# SHE SWEETLY SMILED

The Saturday afternoon train at Point Tiburon was crowded as usualand people were streaming through the cars in the burried search for vacant seats. Little Mr. Tom N. Oddy, who was just setting out on his two days' vacation. knew there would be this rush, and so was among the first to scamper off the boat, clamber into the nearest coach. and preempt the best middle seat on the shaly side of the car. Then, after the miserable fashion of his kind, he proceeded to cover the entire seat with himself, his overcoat, his cane and his valise.

This exercise of selfishness accom plished he drew an evening paper from his pocket and pretended to be absorded in the base ball reports As he read, however, he could not help being conscious of a persistent shadow that fell upon the sheet. Other shadows went forward and backward like jostling silhouettes, but this one staved. Glancing out of the corner of his right eye he saw a small black-gloved hand resting upon the top of the seat just where his overcoat lay, and then, curiosity leading him further afield, he glanced still more, and found that the hand belonged to one of the most charming women it had ever been his undeserved good fortune to see.

Her face was rather pale, almost callow, indeed, but lit up by a pair of great black eyes that were as lummous as a child's and as gentle as a dove's. The nose was short, straight, but rather too stout: the mouth was full and red, with a provoking little droop to the lower lip, and the chin was round and slightly double. The eyebrows were heavy and the hair was black, with a coppery tint at the edges. The dress was black, relieved by three great damask roses at the bosom, and was so draped as to show, with some degree of accuracy, a little but wellrounded figure.

It may be repeated that little Mr. Tom N. Oddy felt that he had never before seen so bewitching a creature, and when seen she looked at him in a pleading, timorous way and asked in a low voice if "this seat was engaged," he swept his things out of the way with a single movement, and declared himself delighted to be able to say it was not. She thanked him with a little faltering smile and sat down.

She was unprovided with current literature, and so little Mr. Tom N. Oddy, as the first advance toward his determined plan of making himself aggreeable, offered her part of his paper. At this she stiffened somewhat, then prettily declined the offer. saying that It hurt her eyes to read on the train. As she said so she turned those beautiful orbs of hers upon the young man. and just to show that he knew what was proper under the circumstances, he replied that no book or paper that had yet been written was worth spoiling those s over. She threw up the lids a ering the apparent irrelevancy of the little more at this, then smiled again | question. and lifted her shoulders in something very near a shrug. Little Mr. Tom N. Oddy observed

ready interest. How does it work? But perhaps it is not right to display it here

"I don't know but what you're right," assented little Mr. Tom N. Oddy, "especially as that fellow across the way has done nothing but stare at us ever since the train started. I must say he's exceedingly impertinent to go looking like that at ople he don't know.

"Ah, but that's not all," said she; would you believe it, that man has tollowed me ever since I left my house, got on the same boat, and now here he is on the same train. Oh, it 1 only-- But there, don't let's notice him. Tell me about how you would use your knife if you saw bear going to hug me

Little Mr. Tom N. Oddy was trying hard to remember the most exciting bear adventure he had ever heard of, when the engine gave a shrill toot. "Oh, my?" cried she, laying her hand ou little Mr. Tom N. Oddy's

arm, "I do believe we are going through a tunnel."

with another toot the engine plunged into the long, black hole. A wild, wicked hope leaped up in little Mr. Tom N. Oddy's little mind, but it only lived a moment, for there, directly over the next seat, was hung a lighted lamp. It only burned dim-ly, and the light it gave out in the blackness of the tunnel was very faint but it was quite enough to stay lit-tle Mr. Tom N. Oddy from doing the desperate thing he had contemplated. He could see the pale outline of her face and two lustrous spots, which showed where her eves were gleaming;

but, so, to0, he could see the oval of that fellow's face across the way, and was very sure that in the upper half of that oval, just it was cut by the dark where line of the hat brim, there were two other eyes which were fixed persistently in his direction. There was no use trying to talk against the roar of the tunnel, but when they were clear of it and in the light once more little Mr. Tom N. Oddy gave vent to his feelings by saying.

Confound that lamp!"

"Why? Does it smoke she asked, with gentle solicitude in both her look and tone.

