When Death Comes In This Manner, It Is Said to Be Robbed of All Its Terrors-Rapidity With Which the

Scientists say life contains few experifalling over a precipice or slipping into a glacier crevasse. Even the landing which many plungers through space have found a bit unattractive is said to be free from anything of p in or terror. Merely a jar and then und

a jar and then unconsciousness.

In a lecture delivered by Professor
Heirn, the geologi of Zurich and an
ardent Alpine tou t, he cited his own
experience to prove that death by falling
contains horror and pain only for the observer, not for him who falls. He said: "A party of us, all good climbers, went in 1871 from Sands toward the Seealp. I was in front. Near the Fehlalp, at a height of about 6,000 feet, we came upon clesp snowfield which descended at a irp incline between two rocky points, e others hesitated, but I started at once to slide standing down the incline. slid rapidly. A gust of wind took my hat. Instead of letting it go I made the mis-take of trying to grab it. This motion caused me to fall, and I could no longer control my course. With the speed of the wind i slid toward the left rock, struck on its edge and plunged head first over a 65 foot precipice and landed on a snow pile at its foot. As soon as I stumbled when my that blew off I saw that I would be dashed over the rock and awaited th shock I due my fingers into the snow in the endeavor to stop myself, but merely tore open my finger tips, causing them all to bleed but feeling no pain from so doing. I piainly heard the striking of my head and back against the rock and the thud when I landed. Pain, however, I did not feel until half an hour later, when I revived. Daring the fall came the flood ught-what I thought and felt during the five minutes cannot be told in ten

times that space of time.
"Every thought and impression was clear, in cowise dreary and confused, and was logically connected with the one which followed. First I contemplated the probability of my fall and said to my the probability of my tan and said to my-self: "The rock over whose ledge I will be dashed evidently descends sheer, for I cannot see the ground the other side of it. It becomes, therefore, a question as to whether or not there is snow at the foot of the rock. If so, then the snow will be melted near the wall and will form a ledge on which I will land and thus escape with my life. If not, then I will strike on rocks below, and death will be unavoidable. If I am not killed and am not unconscious. I must at once take out a little vial of liquor which on starting from Santis I didn't leave in the tourist's bag, but stuck into my vest pocket, and drink a few drops of it. My alpenstock I must hold on to, for it may prov of use to me.' I thought that I should take off my snow glasses and throw them away for fear they might be broken and the splintered glass set into my eyes, but the position in which I was falling pre-vented my moving my hands sufficiently

"Another train of thought busied itself with the effect my fall would have upon my companions. I said to myself that when I landed, no matter whether I was hurt or not, I must if possible call out with all my might, 'I am in nowise in jured,' in order that my comrades-my brother and three friends-might rou themselves from their terror and be able to make the difficult descent necessary for the bringing of assistance to me also thought that I would not be able to was to mark my entrance into the pro fessorship. I realized how the news of my death would shock my family and m

ought tried to console them.
Then I saw as if upon a stage my en tire life pass like a series of tableaux be fore me. I saw myself as the chief actor. Everything seemed glorified as by some heavenly light, and all was beautiful and free from pain, from anxiety and sorrow Even the memory of sad events was dis not sad. There was no straight not sad. There was no beautiful strife. Exalted and beautiful connected the gle, no strife. Exalted and beautiful thoughts dominated and connected the single scenes, and a divine quietude sank like sweet music into my soul. Ever more and more plainly I felt myself sur tounded by a heaven of glorious blue filled with clouds of rose color. "I sank gently and painlessly into it

and saw that I was flying through the air toward a field of snow. Objective ob-servations, reasoning and subjective feel-ing were indulged in clearly and simultaneously. Then I heard a small thud, and my fall was ended. At the same moment it seemed to me that a black object rushed by me, and I called two or three times as loudly as I could, 'I am in nowise injured.' I took some drops of the liquor. I reached out for my snow glasses which lay unbroken beside me on the snow. I felt of my back and my limbs to see that no bones were broken Then I saw my comrades coming slow-ly, cutting their way step by step down snowfield near the rock over which

