Coffee Is Bad Enough, and Pine Lu her Is Still Worse, but the Funes From Warm, Moist Sugar Are Enough to Kill an Ordinary Man.

It was in one of the little ever conteating houses in Brooklyn frequenced by sailors from the coasters which a loading or unloading. A big, powerful sailor who looked as if he had never in his life known what it was to be sick for a day entered and took a chair oppo-site a longshoreman who had already ordered and was waiting for his dinner. As the sailor was looking over the bill of fare with that critical and hesitant eye fare with that critical and hesitant eye that characterizes Jack ashore from a long voyage with a discriminating sea appetite upon him, the waiter brought in a cup of steaming coffee and set it down before the longshoreman. As the odor of it reached the sailor's nostrils he bent upon the cup a gaze of concentrated disgust and hatred. Then he turned deadly pale, rose from his seat and striggered toward the door.

"Been drinking a little too much for

your tonnage, mate?" asked the pro prietor, helping him to the door.
"Haven't had a drop today," said the

man huskily. "It's that coffee."
"What's the matter with the coffee?" asked the proprietor angrily. "There ain't any better coffee than that on the That's all right," replied the sailor

with an effort, "but I just got in off coffee ship this morning." "Oh." said the proprietor comprehendingly. "If that's the case, I'll fix you off in the corner, where you'll be all right."

A table was set for him far from the others, and there he are his dinner in apparent peace. Now here was in the eating house a landsman of an inquiring turn of mind who failed to understand the wherefore of all his, so he questioned the proprietor, who has been long on the river front and is himself a graduate from before the mast and has sailed in many waters of the world.

many waters of the world. "Nothing queer about that," he said in response to the landsman's question. "He's been out on a coffee ship; that's all. He won't want to see or smell cof-fee for weeks, let alone taste it."

"Do they feed them nothing but coffee on the coffee ships?" asked the landsman in the innocence of his soul. "Feed 'em? 'Tisn't the feed: it's the

smell that knocks 'em. For a week or ten days it isn't bad; it fact, it's rather a

ten days it isn't bad; it fact, it's rather a pleasant smell, that of the green berry, but after that it begins to get on your mind. In damp weather, it's a long voyage, it's something terrih "There's other cargoes," con inued the ex-sailor, "that's just as bad, for might think guano was one of 'em, but it isn't. Guano's Rose of Sharon per one compared to sugar. Didn't suppose there was any smell to sugar, ch? Well, you take it in a bowl and there ain't. But take a any smell to sugar, ch? Well, you take it in a bowl and there ain't. But take a cargo of it and let it steam in a temperature of from 90 to 110, with plenty of damp to work it up, and I'd like to see what you'd think of it then. You get so mortal sick of the sweetness of it, which you smell and taste, too, with every breath, that you'd be glad to fill up with anything that would offset it, even if it was wormwood. I've seen the time I felt as if I could drink a gallon of vinegar flavored with lemon juice at a gulp. That voyage was a sufferer, sure enough. We couldn't live between decks at all, and we all berthed as near the stern rail and we all berthed as near the stern rail as we could get and even put out the small boats when it was still and lay in

them to get relief.
"When provisions had to be got out of the hold, the cook went down with jute bagging tied over his nose and mouth to keep out the fumes, but after a couple of trips he fainted, and they sent me in. Two descents laid me out. I thought I was going to die. In my time I've seen folks that were tolerable seasick, but all they did was a maiden's sigh to my all they did was a majorn's sign to my performances. If it wasn't convulsions, it was so mighty near it that I thought I was gone and felt like I couldn't go too quick to suit myself. They brought me around with lime juice, but it was weeks after landing before I wanted any

sweetening in mine.
"The fact is that in the tropics almost any cargo you have kind of tinges exist-ence for you. Oil is pretty tough, partic-ularly petroleum. A man'll dream of pe-troleum after he's associated with it for a month or so on shipboard. But pine lumber really takes the cake who fairly gets into everything. I never hap-pened to suffer much from that sort of cargo myself, but I saw a crew that came fust as near death from too much pine

