

**MISS "CA'LINE'S" BOUQUET.**

An amusing case of mistaken identity is described in *Lippincott's Magazine*. A certain good physician whose door bell rang late one night, supposing that the summons was from someone who needed his services, rose from bed, put on his dressing gown and went down to the door.

A colored man stood there, holding a huge paper package, from which buds and leaves were protruding.

"Is Miss Ca'line Ward in?" asked the man.

"She has retired," returned the doctor. Miss "Ca'line Ward" was his colored cook.

"I's sorry, sah, to call so late. Dah was a jam in de street-cars. I'll leeb dis fo' her, sah, ef you will kindly gib it to her in de mo' nin'."

"Certainly," said the doctor.

He took the bundle carefully, closed the door, and carried the flowers to the kitchen. There he placed a basinpan in the sink, drew a few inches of water in it, carefully pressed the base of the package into the water, and went back to bed, thinking how pleased Miss "Ca'line" would be.

The next morning he went into the kitchen early, to find the cook holding a dripping bundle. Her manner was belligerent and her tone was in keeping with it.

"Ef I had de pusson heah dat did dat," said she, "I'd empty de kittle on

'em! I'd jes' like to know who put my new hat in de dish-pan—dat I would!"

Hilary K Adair, the well-known detective, was complimented in Galveston on an arrest he had made.

The arrest had been mysteriously achieved, and Mr Adair was asked to explain it. This, though he refused to do.

"There are so many ways of catching criminals," he said, laughing. "You know what the old man told his wife? She said first to him:

"Don't talk, John. You can't say I ever ran after you."

"True," the old man assented. "And you can't say the trap ever runs after the mouse, either, but it gathers him in just the same."

"Deduction is the thing," declared the law student. "For instance, yonder is a pile of ashes in our yard. That is evidence that we have had fires this winter."

"And, by the way, John," broke in his father, "you might go out and sift that evidence."—*Houston Chronicle*.

"Uncle Eph'm, did you hear about that colored man down in Georgia who has made a bet that he can eat thirty 'possums in thirty days?"

"Not a word o' trufe in dat story, boss."

"How do you know, uncle?"

"How d' I know? Good Lawd, boss, you can't find anybody in lawdy dat ud take de oddah eend o' dat prop'sition!"

**STRANGE, ISN'T IT?**

That a cavalryman unhorsed is most easily cowed?

That one can show his temper only after he has lost it.

That no young man ever rose rapidly till he had settled down?

That the plow must be soiled before the soil can be plowed?

That being a big ass at night will often make you a little hoarse the next morning?

On one occasion when he was busy President Lincoln received a delegation of men who were endeavoring to hurry the passing of some petty bill, in which they were interested. When they entered, Lincoln looked up gravely and said:

"If you call the tail of a sheep a leg, how many legs will a sheep have?"

"Five," said the spokesman.

"No," replied Lincoln, "it would only have four. Calling the tail a leg wouldn't make it one." The delegation departed in discomfiture.

Professor's Wife: "Too aggravating! This morning I gave my husband a list of addresses, that he might go and look for a new house, and he has made out a table of statistics from them."

Lady (to new milkman)— "Now, Mr. Jones, I hope I can rely on the purity of your milk. I had to give up Mr. Smith because his milk became two-thirds water." Mr. Jones—"You can rely on this mum. It's been paralyzed by the public anarchist."

"Yes," sir, this is the place where the battle was fought."

"Have you any relics of it?"

"Yes, sir, John, mould the gentleman about twenty bullets an' tell the blacksmith to hammer out a bayonet—quick!"

They were quarrelling over their children. "Well," she exclaimed, spitefully, "it is certain John has your

"Well," he replied, quietly, "it is also certain he hasn't yours, because you've got it all yourself!"

A regiment of regulars was making a long, dusty march across the rolling prairie land of Montana last summer. It was a hot, blistering day, and the men, longing for water and rest, were impatient to reach the next town.

A rancher rode past.

"Say, friend," called out one of the men, "how far is it to the next town?"

"Oh, a matter of two miles or so, I reckon," called back the rancher.

Another long hour dragged by, and another rancher encountered.

"How far to the next town?" the men asked him eagerly.

"Oh, a good two miles."

A weary half-hour longer of marching and then a third rancher.

"Hey, how far's the next town?"

"Not far," was the encouraging answer. "Only about two miles."

"Well," sighed an optimistic sergeant, "thank goodness, we're holdin' our own, anyway!"

"O George, dear, I have a little favor I'd like to ask you before you go to town this morning," said Mrs. Jooks, the other morning.

"Well, what is it?"

"I wish you would just help Lizzie to move the piano out of the sitting room and get down those big book cases. And I want the couch carried out of the room into the yard, where it can be thoroughly dusted. And then, if you'll just lend a hand in getting the carpet on the line, and help Susan beat it, and take down those large pictures on the sitting-room wall and carry them out, so that all the dust can be brushed off the back, and—Well, if he hasn't gone! That's just like a man! Ask him to do a little thing about the house and he flies off as if a mad bull were after him! I never saw anything like it!"

**KIPLING AND THE AUTOGRAPH HUNTERS.**

The importunities of the autograph-hunters are one of the penalties of being famous, and many of the leading men and women now charge a charity fee for their signatures.

When Rudyard Kipling was recovering from a dangerous illness in New York, a young lady in the same house, coveting the great writer's autograph, but not quite daring to ask for it in person, wrote a note to Mr. Kipling requesting his precious signature, which she asked a chambermaid to deliver, slipping sixpence into the hand of her messenger.

