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### PICTURESQUE ALGIERS.

All Its Streets Are Staircases, and All Are Safe.

Here is a pretty picture of Algiers by France E. Nesbitt: "Now it is possible to go safely into even the darkest and remotest corners, and they are dark indeed. A first visit leaves one breathless, but delighted—breathless, because all the streets are staircases, on a more or less imposing scale—the longest is said to have at least 500 steps; delightful, because at every turn there is sure to be something unusual to a stranger's eye. The newer stairs are wide and straight and very uninteresting, but only turn into any old street and follow its windings in and out between white walls, under arches, through gloomy passages, here a few stairs, there a gentle incline, always up and always the cool deep shade leading to the bright blue of the sky above."  
 "Being so narrow and so steep, there are, of course, no camels and no cars. Donkeys do all the work and trot up and down with the strangest loads, though porters carry furniture and most of the biggest things. Up and down these streets comes an endless variety of figures—town and country Arabs, spahis in their gay uniforms, French soldiers, Italian workmen, children in vivid colors, Jewesses with heads and chins swathed in dark wrappings."  
 "Interesting beyond all these are the Arab women flitting like ghosts from one shadowy corner to another, the folds of their halcks concealing all the glories of their indoor riches, so that in the street the only sign of riches lies in the daintiness of the French shoes and the fact that the halck is pure silk and the little veil over the face of a finer material."

After Long Years.  
 After long years work is visible. In agriculture you cannot see the growth. Pass that country two months after, and there is a difference. We acquire firmness and experience incessantly. Every action, every word, every meal, is part of our trial and our discipline. We are assuredly ripening or else blighting. We are not conscious of those changes which go on quietly and gradually in the soul. We only count the shocks in our journey. Ambitious die; grace grows as life goes on.—Frederick W. Robertson.

IS YOUR TROUBLE INDIGESTION?  
 They probably you know the evils of indigestion, fermentation and irritation that accompany digestive troubles. Next important is to know how promptly Nerviline cures. Quick as wick it relieves bloating and swelling of fullness, puts the entire digestive apparatus in perfect order, makes you feel fit and fine all over. For internal pain Poison's Nerviline surpasses every known remedy. Keep it in the house always, it's a source of comfort in the hour of emergency. Large bottles for 25c. at all dealers.

### Don't Worry; Smile.

Centenarians give various reasons to which they ascribe their longevity, but it is significant that they all agree on the advantage of plenty of work and little worry in aiding length of life. The advice lately given by a woman over a hundred is worth considering, as she advises one to eat when hungry, sleep when sleepy, with plenty of sleep, to work constantly, keep cheerful and avoid worry. This puts in a few words the doctrine of the simple life, and her conclusion is worthy of an ancient sage when she says that if these rules will not produce health and long life there is bad blood in the family and it had better die out.

## Sanitaris

THE MONARCH OF MINERAL WATERS AT ALL DEALERS

F. A. ROBERT, AGENT, CHATHAM.

Charging Was In His Line.  
 A party of gentlemen sitting on veranda of a leading hotel at Jack N. H., fell into an amiable discussion of their delightful host, who bore military title and who won his mill spurs on the staff of a New Hampshire governor. One of them said: "Did he get his title from service the defense of his country?" And reply, from a retired army officer: "He must have, for he has not gotten how to charge."

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Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

What we learn with pleasure we never forget.

## FATE and a FOOZLER

By MARGARET MUZZEY  
 Copyright, 1906, by Ruby Douglas

All during July, Whitney progressed in Mildred Mason's favor with the approval of her small brother, Tom, a consideration by no means to be despised, when the curate of St. Jude's appeared on the scene and spoiled it all. The first intimation of change in the usual order of events came when Mildred refused to play golf on Sunday.

"When a person can play all the week," she said, "I think he ought to make a difference on Sunday."

"But it is my only opportunity to play with you, and I spend my week ends here for that sole purpose," pleaded Whitney. "I cannot understand this sudden access of conscience."