I had fallen. "I could not understand how it happened that they had already come so far down the incline. They told me that for over half an hour I had been silent and had not answered their call. From lost consciousness. Every sensation, ev ery activity of mind and nerve, was an-nihilated for half an hour. The black object which passed me was the passing of unconsciousness, which evidently had taken place a fraction of a second later for the eye than it had for the brain. And without realizing this half hour in terruption thought and activity had been ned exactly where they had stop ped. Between the stopping and resum-ing was an absolute subjective vacuum. The beautiful heavenly visions were noticeable only during the time that I was flying through the air and could see and

Professor Heirn said at the close of. his lecture: "We thus reach the conclusion that death by falling is subjectively a beautiful death. Without any previous illness or suffering it occurs when one is fully conscious, when mental ac-tivity is abnormally increased and without any anxiety or pain. The uncon scious state is entered suddenly and without suffering, and to him who is in this state a second and a thousand years are equally long and equally short. They are as naught Death brings to the un conscious one no further change—the ab-solute peace and paintess oblivion remain unaltered. Terrible a death by falling can be only when it does not follow

RATHER HIGH FLAVORED.

Mexican Dish One Taste of Which

"About ten years ago I went down over the Mexican Central to Chihuahua," said a railroad man, "and, that being my first visit to the republic, everything was hew and strange, especially the cooking. I had a letter of introduction to the commandante of the city, who proved to be a courtly, superb looking old gentleman, and he immediately made preparations to give a dinner in my honor at his resigive a dinner in my honor at his residence the following afternoon. I was a little embarrassed at so much attention, but at the same time I was anxious to get a glimpse of native social life, and when I put in an appearance I found a really brilliant assemblage composed of the principal personages of the place. I was duly presented all around, and after a little ceremonious conversation we took our seats at the table, my, own place being between my host and his beautiful eldest daughter. eldest daughter.

"The dinner was excellent, and every-thing passed off smoothly until about the middle of the repast, when the commandante remarked that he was about to invite my attention to a characteristic Mexican dish which he had ordered his cook to prepare for my particular delecta-'It is a local version of chili colo ow.' he said, 'and while it's a trifle high row.' he said, 'and while it's a trifle high flavored I will guarantee that you find it delicious.' At the same moment the delicacy made its appearance. It was brick red in color and had the general aspect of a thick vegetable stew. Seeing that I was a bit timid the beautiful senorita at a way side beloed herself to a portion and my side helped herself to a portion and smilingly swallowed a liberal spoonful. That dissipated my fears, and without

any further hesitation I proceeded to fol-low her example. "To fully describe what happened next would need an accomplished linguist. You couldn't possibly do it justice in one tongue. I felt as if I had bolted a quart of redhot carpet tacks! The roof of my mouth shriveled like a collapsed balloon. Tears ran down my cheeks like rain. I couldn't breathe. I leaped to my feet, gurgling horribly, and rushed around the room looking for water, which is the last thing in the world you will find on a Mexican table. The guests shrank back in terror, supposing & had gone suddenly mad, and most of the ladies went off into violent hysterics, but the courtly com-mandante ran after me and seized me by the flying tails of my coat. Then he held open my jaws while his beauteous daughter poured a cruet of olive oil into my sizzling gullet. That relieved me, but the ng gullet. That relieved me, but the de broke up the banquet, and I dare say it is still a stock story in the best circles of Chihuahua society. I left early next morning and have never been back. It is a black spot in my memory. "I afterward ascertained, by the way,

that chili colorow is prepared from native red pepper pods which have ripened on strings at least five years. Each year raises their \*emperature 20 degrees Fab-

"There is said to be a lawyer in Phila-delphia," says the Philadelphia Record, who possesses a trick of the voice to which a certain measure of his success in Whether it is a common practice for the high dignitaries of the federal susuch happenings are not unknown, and it is well for an able logician of the bar to

trick of waking a sleepy judge would seem to be something in the nature of slamming a law book under his nose or connecting his personality with the current of an electric battery. But the sound involved in the skillful control of voice. It is said that a barrister practiced in the art and rhetoric of addressing the bench can gather all the waves of sound from his throat into a focus and deposit it in the orifice of the judge's ear with the general effect of a

A Trick of the Trade. "I-I think I would like to look at a diamond ring," said the young man as the jeweler came forward. "Exactly, sir. A diamond ring for a

"A voung lady?"

