PRACTICAL ETHICS. It doesn't pay to be too good-But, then, few of us are. In fact, most of us do not reach The standard mark by far. We criticise our neighbors' faults-Mostly behind their backs-But who sets out to find what he

Himself most sorely lacks? It doesn't pay to be too good-But, then, who ever knew A man who really was too good? Such folks are mighty few. In most of us there is a streak-As fat is streaked with lean-Of something that unprejudiced Observers would call mean.

It doesn't pay to be too good-Just good enough will do. It answers pretty well for me, And it will serve for you. Don't fret about your neighbors' faults-It isn't right you should-And, bear in mind, they try as hard As you do to be good. -Somerville Journal.

KARJAK.

I am a woman? To be sure. And was once a man? I was. How so?

I will tell you. I was living with my family in Paris. I was 18, and as at the age of 11 I had made my first appearance in public print I was by this time not quite a tyro in the journalistic profession, which was then my resreation between music masters and painting teachers, and the rest of those people who go to make up the sum of a young girl's education.

The charm that newspaper work possessed for me then was alike one of the literary bent and of the secrecy with which I chose to conduct my caccethes scribendi. I wrote under another name than my own for home papers and magazines here in America solely, until finally one day I suddenly decided that I would try my fortunes with-what, think you?

Nothing less than Figaro itself. But a womanly nom de plume-that deterred me. I feared; I hesitated. Should it be boldly, then, my own name?

No, and at once I selected a short, crisp, yet euphonious and wholly likely masculine cognomen. I wrote my copy address and sent it to M. Jules Dessimoir, the well known manager of a certain department of Figaro. I dated the accompanying note from my own home, and forthwith took my family into my confidence as well as

I waited. Not long, however, for in the next but one Saturday's issue of Figaro, lo and behold! was my story. Not only this, but my amused father, on turning over the paper, held up to my astonished and somewhat terrified gaze the announcement that "M. le Comte Karjak, a distinguished Russian now visiting Paris for the first time, would probably be induced to contribute to these pages certain other of his impressions to follow those most entertaining and unique ones contained in the present number.

How they all laughed about the table, as with flushed cheeks I sat speechless in bewildered amusement!

I was then a Russian? Very good; to that I had no objection to offer. Russians-great, big, brave blond fellows speaking our English and my family's French so well-were indeed my special addration. So, when a note came the next morning, inclosing a check for 150 francs (which I indorsed "Karjak," and my father reindorsed and obtained the money for) and asking if I should be pleased to furnish further articles on the agreeable theme of French society and manners as contrasted with those of my own country,

I replied very promptly that I would do so. My own country! Russia? Decidedly the name had misled M. Dessinoir. Very well, it made little difference. Since I had become a man, I might just as well be a Russian man as any other. So I accepted the situation, and throwing myself mentally into the little of my supposed native country with which I was acquainted, and diligently beginning at once to cultivate all the Russian people and Russian books that I knew of, I felt myself present quite a Slav and commenced to discover that I had a predilection for all the magnificent bizzarries and delicious incompatibilities of the women-I mean the men!-of that fascinating race.

I sent in to M. Dessinoir regularly for four weeks the "Impressions of Karjak" and received in return my 150 francs; besides which I had the pleasure of seeing him as well advertised as any journalistic is a widely different one from ours.

Presently, too, at my mother's weekly receptions, was heard mention of Karjak. Who was he? Did we know? Did I know? Since I had been lately in Russia, perhaps I had something to tell of him, his personality, age, estate? And one young and beautiful woman even went so far as to tell me in confidence that she was much taken with his style, his thoughts, his wit, humor, esprit and half Russian-Tartaric way of looking at the amenities of Parisian so-

She declared that she had made up her mind definitely to know him; that M. Dessinoir was an intimate friend of hers. and that he had promised her only that very day most faithfully that he would use his best endeavors to bring the Comte Karjak to her next evening at home.

I said to her "How delightful!" and I thought "How dreadful! What will M. Dessinoir do?" and then all this passed out of my mind as I caught the drift of the conversation of two literary men who stood on the other side of me.

"Oh," said one, "he is a novice, that is too evident. Still your Karjak is enormously clever. Slav au bout des onglesa little raw and barbaric still."

"You are mistaken," returned the other. "I am convinced that this new light in our Figaro is a man of experience, consid-, and perhaps tired out what is called the 'world.' "

I turned away. The situation was too much for me. I rushed over to my young friend, Pauline A., and took refuge in discussing with her the gown I was next week to wear as her bridesmaid at Notre Dame de Lorette.