'No," he said; "but if it had not been lit the car would have been dark in the tunnel, and then--

"Then, what?"

"Well, one is so much bolder in the dark," he replied. with Machiavellian evasiveness.

"Don't you think you are bold enough in the light?" sheasked, with captivating archness.

Sometimes," he answered. There was a short silence, during

which little Mr. Tom N. Oddy brought his diamond ring into better view, and attempted to find out whether her feet were on the floor or on the rest bar.

"That is the only tunnel on this part of the road, is it not?" she ask-

"Little Mr. Tom N. Oddy gave a at. "No, indeed," he said; there stat. are three more between this and San Rafael.' "She sat quietly again, looking

pensively at her folded hands. "Is your sword-stick hollow?" she asked, with curious interest, consid- maiden, whose silken hair almost

"Is it, really, now?" sheasked, with reading his paper, was the stalwart young man of the opposite seat. "How-dare"-little Mr. Tom N

Oddy began, with a flerce pant, when the young man turned slowly on him and said, in a ponderous bass voice Please accept my thanks for your kind attentions to my wife.

"Your wife! gasped little Mr. Tom N. Oddy, and, glancing wildly across the aisle, he saw the lovely creature sitting demurely in the young man's seat. Demurely only for a moment, however, for then a merry, wicked light sprang into those ravishing eyes, and-The lady smiled .- Thomas J. Ni-

vian in the Argonaut.

## The Art of Prolonging Life,

Somewhat different advice must be given with regard to bodily exercises in their reference to longevity. Exercise is essential to the preservation of health; inactivity is a potent cause of wasting and degeneration The vigor and equality of the circu. There was no doubt about it, and lation, the functions of the skin, and the neration of the blood, are all promoted by muscular activity, which thus keeps up a proper balance and relation between the important organs of the body. in youth. the vigor of the system is iten so great that if one organ be sluggish another part will make amends for the deficiency by acting vicariously, and without any consejuent damage to itself. In old age, the task can not be thus shifted from one organ to another; the work allotted to each sufficiently taxes its strength, and vicarious action can not be performed without mischief. Hence the importance of maintain-ing, as far as possible, the equable action of all the bodily organs, so that the share of the vital processes assigned to each shall be properly accomplished. For this reason exerse is an important part of the conduct of life in old age; but discretion absolutely necessary. An old man should discover by experience how much exercise he can take without exhausting his powers, and should be careful never to exceed the limit. Old persons are apt to forget that their staying powers are much less than they once were, and that, while a walk of two or three miles may prove easy and pleasura-ble, the addition of a return journey of similar length will seriously over-tax the strength.-Dr. Robson Roose, in the popular Science Monthly for

# LOVE AND BEARS,

A Strange Marriage.

"I'm ob eeged to a b'ar," said old Ben Hunter, "for gettin' me my wife Peggy here," pointing to his old wife in the corner.

"Ye see, she had old Squire Spreck les for a guardian after her folks died, and he wouldn't hear of me marryin her: not him. He had a mighty poor opinion o' me had the squire. Well, of course, we wanted the old man's consent to the match, but we wasn't goin' to separate if we couldn't get

"One day I was walkin' through the woods to the next settlement when I heard an almighty loud hollerin.' By follerin' the sound I cum to a guich with a roarin' stream runnin' through it. On the other side was a tree with Speckles astraddle of not paid. the limb and a bear lickin' his chops at the foot.

"Why don't you come over an' help me, he roars out? for I thought I should just die of laffin'. I straightened out my face an' says: "What kin I do for you, Squire?

Yon see I,ve got no gun. "'There's a young tree over there,

says he, 'leanin' over the gulch from your side. You kin climb up into it, an' let yourself drap over here. My gun's but a little ways back yonder, an' I kin throw you my powder-horn an' bullet-pouch, an' you kinload up an' shoot the bear with no trouble at all.

"'An' what'll the bear be doin' all the while?' says I. 'He's a lookin' at me from the tail of his eye this minnit, an I'm afeared of I drap over there it'll plump into his jaws. There's on'y one thing to do,' says I, an' that's to go'n fetch my rifle an' shoot the varment from over here.