resin as men can come and pull through.
"We were in port at Rio when a ship came in laden with pine lumber. More than that, the fool of a skipper had let somebody supply him with pine water butts. Well, the resin began to get into the water, and first they knew the crew was pretty well poisoned with it. Then they got so that they couldn't swallow the water at all, or if they did they couldn't hold it down a recond. And there wasn't any other water aboard. They were in mighty great danger of dy-ing of thirst with plenty of water aboard just because the old man was new to that kind of voyaging. Rio happened to be the nearest port, and, though it was far out of their course, they put for it as the only chance of saving their lives. I'd hate to see again such a looking lot as they were. They were dried out like mummies and so weak that I don't see how they ever worked the ship at all. When they got in, we thought at first it was black smallpox, they were such fear-ful looking objects. When they did get sweet water again, they drank till I thought they'd burst, and how they did fight when we tried to get the pannikins away for fear they'd kill themselves! Some of 'em died in the hospital from the effects. I never shipped on a pine loaded ship after seeing that."

A Happy Day.

Two little London girls who had been ent by the kindness of the vicar's wife o have "a happy day in the country," narrating their experiences on their re "Oh, yes, mum; we did 'ave a 'appy day. We see two pigs killed and a gen-tleman buried."

Nothing but Draw and Paint. Visitor-I hear you've had the cele-brated Mr. Abbey, the artist, staying

with you down here.
Proprietor of Old Fashioned Inn-Yes,

THRILLING RESCUE

THE VERY JAWS OF DEATH VAS HE SNATCHED.

1875," said the old sea cap-

ice For Life That Made His rn Gray and Caused Him to

was an able seaman on the tivenoak looking for blubber in the Atlantic, with a seat in the mate's whaleboat. We had had onts ready to lower and the mast-manned for over three weeks be-thed grease, and when the he blows! rang out from ail yard the old man went the delight. 'Sperm whale sure!'
ed. 'Down from aloft, every
tand by to lower!' We got the
fin good shape, and our boat took
and, which we held till we came up
of the whale. The boat header let go
is harpoon, sending it out of sight into
e side of the monster, which started off
a rate of speed that made the boat
hum through the water. She kept this
up for 20 minutes and we seen lest sight

up for 20 minutes, and we soon lost sight of the Rivenoak and the other boats. And then, as though tiring of pulling us along, she suddenly showed flukes and began to make for the bottom like a load of pig lead. The rope, one end of which was attached to the harpoon in the whale's back, ran out of the boat so fast that it looked like a thread of blue

"'Cut that rope if it fouls,' cried the mate, tossing me a hatchet, 'and lose no about it! If you don't, God help The beast is going to sound 100

thoms, sure!' "I had just leaned forward to pick up the implement when there was a sud-den jerk, a crashing, whirring sound, and I knew that the rope had fouled. The next minute I felt myself drawn down brough the ocean like a shot from a gun through the ocean like a snot from a gun.
I caught a brief glimpse of the longboat
flashing through the water, a number of
struggling forms, and then I began to
come up. It seemed ages before I reached the surface and those blue skies never
seemed so welcome before. Only one of my comrades succeeded in getting out of the boat, and he was floating about on a long plank which had been stored in the bottom of the boat for just such a purpose. I swam up and caught hold of the other end of it Luckily the water was calm and the plank kept our heads well out of water. Not a sign of our ship or small boats did we see, however, and the thought came over me that we might just as well have been pulled to the bottom by the whale as to die by inches. The hours wore on, however, and we began to grow weak and it got to be a question of how much longer we could hold out. "Just as we were about to despair of