Two days later came my usual envelope from Figuro, containing, besides the customary check, a note from M. Dessinoir, inviting me, most courteously, to "a little breakfast which he was about to take much pleasure in giving in my honor at the Cafe Bignon, on any day that I would be so condescending as to mention."

In my honor! The Cafe Bignon! I almost expired between laughter and nervousness, as I put pen to paper, and in haste assured M. Dessinoir that-whatshould it be?-"a sudden call into the country on important business would deprive me of the infinite pleasure." And, foreseeing a possible further step toward M. Dessinoir's fulfillment of his promise to my pretty friend, I also added that "being a foreigner I was shy and perhaps it I

was the better plan for writers not to become personally known to editors," etc. In due time returned the expostulation of M. Dessinoir. "Ah, my dear fellow." wrote he, "you are making a rank mistake. Many men of note are already devirous of meeting you-even a number of

lovely women have signified to me their willingness to encounter the author of your 'Impressions.' Pray you, reconsider, and give me a great honor and happiness.' I became quite cold. A species of terror seized upon me, as I consulted with my mother, and finally our conference termiaated in my writing a temporizing but not at all convincing response.

Decidedly, if this was being a man, I devoutly wished that I had never become

A fortnight passed without events, at least so far as Karjak was concerned, and I had begun to console myself with the relection that he had been forgotten amid the pressure of other men and matters.

Alas! not so. On a certain Tuesday a messenger arrived bearing a note from M. Dessinoir-"begging that I would accede to his invitaiton for breakfast tomorrow. He took the liberty over my modesty of naming the day himself-at the Cafe Bignon, to meet M. M. A., B., C., D., respectively, of four of the most popular Parisian

journals." Mamma was out paying visits; papa had gone to Versailles for the day; my cousin was painting in the Louvre; what

should I do? Seizing my pen, I wrote-was it inspiration or some emanation from less divine sources?-thus, "that my wife being very ill, I was compelled to decline," and adding to this wholesale statement the most profound regrets and sorrow deeply dyed! Wery good. I slept in peace that night,

having confided to my family not only the fact of my being a man, but that I had lately married, and now possessed a wife! My MS, went as usual a day or two later. In the evening, my pretty friend was again at our house.

"Alas," she said to me, "I have had ill news. M. Dessinoir tells me that my adored Karjak is-married."

"Verily," I say; "so I have heard." "But I do not believe it. I will not believe it. I assured M. Dessinoir that he must prove it to me."

"And?" I interrupt breathlessly. "He has sworn that he will do so." "How?" I inquire, I am sure turning

pale. "He has vowed to call upon Karjak and

finally to see his wife." I lived hereafter for some days in a kind the butler and housemaid, who might be of nightmare, trembling at every knock likely to answer the postman's call, or the and ring. At last it came—the card of concierge's inquiry for "Count Karjak." M. Dessinoir. I held my brow. My knees

shock beneath me. "Say to the gentleman," I gasped, 'that M. le Comte is absent from Paris."

In a few moments Jacques returned. "Would Mme. la Comtesse then do monsieur the honor to see him for a moment only? A matter of business and importance-some part of the late MS. of M. le Comte has been unfortunately lost."

Decidedly M. Dessinoir intended to keep his vow. Mamma was out, of course; I drew myself up to as great a height as nature's 5 feet 11/2 would allow, and sailed majestically, I hoped, out to meet M. Dessinoir. Since I was a man, and a married one, then also let me be my own wife, since fate so willed.

We met as became two well bred persons. M. Dessinoir explained. Mme. la family. But to explain: Comtesse knew nothing of the literary affairs of her husband; while regretting ber inability she deplored her stapidity. M. l'Editeur was charmed, yet chagrined of course at not seeing M. le Comte. Altogether we both delivered ourselves of many compliments, and M. Dessinoir then begged me to use my wifely influence to induce my gifted husband to make himself known to his many admirers, and

gracefully made his exit. I was a man; also his wife. I had been

addressed a madame. Very well. The following evening chanced to be that of a great reception at the American embassy. Although of course not yet "out," I was allowed to go as a great treat, and in my gown of white over yellow, with yellow roses and some lilies, I had long since, in chatting with a handsome young English attache, forgotten both Karjak and his wife, when I raised my eyes and perceived advancing toward me the daughter of our hostess, leaning upon the arm of M. Dessinoir.

I did not faint or scream. I stood like a block of stone. I had never thought of this horrible possibility.

