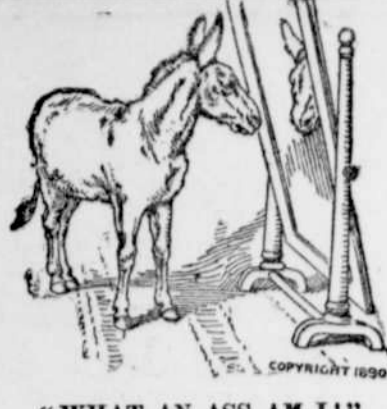


TOASTMASTER HARKER.



HE HAS HEARD MORE AFTER DINNER SPEECHES THAN ANY OTHER MAN.

His Reminiscences of Distinguished Dinners.

Charles Dickens was a ready speaker. Brought out the Prince of Wales—Dining 5,000 Doctors.

"Are you still the city toastmaster?" "No. I gave up my post some time ago; but I am the queen's bailliif at the central criminal court, and am one of the oldest servants of the corporation."

"How many dinners have you put through in your official capacity?" "Four thousand and ninety."

"Most of the great speakers you have heard take something to keep their voices in trim?" "Well, Dismell, for instance, always had his butter behind him with a bottle of egg and sherry, which he had ready with him. Gladstone, I have noticed, takes sherry, but no egg. The Prince of Wales, he likes both and champagne."

The Duke of Edinburgh, his servant always brings his special brand with him—a Russian champagne.

At the crowded heads.

"Well, Mr. Harker, you have certainly heard more after dinner speeches than any man living. Will you offer some criticisms?"

"Well, I suppose Charles Dickens was as ready a speaker as I ever heard. The way he would put it out like a stream, but he was not what I call a good after dinner speaker, because he was so interesting that you wished he would go on forever. Now, that do not do for me, you know, for I have to stand by with the watch."

"The stop watch, eh?" "Yes, I've stopped Mr. Gladstone before today. This is a confidential whisper."

"You don't say so?" "A fact. When he is too long I have spoken into his ear, 'T-m-e, s-i-r.' I-m-e, and then he slackens up. With ordinary men I say it to the 'chair,' not to let the room hear me, you know. I never stop a man at a charity dinner. It doesn't do."

"Is the Prince of Wales a good speaker?"

"A glorious fellow. If I had only a sovereign in the world and he wanted it, he should have it. Why, I brought him out in '63, and stood behind him many a time and oft. Does he speak from notes? Not in speaking of himself, never. He has a slip of paper to show the order of the toasts, that's all. What's his favorite dish? Well, he likes dainties en cassis, en papillot, larks, lobsters, oysters. He is very fond of those."

"Well, now, who are the most famous people you have attended?" Mr. Harker looked up and his fingers fumbled irritably with his white tie as he proceeded: "Why, nearly all the crowned heads in Europe. The queen, to begin with. Then I brought out the Prince of Wales in 1863, and all his brothers and his sons, the emperor of Austria, the late czar, and the present czar, the late Emperor Frederick, the Emperor Napoleon—why, I remember wearing in the late emperor of the French as a special jurymen at the Old Bailey when he was nobody. Did he serve? Just like anybody else. He had to serve by the law of the land."

COACHING THE PRINCESS.

"Then I claim to be the person who first induced the Princess of Wales to make a speech in public. I was standing behind her, a good many years ago, it was at a charity dinner or luncheon, and her speech was going to be read by her secretary. I ventured to say: 'If your royal highness would only say a word yourself it would make all the difference,' and she did. The Baroness Burdet-Countess, too, I induced to speak when she opened Columbia market."

"Well, you heard about your successor who couldn't pronounce Massachusetts? What is the most difficult name you ever had to tackle?"

"The Madagascar envoy." They were cautious. "Riandriandrino," as near as I can remember it," said Mr. Harker. "Rain and rain and dry again, as Punch called it." The biggest number I think I ever did was 5,000 foreign doctors who dined at the Guildhall, and they said I didn't make one mistake."

"What preparation had you for your onerous duties?"

"In 1844 I shipped with Sir John Ross for the Antarctic expedition. We wintered twice in 76 degrees south, then went to China, Australia, New Zealand, Tasmania, getting remounts for the regiments engaged in the Indian mutiny. I had joined the commissariat then. I came home in the fifties, and served through the Crimean war."

