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—BY—

B. LOVERIN

EDITOR ND PROPRIETOR

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LOOK LIKE ANIMALS.

MEN WHO HAVE STRIKING FACIAL AND MENTAL TRAITS.

Lions, Monkeys, Foxes, Sheep, Etc., All Have Their Counterpart in the Faces of Representative Men — The New Paris Fad.

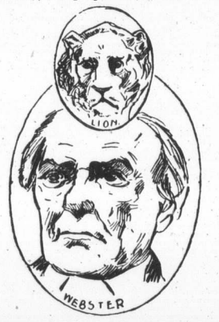
Paris faddists just now are studying the physiological resemblances between men and animals. There's a lot of truth in these theoretic comparisons, as you will admit if you study the men you meet daily from the animal point of view.

Some men are as fussy, as quick, as

sharp and as snappish as fox terriers. Small in stature, wiry, nervous, thin-haired, but with wonderful vitality, always ready for a verbal scrap.

Other men are large, benevolent looking, phlegmatic, solid, shaggy of beard and hair, like a Newfoundland, and as reliable. One of the most interesting of comparisons to make is between humankind and different varieties of the dog. Try it.

No animal can develop so much force as the lion; no animal posesses so much noble pride and generosity as does the lion. As a general rule the lion will only fight with animals of size; rarely, if ever, does he attack a weaker animal. He seeks only a foe worthy of his kingship of the brutes. His intelligence permits man easily to tame him, and when tamed he easily dissembles his natural ferocity. His courage is magnificent. Few heroes in modern times have distinguished themselves with a lion's courage more than did Kleber, the famous Napoleonic General. He was tall, well proportioned, and looked



a giant among his men. His hair was like a lion's mane, while the face indicated calm reflection, generosity and courage. He was a brave among braves, and looked and behaved like a lion. Mirabeau and Daniel Webster were also leonine. Bourke Cockran has been called leonine because of his massiveness. Other gentlemen of the lion class are Beethoven, the elder Salvini, Victor Emmanuel and Bismarck.

The eagle is strong like the lion. The king of birds has not the nobleness nor the generosity of the king of beasts, but he has all the strength and energy. In Southern European countries, among the Italians and the Turks, one meets with eagle-like men. No historical figure, however, so strikingly illustrates the physiognomical resemblance between man and eagle as Bernadotte, who became Charles Jean, King of Sweden. Bernadotte had the penetrating eagle eye which terrified the person on whom he gazed. He was strong and cunning, and he made use of all his eagle qualities to attain the high position he occupied. The eagle man is sharp of eye and profile, and is usually an indefatigable worker, ubiquitous, the sort of man who never sleeps and looks it.

There are men like sheep, who always require a guide. Some physiognomical likenesses and traits common to man and sheep are to be found in Charles II., King of Spain, who was as innocent as ever man was made.

A great number of men have on their physiognomy many manifest signs of their resemblance to a monkey. It has ever been said that the more the intellectual faculties have been developed in an individual with animal inclinations

the uglier he became—more monkey-like. Voltaire, who received from nature that extraordinary intelligence which makes a man at one and the same time a philosopher and a poet, looked like a monkey of the real species. The resemblance became more striking as he advanced in years. All his intellectual productions, as well as his life and character, bore the impress of an excitable, uneasy, malicious personality; a sarcastic and satirical mind, an envious, egotistic soul, an atheistical and libidinous nature. All these defects, which to a certain extent hid his finer qualities, gave him a physiognomy which reflected the physical particularities of the monkey.

"The fox," says Buffon, "is the artful and sly animal par excellence." He is able to accomplish by cunning what the wolf does by sheer force. Ingenious and prudent, he is very patient, and has always in reserve some very fine moves. Look at the head of the fox, examine his demeanor, and all the finesse of his character becomes apparent. Small eyes, ever on the watch, and a somewhat ferocious expression.

These all exist in the face of the famous M. de Talleyrand, whose talent as a diplomatist made him immortal. Of a penetrating mind, and of clever intellectual faculties, he possessed all the instincts of the fox. He always avoided the direct road when he had any important design in view.