She presented him to me with due cereschoolfellow.'

M. Dessinoir, although at first disposed writer ever is by the French custom, which to recognize me, embraced the situation and routed the young attache, and-quietly begged me the favor of my autograph

in his pocket album. I became scarlet. I took the offered pencil from his large, white hand, and trembling I wrote for him as he watched

me with amused yet not cruel eyes-the name of "Karjak!" We are the best of friends imaginable, M. Dessinoir and I. He some imes calls

me "dear little fellow" and reminds me of the time "when I was a man." So I have given you one of the many experiences of my comparatively brief journalistic career. - Fannie Aymar Mathews in Peterson's Magazine.

Strangely Birthmarked.

Dr. George R. Hazelwood relates the story of a 10-year-old child of one of his patents, who cannot speak to its father, though perfectly glib with every one else. The cause assigned may be gathered from the following:

Previous to the child's birth a difference arose between the parents, and for several weeks the mother refused to speak to her husband. The offense, whatever it was, was condoned, but not till after the child was born. In due time the little boy began to talk, but when with his father was invariably silent. It continued thus till the child was 5 or 6 years old, when the father, having exhaused his powers of persuasion, threatened condign punishment for its stubbornness. This was inflicted, but without eliciting a word, though his groans told too plainly he could neither cry nor speak, and that he vainly tried. Those present joined in the opinion that the prenatal effect of the parental quarrel made it impossible for the boy to speak to his father. Time has

proved the correctness of this theory. Though on perfectly friendly relations with his father, attempts to speak to him elicit nothing but sighs .- Birdseye (Ind.) Correspondence.

Had to Economize.

He (shortly after the introduction)-Excuse me, miss, but do you think you could ever love me if-well, if you should

She-Well, I must say this is-He-Oh, don't be offended! It cost me more than \$250 to find out whether the last one loved me or not, and I've got to economize, you know. Pittsburg Dispatch.

BEYOND THE GRAVE.

Beyond the grave! And then? Well; no one knows. Nor, since the world first swung in space Can the minds of men this mystery trace And find a haven of repose Where souls may fill the want there is In life. It shows That yet somewhere the race Of beings whom gravitation binds

To mother earth shall find the fount Whence life eternal flows; When, having broken here the thread Of this planet's power o'er it By cessation of the vital tide. The thing which we call soul Shall, free, within the sphere Of new attractions be, And, straight, depart to find Another state, where all revealed shall bo

As Holy Scriptures tell. Or, mayhap, Not broke the spell, But yet another stage Of being begins, and, memory gone. This world's wish is not satisfied. Or is this vital force eternal, Its essence, taking its abode, Regenerated by ethereal space, In creature life of other spheres And still imbuing the being with its na-

ture? So working matter into life, And making worlds swing By its perpetual motion? And is the word creation but a word. Molded by the mind thus clogged with

And so, part satisfying th' animal sense

In its ambition toward the further goal?

-London Sun.

SAM'S CONVERSION.

"Ever been to a masquerade ball, Bill?" asked my friend Jim, leaning in at the parsonage window.

"Never," said I. "We're going to have one over at the new hall tomorrow night," said Jim.

"Come, buy a ticket." "My uncle would go out of his mind if I should," said I. "The ballroom is, in his mad, one of the gates of the infernal regions. Fancy a minister's nephew at a masquerade ball!"

"Nobedy needd to know it," said Jim.

'All the good folks will be at the closing exercises of the church fair. You can get home before nunkey gets back." "Not very honorable, seeing I am left in

charge of the house," said I.

"Well," said Jim, "do as you like, but a masquerade ball isn't a thing to miss. I've got two tickets to sell, and it's only \$2. Of course they'll offer hat checks, but world, and until Sam was caught in some we'll dodge that by going in our costumes. more terrible act, then pilfering the anback door of the hall. I'll bring over a Whenever this was done there would be monk and a devil, and we'll dress here and save by it. Come, you won't deny your- better to lose a little live stock and garin your life for a couple of dollars?"

He touched me on a tender point. I bought a ticket, gave him \$1 to advance on the costume, and promised to desert uncle, and who would perhaps murder | First-The danger of spontaneous firing my post on the morrow between the hours of 9 and 11.