ever being rescued, my companion, Bill Royce, gave a shout of joy and pointed out over the ocean toward a big stemen frigate which was pointing in our direction. We were quite sure she saw us as we must have been plainly marked against the angry colors of the sunset. The ves-sel looked like a man-of-war, for her spars were clean cut and rakish and we caught the glint of polished brass work. The smoke was pouring out of her funnel and in a few minutes she was within a quarter of a mile of us. I remarked to Royce that we were very lucky, and receiving no reply I turned to look at him. "I have never seen such a look in a man's face before nor since. It was as white as a sheet, his eyes bulge out of his head and hi tled together with castanets. He caught my look and in reply pointed off in the

direction opposite to that from which the frigate was approaching. 'Sharks,' he whispered. 'They have been attracted by the whale's blood. It's all up now, for "I saw but one shark. He was quite distance off and was making for us in distance on and was maning to said a leisurely way. The men on the warship saw it too and realized our danger. A single dull boom was heard, and a solid shot struck about 50 feet to one side of the man eater, which paid no attention to the compliment, but continued to make for us with a slightly increased speed. Behind him, about 30 feet in the rear,

was another shark. Both were quite near now. So was the warship.
"We could hear the crew manning the davits and falls; we could hear the splash as the small boat took to the wawarship, but this time the shot went clear over the sharks and struck the water a quarter of a mile beyond. Nearer and nearer came the first shark, and we now saw that the small boat could not

reach us in time.

"The beast made straight for Royce who screamed with terror. Over on his back turned the shark, with his cavernous mouth open and his long, cruel teeth recking with froth. The boat was still 20 yards off. Royce in sheer terror let go his hold on the plank and tried to swim for it. The next instant the shark was upon him. I closed my eyes, heard a shriek from Royce, and when I looked the water was stained with blood, but Royce was gone. It was my turn now. The second shark was almost upon me, and I caught a glimpse of his little swin-ish eyes as he turned over on his back. The yards of the warship were thronged and nothing could be heard but the splash of the approaching boat. I was paralyzed. I could not have left the plank to save my soul. Nearer came the shark. and again I shut my eyes. I could even hear the snuffling of the beast, and then came the clear, cool command: 'Steady, men! Aim! Fire!' A volley of musketry awoke the stillness, and then I lost consciousness. When I came to, I was on the deck of the United States ship The jackies in the rowboat had shot the shark when it was within three

been in a whaler, and I bear an everlasting gradge against sharks, not only be-cause of my close call, but because it made my hair turn as white as you now see it, which was not becoming to a boy of 25."

The Future of English The English language in 50 years will be as corrupt as Latin in the eighth century, and will become a sort of Volapuk strictly limited to commercial letters and to journalism.—George Moore, the Eng-lish Critic.

Payta, in Peru, is the driest spot on the face of the earth. The average in-erval between two showers of rain is ven years.

sir; an he be the laziest man I ever come across. He do nothing but dror an paint all day.

The secret of progress lies in knowing bow to make use not of what we have all day.

TOOMBS AND STEPHENS.

A Friendship That Was of Great Use

Dr. F. H. Orme told me several good stories about our old time statesmen. Among other anecdotes and incidents the

doctor gave me some piquant reminis-cences of Toombs and Stephens.

Toombs always tried to impress people with the belief that his genius made him equal to any emergency. Even when he studied hard or availed himself of the he studied hard or availed missel of the labor of others he encouraged the idea that his most splendid efforts were the result of the inspiration of the moment, entirely offhand, without any special prep-

aration for the occasion.

Once, when a very important debate was going on in the federal congress,
Toombs made a magnificent speech which

attracted everybody's attention.

It was not only an eloquent speech, but
it was remarkable for its masterly array of facts and figures and its convincing ar

"You must have devoted considerable time to its preparation," said one of the statesmen's admirers.

"Well, I gave about two hours to it,"
Toombs replied, with a careless, indifferent site.

Somebody repeated this to Stephens in the presence of several congressmen.
"Two hours!" he exclaimed, somewhat
irritably. "Prepared that speech in two
hours, did he? I spent two weeks on it.

That's all I care to say."
Stephens had patiently and laboriously collected the statistics, and Toombs had merely added the flourishes.