"A young lady to whom you are en-gaged?"
"What's the difference whether I'm en-

"What's the difference whether I'm engaged to her or not?" asked the customer, with considerable tartness.

"A great deal, sir. You intend this ring for a birthday present, probably?"

"I probably do."

"Very well. We have diamond rings for \$75 and \$75 a

\$25 and diamond rings for \$50, \$75 and \$100. If not actually engaged to the girl, take a \$25 ring, and when she brings it in here to find out the cost we'll lie \$50 worth for your benefit. If really engaged, take a higher price, and you can pawn it for two-thirds of its value after marriage. Now, then, make your select

Paint For Ships' Bottoms. If there were a reliable paint to be had that would keep foreign growth off the bottoms of steel ships and also prevent corrosion or pitting there would not be any great necessity for coppering the bottoms, but those who have had experience in the working of ships trading to the orient, for instance, know that this is still far from realization. In the writer's experience it often appeared that the anticorrosive paint did not prevent corrosion, and the antifouting coat failed to prevent fouling for any great length of time at least. Hence the necessity for

No Change. In a Sheffield workshop when the men absented themselves they were expected to produce a doctor's certificate.

cate gave in the one used before. The manager, looking at it, said:
"Why, Maguire, this is an old certifi-

"Sure, I know that, your honor," said Maguire calmly. "And isn't it the same ould complaint?"

As to Doing the Impossible. "And if your party came suddenly to a stream," said the story teller, "too deep for your horse to wade over, too wide for it to jump over, and too swiftly flowing for it to swim over, what would you

"Why, that's easy," said one of the party. "We'd sit down over."-Yonkers Statesman. 'We'd sit down and think it HE WON HIS BET.

heme a Bright Son Worked on His Innocent Father. The S

"I wonder if everybody is crazy?" said a young insurance man to his father the other day as they sat looking out of a plate glass window on Lasalle street.

"Oh, every second or third man yo meet when you begin to talk to him pokes his hand up in the air and waves it around and around as if he was drawense. It isn't so."

"Well, governor, I say it is so, and I'll make you a bet of a \$50 suit that a dozen men will do it right in front of this window in half an hour if I go out and stop

"You young rascal, you'll tell them to do it just to win that suit. You'll tell them we've got that bet."
"Honor bright, pop, I won't mention the subject. Is it a go?"
"It's a go all right, my wise young man. I'll sit at the window here and see you

I'll sit at the window here and see you fail." out of next omce. Bows to oil gentleman in the window. Stops to talk to young man. Old man smiles. Then stops. Then his eyes begin to pop. Next door man's right hand goes slowly up, revolves about an imaginary central axis and keeps upward and onward until the hand is about as high as the man can conveniently

"Oh, you've got it. That's right," is what the old gentleman hears his son as the man brushes hurriedly down

Another young fellow comes along. He Another young fellow comes along. He won't do it, the old man knows. He knows the newcomer is a crank on golf. Can't talk anything else. Hears him shout to young man, "Are you in the foursome today?" No. He hasn't got the wrist twist.

wrist twist.
Young man speaks to him. Suddenly
the golfer's face grows grave and
thoughtful. He doesn't speak for a minute or two. Up goes his hand, and that blamed fool revolving motion takes place.
"Oh, that's it, is it?" says the son. "Yes;
I'll be out to play in the foursome."
Another and another comes along, some

smiling at first, some preoccupied, but all volve it or vary the movement by turning down the index finger and describing corkscrew curves in the air.