I could take the key of the kitchen door even with his life. in my pocket and get home before my that anything would happen during my absence, but I felt rather guilty. To leave the house was a breach of trust; to go to a dance was ignoring the traditions of the

church in Turtle Hollow, and his congregation had been holding a fair for four weeks. It had been a wonderful success. People had been generous and had not only bestowed penwipers and pincushions, am!" grain of all sorts, dried fruits, home woven bedspreads and crazy quilts, but all the implements of housewifery and husbandry. There were piece goods from the store, and there was butter from the dairy. Some members had harnessed up their teams and begged industriously of all pious persons in neighboring towns, so

that the profits were astonishing. When the fair was over, the proceeds would of course be banked. Meanwhile, the trustees declared the minister to be the best custodian of the money and the parsonage the safest place of deposit.

Night after night my uncle brought home the little bag of cash, and it was regularly shut up in a closet with a patent lock, the key of which was carefully hid-

My uncle was a widower. A respectable old woman cooked our meals and did our housework for us, but after tea went to her own home. Therefore, there were but mony, calling me her "lifelong friend and our two selves in the house at night, and as the sum of money in his care grew larger my uncle grew anxious. He was expected to be at the fair every evening, and though Turtle Hollow had an honest reputation there was temptation for a poor man in money locked up in a deserted house. As for myself, I had seen all that I wanted to see of the fair and volunteered to spend my evenings at home. This I had been doing for two weeks, when Jim came to the window that night, and as I have told you I succumbed to the temptation. At first, though I had bought the ticket, I almost resolved to do no more than prove that I was not niggardly, but during the day I thought the matter over have been sufficiently punished already, until my imagination took fire, and when I saw the two costumes, as fat a monk as ever wore cowl, and as frightful a devil as ever terrified his audience at a pantomime, I could resist no longer, and attiring myself in haste took my tail over my arm and my pitchfork in my hand, and leaving the parsonage by the kitchen door reached the ballroom.

followed Jim's programme and soon It was a long room with a well waxed floor, its walls decorated with real foliage dotted with paper roses. A brass band was blaring away, and certain individuals whose dress coats were decorated with blue rosettes strutted about or stood in the doorway. The guests were just arriving, and at first I fancied that I was about to realize all those dreams which the mas- Kyle Dallas in Fireside Companion. querade balls of romances awaken in youthful minds; to meet those mysterious strangers who utter brilliant bonmots, or make remarks which have deep hidden

Now, in theory, a masquerade ball is the most brilliant of entertainments; in ers. practice it is apt to be the dullest. An assemblage of commonplace strangers with their faces hidden can be nothing else. On this occasion I wandered about arm in arm with the monk, and felt for some time that we must be very amusing to those who looked at us, and at first we found something to look at ourselves. But all too soon the cavaliers in big hats and the ladies in powdered hair grew tiresome; so did the Quakers and Quakeresses, the and less red pepper. troubadours, the flower girls and the apple women.

At last we neither grinned at the clown steak over dexterously until the seasoning nor chuckled at the antics of the monkey, and no one even glanced our way. "There'll be fun at supper," said Jim.

'and we'll get a dance soon." But the placards which announced the fact that supper was "\$2 to a single gent, ner is in preparing one steak instead of and \$3 to a gent with a lady," satisfied me | two. - Boston Globe.

as to that point. Unused to balls, I had fancied the feast included, and to tell the truth was without funds.

Shortly Jim deserted me. I saw him dancing with a flower girl, and after awhile he left the set to whisper to me that though he could not get me a partner he would get mea lady to take to sup-

I said, "Thank you," but as soon as he was lost in the mazy dance again I made good my escape, and with my pitchfork over my shoulder crossed the open lots at a run, and reached the parsonage in rather a breathless condition, disgusted with my own folly.

The ball had been a meaningless and vulgar thing. I had not even enjoyed the dissipation of dancing and eating supper; I had not spoken to a girl; Jim had not behaved in what I considered a proper manner, and if I escaped detection I should be lucky, for it was later than I thought. As I unlocked the kitchen door I fancied I saw a light beneath the door of the sitting room, and certainly I heard voices. My uncle had returned, but who was with him?

The next moment my heart was in my mouth, for I heard a deep voice thunder forth:

"Tell me where dat money am, pa'son, or I'll kill you dead-I sartinly will! I'ze come for dat money, an I'ze gwine to hab

I knew the voice, and as I recognized it my heart sank, for it was that of the terror of Turtle Hollow, a great, brutal negro named Sam-a short of outlaw who had taken up his abode in the thick Georgia pine forest and preyed upon the village almost at will.

