
THE HIDDEN PAGE.

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She stooped and on her sister's grave Laid blossoms white as snow;
Then lifting up a fair young face,
With happiness aglow,
Bur softly said, "How much I grieve
Because you never knew The blessedness of being loved
By one so good and true."
Bhe klassed the jewel on her hand,
She felt that life was sweet,
And shed a pitying tear for her
Who slumbered at her feet.

A breeze came up from life's great sea.
The angel of the book
Baw it turn some pages up,
And, as with rapid look,
He pressed them to their place to wait
Their proper hour and day,
He could but read a word or line
Which on the rapin lay.

Which on the margin lay.
Then, looking on the head that bent
Above the cross and wreath,
He whispered that the favored one Was she who slept beneath.

—Detroit Free Press.

AN ACCIDENT TO PONSONBY

A Story of A War Correspondent.

It was hot, villainously hot. So was the firing. So were transport mules, would not try to give us any false imtroops and the poor bleeding wretches who were being put into the ambulances. So was all the available water. So were the little knot of correspondents who drummed their heels on the sides of a stack of biscuit boxes on the side of the railway embankment and anathematized the war, editors in general and the press censor in particular. But the very hottest thing of all was Ponsonby. And Ponsonby, the usually calm and urbane Ponsonby, the well tried representative of The Daily Gaddy, was now swearing like a trooper, or, for the matter of that, like a thousand troopers. Had he not lost his pony and smashed his camera? Had not a staff officer ordered him, "Fifteen paces behind the staff if you please, gentlemen?" And had he not fallen headlong into a buffalo wallow, nothing of importance was taking thereby befouling his usually neat attire and twisting his ankle?

Around us was nothing but smoke and dust through which the midday sun glowed in a crimson ball. A few bundred yards to the northward on elther side of the line of railroad lay a long line of blue and brown clad husound as though millions of crackers were being iguited in one continuous stream. Then, cutting the dust laden sir with their sobbing screams, the bul-lets of the foe came flying overhead, occasionally alighting on the brown pun baked ground with dull thuds or clasging loudly on the iron roof of the totton in whose rear we were, dust begrimed and smoke stained, taking sheker. A queer looking trio we, booted and spurred, belted and revolvered. And the worst of it was we had none of us broken our fast that day. As Agden of the San Francisco Screamer remarked, "While we are waiting here tack anybow."

To this proposition I assented. A blg stone and a jackknife soon had a case opened and our teeth busy, and when I unearthed a tin of sardines from my hip pocket even Ponsonby forgot to swear further. While thus engaged the firing ceased, there were a couple of bugle calls, a series of "yells" from the American troops as they rose from their rice ridge shelters and dashed forward in pursuit of the fleeing foe. Speedily we were following in their wake, pausing only now or then to look at a wounded man be- is a fret which is well illustrated by ing borne rearward on a stretcher. The the sense of taste. A cold coin feels advance line is soon overtaken. They heavier than one that has been slighthave lost all sight of the fleet footed Filipines and are new resting and awaiting a well carned meal. Our notes are soon jotted down, and we proceed to investigate a neighboring taste less sour, sweet or salty than hamlet which, after firing, the insur- when cold. If you put a slight solution gents have vacated.

"Looks like hot work here," said Agden, pointing to the church, from which a shell had gently removed a corner.

church we enter the adjacent priest's all kinds at least a little musk. quarters and, finding them comfortsble, proceed to camp there for the pight. Your humble servant is instal-tries to do with the sense of smell, and as in acoustics the bass drum or sally forth to annex a chicken or any-thing edible which comes handy. By for the tone of coloring. On the other this time a number of the victorious troops have cutered the village and are looking about the place, taking sections of nipa with which to make thing like Milton's "darkness from excamping "shacks," collecting firewood, cess of light." The effect of cold in seeking water, eggs, etc. Time passes. recoing the intensity of sweetness is Agden returns, but no Ponsonby. It well known to any one who has manugets dark, but the village is ablaze with the light of one or two blazing build- don't make the cream a little too ings. We ramble about, looking here, making inquiries there. Still no sign sweet enough after the freezing procof our friend. Anybow, it is no use seeking him further tonight. He is pure to turn up all right. So after a pleasant little meal we "turn in."