The two great Georgians attended a na-tional Democratic convention shortly be-fore the war, and Stephens was confined to his bed just when he could least afford to be laid up. After an important caucus Toombs vis-ited his friend and sat down by his bed-

"Aleck," he said, "it was proposed to nominate you for vice president, but I told them that you did not want the office

and would decline the nomination, so they took the other man."
"Toombs," replied the invalid, "when you told them that you know you were lying!"-Atlanta Constitution.

TWO WAITERS.

Difference Between Negro Servers In Northern and Southern Hotels. If you have traveled, you must certainhave noticed the wide difference be tween negro waiters of southern and northern hotels.

In the north the waiter is stiff, rigid

and supercilious. He takes your order condescendingly and briskly betakes himself to the culinary regions with the same. He stands with folded arms and scornful expression at some little dis-tance, watching, however, for an oppor-tunity to leap forward and pretend to an-

ticipate your wants.

And when he brings your change you are certain to note that it is laid upon a plate and that one particular quarter is noticeably detached from its fellows. In the south the waiter shuffles back to the kitchen and returns with your meal, to which he has added some little delicacy of his own choosing. He glides about you, leans tenderly over you, his black face filled with anxiety for fear

may occur. may occur.

He hangs about you with fatherly interest. He places the dishes before you with almost a caressing touch, and when you are ready to depart he tremblingly, opefully, lingeringly hands you your hat. In the white brown depths of his eyes there is cute appeal, not unmixed with expectation.

Who but a case hardened drummer or Who but a case nardened drummer or the traveling representative of a frater-nal organization could resist that appeal? You need not fear to give him a quar-ter—joy seldom kills outright—but you can be sure that a dime will produce a

ide grin and an exaggerated bow. But most people consider it worth a quarter to see that mouth widen into a smile which sets its owner's ears back an inch and causes his eyes to project like those of a crawling crab.

During a visit to the south of England a gentleman was met with who related a mique and most interesting experience in unique and most interesting experience in dietetics. It was that for the last three years he had lived on one meal a day, and that meal was composed chiefly of apples! Further astonishment was evokapples! Further astonishment was evoked by his reply to my question as to what he drank when he stated that the juices he drank when he stated that the juices of the apples supplied him with all the moisture or drink he needed. This, he claimed, was of the purest kind, being in reality water distilled by nature and flavored with the pleasant aroma of the apple. He partook of his one meal about 3 o'clock in the afternoon, eating what he felt satisfied him, the meal occupying him from 20 minutes to helf on hore. him from 20 minutes to half an hour. He looked the picture of healthful man-hood and is engaged daily in literary

The Facial Angle. As a rule, the greatest facial angle be-longs to those of a refined and intellectual nature; the average is about 80 degrees. In some of the Grecian statues it is as high as 100 degrees, but the Romans rarely represented it over 95 degrees. It was the Dutch connoisseur, Camper, who first used the term facial angle—that angle which is formed when a straight line is drawn from the middle of the forehead to the point of juncture of the nose and lip, where it is met by another imaginary line crossing from the opening of the car. To form an opinion as to one's intellectual capacity, his profile or facial angle must be studied.

A Clever Bird. Mexico has a clever bird called the melanarpes, which has discovered a new use for the telegraph pole. At the foot of the post this bird makes a large hole, which it were the feet and the control of the post this bird makes a large hole, in which it rears its family; somewhat higher up the post it makes an observa-tory, from which bored holes permit it to observe the horizon in every direction; still higher this sagacious bird makes its atorehouse, and thus the pole serves as its house, fortress and warehouse.

In Scotland in very ancient times the eight oxen plow was probably in general use, for the old land measures, as davoch and such like, were founded thereon. In the eighteenth century, in Aberdeenshire, the 10 or 12 oxen plow was, however, more common, but all such plows finally disappeared about the time of Waterloo.

McMurtha — Poor Phelan hod th' measles twice un died by thim.

Mulroon—Th' fur-ret or secon' toime?