HON. A. R. M'CLELAN.

Sketch of the Life of the New Lieut.-Governor of New Brunswick.

The successor of the late Lieutenant-Governor Fraser of New Brunswick is Senator Abner Reid McClelan of Albert, N.B. He is descended from an Irish family which came to Londonderry, N.S., in the latter part of the last century. He is the youngest son of the late Peter McClelan, Esq., J.P., and was born at Hopewell, Albert county, N.B., on Jan. 4, 1831. Mr. McClelan was educated there and at Mount Allison Academy, Sackville, N.B. He married Anna B., daughter of the late W. J. Reid, Esq., Collector of Customs of Port Harvey. He is a retired merchant and has been a governor of Mount Allison Wesleyan College and vice-

LIEUT.-GOV. M'CLELAN.

president of the Alumni Society of the academy and college. For a number of years he has been Commissioner of the Civil Court and auditor of the municipality of Albert. He was a member of the Government of New Brunswick Assembly from April, 1866, until the Union. He sat for Albert in the New Brunswick Assembly from 1854 up to the time of the Union, and was called to the Senate by royal proclamation in May, 1867.

In Guernsey.

Guernsey is well enough if you stick fast to the coast line, especially in the south, and are not worried by unrealizable ambitions. Ruined forts and castles stud the rocks and excite to retrospect. Moulin Huet Bay is the noblest nook of cliff and reef scenery combined in all the islands, and the water lane leading to it was charming even in winter, with a glaze of thin ice over its unfathomable depths of mud. The islanders are really a soft-spoken people, well disposed toward the stranger, whether or not he is interested in early potatoes. I wonder how many times I received the answer, "Yes, please, sir," when I asked if I was going right for my destination. The little girls, though seldom beautiful, courtesy beautifully, and the little boys do not—in winter, at all evenets—pester of pence. I like the gorse hedges of the interior roads, and the more when they glow with blossom and hide the glass houses behind them. I like also to see the calm-eyed Alderney cows at tether in the very small meadows allotted to them; with magples flitting over their horns from hedge row to hedge row. And, best of all, I like the view of Herm, Jethou, Sark and their satellite reefs as I saw them from my hotel window in St. Peter's port at sunrise or so.—Gentleman's Magazine.

Creole Girl's Charming English.

"The Creole gentlewoman will charm your ear with an inimitable accent, but her enunciation will be clear and fine," writes Ruth McEnery Stuart in the December Ladies' Home Journal. "Her English, acquired at the convent of the Ursuline nuns, will have a certain stilted form and a bookish flavor, which you will quickly confess to be an added charm when you get it from her own pretty lips, and in the sonorous voice of the South. And it will have, too, the flavor of delicacy and refinement. Even though she may occasionally give you a literal translation of a French idiom, she will give it to you with a naivete at once so piquant and so dignified, and in so fine a setting of finished English, that you will if you are a man, be ready to crawl at her feet."

Kipling's New Home.

Rudyard Kipling has given up Vermont, and it is now believed that he will make his home in the English county of Devonshire.

When Mr. Kipling settled in Torquay, on arriving in England two months ago, he was regarded merely as a bird of passage. His stay at St. Marychurch, the suburb of the queen of western watering places, has, however, so pleased him that there is every probability he will continue to live in Devonshire, though the roads are so hilly and badly made as to render his cycling expeditions more laborious than if he were in Surrey or Sussex. Devonshire is certainly not a cycling county, but it appears to have won Mr. Kipling's heart.

Made to Look Like Marble.

It is said that by giving plaster figures a bath in a certain way they may be made to look like marble. The bath is made by putting two generous quarts of water into an agate kettle with one ounce of pure curd soap and one ounce of white beeswax, cut into small pieces; let this dissolve over a slow fire, and when all the ingredients are thoroughly mixed, tie fine twine around the figure and dip it into the liquid. Take the figure out and hold it in the air for five minutes and then again dip it into the liquid; let the figure dry for a few days, and then rub it with a soft flannel; a brilliant gloss will be produced.—Chicago Tribune.