Mildred looked offended, and Whitney was about to apologize when Tom slipped a hand through his arm.

"Come and go around with me, Mr. Whitney. Mildred is a little morbid just now, but it won't last, and as they went away together Tom explained.

"It is that curate chap—he came out here last Monday and spent the week—the all the women are crazy about him. Heaven knows what there is about a collar that buttons behind, but girls always go down before it like ninetails."

"Was he—was he especially attentive to any one?" Whitney's voice shook.

"Sure—stuck to Milly like a barnacle to a lamppost. I thought when she saw him play golf she'd break away. It was enough to make angels bawl."

"Did you say she was pleased with—"

"Couldn't drive six feet—made eleven strokes and six fozzles to the first green, then—"

"But do you think she enjoyed?"

"Then putted out in five. What do you think of that?"

"It was a hideously execrable, revolting spectacle! Did Miss Mildred appear interested in?"

"He drove four balls into the brook and instead of cussing like a gentleman he said, 'Dear me, what an exasperating game!'"

"It was no use trying to get any satisfaction from Tom. He talked of nothing but the curate's fozzles and fall-ures, and the only information Whitney obtained was that the parson intended to be at Windcliff every week during the remainder of the summer."

The next Saturday Whitney found Mildred more than ever enamored by the curate. She not only refused to play golf Sunday, but read a book called "Narrow Paths" all the evening.

Tom walked to the station with Mr. Whitney Monday morning and asked if there was anything he could do for him.

"Get rid of the fozzling parson," said Tom. "He uses his iron like a gravedigger, and he has lost three of my new hand-made pneumatics."

"I wish he was a missionary," sighed Whitney.

"In the cannibal islands," added Tom.

The following Friday Whitney received a postal card with these words: "Plot thickens. Take a vacation, Tom."

Whitney, panic stricken, went to Windcliff on the next train. He found Tom on the ninth green about to try a difficult stroke, and, laying hands suddenly upon him, asked breathlessly:

"What did you mean by that postal card?"

"Lucky you didn't grab till I had made that put. I might have jiu jitsu-ed you," said Tom. "Let's see," counting on his fingers, "four to the brook, one on to the green; that is five."

"Answer my question," Whitney shook him roughly.

"Two puts in seven. Oh, that was just a threat. Thought you better be on the spot. Here comes the fozzling fascinator now."

After introducing the curate, Tom inquired anxiously:

"How is your head today, Mr. Seton?"

"All right when I am up and about, thank you." Turning to Whitney: "I have suffered from the most peculiar symptoms lately. When I lie down at night I have a rumbling sound in my head that prevents my sleeping."

"How do you account for it?" asked Whitney.

"It's the beastly dampness," Tom remarked. "A man here last summer began with exactly your symptoms and his doctor told him if he didn't go away from the lake quick he would be a raving maniac."

The curate turned pale.

"Dear me, I should hate to leave this delightful place, but I cannot run such a risk as that."

By August so many boarders arrived that the landlady turned the boys and bachelors into the "Anne," a small cottage divided into bedrooms by thin wooden partitions, and the curate, Mr. Whitney and Tom were relegated to these quarters. Tom's room being between the other two.

"She has some notion about a life of usefulness as a parson's wife. She'll drop it once he has gone."

"Catch him going," Whitney groaned. "I have hopes," said Tom.

That night Whitney lay awake with an aching tooth. He heard the curate's bed creak as the poor fellow tossed restlessly. "Roller skating in his head," thought Whitney. Then he heard Seton pacing back and forth. Presently he appeared to try sleeping again and gave forth a gentle snore. Suddenly he sprang out of bed, threw open his door, rushed madly through the hall and down the stairs. Whitney, alarmed, chased after him. Reaching the garden, he was horrified to see Seton making a full tilt straight for the lake.