"Any wounds?"

"A bullet in my leg, a gun carriage crushed my ribs, and a slice of my chin cut off with a saber. Pretty tough, eh? I have twenty-six medals and orders, and my collection of autographs is not to be beaten. I think, for I have 600 cabinet portraits of all the famous men and women for thirty years past, with autographs attached."

"By the way, what are your fees?"

"Two guineas for a city dinner and ten guineas if I travel."

"And your uniform?"

"Well, evening dress as often as not now. In the good old days I wore a beautiful velvet dress, with knee breeches and silver decorations, which cost £200. But the city can't spend money like they used to do. They are watched by the newspapers."—Pall Mall Gazette.

Some Curious Mismomers.

Arabic figures were invented by the Indians, not by the Arabs.

Dutch clocks are not of Dutch, but German (deutsch) manufacture.

Irish stew is a dish unknown in Ireland.

Baffin's bay is no bay at all.

Down is used instead of a-down and utterly perverts its meaning.

The Saxon dum is a hill, and a-dun is its opposite, a descent. Going down stairs really means going up stairs.

We ought properly to say "going a-down."—Detroit Free Press.

A Pertinent Question.

Young Goslin—Mr. Ross, I wish—er—that is, I desire—er—the hand of your daughter.

Robt—What's the matter with the rest of her?—Judge.

Other Identification Needed.

ARTIFICIAL FERTILIZERS.

Great Improvements in Them During the Past Thirty Years.

Among the other titles to distinction which the Nineteenth century is hereafter to enjoy, one will be found in the fact that in that age agriculture first began to be pursued in a systematic manner with the aid of scientific research.

Manufacturing with the exception of the harrow is a very ancient art, but the resort to the mine for fertilizers is substantially an invention of our own times.

Chemists first told the farmer the cause of the frequent speedy exhaustion in the grain producing powers of the soil; it has fallen to the geologist to show whence may be obtained the phosphatic element which is the most quickly exhausted of all the elements of plant food in process of cropping.

Although artificial fertilizers are practically the invention of the last thirty years, the industries connected with their manufacture now demand a capital of about \$100,000,000, with an annual product of about that amount, and the volume of the industries is increasing more rapidly, perhaps, than any other art which pertains to mining.

The use of artificial fertilizers grew out of the trade in guano. These heaps of bird droppings were first made use of by the Peruvians. The account of Garciasco de la Vega, published in 1604, relates that the Peruvians in the sixteenth century used guano beds as a source of fertilizer. Of such importance did they esteem the material of these beds that the penalty of death was imposed by the early Incas upon any one found killing the birds which made these precious deposits.

For many years the miners of the western coast of South America and other similar deposits within the tropical region supplied the demands of our gardens. As the supply of these guanos approached exhaustion and the price increased, the skill of chemists and geologists showed the manufacturers the way to find and how to treat deposits of mineral phosphates in such a manner that they might substantially serve to replace the manures of animal origin. In bulletin No. 46, of the United States geological survey, Dr. R. A. F. Penrose, Jr., now assistant state geologist of Texas, has given an important treatise on phosphate deposits, and although his report mainly concerns the phosphates of North America, it gives a synoptic account of the known beds of this nature in all parts of the world.

It makes it plain that only a small part of the deposits of this nature are yet known to us.

The process of discovery of these valuable resources is now, and for a long time will be, slow, and this for the reason that the nature of this industry which are unfamiliar to the public or even to the ordinarily trained prospector who seeks for mineral resources. In most cases the material appears either in the form of greenish crystals or in the shape of nodular masses looking much like claystone, and this is why the geologist is likely to attract general attention. In fact the great deposits at Charleston, S. C., had been in view for a century or more. Concretions of cerne phosphate were dug up in the ditches of the rice fields and condemned as worthless until, after the war, when a native chemist, once a man of fortune, but brought to need by the havoc wrought upon that country during the rebellion, groping about to find some means of mending his resources, analyzed the rejected stones, and found that they were the natural rock. He then reported to the general public, and the cause of the commercial prosperity in his state.

—N. S. Shaler in Boston Herald.

Curiosities of Natural Gas.