What the Study of the Hands Tells.

Palmists say that long fingers are a sign of refinement. A short, stubby hand argues a lack of sensibility; a thin thumb, rather small, denotes weakness. Strength of character is shown by the thumb asserting itself over the other fingers. If the thumb curves backward its owner is obstinate.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Man Without a Memory.

Jay—"Why have you that string tied about your finger?"

Day—"So I wouldn't forget an errand for my wife."

"And what's the handkerchief tied around your arm for?"

"So I wouldn't forget the string."

"And what does she want you to do?"

"I've been trying to think of it for the last hour."—Tid-Bits.

Two Views.

"Do you think that so many women pushing into public life is an indication of the progress of woman?"

"I don't know; sometimes I fear it is only an evidence of the deterioration of man."

Her Mental Strain.

"Have you been busy lately, Mrs. Plodgett?"

"Yes; I've just worn myself out trying to think what all those things were Mr. Plodgett promised to buy me after the election."

The Fiercer Foe.

"Which do you consider more valorous, Mr. Rusher, a soldier or a football player?"

"Great Scott! soldiers have only to fight wild Indians; we have to down wild Americans."

A Woman's Way.

"Mrs. Higby, did you get anything for Tommy's cough while you were out?"

"No; I didn't have any money but a $5 bill, and I wouldn't break it for the world."

NOT THE ONLY TURTLE.

When you think the world's your oyster,
and felicitate yourself
On your standing and your balance in the bank,
Just remember there are others as respectable as you,
You're not the only turtle in the tank.

The colonel of militia is a very mighty man,
His epaulets will tell you of his rank,
But there's captains, and there's sergeants
and corporals besides,
He's not the only turtle in the tank.

Don't think because you have views on politics and such,
That the man who differs with you is a "crank,"
It's within the bounds of reason you may
make mistakes yourself,
You're not the only turtle in the tank.

The self made man's a wonder, he will tell you so himself.
And there's no one but himself to really thank,
But when he dies there's some one who
can fill the gap he leaves,
He's not the only turtle in the tank.

So take your honors easy and be just like
the rest,
For whether you're a prize or are a blank,
The world can do without you, can forget
you in a day,
For you're not the only turtle in the tank.

A SUCCESSFUL GAME.

Deacon Joshua Kenyon was plowing what he called the "west lot" one warm morning. Reaching the end of the furrow, he sat down to rest both himself and his team. A voice behind him said briskly. "Deacon Kenyon, I believe. Pardon me, I mean Deacon Joshua Kenyon of the Methodist Episcopal church."

"That sounds most as grand as bein' called a bishop," Joshua thought, but he said, "That's my name, mister."

The newcomer was below the medium height, faultlessly dressed and carried in his gloved hand a small valise. This he placed on the ground, then, seating himself on a huge stone and clasping his hand on his knees, he said impressively: "You are the very man I am looking for. And I see at once that our good Dr. Smith made no mistake when he said, 'From all I can learn of Bolton there is only one man fitted to represent the church and that man is Deacon Joshua Kenyon."

The weather-beaten face under the battered hat grew a shade redder. "I'm sure I'm much obleeged to Dr. Smith, though I never heard tell on him afore," he began, but the stranger interrupted him.

"Excuse me, sir, I have actually forgotten to give you my card. I hope you will credit my assertion that no discourtesy was intended," extending a handsomely engraved card. The deacon took it gingerly between his thumb and forefinger.

"Honorable Harold Barney," he read, "Wall, Mr. Honorable Barney, I'm right glad to see you."

"I assure you the pleasure is mutual. Now you will pardon me if I proceed at once to business. It has been decided in your church—our church, I mean—that hereafter the ministers are not to act as agents for any church paper, periodical or book. A reliable man in each community is to be cnosen and the profit, 23 1-3 per cent., is to be his. You have been suggested as a proper person; in fact, the only proper person for the place."