"'I guess that's so,' says he: 'but ion't be gone long. The desp'rit orute's made two or three attemps to shin up here a'ready, an' there's to knowin' how soon he may sucrecd.

"'There's one thing I'd like to memtion afore goin', Squire,' says1. I've had it on my mind for some time." What's that?' says he

"'Your ward, Peggy White'-

"Well?' says he, cockin' up one "I want your consent to her'n me gittin' married,' says I, speakin'

squar' ont. 'He giv' a look at me'n then one at the bear. It was more'n a minit afore he spoke. I seed there was a powerful in'ard struggle goin' on. Ev'rybody knowed Josh'way Specke'd sot his heart on Peggy marryin' the moon as it slowly rose out a nephew of his'n. so's to keep her moncy in the family; an' I've no doubt he was debatin' just then. Silence was around them, naught being whether to tell me to go to old heard save occasionally the faint Scratch, takin' his own chances 01 tirin' out the bear's patience, or to buy my help with fair promises. Now losh'way was a prudent man, an' a strict believer in the doctrine of selfed person as Diogenes did for an honpreservation. So't last says he

"'Mr. Hunter, I've long had my ye on you as a suitable match for Peggy. Then I've your consent,' says I,

har'ly darin' to believe my ears.

"So 't turn-d out that I got Peggy, an' Pergy got her money, an' all by the help of our faithful friend, the bear.

New Way of Bouncing a Tailor.

Markoffski had debts all up and down, and had recourse to every conceivable dodge for giving his credit. ors the slip. To discover his address brame an insoluble problem. One day, however, a tailor, endowed with the fine scent of a professional detective, found the way to hislodgings on the fifth floor of a house in hae Lepic. He rang the bell.

Markoffski incautiously opened the door in person, and the tailor step-ped in, "his eyes in a fine frenzy rolling. Of course the Pole tried to put him off with a speech. But the tailor

took a seat and declared his intention to stay there a week if he was "All right!" said Markoffski with a gloomy air. And sitting down to

his desk, he began to cut long strips of paper, which he atterwards pasted on the chinks of the door and windows

The tailor looked on in stupefaction

Markoffski then stopped up the chimney with a bundle of rags the tailor uneasily watching him all the while, but without saying anything. The man knew how to maintain the dignity of his craft. Having finished all these prelimin-

aries, Markoffski dipped a match into the ink and traced in gigantic characters the following inscription on a sheet of paper:

LET NO ONE HE ACCUSED OF OUR MURDER! I AM TIRED OF MY LIFE! and, like two brothers. WE PERISH TOGETHER!

Markoffski pasted the placard on the wall and lighted a match to set fire to a brazier full of charcoal.

that escaped from the lips of the horrified tailor. Then, bursting open the door, he bounced out of the room, glad to get away from a customer who had such a strange fash-

again.

the old editor continued, "not far from the same locality, between 2 and 3 o'clock of the morning, after I had got out from my night's work at the editorial desk. In a solitary and dimly lighted part of Frankfort street through which I was trudging I became aware, unexpectedly, that somebody stood in the shadow of an old building. I was suddenly confronted by three rough-looking characters, one of whom brought his face close up to mine, and said in a low, harsh voice: 'Got any money, mis-ter?' 'Money!' I replied, while standing as cool as a cucumber, Money! Yes, I've got a pocketful;' and I jingled some silver in the pocket of my trousers. 'How much do you want?' I asked. 'Got a quarter about ye?' as he stood beside his two pals. ,A quarter, you fool!' I replied; 'a quarter! take a half-dollar and go away.' And you,'I said to each of the two others, 'bere's a half for you, and go away from me! The men were astounded, took the money, cried 'Hurrah for you!' 'Thank you,' and decamped along a side street. I suppose that if I had not done as I did I would have been knocked down and robbed; but, as it happened, I saved myself from that fate, and am waiting for other adventures after midnight."-New York Sun.