"Blanked if everybody isn't crazy or that boy is putting a spell on them," says

the old man. "And he promised on his honor not to tell them to do it." "Suppose we open the window anck," puts in the bookkeeper, "and lis ten to his magic words." It was done as another victim made his appearance. This is what they hear:

'Morning, Ton "Morning, Harry." "I've been standing here puzzling over a simple thing. What is a winding stair,

'Why, don't you know that? Why, it's n-a"— Up goes the fist, slowly revolving, and— But try it on anybody who hasn't heard it before, and you'll see how

On one of her voyages the sealing schooner Arietis was cruising about 200 miles off the coast of British Columbia when she sighted a dismasted ship. The Arietis bore down upon the derelict, and as she got near enough a man was seen on board grasping the wheel and apparently steering the craft. No other sign of man was seen on the ship. The man at the wheel was hailed, but returned no answer—just stood there grasping the spokes of the wheel and looking straight

A boat was lowered and the mysterious ship boarded. When they came close to the man at the wheel, they saw with hor-ror that he was dead and had evidently been dead for many days. The ship which was named the General Siglin had sailed from San Francisco for Alas ka. She had clearly been dismasted in a gale and then abandoned by her crew. The captain had refused to leave the ship, and, finding his strength failing, he had lashed himself to the wheel and literally died at his post, steering his craft for hundreds of miles with hands that for hundreds of miles with held the wheel in as firm a grip as when

Being Looked Over by Tom's Sister. levator of a certai Broadway store that this glimpse of life was given. Two typical New York girls, tailor made, violets, small hats on top of hair drawn high and softly puffing out all around, swept in and exchanged confi-

dences in this highly appropriate place.
"I'm going to have little Simpkins in to
make me a silk petticoat," said one, evidently referring to a seamstress.

"She can't make a silk petticoat," dis-dainfully exclaimed the other.

"Oh, bother," returned the first. "She can make something that looks like one and I haven't got a decent petticoat to my name. If you think I'm going down to see Tom's folks and have his sister look see Tom's folks and have his sister look all through my things without having a new silk petticoat you're mistaken. It wouldn't matter about you, but I'm to be one of the family, and I know what that girl is. If she saw a rip in one of my things I verily believe she'd try to break it all off between Tom and me. Come, let's have a chocolate."

A Practical Parent. "No," said Mr. Comrox gently, "I haven't the slightest objection to your asking my daughter to marry you."
"Thank you!" exclaimed the young man with a title, but no cash. man with a title, but no cash.
"You go ahead and ask her," he proceeded thoughtfully "I won't interfere.
have given her a good education and taught ber to read the newspapers, and it she doesn't know enough to say 'No, why she doesn't deserve any better luck.'

A Clever Landlord. Terry-The landlord of the Phillupp made a good thing out of that banquet

last night Torry—So? Terry—Yes. You see, it was given out that Slyghter was going to make an after dinner speech. Thinking about it wor-ried Slyghter so much that he could eat little or nothing, and the others so dreaded the infliction that it onite spoiled their

Hopeless Case.

Hoax—My wife is never happy unless she's in trouble. Joax—Can't you cure her? Hoax—Not much. When she hasn't anything else to worry her, she'll get out a railroad time table and study that.— Philadelphia Record.

A BROKEN SONG.

Where am I from? From the green hills of Erin. Have I no song then? My songs are all sung. What of my love? "Tis alone I am farin. Old grows my heart, an my vote yet is young.

she was tall? Like a king's own daughter. If she was fair? Like a mornin of May. When she'd come laughin, 'twas the runnin

When she'd come blushin, 'twas the break o Where did she dwell? Where one'st I had my Who loved her best? There's no one now will

know.
Where is she gone? Och, why should I be tellin!
Where she is gone there I can never go.
—Moira O'Neil.

WHY HE REBELLED. Martyn Was Willing to Fix the Roof.

