

All the monkeys are on intimate terms with Mr. Jacob, the keeper, and some are never happy unless they get into his arms or can hang about his neck. As the keeper has to use his broom vigorously in sweeping the floor, it is funny to see him carry around a necklace of live monkeys while at his work. That monkey-house is a scene of perpetual motion. It can only be quiet when all hands are asleep. You will see a monkey perfectly still and motionless, and you will say: "That chap is dead tired at last. No wonder! Now he is going to take a comfortable nap." Before you have said that, off is that very same monkey, swinging on the rope, and twice as active and energetic as ever. It was only one of his tricks.

You cannot help laughing when a monkey looks at you. If you stare back at him he will blink and wink, then put his head on one side, with a knowing air, just as would a rude, vulgar little boy when he says: "Whom are you staring at? Hope you'll know me next time?" If you face him for a while, it will end by the monkey's yawning, which means, "You make me very tired."—*Harper's Young People.*

#### Royal Manliness.

Boys have a great notion of being "manly." They like to imitate great people. Well, here is one good example that they would do well to follow before it is too late:

King Humbert of Italy was known for his temperance in all things, except smoking, his one great weakness being a good cigar. In this respect he had abused himself until his nerves began to suffer. He could sleep but little, and they had to prop him up by pillows. His physician told him what was the matter. King Humbert said: "From this day forth I will smoke nothing in the shape of tobacco." The result was a noticeable improvement in his health.

King Humbert's resolution was taken after he began to suffer, when it was almost too late. Boys, resolve against tobacco before you begin. If you have begun, and are very sure it is not hurting you, and if you are very sure it never will, and if you are very sure you can quit its use as easily as you can continue to use it, now is your time to stop. If your nerves are beginning to twitch, if your sleep is disturbed, if your digestion is disordered, if you have the premonitory symptoms of nicotine poison, it is high time you should quit the use of tobacco in every form—especially in that most damaging, dangerous, delusive, deadly form of cigarettes.

#### Clark's Catarrh Cure.

May be had of any enterprising druggist for 50 cents. It affords instant relief, and will cure the worst case. It is pleasant to both taste and smell, and may be carried in the pocket. Don't fool away time and money trying worthless remedies, but write to us direct. If your druggist cannot supply you with Clark's Catarrh Cure, we will. Clark Chemical Co., Toronto, New York.

#### What Saved Him.

One Christmas morning, many years ago, a young reporter on a daily paper had occasion to call with a message at the office of one of the foremost editors and publishers of the country.

The younger man was a sickly country lad of keen sensibility and nervous temperament, who, finding

himself homeless and friendless in a great city, had yielded to temptation, and had fallen into the habit of drinking and gambling. The publisher, as he listened to the message, noted the lines which dissipation had already left on the boy's face. He was a man who made it his work in the world to help others. No man touched his hand in passing who did not gain from him new courage and hope in life.

He answered the message which the reporter brought, and then, holding out his hand cordially, said, "Let me wish you a merry Christmas, my lad." He took from his shelf a book, containing sketches of the lives of the greatest English, French and German authors, with extracts from their works.

"Here," said he, "are some friends for the new year. When you spend an hour with them you will have noble company."

The surprise of the gift and the unexpected kindness from the man whom he regarded with awe, had a powerful effect on the lad. He spent all his leisure time in poring over the book. It kindled his latent scholarly tastes. He saved his money to buy the complete works, first of this author, and then of that; he worked harder to earn more money to buy them. After a few years he began to gather together and to study rare and curious books, and to write short papers upon obscure literary subjects. Men of similar tastes sought him out; he numbered some of the foremost scholars and thinkers of the country among his friends. But he never forgot the lonely, friendless lad who had been sinking into a gambler and a drunkard until a kind hand drew him back; and he in his turn sought out other lonely, friendless boys in the great city, and gave them a helpful hand out of the gulf. So, year by year, his life widened and deepened into a strong current, from which many drew comfort and help.

He died a few years ago. The sale of his library gathered all the collectors of rare books in the sea-board cities. During his illness, the newspapers spoke of him with a sudden appreciation of the worth which had so long been hid in obscurity. "A profound scholar with the heart of a child"; "a journalist who never wrote a word to subserve a base end," they said. He read these eulogies with a quiet smile.

One day he put into the hands of a friend an old dingy volume. "When I am gone," he said, "take this to Mr.—, and tell him that whatever of good or usefulness there has been in my life, I owe to him, and this Christmas gift of his of thirty years ago."

This little story is absolutely true. We venture to tell it because there is no one living whom it can hurt; while there are many whom it may help to hold out friendly hands to their brothers who have stumbled into darker paths in life.