The lower mamals flourish with compary change of diet; not so w

The Food of Ma

demands food not only its actual gross nature.

ly prepared. In a word ent nervous impulses, o digestive processes de properly supplied, it has essary that a variety of pulses (through the ey palate) reach the ner atruning them to harm

they shall act, yet not in one another. Cooking greatly alter al condition, and, in the flavor, the digestibi nutritive value of food trate: meat in its re would present mechanic the digestive fluids perm completely; an obstacle, far greater magnitude in most vegetable foods. certain chemical compou placed by others, while a wholly removed. As a r is not a good form of meat, because it withdra salts of importance, but the extractives-nitrog other. Beef-tea is valu because of these extractin it also contains a little g min, and fats. Salt mer less nutriment, a large p been removed by the brin

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standing, all persons at some frequently, find such ly beneficial, the effect be less not confirmed to the tract.

Meat, according to the ployed, may be so cooked tain the greater part of within it, or the reverse, high temperature (65° to outside in roasting may h ly hardened as to retain From "Digestion and Rel tions," by WESLEY MILL the Popular Science Mont

# Circus Hand Made Wor Philadelphia Times.

-'The scheme of man artificial monstrosities for purposes," said the old versation with me on the day, "originated, like so r clever notions of the show in the teeming brain of P.' shortly after he had open museum in New York, a ago. The story of an alle who claimed to have been off the Fiji Islands. giving stantial and detailed acco mermaids he had seen there going the rounds of the attracting general attention "Barnum saw that there a barrel of money in exhibi

only genuine Fiji mermaid sented to the amusement p how to get the mermaid. the question. He mentione ter to an ingenious young inventor, who is still livin York, and the result was t papier mache, rags, wire, bones, the dried eyes of a tu the tail of a codfish were transformed into a very res looking mermaid, which exh a dried preparation in ag proved a splendid card for and won him his first grea as a showman. Their s achievement of the merm boldened Barnum and his i friend to attempt the co of other monstrosities and f facture and sale of them sor a well-established branch of business.'

"Heavens!!!" was the only tober.

ion of paying his debts. Markoffski never heard of him

Stunned by an Editor's Generosity.

"I once had another experience,"

this-he was a very observing young man-and bazarded the remark that

she was a foreigner. "No," she replied, "I was born in California.

'Ab, indeed." said he, with fine spirit, "so was I-so that we are a native son and daughter of the Golden West, and therefore related.

"That's quite ingenious." she remarked; "are you a lawyer?"

"No, he answered, getting rather red in the face. "I'm connected with Messrs. Stock, Tie & Co.

"I have a-friend who deals there. said she, sweetly; "are you one of the partners?

"No," he replied, feeling warm about the ears; "I have charge of the suspender department.

"Oh, that must be very nice," said she; "such a pleasant, clean business, isn't it?"

"Yes," he replied, but without any very great enthusiasm, for this was a subject on which he did not particularly care to converse. He did not mind it when he was with the "fellows" who earned their living in the same "state of life," but at pre-sent, when he was deeply possessed of the necessity of making an im-pression on this beautiful creature, pression on this beautiful creature, he felt that the topic was one that ought to be changed as speedly as possible. So, grasping his cane in such a way as to bring a flashing ring within range of those lovely eyes, he asked their owner if she was going far.

"To Santa Rosa," she said: "and you?'

'Oh, I'm going on back of Clover dale for a little roughing it," he said with delightful airiness, although he forgot to add that the scene of the roughing was his mother's ranch.

es it hurt you-to rough it?" she asked, with such gentle interest that he thought he had never met with anything quite so tender and ansophisticated. "Bless you, no," he cried; "Why,

www.no," he cried; "Why the pleasentest kind of a life. It's the pl onal bear-

arai" she cried. "But surely those nasty, hugging things must be

"Of course they are," said he, val-"Of course they are," said he, val-astly, "kut I go well propared. I astly, "kut I go well propared. I ave a proviver in my value and

"Stick hollow?" he repeated. "Yes. it's a Chinese bamboo-that is, with the joints bored out. Do you wish to examine it?"

"No," she answered, with a smile like a sunbeam; "only I was thinking that if the ferule, or whatever you call that brass thimble thing at the end of the stick, were cut off and the sword removed it would make a splendid blow pipe."