—Kansas City Independent.

WILD BEASTS IN BATTLE.

Two Panthers and a Sea Lion In a Fight to the Death, Among all fights of wild beasts perhaps the most terrible are those in which the combatants belong to differnt elements. The struggle then seems peculiarly wanton and unnatural. Not ong ago two men on a small island off the Californian coast declare that they witnessed such a battle. were amusing themselves watching the antics of a number of sea lions on a reef when all at once the creatures egan to bellow in alarm and dived into the water. One huge fellow alone stood his ground and moved his head

slowly, as if watching. A moment later the men saw creep-ing from the shadow of a rock two large panthers, which had evidently over from the mainland in search of prey.

Simultaneously the panthers leaped upon their enemy and a terrible combat ensued. For nearly 30 minutes it went on, till the reef was skirted with Twice the lion struck a panther

squarely with his flipper and knocked him a dozen feet away. But the great cats kept to their work, and finally one of them buried his teeth in a flippe the sea lion, and tore it off with a sin-

gle savage tug.
Bellowing hoarsely with pain and anger, the wounded bull caught the panther's throat between its jaws and dragged him into the water, but the big brute was weak from loss of blood. The panther escaped, and, with its mate, swam off for the mainland sea lion struggled out toward the ocean

The men went down to examine the field of battle. A hole deep enough to bury a horse had been dug in the soft

FORGET BUSINESS AT NIGHT

That Is the Only Way to Be Sure of Doing Your Best Work.
"Every business man of common

ense knows, whether he chooses to acknowledge it or not, that the farther away he gets in the evening from his commercial associations during the day, so that his business associates or thoughts of it or them cannot get at he leads-in short, the better off he is in every respect and the abler for the duties of the morrow," writes Edward Bok in The Ladies' Home Journal.

"Now, what does he get in the city in the evening, even if he lives a carefully regulated life? There is no mode of life he can possibly follow which is in any way recuperative to his mental or physical being. He has never been out of hearing of the noises of the city or out of the range of its lights. Every night he has slept in the polluted air of the city and in the morning has looked out on the gray sidewalks which he sees all day long. What does such a man know of the exhilarating, refreshing and blood quickening experience of opening the shutters of his chamber window upon a landscape of space and sunshine? And, what is far worse, what do his wife and children know of such a blessing?

"Yet he deludes himself into the be lief that he must live in the city, so as to be 'in touch with things.' If you ask him what those 'things' are, you invariably discover that they are of s business nature, either strictly business or some social convention which he feels has a bearing on his business But it is always business, business! Now, a man living under this pressur rarely does his best work, although he fully believes that he is doing it. he cannot be giving out the heat he cause he does not allow the best to get within him."

Cyclone Humor.

Humor adds color to tragedy, says Rol-lin Lynde Hartt in The Atlantic. Mi-chael Angelo Woolt understood this when he made his wretched tenement waifs so comical; Kipling understood it when he wrote "Danny Deever." The cyclone also understands it. That is why it picked up a locomotive and stood it on end in a garden, but left a rosebush in that garden uninjured by so much as a crumpled petal; that is why it twitched the water out of every well in town; that is why it gathered up half an acre of mud and plastered it all over the Meth-odist church; that is why it carried a baby a mile and deposited it unhurt in the crotch of a tree; that is why it plucked the feathers from a rooster and stuck them into an oak plank while the shivering fowl stared and wondered what next. This is the art of the storm: in the midst of the tempest see "Laughter holding both his sides."

So that was the work of a day in June!

Japanese Women In Japan the matrimonial condition of women is even more emphasized than in this country. The wilow is not alone in wearing a distinguishing cosume there. Special designs of dress proclaim maiden and wife as well. Their mar ketable value is also made constantly public, as the style of the costume changes with each added year.

The Effect of Cold. It is observed by travelers in Siberia hat the effect of constant cold is practically the same as the effect of co heat. The people develop a disinclination to work and become strangers to ambition of any description.