One writer asks whether it is safe to bore the earth to touch. He assumes the earth to be a hollow sphere filled with a gaseous substance called by us natural gas, and he thinks that tapping these reservoirs will cause disastrous explosions, resulting in the loss of human life.

Another writer thinks that boring should be prohibited by stringent laws. He, too, thinks there is a possibility of an explosion, and makes known the cause. Should such a disaster occur, "the county along the gas belt from Toledo through Ohio, Indiana and Kentucky will be ripped up to the depth of twelve or fifteen hundred feet, and flopped over like a pancake, leaving a chasm through which the waters of the Mississippi will flow down, filling the Ohio and Mississippi valleys, and blotting them out forever."

Still another theorist has investigated the gas wells with telephones and delicate thermometers, and has made startling discoveries. He distinguished sounds like the boiling of rocks, and estimated that a mile and a half or so beneath Findlay the temperature of the earth is 3,500 degs. This scientist says an immense cavity exists under Findlay and that here the gas is stored; that a mile below the bottom of the cavity is a mass of rearing, seething flame, which is gradually eating into the rocky floor of the cavern and thinning it. Eventually the flames will reach the gas, a terrific explosion will ensue, and Findlay and its neighborhood will be blown to pieces in an instant. Such are some of the theories gravely propounded in respect to this new fuel.—Professor Joseph F. James in Popular Science Monthly.

Forethought.

She—Oh, horrors!

He—What is it, darling?

She—I forgot all about poor pussy, left in the house alone, and we off for a walk. She'll starve.

He—O, I remembered her. I left a can of condensed milk on the kitchen table with a sardine-opener beside it.—Life.

Divided Duties.

Daughter—Ma, the new girl has got mad and gone, and we'll have to get another right off.

Mrs. De Style—Well, telephone to your pa to send a boy to some employment office for me. I need some reply to match this silk, too; but I suppose I will have to go for that myself.—New York Weekly.

Took the Hint and Got Even.

Miss B. (hinting for Mr. C. to leave)—I should think you would take cold out here.

"Smith."

Mr. C.—Yes, if you wear the weather I might, good night.—West Shore.

Delicately Fat.

He—I am sure you would like my brother.

She—I have no doubt should. I am told you two are so different.—Epoch.

THE TURKISH BATH.

AN INSTITUTION THAT IS POPULAR WITH THE LADIES.

Women Who Bathe to Increase Their Weight, and Others Who Do the Same to Make Themselves Thinner—Ladies' Day at a St. Louis Bath House.

While St. Louis cannot boast of any Turkish bath houses marked by Parisian or even Levantine luxury and elegance as to fittings and conveniences, she can claim to have a large contingent of fresh looking, handsome women who give full credit to the beautifying influence of regular Turkish baths.

All the public Turkish baths. All the public Turkish baths are in the hands of the regular Turkish baths. All the public Turkish baths are in the hands of the regular Turkish baths.

The register of the leading establishments in the city, and the regular customers of the schools, in the churches—in all the sets and circles of the body social of our city. On "Ladies' Days" this bath house can hardly accommodate the crowds of maidens, matrons, children and school girls that are its regular customers.

HAVE THEIR REGULAR DAYS.

The visitor as well as the attendants at the bath house soon learn to look for certain classes on the same days of each successive week.

Those who come by order of their physicians, or for some special physical ailment, are generally promptly and handily attended.

Women who come to improve their complexion, and for some special physical ailment, are generally promptly and handily attended.

For many years the miners of the western coast of South America and other similar deposits within the tropical region supplied the demands of our gardens. As the supply of these guanos approached exhaustion and the price increased, the skill of chemists and geologists showed the manufacturers the way to find and how to treat deposits of mineral phosphates in such a manner that they might substantially serve to replace the manures of animal origin. In bulletin No. 46, of the United States geological survey, Dr. R. A. F. Penrose, Jr., now assistant state geologist of Texas, has given an important treatise on phosphate deposits, and although his report mainly concerns the phosphates of North America, it gives a synoptic account of the known beds of this nature in all parts of the world.

It makes it plain that only a small part of the deposits of this nature are yet known to us.