"Well, well," he stammered, confusedly, "what in the world do I want of a blow pipe?" "Oh, nothing, I suppose," she an-"what in the world do I

wered, with another flash of smile. "only I was thinking, also, that if any one had such a blow pipe it would just about reach from here to that lamp, and that a little, welldirected puff would blow it out with

out any one being the wiser." "Oh, you angel," said little Mr. Tom N. Oddy, and with two motions he whipped out the sharp sword blade and slashed of the ferule.

As he did so there came another warning toot from the engine and a little smoothered cry from his side. "Why, here's another tunnel." sl she cried.

Then, in the gathering darkness, little Mr. Tom N. Oddy cunningly laid the bamboo tube along side of the car until the further end was just under the lamp glass, set his mouth to the near end, a sharp puff, and, presto! the car was in what is sometimes known as Egyptain darkness There was a chorus of cries and smacking sounds from all over the car as the light went out, but little Mr. Tom N. Oddy minded none of these, but turned in a tremble of ex-

citement to snatch his reward from his captivating companion.

As he flung our his arms to make prisoner of the dainty beauty at his side, they were seized by two hands of iron, and then Mr. Tom N. Oddy felt himself irresistibly drawn down and doubled up over two undoubted-ly male knees. Then one of those iron hands was swiftly drawn away, and before little Mr. Tom N. Oddy knew what was happening, he was treated to a castigation of that basic order which vigorous mothers sometimes administer, to rebellious sons. Then he was lifted up as suddenly as he had been drawn down and planted, with a jerk, in his corner. Before he had recovered his breath the train was rushing into daylight once more, and any into daylight once more, and

touched his shoulder. Suddenly he spoke in low, but thrilling and passionate tones.

She Was Hungry.

They were sitting on the jiazza of

the hotel at the beach, watching

clatter of dishes in the adjacent res-

taurant or the musical hum of an ar-

istocratic mosquito that was mak-

ing as vain a search for a blue-blood-

est man. It was the hour for loves-

sweet, pure, delicious love. The

youth felt it in his soul as he sat

there by the side of the beautiful

of the slumbering sea.

October.

"To the poetic temperament, to the soul that is capable of feeling the tenderest emotions, that throbs in unison with the harmony of nature, and is susceptible to the influences of the beautiful, there is a peculiar fascination in a scene like this. The balmy air, the rising moon, the twinkling stars, the contiguity of one of the fairest of creation's most pertect work, all unite to awaken in the heart its softest, sweetest, tenderest feeing-love. Don't you think so, Mehitable?"

"I do-oh! George, don't them baked clams smell nice!"-Boston Courier.

#### The Pick of Creation.

It is a San Francisco writer who observes that man finds any amount of fault with woman, yet works tooth and nail to get her. He calls her extravagant, yet yearns to pay her bills. She's heartless, yet he devotes months to finding the spot where that heart should be. She's fickle, yet he fights for a place-the place-in her affections. She's timid yet he, noble being, has courage for two. She's a fraud, but a darling. She's a goose, but a duck. She's snappy and sweet. She's lithe and gracetul and dear and changeable as the wind. In fact she's a chameleon in the very latest style of sports and dots and feathers and fixings. She's a most desirable article of household furnishing, and there are mighty few men who wants to get along without her.-New York Telegram.

## Serene,

There are persons possessed of such wonderful self poise and sereni-

ty of soul that they never give way to the vulgar excitement of evenly

balanced persons. A story is told of an old Quaker lady who was informed by a wildly excited man that her house was on

"Is it?" she said, rising calmly and dropping her knitting into her pock-et, after she had carefuly wound the loose yarn. "I thunk thee for thy information, and now if thee will just go and sound the slarm, I will take my ples out of the oven, and be ready to tell the people what to carry out first."-Youth's Companion.

You hey', says he

" 'And no takin' back?' says I. "Honor bright!' says he.

"I waited to see no more, but sot off, at full speed. hopin' an' prayin' hat my friend, the bear, might not be tempted to desart his post. As I purried along I'd time to think how ittle dependence was to be placed on Josh'way Spreckles's word. Once out o' danger he could easy 'nough to back on his promise, an' I'd no proof agin' him. "All at wunst a thought flashed

pon me. You'll see what' t'was presently.