Those who have only met the slim and respectable colored gentleman of the northern states in his best clothes, have admired the dignified "old uncle" in Virginia or laughed at a comical, good natured field darky, happy in the possession of a red silk handkerchief or a big piece of gingerbread, can form no idea of the appearance of black Sam. He was enormous and a Hercules in strength. His features were those of the African savage, his expression ferocious; he always carried a great club and had a knife and pistol in his belt, even when he went to the store for crackers and cheese and tallow candles. But he paid for what he bought, however he got his money, and no one was sure that he had killed the peddler who was found in the road, or that it was he who robbed the postoffice, or sacked the Smith mansion while the family were gone

to a wedding. There were other bad people in the We can run across the open lots to the thorities had not cause for arresting him. bloody work, and people felt that it was oceans. self the biggest bit of fun you'll ever have den produce than their lives. So Sam reigned in his forest solitude, monarch of all he surveyed.

It was he who was now threatening my list who reports the following results: him, for the good man was determined

As for me, I was only 17 and should be were no neighbors within call, and there were no firearms in the house.

However, my place was at my uncle's side, and without a moment's hesitation ous, but if it contains less the danger di-I dashed the door open and rushed, in. My uncle was pastor of the Methodist utterly forgetting my costume, in my great excitement, flourishing my pitchfork—which was not a dangerous weapon, being made of wire and gilt paper—and uttering a shout of "Here I am! Here I

> As I entered, my uncle sat in his armchair, and Sam towered above him, flourishing his great dagger. But in an instant the scene changed. The negro uttered a howl, his knife fell from his hand, and he lay upon the floor, hiding his face and roaring:

> "Oh, good Lord, save me! Oh, Marse Debil, don't take me! Oh, pa'son, hab mercy! I'pents my sins—'deed I does! I

Evidently he took me for his satanic majesty in person, and while I inwardly prayed that he might not be undeceived my uncle, with great self possession, fol-

lowed up the advantage. "You see what happens to any one who tries to murder a preacher, Sam," he said. up the question as to what effect freezing "Yet, perhaps I may intercede in your behalf, if you really mean to repent and be-

come a good Christian.' "I does indeed, massa!" said Sam. Beelzebub, for my sake," said my uncle. "I will give him three," I replied in a winter weather. hollow voice, and on this the negro, with-

Then we saw him rise and rush wildly away, vanishing at last in the shadows, and I bolted and barred the outer door and flung myself on my knees before my uncle. "Kneel to nobody but God, my boy," he said kindly. "I heard that you had gone

and crept out of it.

to the masquerade ball as satan and was only necessary under the most adverse convery angry at you, but it has pleased ditions, when the weather is exceedingly heaven to turn evil into good, and we'll say no more about the matter. I fancy you from the bed to the mortar boards, placed

This, however, was not quite the end of the affair. On the following day there was a revival meeting in the church, and to the surprise of all the terror of Turtle Hollow appeared upon the anxious bench. His account of himself was that satan had fleet race horse to the plodding creature of appeared to him, and that, in order to es cape his clutches, he desired to be a at the rate of nine miles an hour, and that Chirstian.

He was prayed over and exhorted, and finally became a member and is now a respectable, well behaving person with a family in the village, who tells his experience at meetings, and how for his sins he saw satan, though only my uncle and mysef know exactly where and how he met Beelzebub, and we keep the secret .- Mary

Seasoning a Beefsteak.

new recipe for seasoning a beefsteak, which has been amended from one which is a correspondent high favorite with certain royal good liv-

Broil a 2 inch thick porterhouse steak,

preferably the short steak which has no tenderloin. It is easier to manage if the bone is removed. Have its platter scorching hot and bring it to the table unseasoned. There add to it a dusting of assafetida. Score the surface lightly with the carv-

ing knife and rub in on each side a saltquantity of butter, some salt, a little black Then spread each side with a fair tablespoonful of chutney sauce, turning the

becomes a masterly sauce. Then cut in

half inch slivers and serve each ruddy strip

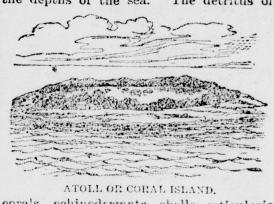
smothered in goodness. The only possible mistake any one can make in preparing this beefsteak for din-



CORAL FORMATIONS.

Beautiful Circular Reefs of Coral Rock Sometimes Many Miles In Diameter. The low lying islands formed by the skeletons of the coral insects are some of the most wonderful productions of nature.

They are only found in warm climates, between the twenty-eighth degrees of north and south latitude, and limestone pure and simple is the chief component of the coral reef, as it is of the mountains erupted from the depths of the sea. "The detritus of



corals, echinodermata shells, reticularia and other living creatures," says a writer on this subject, "deposit not only the salts of lime extracted from the ocean, but their own dead bodies, to form the hard substance of the rock."