Mr. Martyn is engaged with his father in the roofing business. This does not mean that he clambers about the ridge poles with a hammer in one hand and a piece of slate in the other, but contractor

One of these matter of fact gentlemen One of these matter of fact gentlemen had for sundry days been singing his plaint about a roof on a certain house which had just been put on by the Martyns' men and which leaked. The location of the leak was a mystery unsolved, but the harassed contractor wrung the promise from Martyn, Jr., that when it was discovered it would be attended to at was discovered it would be attended to at once. On one of the evenings when the rate Mr. Martyn, Jr., was clambering in to his evening clothes and his best white tie to go to a reception. Just as he was a finished work of art the telephone bell rang, and he was summoned.
"Hello!" said the voice of the contract-

or at the other end. "Say, I've found that leak, and I want you to go over to the house right away and fix it. The people are being flooded out."
"Me fix it!" Mr. Martyn shouted in re-

sponse. In a convenient mirror he caugh a glimpse of himself in irreproachable swallowtail and snowy linen and remem bered what a roof was like on a wet, windy night.
"Certainly!" responded the contractor

brazenly. "You people said you'd do it, and it's got to be done. Take a ladder along."
Mr. Martyn hung up the receiver gently
and clutched his brow. Utterly dazed
and hypnotized by the colossal nerve of

the contractor at the other end of the wire, he hurried into his outer wraps, graphed an umbrella in one hand and obediently started for the endangered He was admitted, and the lady of the

house rose questioningly as he walked into the library. She surveyed the im-posing tooking gentleman in his best clothes with wondering admiration, and when he said in a tone of resignation. "Excuse me, but I've come to fix the root," she looked rather stunned. "Why, of course," she said at last Suspicion dawned in her eye, but she let Mr. Martyn proceed up stairs to the attic with a lantern, a stepladder and a few other incumbrances. With much care the rebellious roofer took off his cuffs,

turned his trousers and went to work turned his trousers and went to work. He had just got fairly started when he heard a stealthy step and at the head of the attic stood a determined but scared looking man with a gun. The gun covered Mr. Martyn comfortably.

For a long minute the two stared at each other, and then the man of the house head the grace to turn red. house had the grace to turn red.

"You see," he stammered, "my wife in-sisted a burglar had entered the house in disguise, calculated to throw her off her guard, and-and she made me come up Martyn descended from the step-

ladder and slowly picked up his cuffs.

"Well," he said finally in a tremendous voice, "I'm willing to oblige a customer to the extent of doing day laborer's work in a new dress suit, but I'm blamed if I'm up to be taken for a housebreaker. Anyhow," he concluded, with fierce final-ity, "I find it is impossible for the root to be fixed without skilled help. I'll send

Mr. Martyn departed from the house in spite of protestations, leaving a streak in the atmosphere every time one of the household abandoned to its watery fate stepped through it and went on to the re-ception, where he danced every dance with a light and vindictive heart. Every time he thought of that suspicious family sitting up all night to nop up the de-scending floods he gave his partner an extra and joyous whirl that took her

breath away.

And the next day he sent over a solitary man with a hammer and a paper of nails who fixed the leak after some arduous labor occupying about three minutes.

Monkey and Medicine. While engaged in locating a railway line in Mexico Mr. Haviland, a civil engineer, once shot and wounded a monkey which, with a number of companions. was in a tree. At the report of the gun all but the wounded animal disappeared among the branches. The wounded one, uttering cries of pain, placed its hand to its wounded side, withdrew it covered with blood and examined it. Its cries brought back its companions, some of which also placed their hands to the wound and examined them. Then they departed, shortly afterward returning chewing something, probably leaves, which they applied to the wound. The stricken animal, holding the leaves in place, was then assisted by its commanions in making its escape to a place of safety.—Forest and Stream.

Forestalling Him. Great Statesman-Young man, if you print a single word I didn't say, I'll repudiate and deny the whole interview. Reporter (making additional entry in his notebook)—Glad you mentioned it, senator. I'll just say that "Senator Lotsmun on being questioned further said he reserved the privilege, of course, of changing his mind if the circumstances should justify it. and they probably would." Thanks. Good day, senator.

Others Likewise, Miss Withers — I believe Arthur is afraid to propose to me.