"In a couple of hours I was back with my rifle an' Peggy White besides; an' there sat the bear-bless his aonest heart-an' Josh' way Spreckes, jest as I'd left 'em. "'What's the meanin' o' this?' says

Josh' way, as soon's he seed Peggy. "'You're a Jestice o' the Peace,'

Well?' says be.

"'An kin marry folks,' says I.

" 'What o' that?' says he " 'I want you marry me'n Peggy,'

ays I.

",When?' says he. "Right off,' says I.

"He got so mad he fairly turned reen.

"'Go straight home!' he roared at

Peggy. "I'm afeared to go alone,' she whimpered' 'for fear o' the bears.' " 'I'll go with you, darlin',' says I,

urnin' to lead her away. " 'Come back!" bellowed Josh'way.

'Surely vou're not goin' to leave a nan in this fix.' 'Marry us, then." says I-'them's

ny tarms. Come to 'em or not, as rou like. I'm a one price man. " 'Jine

"'Jine your right hauds,' he rrowled through his teeth. An' in ess'n five minuets Peggy an' me was ied hard an' fast. But whether twas by sayin' 'let no man put 'em usunder,' or tellin' us to go to thunler, he wound up the cer'mony, I couldu't quite hear. However. However. eggy says t'was the right words he

"Then I tuck up my rifle an' pinted t at the bear. I hadn't the heart to cill the noble beast to which I owed ech a debt o'gratitude. Accordingy I aimed so's to graze the tip of his oft ear. The hint was enough, for when I fired he give his hend a quick erk, an' turnin' on me a reproachful ook, scampered off. "Josh' way alid down from his oost, picked up his gun an' loadened t, an' sulked off alone.

A Florida Story From the Starke Telegram.

A farmer while cow hunting near Sampson Lake saw a big flock of buzzards, among which, judging from the birds' strange behavior, something of interest must be going on. The buzzards were gathered around a large dead alligator, and one of them had got his loot fastened in the carcass in some way and was unable to free himself. Finally his comrades bit the foot off, which caused its owner to scream pite-ously, but released him. Upon examination the farmer found that the stomach of the carcass contained a huge alligator turtle, which had been swallowed while the saurian was alive. A hole just big enough for the turtle's head had been made in the 'gator's hide by the birds, by which the turtle had been able to capture its unsuspecting victim. AL though crushed out of all shape by the 'gator's teeth, the turtle had

# Too Much Nap.

lost nothing of the pugnacity peculiar

to its kind.

Nobody understands the disadvantages of a habit of going to sleep in the wrong place so well as he who has unsuccessfully tried to hold his eyes open through a sermon, the one who has fought drowsiness through the prolonged call of a tedious even-

ing caller, or a certain Maine woman who went to Boston recently. This woman didn't intend to go to Boston; a voyage from Bangor to Northport was all she had in mind when she started. But in an unwhen she started. But in an un-lucky moment she asked permission to take a short nap in a berth, and next thing she knew somebody was shouting: "All ready to land, Bos-ton."-Lewiston Journal. To Soften Wet-Stiffened S

"The women have a ne vaseline," observed a Fifteet drug clerk, as he jerked his tht his right shoulder in the dir a well-dressed lady who was the store after having made chase of the petroleum comp "What's that?"

"They are using it on the DOW.

"On their shoes?" "Yes, and the ladies must credit for having made a discovery. The ingredients of have a wonderful effect on fit er, and it is fast taking the all the compounds manufact softening the shoes. Take a shoes that have become still comfortable by constant we rain and apply a coat of rubbing it in well with a cl in a short time the leather as soft and pliable as when an from the shelves of the sh r. Yes, indeed, this rainy has caused quite a boom in ine trade."-Washington P

His Rest Rudely Broke

### From the Chingo Times.

An express struck an Iowa who had gone to sleep on t and hoisted him twenty feet the engineer stopped his tra-rushed back to pick up the o found the man sitting up an ng like a pirate because heh listurbed before breakin wady. Either the Iowa far rery rémarkable person or t spondent is a beautiful linr.

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