I must have been asleep some hours when something disturbed me. What on earth is that? There, standing at the foot of my bed, is a young native woman. Naturally I spring to my feet, awaking Agden as I do so. The mysterious damsel says something in Spanish. What it means neither Ag-den nor myself can comprehend, but how on earth did she get there? The insurgents have carried off all their women with them, and how our presat visitor can have remained behind omystery. She is evidently anxious bout something, for see how she is

After a brief consultation as to what do we follow the lady through the praud into the church. She trips the sour and goes right up to the colaing some drapery at its side.

B resche it. There right in the call of the church is a doorway.

from which descends a flight of steps. Taking a candle from some lying scattered about the floor, she lights it and proceeds to descend. Round and round we wind, and there at the bottom, his head bound in a blood stained bandage, is Ponsonby, evidently very seriously

hurt, looking deathly pale, but now peacefully sleeping. To say that we were thunderstruck would be to put it faintly. As neither Agden nor myself can speak Spanish or Tagalog, we cannot ask the lady, for a lady she evidently is, judging by her manner, her dress and jewels. She sat on some pieces of wood, her face resting on her hands, occasionally giving vent to a sob. How the weary hours passed that night with Agden and myself attending on our injured friend I could hardly tell. At length came the dawn, and I went off in search of a Jurgeon, after having assisted Agden to get Ponsonby up the steps leading from the crypt into the church. A doctor was soon found and came with all speed with me to the church. His diagnosis was to the effect that Ponsonby must have discovered the staircase by some accident, had fallen down it in the darkness and injured his head. It was impossible to say how severe such injury might be, and, although he had every hope of a rapid recovery, he

Chinese stretcher coolies, advancing pressions. An ambuiance was soon on the spot, our wounded friend placed inside and we started for town, Agden having kindly volunteered to do my work in the field during my brief absence. The journey to town was speedfly accomplished, and I left Ponsonby in the hands of the good sisters of the San Juan de Dios hospital. Meanwhile I had completely forgotten the senorita, and it was not until I met Agden at Malolos some three days after that I gave her a thought. Then I learned that she had vanished as mysteriously as she had appeared.

> Meanwhile the campaign went on. Weeks passed. The insurgents were day by day being driven back. Ponsonby had got out of the hospital and was recuperating in town, and as the rainy season was in full swing and place in the country Agden and myself were also "resting." We were one evening sitting on the hotel veranda when Ponsonby walked up. After a few words of greeting he said: "Well, boys, I'm sorry to leave you, but am off tomorrow. My wife joins me in 'chinchins.' Am bound for Calcutta and thence by P. and O. home.' "Your wife!" Agden and myself exclaimed simultaneously.

"But we didn't know you were mar-

"Yes, my wife."

"No, I don't suppose you did. But you remember the lady who found me in the church at Malinto."

"Well, I'm hanged!" It was Agden by with all my eyes. Then I managed to blurt out:

"But how did she get into town?" came and saw me in the hospital. in ten minutes. Goodby." we might as well investigate the hard How she ever found me in the church tered up sufficient Spanish to inquire."

We were sorry to lose Ponsonby, who was always a decent fellow. But Agden will have it that his brain was affected by the fall into that curious crypt. And Agden is probably right, for, if not, why didn't Ponsonby invite us to his wedding?-Hongkong Telegraph.

The sense of Taste.

That the intensity of one sense is increased by the action of other senses ly warmed by being carried in the pocket, and what is true here of touch Is just as true of taste. Warm vinegar, warm sugar, warm solutions of salt of salt or quining into a sugar solution of a certain sweetness, the sweetness will seem much greater. Cooks and confectioners are well aware of this fact, for they always add to sweet con-We acquiesce and proceed to investi- fections some bitter substance, just as gate the interior. After leaving the the perfumers put into perfumes of

The cook tries to "lift" or "fill" the taste, as they say, just as the perfumer and as in acoustics the bass drum or for the tone of coloring. On the other hand, if a mixture is made too sweet, without any contrasting elements, the quality of sweetness is lost, somecess of light." 'The effect of cold in factured fee cream at home. If you sweet before freezing, it will not be athlete."

A Coward.

Frau Hingstermeier, the wife of Herr Hingstermeier, the lion tamer, was what may be termed-to put it mildlya virage and held Hingstermeler in absolute subjection.