"Shoo, now!" and the deacon smiled broadly, though moving uneasily in his seat. "I don't know the first thing 'bout the business. Our elder always sends fur my Advocate and—"

"No knowledge of business is required. Blanks and complete directions are forwarded. How many church papers are taken in this locality?"

"Let's see," the deacon reflectively dug into the moist brown earth with the toe of his boot; "there's me and Jenkins and all three of the Moores and Widder Kent and—well, I'll be safe in sayin' a dozen, though I guess there's more."

"Twelve. That nets the agent six dollars. Then, of course, there are some who take the Central Advocate and other church papers. And besides these there are all the Bibles and books ordered through the agent."

"Say, mister," (Deacon Kenyon was interested now), "I don't jest understand 'bout that six dollars."

"Why, the subscription price to the Advocate is a dollar and a half. You send one dollar and put the half in your pocket."

"Landsakes! You don't mean to say the church, or whatever it is, gives a feller all that!"

"Not exactly gives. You pay five dollars for the agency. Then all you make is yours. If your neighbor orders a six-dollar Bible you get it for four, thus making two dollars."

"Say," and Joshua looked nervously into the face opposite him, "it wouldn't be necessary to git a man's wife to sign the papers, or anything of that sort, would it? You see, Marthy, she's got some queer notions."

"It will not be necessary for any formality except your signature to this agreement," displaying an official-looking document.

Joshua fished out from the depth of a pocket in his blue overalls a leather case, from which he took a pair of spectacles. Adjusting these he carefully read the paper. Then there was a pause. The deacon looked meditatively up at the blue sky, then around at the sun-kissed fields. Suddenly he extended a horny hand to the honorable Harold Barney.

"Shake, mister. I'll do it. Marthy, she always is scoldin' 'bout what she calls my 'lack of faculty,' and sayin' as how she is the real head of things. And Marthy is a powerful church worker. But I'll keep this thing from her till I've made a pretty pile."

Here an unseen, unforseen difficulty appeared. Joshua had no money with him and to go to the house after it would excite Mrs. Kenyon's curiosity. But the obliging Mr. Barney offered to return to the field that afternoon and get the money. "Mind, you don't mention it anywhere," the deacon called after him, and Mr. Barney kindly promised to keep the secret.

Mrs. Kenyon had just taken the last pan of her crisp molasses cookies from the oven when a rap came at the kitchen door.

"Good-morning," said the Honorable Harold Barney, looking through the screen door. "Have I the honor of addressing Mrs. Martha Kenyon, wife of Deacon Joshua Kenyon?"

"Yes, you have," Mrs. Kenyon replied shortly. She was a tall, angular woman with keen dark eyes, thin lips and black hair, which was twisted into the smallest possible compass.

"Ah, would you kindly allow me to enter? I have a message of great importance for you from the ruling powers of the Methodist Episcopal church. You see, they have some business of importance to transact in this vicinity and you have been suggested to them as the one person in the church who can attend to this in a satisfactory manner."

Now Mrs. Kenyon was not proof against such flattery as that. It ended in her unhooking the screen door, inviting her caller to enter, giving him the splint-bottomed rocker that stood by the west window, and after a few more gracious words from Mr. Barney placing at his disposal a plate of fresh cookies and a pitcher of ice water. The story he told her was the identical one to which her husband had listened an hour before. But Martha was not the possessor of Joshua's childlike faith.

"It seems to me like sort of a queer performance all the way through," she said meditatively. "The church has always told us our ministers didn't make a cent on the business, and now I can't jest see how things air goin' to be so different."

Mr. Barney explained it to her at some length, but Martha shook her head.

"I'll talk to Elder Clark 'bout it before I go into it," she said sagely.

The stranger rose briskly. "The matter must be concluded to-day. Will you kindly direct me to the home of Brother Reeves? His wife was recommended as the person most eligible after yourself."

"What? Jane Reeves? Well, now, that beats everything. Why, she hain't got no faculty, can't even manage her own house as it ought to be managed."

"I am sorry to hear it," and he picked up his valise, "but when the church cannot command the services of her best members, it must accept what it can get. You refuse—"

"Wait a minute. It may be my duty, At least I can't see so weighty a piece of work put in such hands as Jane Reeves'. I don't know but I'll do it if I can hunt up the money. Set down."

