophagi and inscriptions found likewise

BLAKE. IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN MOFFITT WRITING and PAPERS

& TOWNE CARD STOCK ...Straward Binders' Board ...

ANOTHER PIONEER.

35-57-59-61 First Street

Tel. Main 199. 47 SAN FRANCISCO

Bright's Disease and Diabetes Are Positively Curable.

When the San Francisco business men were investigating the Fulton Compounds they heard that Dr. C. D. Zeile had both Bright's Disease and Diabetes, and was given up as incurable, and they waited on him and got him to ake it. Now for the sequel. This letter wa written 9 mouths later:

"522 Pacific St., San Francisco. Sept. 7, 1901. "522 Pacitic St., San Francisco. Sept. 7, 1901.

"Dear Sirs: I have conducted my own pharmacy o. my own property on Pacific St. for for ity eight years, hence my associates number some of the best oid school physicians. I had chronic Bright's Disease and Diabetes of long starding, which got so serious that in October I st the judgment of my medical friends wathat three months would see the end. We all looked up n the mere suggestion of a cure aempirical and visionary. But I yielded to the earnestness of the parties, and the insistency of one of my family, and went on the Futus. Compound for Bright's Disease as a test. The first week I improved, but thought it a coincidence. But every week thereafter the improvement continued. The time for the fatal enclassed and I was still growing stronger. This continued till July, when the last trace of bott allument and sugar disappeared. I suppose I have given the Compounds to a dozen, and they all re-oried favorable. Haveyer nearestitely it may appear, the cure has been found if those interested care to call at my drug store I will be glad to tell all I know concerning this important matter. The discovery is second only in importance to the discovery of a cure for consumption.

"Carl D. Zeile."

Medical works agree that Bright's Disease and Diabetes are incurable, but 87 per cent. are positively recovering under the Fulton Com pounds. (Common forms of kidney complain and rheematism offer but short resistance. Price. \$1 for the Bright's Disease and \$1 50 for he Diabetic Compound John J. Fulton Co. 420 Montgomery street, San Francisco, sole empounders Free tests made for patients Descriptive pamphlet mailed free.

Save the Baby.

The mortality among babies during the

e teething years is something frightfulcensus of 1900 shows that about one in
y seven succumbs,
es cause is apparent. With baby's
es hardening, the fontanel (opening in the
D closing up and its teeth forming, all
e coming at once create a demand for
material that nearly half the little
ems are deficient in. The result is
ishness, weakness, sweating, fever, diara, brain troubles, convulsions, etc., that
e terribly fatal. The deaths in 1900 under
e years were 304,388, to say nothing of
vast number outside the big cities that
e not reported, and this in the United
es alone.

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. 2834 Washington St.,
San Francisco, June 2, 1902
Gentlemen—I am prescribing your food
he midtlude of baby troubles due to in
seded dentition. A large percentage of i
antile ills and fatalities are the result
dow teething. Your food supplies what t
ieficient system demands, and I have h
ourprising success with it. In scores of case rising success with it. In scores of cases diet, given with their regular food, has failed to check the infantile distresses.

L. C. MENDEL, M. D.

I. M. PROCTOR, M. D.

Sweetman's Teething Food will carry baby and comfortably through the most dar-crous period of child life. It renders lancing of the gums unnecessary. It is the safest lan and a blessing to the baby to not wait or symptoms but to commence giving it the 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, dis-trees or lancing. It is an auxiliary to their regular diet and easily taken. Price 50 cents (enough for six weeks), sent postpaid on re-ceipt of price. Pacific Coast Agents, Inland Drug Co., Mills Building, San Francisco.

Church and Workmen.

It would be an exaggeration to say that all working people feel antagonistic toward the church. Their general attitude is rather that of indifference. The thinking poor are well enough aware that there is nothing unnatural in the situation and that if the tables. were so turned that world advantage shifted to their side it would probably remain unchanged. At times their feel ng, especially toward the clergy, is curiously sympathetic. "Say," remarked a labor leader of vivid mind to the writer-"say. I'm awfully sorry for ministers. Most of them are real good men. They know well enough what Christ meant, and they'd like first rate to preach if they dared. But, Lord. how can they? They've got to draw their salaries; they've got famil'es to support." All this quite without a touch of irony.-Vida D. Scudder in Atlantic.

A Delicate Compliment.

To be able to compliment without seeming to flatter is a rare gift, and probably no race of men is endowed with that gift more extensively than the French.

An example of the Frenchman's rare tact in matters of this sort is shown in that sweet little story of a man who had ventured to compliment a white haired old lady upon her beauty. "Ah," said she, '1 fear you flatter

me. You call me pretty? Why, I am an old woman, my hair is white, and see here is a wrinkle" "A wrinkle?" he replied. "Never. madame; that is not a wrinkle. It is

but a smile that has drifted from its moorings. Supply at Hand.

Employment Agent-I have a cook that will just suit you. She is a young widow and is very fond of children. Mrs. Richleigh-But we have no chil-

Employment Agent - Oh, that'll be all right, ma'am. She has six of her own.-Chicago News.

The Mother's Russ.

"Here," said Mr. Snaggs as he laid a volume on the table-"here is a book that I am very desirous Lucy shall read."

"Very well," replied Mrs. Snags: the great pyramid of Gizeh. There "I'll forbid her to touch it." Pitteburg Chronicle-Telegrand ___