The lion tamer returned to the family caravan one evening in a state of hilarity, which made him feel that he would better postpone an interview with his better half until his condition had worn off. He therefore concluded

not to sleep in the family quarters. The next morning his wife called him to account, and he explained that be had been having a little follitication and did not wish to disturb her slumbers on his return.

"Where did you sleep?" she de-"In the cage with the lions," he re-

meter, with a look as of one robbed of of those crooked streets."-Cleveland ber just dues .- Life.

A NEED CONFESSED.

Senator Sorghum on Interviewing as

"It's terrible," said Senator Sorghum as he looked at the paper, "to see how some of us public men suffer at the

hands of those interviewers!" "Are you the victim of another base fabrication?"

"I dunno's it was any fabrication." "But the report was somewhat gar-"No; it wasn't garbled; not a bit."

"Do you-do you regret having expressed the opinions attributed to "No; they're all right."

"Well, if you admit having given the aterview and that it wasn't garbled"-"There's just the point. I don't know when I have been more disappointed than I was when I took up the paper. There it was, just plain talk. Not an pigram in the whole business; not a flashing sally of satire nor a bit of pungent philosophy in the whole thing. It made me sleepy to read it. The man that interviewed me before put all them things in, and folks were talking about it for a week after. But this chap wrote every word down straightforward just as I said it. I tell you, it has taught me a lesson. I won't be so confiding another time. The next time anybody tries to interview me I'll find out something about him beforehand. I'll make dead sure that he understands his business and knows how to garble and do it right."-Washington

Gross Flattery.

Hippo (reading)-And with kind permission of our gentle reader, etc.-New York Journal.

His Assignment. "Hello, Griggs! What are you do-

ing with that vallse?" "I am just starting for Brazil." "For Brazil? Isn't that rather sud-

"Yes, but a newspaper reporter has to be ready for such things. He never knows when or where he is going to be sent till the order comes. I'd like to

"Goodby, old man. Safe journey to I don't know and have not yet mus- you. How long do you expect to be

"Coming back tomorrow." "Tomorrow? From Brazil?" "Yes. Brazil, Ind."-Chicago Trib-

The Run off. "Once," said the dreamy tragedian, "I toured the great state of Illinois in

less than a week." "Who was your backer?" inquired the press agent.

"Beg pardon?" "I say who backed you on this tour?" "I really do not grasp your meaning." "Who was behind you on this mete-

"Oh, the sheriff","-Chicago News.

In Doubt.
"I'm a little puzzled," said Senator Sorghum. "The remarks which have reached my cars from that old henchman of mine have worried me a great

"But he merely said he did not regard you as a political boss." "Exactly. Now, what do you think he meant to imply by that; esteem or insubordination?"-Washington Star.

His Paper's Motto. "I've got a good motto for my new paper."

"What Is It?" "'What we have we hold."

tion. That's good. But, by the way, I didn't know you were a publisher."
"I'm not. This is a patent fly paper." -Philadelphia Press. Well Fitted For the Job.

"Judging from that fellow's splendid

"Oh, I see-referring to the circula-

should say that he was an eminent "That's Herr Spltznoodle, who conducts the orchestra in Wagnerian opera."--Chicago Record.

shoulder, and chest development, I

A Contrast. "Times change."

"Prove It." "In 1866 people who watched for the

meteoric shower were called scientific observers. In 1899 they are alluded to as rubbernecks." - Cleveland Plain only and coarser toothed than the so

Like a Fish. Westside-A man is a lot like a fish, tsn't be?

Wagstaff-How so? Westside-If he wants to stay in the swim, he'd better keep his mouth shut. -Tammany Times.

Bad For the Horse, "The Boston Globe says the horse has come to stay."

"Coward?" hissed Mrs. Hingster- be'll be very apt to get warped in some Plain Dealer.

There used Ripans Tabules with so much satisfaction that I can cheerfully recommend them. Have been troubled for about three years with what I called biforn attacks coming on regularly once a week. Was told by different physicians that it was caused by bad teeth, of which I had several. I had the teeth extracted, but the attacks continued. I had seen advertisements of Ripans Tabules in all the papers but had no faith in them, but about six weeks since a friend induced me to try them. Have taken but two of the small 8 cent boxes of the Tabules and have had no recurrence of the attacks. Have never given a testimonial for anything before, but the great amount of good which I believe has been done may by Ripans Tabules induced me to add mine to the many testimonials you doubtless have in your possession new.