The process of discovery of these valuable resources is now, and for a long time will be, slow, and this for the reason that the nature of this industry which are unfamiliar to the public or even to the ordinarily trained prospector who seeks for mineral resources. In most cases the material appears either in the form of greenish crystals or in the shape of nodular masses looking much like claystone, and this is why the geologist is likely to attract general attention. In fact the great deposits at Charleston, S. C., had been in view for a century or more. Concretions of cerne phosphate were dug up in the ditches of the rice fields and condemned as worthless until, after the war, when a native chemist, once a man of fortune, but brought to need by the havoc wrought upon that country during the rebellion, groping about to find some means of mending his resources, analyzed the rejected stones, and found that they were the natural rock. He then reported to the general public, and the cause of the commercial prosperity in his state.

—N. S. Shaler in Boston Herald.

Curiosities of Natural Gas.

One writer asks whether it is safe to bore the earth to touch. He assumes the earth to be a hollow sphere filled with a gaseous substance called by us natural gas, and he thinks that tapping these reservoirs will cause disastrous explosions, resulting in the loss of human life.

Another writer thinks that boring should be prohibited by stringent laws. He, too, thinks there is a possibility of an explosion, and makes known the cause. Should such a disaster occur, "the county along the gas belt from Toledo through Ohio, Indiana and Kentucky will be ripped up to the depth of twelve or fifteen hundred feet, and flopped over like a pancake, leaving a chasm through which the waters of the Mississippi will flow down, filling the Ohio and Mississippi valleys, and blotting them out forever."

Still another theorist has investigated the gas wells with telephones and delicate thermometers, and has made startling discoveries. He distinguished sounds like the boiling of rocks, and estimated that a mile and a half or so beneath Findlay the temperature of the earth is 3,500 degs. This scientist says an immense cavity exists under Findlay and that here the gas is stored; that a mile below the bottom of the cavity is a mass of rearing, seething flame, which is gradually eating into the rocky floor of the cavern and thinning it. Eventually the flames will reach the gas, a terrific explosion will ensue, and Findlay and its neighborhood will be blown to pieces in an instant. Such are some of the theories gravely propounded in respect to this new fuel.—Professor Joseph F. James in Popular Science Monthly.

Forethought.

She—Oh, horrors!

He—What is it, darling?

She—I forgot all about poor pussy, left in the house alone, and we off for a walk. She'll starve.

He—O, I remembered her. I left a can of condensed milk on the kitchen table with a sardine-opener beside it.—Life.

Divided Duties.

Daughter—Ma, the new girl has got mad and gone, and we'll have to get another right off.

Mrs. De Style—Well, telephone to your pa to send a boy to some employment office for me. I need some reply to match this silk, too; but I suppose I will have to go for that myself.—New York Weekly.

Took the Hint and Got Even.

Miss B. (hinting for Mr. C. to leave)—I should think you would take cold out here.

"Smith."

Mr. C.—Yes, if you wear the weather I might, good night.—West Shore.

Delicately Fat.

He—I am sure you would like my brother.

She—I have no doubt should. I am told you two are so different.—Epoch.

THE DISCOVERY OF WHAT IS TRUE

And the Practice of That Which is Good are the Two Most Important Objects of Life.

SACRAMENTO, CAL., April 11, 1901.

Dr. Jordan, Seattle, Wash.—MY DEAR FRIEND: I must tell you about Mrs. Boat, the lady with the terrible kidney trouble.

She was here about two months ago, and had been free from excruciating pain for months. She took one bottle of X, and had been free from pain ever since; and she writes that when one little bottle of medicine will do so much good she thinks the whole prescription will cure her.

We no longer fear colds in any form in our family. Mr. Purvis had a grippe a year ago, and he is awfully afraid of it. I asked him a few days ago if, in case he grippe attacked him again, he would be so badly frightened that he would send for a doctor. He answered: "No. What the Jordan medicine won't cure nothing on earth will."

I found your medicine in Sacramento this winter, and introduced them into one family where the children had the whooping cough; and the medicines acted like a charm. The whole family—all of whom were sick with colds in some form—the medicines, and were delighted with them. Very respectfully,

Mrs. J. L. Purvis.

DR. JORDAN'S OFFICE is at the residence of ex-Mayor Yeager, Third and James. Ex-amination and prescriptions absolutely free.

Send for free book explaining the Histo-genetic system.