So the philanthropic Mr. Barney again took a chair and occupied himself with finishing the cookies remaining on the plate. Mrs. Kenyon went into the sitting room, carefully closing the door behind her, and taking the key from its accustomed place in the clock, unlocked the old desk that stood in the corner. She hesitated a little as she held the five silver dollars in her hand.

"It does seem a little resky," she soliloquized. But there is a chance to make a smart sum and then I never could bide seein' Jane Reeves puttin' on all the airs she would 'bout it. Besides, the church chose me first, and good sense they showed, too. Long as he says the names will be in the paper I won't tell Joshua a word of it. He'd say it was money throwed away."

Deacon Kenyon succeeded in abstracting a five-dollar bill from the desk without attracting the attention of his wife. He was much surprised at the absence of the silver dollars, for although the money was common property it was seldom spent without a family discussion. However, Joshua asked no questions, well knowing Martha's curiosity would be aroused if she knew he had been counting the money.

Supper was nearly ready in the Kenyon house that evening when a horse stopped at the gate.

"I declare if it hain't Elder Clark," Mrs. Kenyon exclaimed. "Joshua, you go and help him take care of his horse. Now, don't be all night gettin' out there."

By the time the horse was taken care of the hospitable hostess had exchanged her red cotton tablecloth for a snowy linen one, had made an omelet and brought from the cellar a can of strawberry preserves and a loaf of fruit cake. In fact, the meal was so appetizing that the good old minister came near forgetting his errand. It was not until he had accepted a second cup of fragrant tea from his hostess that he said:

"I received a letter from the pastor at Wayland to-day, telling of a curious fraud from which his people had recently suffered. A man canvassed the neighborhood, claiming he had been authorized by our church to appoint some person general agent for all the church books and papers. He asked a deposit of five dollars, and succeeded in getting that amount from four different persons, representing to each that he had been especially recommended by the authorities of the church."

Elder Clark had been so occupied with his story and his fruit cake that he had not noticed the change in the faces of his listeners.

"Was he a sleek-lookin' chap with a little grip?" asked Joshua.

"I know nothing of his personal appearance," the minister replied. "Why do you ask, Brother Kenyon? Surely he is not in this vicinity, although I thought it best to warn the brethren."

But a quick motion from his wife, who had read the whole story in Joshua's face, warned him. Then he remembered the missing money, saw his wife's changed color, and felt easier, for surely now she could not scold. So he answered warily:

"I seen such a lookin' feller go by to-day."

It was not until husband and wife were alone that the whole story was told. Joshua's hopes were dashed to earth when Mrs. Kenyon remarked sharply:

"If I'd had as long a time to think about it as you had, Joshua, I wouldn't have made such a fool of myself. But you never did have any faculty."

"Maybe not," the deacon said reflectively, as he took down the milkpail. "Somehow there don't seem to be much of it in the family, jest now."—Farm and Home.

How She Saved Many Wrinkles.

An intelligent and philanthropic woman whose life is full of thought for others has a peculiarly young and untined face. She herself explains this by saying: "I will work for the unfortunate and think of them; but I will not 'care' for them in our ordinary acceptation of that term. I will not 'care' for myself. By that I mean that I will not brood over any trouble whatever, my own or my friends.' I will try to remove it, but it shall not steal into and corode my mind with worry. That one solution has saved me many a wrinkle."

From Father to Son For 800 Years.

Visitors to the New Forest have noticed the monument which marks the spot where William Rufus was shot by Sir Walter Tyrrell. The body of the King was removed by a local charcoal burner named Purkiss. It is not generally known that his descendants still live close by, and still carry on the business of charcoal burning. Indeed, the Purkisses of the New Forest are as proud of their unbroken line of charcoal burners for 800 years as any aristocrat of his genealogical tree.

An "Odd Stick."