Belle—Of course he is, and there are thousands of others just like him .--

Experiments show that a frog deprived of his brains will live and eat and pursue existence in a sort of automatic manner.

Ancient Nineveh had its pottery, and indeed the museums teem with the pot-tery of all primitive peoples, BILL OF THE PLAY.

daughter of Roland Reed, it is said, s to appear soon upon the stage. Yvette Guilbert is so far recovered that her reappearance is announced.

Melbourne MacDowell is to lead a St.

Louis stock company during a season of

Sardou plays. Ellen Terry denies once more the rum that she is about to retire from the stage because of growing ill health.

In the days of their greatest prosperity Gilbert and Sullivan are said to have di-vided between them \$200,000 a year. Mary E. Wilkins' novel, "Jerome, a Poor Man," is being dramatized and will be given an early presentation in New York.

Nance O'Neill, who continues a great favorite in Australia, is reported to be arranging for her early appearance there as Lady Macbeth. "The Mormon Wife" is the name of a

play which is to take advantage of the prominence which the sect of Utah has recently enjoyed and will shortly be pro-

tion an offer for the right to translate "Way Down East" into French and German and adapt the play to the stages of those countries. At the time of her death in Rome a few

Mr. Hackett's play, was writing a play for Bertha Galland. Jobyna Howland is perhaps the most photographed actress on the American stage. She was one of the most famous of the Gibson girls and posed for m his notable works in recent years. Julia Morrison, who shot Joseph Pat-terson, stage manager of the "Mr. Plas-ter of Paris" company about a year ago, filed papers for divorce from her husband, Fred James, in New York recently.

HIVE AND BEE.

All empty frames of combs should be well taken care of during the winter when not in use.

The worst enemy to empty combs in winter is mice; if allowed access to them they will destroy them.

If colonies are found short of provi-sions during the winter, they may be sup-plied with food in the shape of candy. All work that is to be done with bees in the winter time must be done on warm days while the bees are flying. At no other time must they be disturbed.

to ripen and improve it. Dampness and darkness do not agree with it. It should, therefore, be stored in a rather warm but If there is too much drone comb in the

Heat does not damage honey, but tends

hive, remove and replace it with worker comb. By doing this the supply of drones is easily regulated and the bees become more profitable than if left to their own devices. Bees left to themsives are likely to

build too much drone comb. This is not built for the purpose by the bees, as they build it to store honey in. but if not fill ed the queen will fill the cells with drone eggs, and the hive will be overstocked.

THE CYNIC.

The only use some people have for Doors that refused to stay open last August are now refusing to stay shut. You talk a great deal about the impor-tance of truth. Do you know the truth

In some families of girls it seems to be agreed that certain ones shall work while others play the lady. When a visitor announces that he is

only stopping over between trains, his host at once becomes more cordial.

"Strong" face applied to a man means the same as "sweet" face when applied to a woman—an absence of good looks. The average girl thinks that getting letter with a sealing wax stamp and an initial on it is next to getting a letter

bearing a coat of arms. carry off a married man. Probably they realize that no one would give a quarte to have a married man brought back.

THE PEDAGOGUE.

The late Chief Justice Faircloth of North Carolina bequeathed \$20,000 to the Baptist Female university of Raleigh. sident David Starr Jordan of Le land Stanford, Jr., university says he be lieves that since the higher education has become so widespread the future of this country lies more with the universities than with any other power.

Professor Cornelius Tiele of Leyden university on the occasion of his seven-tieth birthday anniversary the other day received congratulations from all parts of the world, especially from England, where he is known by his Gifford lectures

in Edinburgh. Thomas C. Mendenhall, president of Worcester (Mass.) Polytechnic insti tute, has tendered his resignation, to take effect July 1. Poor health is the caus superintendent of the United States coast and geodetic survey.

CHIPS FROM CHINA.

The Chinese lean hard on the proposition that there is no immediate cost involved in making a promise.-Washing

After looking down the muzzle of the gun for a few days the emperor of China has decided that the terms of the powers

are satisfactory
China has beheaded the murderer of the German minister. Whether by so doing it has cut short its other troubles remains to be seen .- New York Times. The fact that most of the powers still have some conscience is shown by the at-tempts of each to make it appear that it has done less looting than its neighbors.