Possible Reaction "Rhoda, dear. I wish you were not so old fashioned in your ways."
"I wouldn't mind it, ma. Old fashioned girls are going to be the "ad again some day."

Language and thought are the purable. Words without thoughts are dead sounds; thoughts without words are nothing. To think is to speak low; to speak is to think aloud .- Max Muller.

The hide of a cow yields about 35 unds of leather.

IMAGINATION AND DISEASE.

How a Well Man Was Made Sich and a Sick Man Cured.

and a Sick Man Cured.

In "A Journalist's Notebook" Frank F. Moore tells an amusing and significant story of the influence of imagination upon health. A young civil servant in India, feeling fagged from the excessive heat and from long hours of work, consulted the best doctor within reach. The doctor looked him over, sounded his heart and lungs and then said gravely, "I will write you tomorrow."

The next day the young man received a letter telling him that his left lung was gone and his heart seriously affected, and advising him to lose no time in adjusting his business affairs. "Of course you may live for weeks," the letter said, "but you had best not leave important matters undecided."

Naturally the young official was dismayed by so dark a prognosis—nothing less than a death warrant. Within 24 hours he was having difficulty with his respiration and was seized with an acute pain in the region of the heart. He took to his bed with the feeling that he should never size from it. During the night never arise from it. During the night he became so much worse that his serv-ant sent for the doctor.

"What on earth have you been doing

to yourself?" demanded the doctor.
"There were no indications of this sort
when I saw you yesterday."
"It is my heart, I suppose," weakly

answered the patient. "Your heart!" repeated the doctor.
"Your heart was all right yesterday."
"My lungs, then."

"My lungs, then."
"What is the matter with you, man?
You don't seem to have been drinking."
"Your letter!" gasped the patient. "You said I had only a few weeks to live."
"Are you crazy?" said the doctor. "I wrote you to take a few weeks' vacation in the hills, and you would be all right."

For reply the patient drew the letter from under the bedclothes and gave it to

"Heavens!" cried that gentleman as he glanced at it. "This was meant for another man. My assistant misplaced the

and made a rapid recovery.

And what of the patient for whom the direful prognosis was intended? Delighted with the report that a sojourn in the hills would set him right, he started at once and five years later was alive and in fair health.

THE RUSSIAN ALPHABET.

A Most Formidable Obstacle It Is to Linguistic Study.

At the very threshold of the Russian anguage you are confronted by the al-phabet, and a most formidable obstacle it is to linguistic study. Cadmus, with a prophetic sympathy for the modern schoolboy, stopped short at 24 letters when he invented Greek, but Cadmus roffovitchsky (as his Russian prototype is called) lau nches no fewer than 35 the guileless foreigner.
Some of these, it is true, have the same

form as Roman characters, but as their sound is usually entirely different this similarity is rather an additional stum-bling block than a help. Others, again, resemble our letters turned upside down or wrong side about or otherwise con-torted. There is one letter for which we conceived a profound respect, not unmixed with awe. It resembles the figure III on a clock

At resembles the figure 111 on a clock dial and has the appalling sound of "chtch." When we came across a word containing this letter, we gazed upon it in silent admiration. Any attempt to pronounce it would, we felt, prove fatal to our incisors, and considering the high fees charged by good dentists we could fees charged by good dentists we could not afford to run any risks. Another curious specimen, like a small b, with a projecting snout on top, has ab-

olutely no sound whatever and is defined as a "final mute." In spite of (or perhaps on account of) its silence, it is greatly in evidence, no word of any size being considered complete without it. Its only purpose, apart from that of an orna-ment, seems to be to warn the reader that the preceding word is in Russian and that he must not try to pronounce it

according to western rules.

When a foreigner writes his name in Russian, he invariably tacks this "final mute" on to it. It is regarded as a subtle compliment to the Russian nation and doubtless has due weight with the secret

Thereby Hangs, Etc.
"There's quite a story," the furrier said,
"Concerning this otter pelt.
"Twould take so long to hear it, though,
I doubt if I otter tell 't."