The maid entered Mr. Kipling's apartments with the note. The young lady, hovering near, heard a roar of laughter. Presently the maid returned with the autograph.

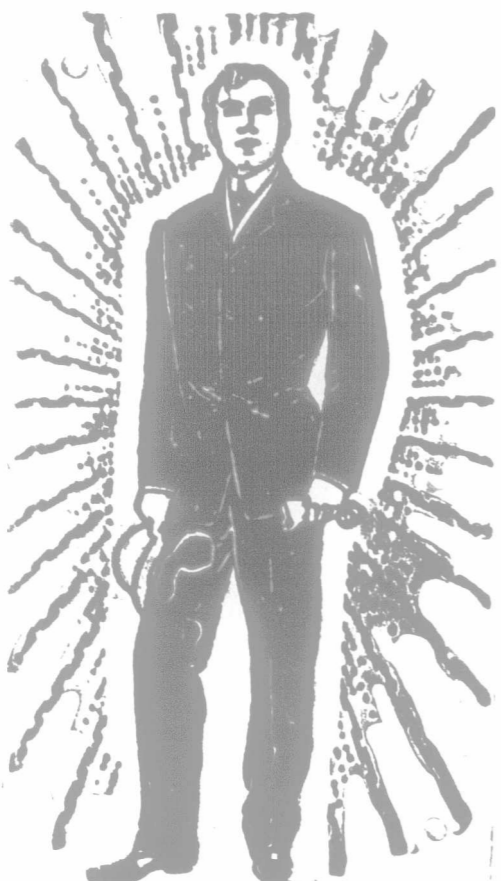
"What did he say when he read my note?" asked the delighted autograph hunter.

"He didn't seem to mind, ma'am," answered the maid, "but he laughed and said he didn't just understand what the sixpence was for."

Another story is told of a regular American who wrote to Mr. Kipling at his home in Rattlingden, England. "Hearing that you are sending letters at one dollar a word, I will send you one dollar for a sample."

To which Mr. Kipling replied with the single word, "Thank," and kept the dollars. *Good Words*.

**FREE TRIAL UNTIL CURED**



**My offer to all who lack Strength and Vigor, who have Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, Lame Back, etc., is:—Use my Invention until Cured, then pay me. I ask not one Penny in advance or on deposit.**

A man in good, vigorous health is full of electricity. The eye and brain sparkle with it, and his nerves and muscles are strong and elastic as steel. He is successful in business or his occupation, and his wit and general good nature makes him sought after by all. Could electricity be seen he would appear as in the illustration—emanating "something" you instantly feel as you approach him. This "something" is simply his natural electricity. We call such men "magnetic." Are you one? If not, don't you want to become one? During 40 years practice in Electricity I have aided more than a hundred thousand to become so. Men have come to me broken down from overwork, worry, or abuse of nature's laws, having exhausted all medical and drug treatments and apparently past aid, suffering tortures from Nervousness, Exhaustion, Varicocele, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, Lame Back, Wrecked Stomach, etc., and even these I have helped to regain their health and strength—made them men like the above. I can do the same for any man who will use my invention, and who is not too far gone for help.

**I Cure you before you pay me One Penny**

My treatment is very simple. I use Electricity as given by my famous Dr. Sanden Electric Herculex Body-Battery (latest patent, Mar. 7, 1905). Worn only during time you sleep, it fills your body full of the soothing, strengthening current, and in the morning you awake full of life and vigor, prepared to face the world however you find it. Two months' use generally cures the worst cases. Use the Herculex for that length of time, and if you are well, pay me. If not, return it—price when cured from \$5 up. Liberal discount if you pay cash for it.

As the originator and founder of the Electric Body-Battery system of treatment, my 40 years' success is the envy of many, and my Herculex is, of course, imitated (what good thing is not?), but my great knowledge to advise and direct my patients is mine alone and cannot be imitated. It is given free to all who use my invention until the cure is complete. My Herculex is guaranteed to give a current instantly felt, or I forfeit \$5,000, and to last for at least one year.

Call or send for My Electric Herculex to-day, or if you want to look into the matter further, I have two of the best little books ever written on electricity and its medical uses, which I send free, sealed, upon request.

Also complete establishments, with competent physicians in charge, at

- San Francisco, Cal., 907 Market St.
- New York, 1151 Broadway.
- Montreal, Can., 132 St. James St.
- Paris, France, 14 Rue Taitbout
- London, England, 15 Hanover St
- Stockholm, Sweden, 36 Malmaskilnads
- Calcutta, India, 7 Wellsley Place.

- Canton, China, 73 Maine St.
- Buenos Aires, South America, 15 Artes
- Rio Janeiro, Brazil, Largo el Carioca No. 20
- Montevideo, South America, 18 de Julio, 122.
- Sao Paulo, South America, 15 de Nov. No. 62.
- Santiago, Chili, Cassilla No. 2.
- Lima, Peru, Quidre No. 17

- Bombay, India, 75 Hornby Road.
- Madras, India, 162 Mount Road.
- Cape Town, South Africa, 19 Plein St
- Johannesburg, South Africa, 77 Eloff St
- Yokohama, Japan, 51 Yamashita St
- Tokio, Japan, 15 Guiza St
- Hong Kong, China, 34 Queens Road.

**DR. C. F. SANDEN, 140 Yonge Street, TORONTO, ONTARIO.**