CAUTION.—The Histo-genetic Medicines are sold in one size only in each town. The label around the bottle bears the following inscription: "Dr. J. Eugene Jordan's Histo-genetic Medicine." Every other device is a fraud.

VALUABLE DISCOVERY FOR THE BLIND.

Dr. George wishes to make known his New Treatment for the cure of all diseases of the Eye. Treatment, Defective Vision, Zealotry, without Operation or Pain. The remedy can be applied by the patient, and is simple, safe and sure in its effects, strengthening the muscles and nerves of the eye, removing pain almost instantaneously. It is a marvellous discovery and a blessing to the sufferer.

For further particulars address with stamped envelope to J. A. GEORGE, M. D., 215 Powell street, fourth floor from Geary street, San Francisco, Cal. Office hours—11 till 1.

CONSUMPTION SURELY CURED.

TO THE EDITOR: Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above-named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I will be glad to send you two bottles of my remedy free to any of your readers who have consumptive tendencies, or who think they have the Turkish bath and the fountain of eternal youth and beauty. Women as ugly and old as the Witch of Endor have parboiled themselves until the sap of life has left their skins like parchment, and they have managed to get up and down away on the way from their tri-weekly trips to the Turkish baths, where they hoped to grow fat, fair, and 40 at least, when scragginess and the seventies had seized them ten years before.

One entire fat family of social as well as personal magnitude in this city never fails to send its ample supply of daughters for a donche and a pounding every Thursday; but pouncing only seems to make them more pulpy. Then there are three thin sisters who go to gain symmetry; and three other sisters who have the natural rotundity and roqueness of stocky girls only one generation removed from the farm life of their mother's parental precincts, go for—well, for what? Perhaps to get elongated; perhaps to acquire a little etherialization—heaven knows for what other reason! The result is then three very tall girls, one tall girl, neither too thick nor too thin, too rosy nor too pale, and, as is natural, she inclines to the stout, short girls, and they compare notes on the advantages of Turkish baths.

SOUNDING THE MIM ALARM.

The mother of a middle class woman whose friends tell her she "doesn't look a day older" (than whom or when?), comes regularly, and says, "it's the Turkish bath does it." The phrase may be a little promiscuous, but it seems to be understood by her friends and fellow bathers.

For the women who are not so beautiful and strong, and congratulate her on the good times she has going around the world and having no children to keep her from her work, she says, "I am a lot younger than ever, and she says, it is all the Turkish bath."

Then a widely known teacher, wise and learned, will be heard telling a pale little Dante woman that nothing so helps to clear the brain and put spring into the wrinkles as to make known the nerves, which, uncollected, aid all the faculties to digest the learned dissertations of the doctors now expounding doctrines of the flesh and the devil as given forth by Goethe at the guild rooms of St. George's, as a thorough mashing of the physical woman.

A suffragist, tossing wildly on a hard couch near by, from which she can see the clock, whose warning hour hand stands at half-past 12, notes the fact that "we must all be getting out of here pretty soon for those selfish men, who want the place at 1 o'clock. When someone can vote we'll change all this." "I hope you won't vote to let the men in during the women's hours," exclaimed the horrified woman of calculus and belles lettres.

"Not wait till I get my corsets on," cries a beauty from her dressing room, and she immediately applies the rabbit's foot to her cheeks, ties down her lace veil and goes out with a last injunction to her bathers to "take care of my terry blanket and things"—and with her face toward the door to get the first glimpse of any of those "horrid men" who may be coming, she looks over the register as she signs her name and reads therein a list of the best known names in the city.—St. Louis Republic.

There has been begun in Paris a campaign against trained nurses, and a return to the old system of nursing by Sisters of Charity has been strongly advocated. It is alleged that the mortality in hospitals is a per cent. higher since the introduction of trained nurses.

Didn't Know Which.

"What is the matter, Alice? You look lovely for 43.

"I am. It's too mean for anything! Those roses have just come with a card. 'Wear those for Jack,' and I don't know whether they are from the Jack I like or the Jack I like 'em too best."—Harpers' Bazar.

Complimentary.

Miss Crabtree—See what nice shoes I purchased for 43.

Miss Giddens—Why, those I'm wearing cost 40.

Miss C.—Well, I suppose they charge according to size.—Ohio State Journal.

ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, head aches and fevers, and cures biliousness, constipation, permanently. For sale in 50c and 81 bottles by all druggists.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.

TAKE CARE OF YOUR SKIN. Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, head aches and fevers, and cures biliousness, constipation, permanently. For sale in 50c and 81 bottles by all druggists.

VALUABLE DISCOVERY FOR THE BLIND.

Dr. George wishes to make known his New Treatment for the cure of all diseases of the Eye. Treatment, Defective Vision, Zealotry, without Operation or Pain. The remedy can be applied by the patient, and is simple, safe and sure in its effects, strengthening the muscles and nerves of the eye, removing pain almost instantaneously. It is a marvellous discovery and a blessing to the sufferer.

For further particulars address with stamped envelope to J. A. GEORGE, M. D., 215 Powell street, fourth floor from Geary street, San Francisco, Cal. Office hours—11 till 1.

CONSUMPTION SURELY CURED.

TO THE EDITOR: Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above-named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I will be glad to send you two bottles of my remedy free to any of your readers who have consumptive tendencies, or who think they have the Turkish bath and the fountain of eternal youth and beauty. Women as ugly and old as the Witch of Endor have parboiled themselves until the sap of life has left their skins like parchment, and they have managed to get up and down away on the way from their tri-weekly trips to the Turkish baths, where they hoped to grow fat, fair, and 40 at least, when scragginess and the seventies had seized them ten years before.

One entire fat family of social as well as personal magnitude in this city never fails to send its ample supply of daughters for a donche and a pounding every Thursday; but pouncing only seems to make them more pulpy. Then there are three thin sisters who go to gain symmetry; and three other sisters who have the natural rotundity and roqueness of stocky girls only one generation removed from the farm life of their mother's parental precincts, go for—well, for what? Perhaps to get elongated; perhaps to acquire a little etherialization—heaven knows for what other reason! The result is then three very tall girls, one tall girl, neither too thick nor too thin, too rosy nor too pale, and, as is natural, she inclines to the stout, short girls, and they compare notes on the advantages of Turkish baths.

SOUNDING THE MIM ALARM.

The mother of a middle class woman whose friends tell her she "doesn't look a day older" (than whom or when?), comes regularly, and says, "it's the Turkish bath does it." The phrase may be a little promiscuous, but it seems to be understood by her friends and fellow bathers.

For the women who are not so beautiful and strong, and congratulate her on the good times she has going around the world and having no children to keep her from her work, she says, "I am a lot younger than ever, and she says, it is all the Turkish bath."

Then a widely known teacher, wise and learned, will be heard telling a pale little Dante woman that nothing so helps to clear the brain and put spring into the wrinkles as to make known the nerves, which, uncollected, aid all the faculties to digest the learned dissertations of the doctors now expounding doctrines of the flesh and the devil as given forth by Goethe at the guild rooms of St. George's, as a thorough mashing of the physical woman.

A suffragist, tossing wildly on a hard couch near by, from which she can see the clock, whose warning hour hand stands at half-past 12, notes the fact that "we must all be getting out of here pretty soon for those selfish men, who want the place at 1 o'clock. When someone can vote we'll change all this." "I hope you won't vote to let the men in during the women's hours," exclaimed the horrified woman of calculus and belles lettres.

"Not wait till I get my corsets on," cries a beauty from her dressing room, and she immediately applies the rabbit's foot to her cheeks, ties down her lace veil and goes out with a last injunction to her bathers to "take care of my terry blanket and things"—and with her face toward the door to get the first glimpse of any of those "horrid men" who may be coming, she looks over the register as she signs her name and reads therein a list of the best known names in the city.—St. Louis Republic.

There has been begun in Paris a campaign against trained nurses, and a return to the old system of nursing by Sisters of Charity has been strongly advocated. It is alleged that the mortality in hospitals is a per cent. higher since the introduction of trained nurses.

Didn't Know Which.

"What is the matter, Alice? You look lovely for 43.

"I am. It's too mean for anything! Those roses have just come with a card. 'Wear those for Jack,' and I don't know whether they are from the Jack I like or the Jack I like 'em too best."—Harpers' Bazar.

Complimentary.

Miss Crabtree—See what nice shoes I purchased for 43.