'What fur? Go on. Let's hear it all," The customer quick replied; T've bought the skin entire, and The tale should go with the hide.**

Cannot Assimilate It Now. The prevalence of sin and folly in the world is due largely to the inability of school and college graduates to assimilate all of the good advice that is tendered them in the way of baccelaureste ser-

Ready Compliance. "George, dear," she murmured entreat-ngly, "will you give up drinking for

"Yes, darling," he answered fondly; "hereafter when I driuk it will be for myself alone." Mother Hubbard Up to Date. old Mother Hubbard, she went to the cupboard To get herself something to wear; the took out her wrapper and said, "It's no

But it's comfy, so what do I care?" "They do not run for office in my cour

They do not run for omce in my country," said the man with the fierce British accent. "They stand for it."

"And here," said the proud American, "they run for it. and the people have to stand for it." Life is real, life is earnest;
Lo, before the taking off,
We have got to work our dernest
To succeed at olaying goff.

Maud-How do you like my new bath Maud's Papa—Judging from its brevity, I should say you must have purchased the material at a remnant sale.

Fiction of the Hour

"The Mill Cannot Grind with Water That's Past."

This is what a fagged out, tearful little woman said in telling her cares and weaknesses. Her friend encouraged by telling of a relative who had just such troubles and was cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

The little woman now has tears of joy, for she took Hood's, which put her blood in prime order, and she lives on the strength of the present instead of worrying about that of the past.

Humor—" When I need a blood puri take Hood's Sarsaparilla. It cured umor and it is excellent as a nerve too losie Eaton, Stafford Springs, Conn.

Erysipelas Sores—"After scarlet fever running sore was left on my nose. Took Hood's Sarsaparilla and it cured me. My brother was also relieved by it of erysipelas in his face." ELLA COURSER, Burden, N. B. Hood's Sarsaparilla

Never Disappoints

JINGLES AND JESTS.

Before Company. I'm just her small brother. They say I don't count And tell me my manners are bad, and yet of enjoyment I get un amount Sufficient for most any lad, I few of those laughs—well, to have 'em again Sufficient for most any lad. It is not those laughs—well, to have 'em again I'd travel for many a mile. I have chuckled inside till it gave me a pain When sister was putting on style.

She tells that young man that a jug is a "yawse,"
Says "eye-ther" and "neye-ther," you know."
She never plays popular music because
It really distresses her so.

She warbles plain ragtime when she is alone, But she gives it a soft, sickish clarinet tone When sister is putting on style.

She says she loves golf, but I've heard her ren She couldn't see where it came in;
The way she has kept that young man in the dark
Is comical, but it's a sin.
She talks about authors, but all that she reads
Is a fashion sheet once in awhile;
Yours truly can have all the fun that he needs
When sister is putting on style.

We've often played shinny, my sister and I; She's a jolly good fellow at heart, But he thinks she's got wings and is going to fly

back
Like she does, a statue would smile!
I have laughed in my sleeves till the lining
would crack
When sister was putting on style.

Victim of Fate. "What did you mean?" asked the indig-nant caller, "by saying in your paper this morning that 'Bingman ought not to lis-ten to the foul fiends who are trying to

persuade him to run for county judge?

call that carrying political prejudice entirely too far."
"You are the two hundred and thirtyninth man," replied the editor of The Daily Bread, lifting his haggard face to ylew, "to whom I have explained that foul fiends' was a typographical error. I wrote it "fool friends."



needn'tkeep your gray hair a week longer than

you wish. There's no guesswork about this; it's sure every time. To re

color to gray hair using it

or three weeks notice how much younger you appear, ten years younger at least.

Ayer's Hair Vigor also cures dandruff, prevents falling of the hair, makes hair grow, and is a splendid hair dressing.
It cannot help but do

these things, for it's a hair-food. When the hair is well fed, it cannot help but grow. makes the scalp

healthy and this cures

the disease that causes

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