Whitney picked up an apple and threw it, hitting Seton in the small of the back. He stopped and turned slowly around. His surmise was upon him in an instant and, grapping the astonished cleric, threw and held him down.

"Help! Murder!" he yelled.

"Shut up," said Whitney. "I've saved your life."

"Why, it is Mr. Whitney. What do you mean?"

A young surgeon camping near the shore heard the cries and, seizing his emergency outfit, ran to the spot.

"What's the row?" he asked.

"It is the curate; he was just going to drown himself."

"Dear me," said Seton. "I was just going to take a plunge."

"At this hour!" sneered Whitney.

"You doubt my word?"

The curate's blood was up; he fought and struggled vigorously. It took both men to handle him, but they got him down again. Whitney sat on him; the doctor took out his chloroform can, saturated a handkerchief and held it over Seton's face until he was unconscious.

As they lifted him to carry him in something dropped. It was a bath towel. The curate had knotted it around his waist.

"Thunder and guns!" exclaimed Whitney. "Do you suppose he really was only going in swimming?"

"Looks confoundedly like it," said the doctor grimly.

As they passed Tom's door he looked out, and, seeing their burden, his eyes dilated with horror.

"I told him he'd be drowned going in by those rocks after dark," said Tom. "He's been there every night lately."

"He is not dead—his head struck a tin can," said the doctor.

"Will it be safe for us to leave him alone?" asked Whitney.

"Safer—for us; he has not had dope enough to hold him long."

The curate left on an early train next morning before anybody was about.

Tom took Whitney into the room vacated by Seton, turned back the head of the mattress and from a slit in the ticking extracted a small box containing a spool of thread, the end of which passed through a hole in the box, then through a crack in the partition into Tom's room. The "rumbling" was produced by pulling the thread so that it unwound rapidly.

"It was like putting an incubator baby in the refrigerator," said Tom, "but fozzling disgraces a club. The sure way to stop it is to remove the cause."

### How Table Olives Are Prepared.

Our consul at Seville reports that to prepare olives in the most palatable manner they must be gathered unripe after the first autumn showers. Properly assorted according to size and quality, they are first washed in fresh water to remove particles of earth and leaves which usually cling to the fruit. Later they are allowed to soak in a solution of soda and potash, concentrated to between two degrees and six degrees of the Baume aerometer. If the solution be very concentrated eight to ten hours of soaking suffice; if diluted, the operation may continue for three or four days. After the solution has penetrated very nearly to the stone of the fruit, fresh water is substituted and renewed every two hours until it remains clean—a sign that the fruit has lost the caustic flavor which the solution had imparted to it. Next the fruit is pickled according to processes varying in conformity to the custom of each locality. Some use brine, others admix fennel and thyme, while not infrequently also salt and vinegar are employed. In this way whole olives are pickled. Whenever it is desired, on the other hand, that the fruit should imbibe a stronger savor of the pickle into which it is steeped incisions penetrating to the stone are made.—United States Consular Reports.

### The Number Forty.

Why this fatalistic forty? The superstition about St. Swithin extends not only to forty days of rain, but to forty days of drought, according as July 15 is wet or dry. Moses was forty days fed by ravens. It rained forty days to make the food, and the waters that covered the earth were forty days in subsiding. The ancient period of embalming was forty days. Nineveh fasted forty days. Jesus Christ fasted forty days. He was seen forty days after his resurrection. A quarantine extends forty days. The privilege of sanctuary was for forty days. In the tale of All Baba there are forty thieves. Tiberius said that a man is either a fool or his own physician at forty. When a man wants a short nap he takes forty winks. A knight enjoined forty days of scrvice from his tenant. In old English law the limit for the payment of a fine for manslaughter was forty days. Members of parliament were protected from arrest forty days after the prorogation of the house of commons and another forty days before the house was convened. We usually speak of a buxom widow as fat, fat and forty. A man is in his prime at forty, etc.—New York Press.



## First Wedding Present

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### Measuring Hay in the Stack.