#### Every Day a Little.

Every day a little knowledge. One fact a day. How small is one fact! Only one. Ten years pass by. Three thousand six hundred and fifty facts are not a small thing. Every day a little self-denial. The thing that is difficult to-day will be an easy thing to do three hundred and sixty days hence, if each day it shall have been repeated. What power of self-mastery shall he enjoy who, looking to God for grace, seeks every day to practice the

A few thoughts concerning

# ASTHMA

Its Cause and Cure

Must interest every one afflicted with this terrible disease. To describe this disease to one that has suffered for years the untold agonies of suffocation and distress night after night and who (in many extreme cases) would only gladly welcome death in order to be relieved from such suffering with no prospects of ever being any better is not pleasant to contemplate. All the boasted remedies heretofore claimed to cure Asthma have failed or only given temporary relief. The smoking of leaves and barks, saturated paper and pastilles has been resorted to as the last means for only a temporary relief anything being considered a blessing that will release the grasp of the fingers of death (even for a short time), which seems to be tightening every moment more and more; the sufferer knows that this is Asthma.

To-day suffocating, in a few days relieved, and no good reason can be given as to the cause of these sudden changes and return of suffering; only by the poisonous blood acting on the nerves producing the disease. In Asthma there is a

**SPECIFIC POISON** In the Blood that must be **DESTROYED**  
before Asthma can be

# CURED

This poison is oft-times inherited and passed through many generations, like Scrofula, never losing its power to produce Asthma and oft-times affecting the lungs and bringing the sufferer down to a Consumptive grave. Location, with surrounding causes will arouse and set to work this poison in the blood, so that in some sections of the country an Asthmatic cannot live, even in one part of a city their suffering is intense, move to another part and they are entirely free from Asthma. Thus you learn that there exists a certain poison in the system, that when certain influences are brought to bear that exist in the Atmosphere in many localities will develop this poison in an unusual degree thereby affecting the NERVES, producing spasms and difficult breathing, which every Asthmatic has had such sad experience with, suffering, and no hope of being cured; for having tried every known remedy, exhausted the skill of the physicians, have given up in despair.

After years of study and patient research and watching this disease in all its various phases under various circumstances we present a cure for Asthma known as **DR. TAFT'S ASTHMALENE**, which will entirely destroy this poison in the blood and restore the nerves to a healthy condition and when this is done the spasms will cease, the choking will subside, and the injury done to the lungs will begin at once to be repaired and the nerves restored to perfect health. **ASTHMALENE** is unlike all other so called Asthma cures, as it contains NO Opium, Morphine, Ipecac, Squilla, Lobelia, Ether, Chloroform or any other Anodyne or Narcotics, but its combination is of such a nature that it will destroy every particle of this poison in the blood, and eliminate it from the system, effect a cure and give a night's sweet sleep. We have received thousands of testimonials from every State in the Union of the marvelous cures from the use of the **ASTHMALENE**. We have never published them, for testimonials have been manufactured so extensively and sold so cheap that people have no confidence in them.

## WE DO NOT WANT YOU TO SEND US MONEY

We do not make out a long list of prying, personal and impertinent questions, nor do we resort to any clap trap or any nonsense of any kind in order to make monthly or permanent patients; we only ask any one suffering from Asthma to **TRY A FEW DOSES** of Asthmaleene. We make **NO CHARGE** for a trial bottle to sufferers from this terrible malady. **Send us your name on a postal card and we will mail**

# FREE

enough of Dr. Taft's Asthmaleene to show its power over the disease, stop the spasms and give a good night's rest, and **prove to you** (no matter how bad your case) that **ASTHMALENE CAN CURE ASTHMA**, and you need no longer neglect your business or sit in a chair all night gasping for breath for fear of suffocation. Send us your full name and post office address on a postal card. **THE DR. TAFT BROS. MEDICINE CO., ROCHESTER, N. Y.**

grace he prays for! Every day a little helpfulness. We live for the good of others, if our living be in any sense a true living. It is not in great deeds of kindness only that the blessing is found. In "little deeds of kindness," repeated every day, we find true happiness. At home, at school, in the street, in the neighbor's house, in the play-ground, we shall find opportunity every day for usefulness.

#### A Child's Victory.

A coal-cart was delivering an order in Clinton place the other day, and the horse made two or three great efforts to back the heavily loaded cart to the spot desired, and then became obstinate. The driver began to beat the animal, and this quickly collected a crowd. He was a big fellow, with a fierce look in his eye, and the onlookers were chary about interfering, knowing what would follow. "I pity the horse but I don't want to get into a row," remarked one.

"I am satisfied that I can do him up with the gloves on, but he wouldn't fight that way," added a second.

"I'm not in the least afraid to tackle him," put in a young man with a long neck, "but about the time I get him down, along would come a policeman and arrest us both."

The driver was beating the horse, and nothing was being done about it, when a little girl eight years old approached and said:

"Please, mister."

"Well, what yer want?"

"If you'll only stop, I'll get all the children around here, and we'll carry every bit of the coal to the manhole, and let you rest while we're doing it."

The man stood up and looked around in a defiant way; but meeting with only pleasant looks, he began to give in, and after a moment he smiled and said:

"Mebbe he didn't deserve it; but I'm out of sorts to-day. There goes the whip, and perhaps a lift on the wheels will help him."

The crowd swarmed around the cart, a hundred hands helped to push, and the old horse had the cart to the spot with one effort.—*N. Y. Sun.*