PARCELS POST.

It will not be long until we shall have a universal parcels post carrying parcels for almost a nominal charge. The whole tendency of the time is to bring the people closely together.-Indianapolis News. The object a to the parcels post is not to the thing itself, but to the vicious principle involved in the measure which has been presented, which is that no more shall be paid for carrying a package of five or ten pounds 20 miles than 2,000 miles.—Indianapolis Journal. JINGLES AND JESTS.

Owed to the Grip Owed to the Grips.
Odd that makes you rear and rip,
Quinne with a fiery nip,
Bolling drinks to sip and sip,
Lemonade and high spiced flip,
Back that aches from neck to hip,
Back that aches from neck to hip,
Bwollen nose and puffy lip,
Head that seems to go ca-zipp!
Pulse that shows a lively clip.
Strength that swift away doth slip,
Feet that stumble, stub and trip;
Knees that toward each other dip,
Gait that rolls as if on ship.
Tongue that's furry to the tip,
Still more quinine, 'nother nip—
Life the grip!

Liked Them Short. Little Boy—How soon are you and Sisgoin to be married? Accepted Suitor—She has not named the day yet. I hope she does not believe long engagements.
Little Boy—She doesn't. I know,

'cause all her engagements have been short.—London Tit-Bits. Of High Denomination. "I'm sorry I didn't get to that bargain sale," remarked the soprano. "I under-stand some very lovely things went for

"That's so, dear." replied the contralto "But do you think any of your note would be high enough?"

Suited the Occasion. "Can't you afford to wear better clothes than those?" asked the sympathetic woman of the street beggar as she eyed his tattered garments.
"No ma'am I really can't," was the

mendicant's reply. "These togs is what Why She Turned Him Down She looked at him with horror And she coldly turned away, And the watchers saw and sh

Though they knew not what to say For the youth was tall and manly,

Then they asked that social leader
Why she scored and passed him by,
And she answered, "He is wearing
Just a horrid made up tie!"

The Farmer-Don't tell me you ain't able to work. Why, I go to work at day-light an work till dark, and I ain't no stronger than you.

The Tramp—No, I guess you ain't, bue you are one of them geniuses.

He Showed Courage. "Whom do you consider the greatest hero in this town?" asked a stranger. "Oh, Ed Summers, of course." "In what does his heroism consist?" "He jilted a girl who has two brothers.

both prizefighters." "If the society journals are right the londs are not in it this season with the "Oh. I don't know. I guess it's still the

> She Obeyed. "You must not see him any more,"
> She heard her mother say,
> And, though she did her fate deplore,
> She promised to obey.

"I must not see you, sir!" she cried When he appeared that night.
"Why, then," the thoughtful youth replied,
"We must turn out the light."

Thus did the maid so true and sweet To parent's mandate bow; Although, as heretofore, they meet, She does not see him now.

Sure Sign Honx-There's a sure sign that a man s getting old.
Joax—What's that? Hoax—When he begins to reckon his age from his latest birthday instead of

A Curio Distributer. "Catch me proposing to a girl by let-"What makes you so timid?" "Why, three girls in this town have my

Made to Feel at Home. "Didn't you feel yourself a strenger in your literary club after being absent so long, Mrs. Jinks?" "No. One of the other members snub-

bed me the minute I opened my mouth."

framed proposals hanging ur 'r thei

"Necessity Knows No Law."

But a law of Nature bows to the necessity of keeping the blood pure so that the entire system shall be strong, healthy and vigorous.

To take Hood's Sarsaparilla, the great blood purifier, is therefore a law of health and it is a necessity in nearly every household. It never disappoints. Eryalpoias. "Had a severe attack of erysipelas, suffering from dizziness and nervousness so that I could not rest at night. Tried Hood's Sarsaparilla with good results, and now recommend it to others." M. CHALMERS, Toronto, Ont.

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