Old Jedediah, or Jeddy Crane, was one of the "odd sticks" who flourished in a certain New England rural neighborhood forty years ago. His queer sayings and doings were a source of great amusement to those who knew him best, and he rather enjoyed the reputation of being a "queer one."

One day a neighbor overheard old Jeddy holding forth in this wise to one of a pair of oxen with which he was plowing his stony field. The "off" ox was shirking his duty, and Jeddy said wrathfully:

"Huddup thar, you buck, huddup I tell ye! Ye eat jest as much as t'other ox, an' it's only fa'r ye sh'd pull as much! Huddup! I never saw ye act so! Ye done jest so yistidday!"

One evening old Jeddy came into the village store and said to the proprietor:

"I got half a paound o' cheese hyar 'bout six or eight months ago that tasted right good, an' I'd like another half paound off'n the same piece."

He sometimes acted as guide to sportsmen who wished to fish and hunt in that vicinity. One morning two hunters came along and wanted to engage him for the day.

"Waal, I ginerally git a dollar a day, but seein' as I ain't feelin' very peert to-day, I'll go for 80 cents."

Jeddy and a brother of his, almost as original as Jeddy himself, lived together in a little old cabin of a house for many years. One day this brother, whose name was Andy, "up an' died," as Jeddy expressed it. A few days after the funeral the bereft Jeddy thus feelingly unburdened himself to a friend:

"I swanny, if I think it was fa'ar for Andy to up an' die the way he did. Sh'd think he'd told me he was goin' to. I swanny if I don't! But no, he up an' off without saying beans to nobody. I swanny, if I call that any fa'ar way to act. An' only the week afore my old mare up an' died jest as sudden. Kind o' hard losin' both of 'em in one week, I swanny if it ain't."—Detroit Free Press.

On Trial.

"Marian, here's a dray stopping at our door with a piano, and a sewing machine and a parrot. There must be mistake in the number."

"No dear, they belong to our new cook. She's a graduate of the School of Cooking and has kindly consented to try us."—Detroit Free Press.

Too Much for Him.

"Bluffly says that he cannot stand the mental strain of married life much longer."

"What in the world is there to so tax his mind?"

"Manufacturing excuses for getting home late at night."

Not in His Department.

"Have you looked into the case?" asked the great lawyer of his managing clerk.

"Yes, sir. The man is innocent, beyond a doubt."

"Is he? Then one of the junior members can attend to the matter."

10 DOWNING STREET.

A LONDON HOUSE FAMOUS IN THE WORLD'S HISTORY.

The Historical Structure, the Official Residence of the Prime Minister of Great Britain, Is to Be Torn Down—Reminiscences of the Pile.

Inasmuch as for the last 200 years or more the British empire has been governed from the dingy house known by the name of "No. 10 Downing street," the news that it is about to be demolished in order to make way for the site of the new offices of the Board of Trade is exciting a considerable amount of discussion and of protest. And not without reason; for when one remembers the fuss that has been made about the preservation of the house of Carlyle and those of numerous other less distinguished persons, it is difficult to understand why means cannot be taken to save from destruction a house that is made famous, as it were, not by any one name illustrious in English history, but by hundreds of them.

No. 10 Downing street has been the official residence of the Prime Minister of Great Britain since the beginning of the last century, its first occupant of that rank being Sir Robert Walpole, who is described by his brilliant son Horace as "sitting in strange, unwonted fashion without speaking, and with eyes fixed for an hour together, lost to the jovial good sense which had secured the Hanoverian succession." Among his successors at No. 10 Downing street was Lord North, the statesman to whom England is mainly indebted for that war of independence that resulted in the loss of the American colonies. It was to a room at No. 10 Downing street that the great Lord

NO. 10 DOWNING STREET.

Chatham was carried after he swooned in the House of Lords during the memorable debate on American affairs, and it was there, too, that Pitt the younger, the Heaven-born Minister, who made it his constant residence, had his heart broken by the first Napoleon. Fox lived there, and so did Canning, while the only occasion on which Lord Nelson ever met the great Duke of Wellington was in the waiting-room drawing-room of No. 10 Downing street, where both were waiting to see the Prime Minister. Wellington, at that time only Sir Arthur Wellesley, knew the celebrated admiral from his picture, Nelson, however, did not know Sir Arthur, but was so struck with his conversation that he stepped out of the room to inquire who he might be.