Some method of arriving at the quantity in a stack, rick, or mow without weighing it, is, at one time and another, found desirable by everyone who has to do with loose hay, says the Orange Judd Farmer. There can be no absolute rule laid down for this because of the varying compactness the hay attains under differing conditions of coarseness or fineness, moisture, length of time stacked or stored and the weight which has rested upon it.

For practice hay stacked not less than 30 days a cubic 7 feet square (343 cubic feet) is not uncommonly bought or sold as a ton; yet 7 1/2 feet square, or 422 cubic feet, are often made the basis of estimating. The author is advised that in the alfalfa growing districts of the Yellowstone valley it is the general custom to accept as a ton 422 cubic feet of alfalfa hay if it has settled 30 days or more. Also that hay men find there is a noticeable variation between the different cuttings. The first cutting will fall short of actual weight more than the second while the third cutting will hold up in weight, and sometimes overrun. Prof. E. A. Burnett, of the Nebraska experiment station, thinks an 8-foot cube, or 512 cubic feet, a fair figure.

There are different methods of measuring a stack, depending upon its shape and also its size. For a long stack or rick the usual method is to throw a line over the stack measuring the distance, in two or three places, and use the average from the bottom on one side to the bottom on the other; add to this the average width of the stack, divide this sum by four, which equals one side of the square, and multiply the quotient by itself and this product by the length of the stack; this will give the number of cubic feet in the stack, which may be divided by 512, 422, or 343 in order to find the number of tons. For small, low ricks the rule is to subtract the width from the over depth by two, multiply by the width and multiply the product by the length, dividing the result by the number of cubic feet in a ton.

Perfumes Like Cooling Breezes.  
 A pennyworth of perfume is the latest discovery for the prevention of sunstroke. It has been left for women to find the way to keep cool when the thermometer registers 87 degrees in the shade. While their male relatives partake of iced whiskey-and-soda or lager in the station bars, they cluster round the penny-in-the-slot scent machines.

"There is no doubt that perfume is the most refreshing antidote to the enervating effects of the heat wave," a West End perfumer said to a London Express correspondent recently.

"There is a secret in the judicious use of perfumes which English women are gradually beginning to learn. But perfumes must be chosen with care. I can well imagine that the exotic fragrance of concentrated carnation might almost result in a fit of apoplexy."

The following is the general curative effect which various perfumes have on the health:—

Rhine violet—Cures nervous irritability.

Parma violet—Cures neuralgic headache.

Wallflower—Cures drowsiness.

Eau de Cologne—Cures faintness.

Lavender water—Cures congested headache.

Hops and Poppy—Induces sleep and pleasant dreams.

Carnation—Reviving effect, too stimulating for hot weather.

Lily of the Valley—Quietens nerves.

Hyacinth and Stephanotis—The effect of a Turkish bath.

Perfumed toilet vinegar—Good before a dance.

Discovery of the Compass.  
 Professor G. Hellman has pointed out that, independently of Columbus' finding, the magnetic declination must have been known on the continent from the construction of many pocket sundials provided with magnetic needles for adjusting the instruments to the astronomical meridian, and showing the declination by a line on the floor of the compass box. Three such sundials have been discovered antedating Christopher Columbus, one having been constructed in 1451. The magnetic variation must have been known, apparently, before the dawn of the fifteenth century, but by whom and where it was discovered still remain a mystery.

My friend, don't talk too high; there is no diet so remorseless as to have to eat your own works.

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We make no misleading statements or deceptive propositions to the afflicted, nor do we promise to cure in a week or two when we know it will take longer, but we will guarantee a complete, safe and lasting cure in the shortest possible time without leaving any injurious effects. For a limited time each disease will be treated for \$5 per month until cured. We guarantee to cure Nervous Debility, Varicocele, Stricture, Blood Poison, Weakness, Kidney and Urinary complaints. Call at offices or write for Question List for Home Treatment.

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