The coral insect assumes curious and elegant forms, and the coral it produces is a limy or calcareous deposit which is fixed upon a rocky base. As years go on these accretions become greater and greater, and

at length rise above the water. The "atolls," or circular coral reefs with an opening at one side, have been described by Professor Darwin. "Who," asks the great naturalist, "would not be struck with wonder and admiration on catching sight for the first time of this vast ring of coral rock, often many miles in diameter? Sometimes a low green island is seen beyond it, with a shore of dazzling whiteness. Outside is the foaming surf of the ocean. and within it a broad expanse of tranquil water of pale green color and exquisite purity."

These "atolls" mark the situation of sunken islands, and the extension of them and the barrier reefs would seem to indicate a slow but decided sinking of the bottom of the Indian and other oceans, but the "reefs" tell us that the land to which they are attached has not become depressed and conclude that a continual rising and depres sion of the land is taking place in various

Effect of Air and Ventilation on Coal. The effect of air and ventilation on coal has been investigated by an English chem-

of coal in large lumps is very slight, but and would protect the property of others it is much greater with smaller coal and greater still with dust, the increase of danger being due to the larger extent of suruncle made his appearance. I had no fear as a wisp of straw in his hands. There face exposed to the air in proportion to the mass of the coal.

Second-Air dried coal which contains more than 3 per cent of moisture is dangerminishes, the moisture contained being a measure of the absorbent power of the coal for air, and the more absorbent the coal the

more dangerous. Third-The danger is somewhat increased by the presence of pyrites in large quantity. Fourth-Newly won coal should be shield ed from the air as much as possible, to prevent the chance of rapid heating, and for the same reason it is best not to stack it in

large heaps, since these retain the heat. Fifth-All external sources of heat, such as steam pipes, boilers and hot flues in the neighborhood of the coal, add very greatly to the risk, spontaneous heating becoming vastly more rapid when it is assisted from without. Of course these conclusions have 'pents 'em, sartin sure! Oh, Marse Debil, special relation to coal that is stored or shipped in cargoes.

Winter Bricklaying.

Now the question comes up as to laying brick in winter. It always does about this time of year. People who are building houses, stores, factories, and what not, bring may have on bricklaying. The Industrial World says this question has been definitely settled, experimentally, practically, scientifically and otherwise, and there can be "Give him five minutes to go, then, no doubt but that brickwork, substantial in character and solid, can be done in cold

The principal thing necessary is to keep out rising, crept to the door on all fours | the brick dry, and to see that the mortar does not freeze before the brick is placed on top of it. Various devices are in use for keeping the mortar in proper condition on the mortar boards-namely, by using sheetiron boards with lamps under them, and other similar ingeniously devised arrangements. Arrangements of this kind are cold. Ordinarily the mortar can be carried on the walls, the bricks on the top of the mortar, without any injury.

The Race Horse of the Desert.

Incredible as the statement seems, it is said upon good authority that the dromedary, which is to the Bactrian camel as a our plows, can, after proper training, trot this pace can be maintained for 24 hours at a stretch without a sign of flagging or a single stop for a mouthful of food or water. Then, if given a ball of paste made of barley meal and dates and a drink of camel's milk or water, the indefatigable creature will again set forth and keep on for another 24 hours with unslackened speed. A sabayec, which is said to be the swiftest breed of the dromedaries, "is good for 630 miles of travel in five days." Thus it will be seen that the dromedary has the speed of a spir Nor cao one overestimate this brand lited borse, with far greater capacity for endurance, writes a Popular Science News

Do Ants Talk?

This is a question which is agitating the mind of a writer in The Natural History Magazine. He relates that he saw a drove of small black ants moving apparently to new quarters. Every time two met they put their heads together as though they were chatting. To investigate the matter he killed one, and the eyewitnesses of the spoonful of dry mustard. Add a liberal murder hastened away and laid their heads together with every ant they met. The latter immediately turned back and fled.

The Extermination of the Alligator. The alligator of Florida is said to be threatened with extermination. He grows slowly, but he grows as long as he lives. and a 12 footer is said to be 75 years old. Over 2,500,000, according to an estimate from Florida, have been killed in the last dozen years.





dent to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea. Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in caring

Headache, yet CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER POLLS are equally valuable in Constitution, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels.

ache they would be almost priceless to thosa who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them.

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