Earl Gray made Downing street his residence, as did also Mr. Gladstone and Lord Beaconsfield, while Lord Melbourne, Sir Robert Peel, Lord Derby, and Lord Palmerston merely used it as their offices.

From the days of Sir Robert Walpole, however, until those of Lord Salisbury's first Premiership, No. 10 Downing street has always been the place of meeting of the British Cabinet. The councils were held in a room on the ground floor, with large windows opening upon a terrace, looking into a large, old-fashioned garden. It was only when Mr. Gladstone became Prime Minister and included a larger number of statesmen in his Cabinet that had until that time been customary that the meetings were transferred to a larger room upstairs, looking out on the so-called Horse Guards parade.

The outward appearance of the house is very plain, and that part which faces Downing street conveys no idea of the size of the wing behind, which contains several magnificent reception-rooms, one of them adorned with a series of fine portraits of all the former official occupants of the house.

Since Lord Salisbury has been Prime Minister he has been in the habit of having the Cabinet meet at the Foreign Office, where he makes his official headquarters, and his example was followed for a time by Lord Rosebery, although he ultimately reverted to Downing street for the sake of old traditions and associations. It may be added that Mr. Gladstone, as well as a number of his predecessors, used to make a practice of entering the house through the garden by means of the wicket gates in the wall fronting the Horse Gaurds parade, so as to avoid the crowd of people invariably waiting around the Downing street entrance. Downing street, which is a species of cul-de-sac, takes its name from Sir George Downing, who was secretary of the treasury in 1680, and first became the property of the crown through the confiscation of the possessions of Lord Litchfield, master of the horse to King James II., whom he elected to follow into exile sooner than to serve King William and Queen Mary "of glorious memory."

American Cruelty.

Americans who are horrified at some of the cruelties practiced by the Comanches and other tribes would do well to drop in at some of the laboratories and medical schools where vivisection is under way. They would find that the North American Indian, while an experienced vivisector himself, is by comparison only a clumsy hand at that gentle sport.

The medic has science to back him and he can wring more agony from his victim because he knows how to keep him alive longer.

That sort of "scientist" can give points to the untutored aboriginal.—Life.

shooting

darting, cutting pains are terrible. You are hardly sick enough to keep in bed, yet you are unable to go to work. It is severe suffering in every place and all the time. This is Neuralgia. It is chiefly caused by malnutrition, overwork and nervous exhaustion. **Scott's Emulsion** of Cod-liver Oil, with Hypophosphites, feeds the exhausted tissues and strengthens the nerves. Opium and similar drugs may quiet pain to-day, only to have it return again, for these drugs weaken. Scott's Emulsion permanently cures because it feeds and strengthens.

SCOTT'S EMULSION has been endorsed by the medical profession for twenty years. (Ask your doctor.) This is because it is always palatable—always uniform—always contains the purest Norwegian Cod-liver Oil and Hypophosphites.

Put up in 50 cent and $1.00 sizes. The small size may be enough to cure your cough or help your baby.

The Latest Humor.

IF I COULD BE.

If I could be a boy again—
A little boy, like you;
If Time could speed me back to when
My years were only two—
If I might change for lifetime's morn
My own life's rising noon,
Dear Paul, I pledge that I'm forsworn
If I would crave the boon.

Sweet prattler, singing to my heart
Such songs as once I sung,
Reflecting all the better part
Of time when I was young
And reveled on my parent's knee,
And rode his equine shoe
And shouted in my baby glee—
I do not envy you.

I would not be the boy you are—
A joyous two-year-old—
For—let us say a heaping car
Of very precious gold;
If but a word might sprout with wings,
And, as some stork-like bird,
Could bear me back to boyish things,
I would not say that word.

My life is no such blameless one
As stirs my pride a bit,
And if it were again begun
I'd greatly alter it;
Yet should there come to me the chase
To re-live youthful pranks
And cancel them, the circumstance
Would not evoke my thanks.