A. T. DEWITT.

I want to inform you, in words of highest praise, of the benefit I have derived from Ripans Tabules. I am a professional nurse and in this profession actear head is always needed. Ripans Tabules does it. After one of my cases I found myself completely run down. Acting on the advice of Mr. Geo. Bower, Fh. G., 588 Newark Ave., Jersey City, I took Ripans Tabules with grand results.

Miss BEGSIZ WIRDMAN.

Mother was troubled with heartburn and eleplesanes, caused by indigestion, for a good many years. One day she sav a testimonial in the paper indorsing Bipans Tabules. She determined to give them a trial, was greatly relieved by their use and now takes the Tabules regularly. She keeps a few cartons Ripans Tabules in the house and says she will not be with cut them. The heartburn and sleeplessness have disappeared with the indigestion which was formerly so great a burden for her. Our whole family take the Tabules regularly, especially after a hearty meal. My mother is fifty years of age and is enjoying the best of health and spirits; also cats hearty meals, an impossibility before she took kigams Tabules.

Anton H. Blaukers.

Ill of humanity.

My seven-year-old boy suggested with pains in his head, constipation and complained of his stomach. He could not eat like children of his age do and what he did eat did not agree with him. He was thin and of a saffron color. Reading some of the testimentals in favor of his formerly so great a burden for her. Our whole family take the Tabules regularly, especially after a hearty meal. My mother is fifty years of age and is enjoying the best of health and spirits; also cats hearty meals, an impossibility before she took kigams Tabules.

Anton H. Blaukers.

A new style packet containing TEN RIVANS TABULES packed in a paper carton (without glass) is new for sale at some drug stores—for five certs. This low-priced sort is intended for the poor and the economical. One dozen of the five-cent cartons (130 tabules) can be had by mail by sending forty-eight cents to the RIVANS CHEMICAL COMPANY, No. 10 Spruce Street, New York—or a single carton (TEN TABULES) will be sent for five cents. RIVANS TABULES may also be had of some greeers, general storekeepers, news agents and at some liquor stores and barber shops. They banish pain, induce sleep and prolong life. One gives relied.



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Steel Combs.

A man who saw in a sidewalk showcase some steel combs and who wondered what steel combs could be used for found upon inquiry that they were used by furriers in combing furs. There was one of these combs that looked much like a comb of the ordinary kind, coarse toothed for half its length and finer toothed the other half. And then there was one comb that had teeth for half its length, the solid end serving as a bandle.

There are other steel combs that are used for a similar purpose, as steel combs made to comb dogs with. The Con dog comb looks somewhat like the fine toothed comb in its general shape, but it is larger, toothed on one side called flue comb. The untoothed side combs of this sort are used on various kinds of dogs, including, for instance, long halred dogs like the French poodle .- New York Sun.

A Utilltarian. "What kind of a man is Bloss?" "He's the kind of a man who would fill the candy bags on a Christmas tree with cough drops."-Chicago Record.

Doesn't Draw the Line. Miss Readum-Do you like "The Man With the Hoe?"

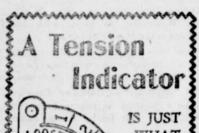
Miss Yellowleaf-Oh, I like any man. -Baltimore American.

I have been a great sufferer from constipation for over five years. Nothing rave me any relief. My feet and legs end abdoman were bloated so I could not wear shoos on my feet and only a loose dress. I saw Ripans Tabules advertised in our daily paper, bought some and took them as directed. Have taken them about three weeks and there is such a change! I am not constipated any more and I owe it all to Ripans Tabules. I am thirty-seven years old, have no occupation, only my household duties and sursing my sick husband. He has had the dropsy and I am trying Ripans Tabules for him. He feels some better but it will take some time, he has been alck so long. You may use my letter and name as you like.

Mrs. Maay Gormas Clarks.

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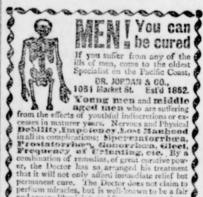
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