Nay, nay! I would not be a boy—
A little boy like you—
For all that revelry and joy
Of those waose years are few,
I love you, love you, Baby Paul,
But, ah, sweet son, I know
The penalty is more than all
Those joys of long ago.

I have no wish to hurry back,
And be like you again;
Instead I'll face Old Time's attack,
As is the due of men,
No memory enough endears
That thought of lifetime's morn,
For me to wait for thirty years
For you, Paul, to be born.

Done!

A village innkeeper in the Midland counties tells how he was cleverly tricked by one of his customers. One day he was talking to a bar full of people, and saying that no one had ever been able to get the better of him, when a strange man entered, and, hearing the remark, said to a neighbor: "I'll bet you a sovereign I will do him."

"You won't," said the landlord.

"I will," said the man. "If you'll put a sovereign under that mug and place it on that table, I will take the money without touching the mug.

"You won't trick me," said the master, "And to let you see I am not afraid I will put two; in fact, I will place three sovereigns under it. There you are," he added, "all is ready," and he stood with a smile on his face, while the others looked on, very eager to see how the scene would end.

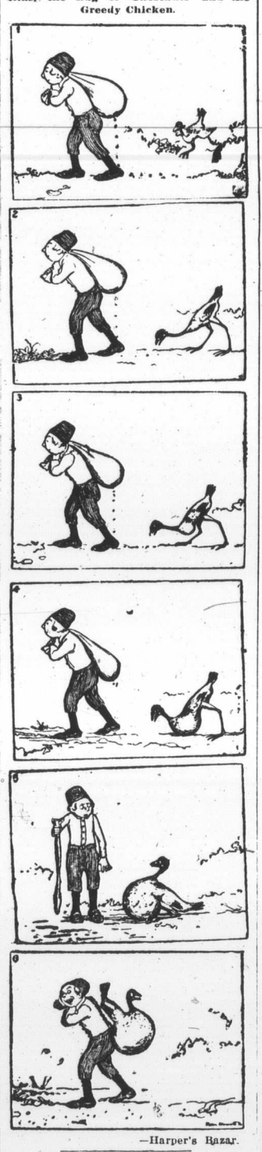
Leaning under the table the man extended his hand, and presently withdrew it with three sovereigns in his palm. He showed them all around amid much wonder.

The landlord, getting rather warm in his excitement, caught up the mug, whereupon the man picked up the money beneath it and walked out, amid much laughter, as the landlord shouted: "Done at last!"

Of course, the man had not touched the mug, the landlord lifted it and so lost the bet.—Tit-Bits.

TIT FOR TAT.

Silas, the Bag of Chestnuts and the Greedy Chicken.



—Harper's Bazar.

Down to Date.

"Any new features in Hamlet this season, Miss Mabel?"

"Oh, it was lovely; Hamlet has discarded that dowdy old cape, and came on in a beautiful fur-trimmed English ulster."

Flaw in the Argument.

"Desmond, you seem to have lost your interest in that pretty girl you wanted so much to meet?"

"Yes—I found out that her first name was 'Birdie.'"

His Explanation.

"He made ducks and drakes of his money."

"Yes? And those promissory notes of his?"

"Decoys!"

Stout Indeed.

"Portly has bought a wheel to reduce his flesh."

"Well, it is high time; he told me the other day he couldn't knock at a door without backing up to it."

One or the Other Ailment.

"Did you get any news over the telephone?"

"No," hopelessly.

"What's the matter? Busy?"

"No—buzzy!"

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B. LOVERIN, Editor and Prop'r

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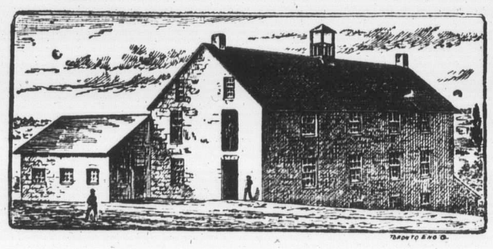

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