

HOW LEO GOT HIS GUN.

A Snake of Gaudy That Lizards Brought Him His First Gun.

'Speakin' o' lizards,' said Uncle Lige Potholes, 'did I ever tell you tellers how I got my first gun?'

Nobody had been 'speakin' o' lizards,' but everybody in the store knew Uncle Lige and seemed perfectly willing that the subject should be changed into any conversational channel he might choose. 'Guess that's one you never told us, Uncle Lige,' said La Fayette Jones.

'Wal, mebbe not, 'n' of I did 't'wont hunt ye none ter hear it agin, for it shows just how much more a man kin do by thinkin' an' brain work than he kin by jest goin' ahead like a Maytag 'round a herry-son chinkey.'

At this point—according to the time honored custom of story tellers—the veteran closed one eye, aimed at the red-hot portion of the stove with extreme accuracy and a hissing result, tilted his chair back against the brown sugar barrel and continued:

'T'was way back in ole Andy Jackson's time when the woods was ez full o' game critters an' varmints ez the summer meddors is o' grasshoppers. I was a young switch uv a feller—ten year old or thereabouts an' limber an' strong ez a rawhide. Fatter was a great hunter an' I got the first air an' bad, but every time I said anythin' 'bout hev'n a gun mother kicked up the worst row you ever see. No, sir, I w'ant goin' to hev no gun, shootin' myself every day an' bein' brought home dead every night an'—pahaw, you know how women folks goes on when they get anythin' in their heads. One day me on' mother an' dad talked it all over. Dad was willin' but him an' mother final agreed that I couldn't hev no gun until I killed an' sold enough game without a gun ter buy one myself. She thought she hed me thar, 'n' I thot so, too, but it left some hope an' I started in. I hed a ole box trap an' I got a bow-arrows an' I worked em both fur all I was wuth. 'Bout every day fur a year I was at it an' all I made was jest \$1.30—proceeds from sellin' a skunk, two muskrats an' a pint o' chuckle. Wal, this was pritty slow, an' at that rate I'd be 30 'fore I hed enny shootin' iron. One day I was out with the bow-arrows—nice, warm November day. Hadn't hit nuthin' all day an' was settin' on a log feelin' kinder down in the mouth. Suddenly I happened ter look down an' thar in some soft ground near the log was a footprint uv a all whoopin' big bar. Golly! I jumped up. I allers was a nervy kid an' so without waitin' a minnit an' with jest my little bow-arrows I started ter track that bar.

'I hedn't gone fur fore I come to some rocks an' windfalls, an' I walked along aly an' fust I knowed thar was the biggest bar I ever hearn tell of all curled up under a ledge ez sound 'a sleep ez the overlestin' hills. I gol! but it give me a start. Wal, I sneaked away 'n' ez I left I observed by the little road hed made—reg'lar beaten cow path—that this place was his lodgin' place an' sort o' sanctowery, so ter speak. Fust I thot I'd tell Dad. Then I sez; No hel' on; mebbe here's a chance ter git my gun. Guess I'll steal Dad's 'n' shoot him. No—that wotn't do, for then they'd just say I didn't kill him 'ordin' ter bargain.' Wal I thot an' thot an' I didn't sleep a wink all night fur thinkin' an' bright an' airly I was out agin still a-thinkin'. I sez: down by a big bass wood stub an' ez I was mopin' away, a bee come buzzin' 'round. I slapped at the cuss an' I gol! but he give me a right smart stinger in the thumb. It hurt like Jehu, but in a second I had clean lurg'd the hurt an' was jumpin' with joy, fur that stinger had prodded a idear inter my head that wuz wuth somethin'; 'Hurroar!' sez I, I got it! sez I. 'Honey,' I sez. 'Honey,' sez I, 'I'll make a bee tree!'

'I turned and looked at the basswood stub an' ther hull plan come ter me like the robins comes in spring.

'Now, you tellers all know that basswood air the dumbdest wood ter swell when it's wet that thar. Wal—ter out th' story short—I put fur home. First I took close measure uv a bar's skull dad hed out in the barn. Then I stole two pound of honey, a axe an' a pail an' put back fur the stub. On gittin' thar I marked jest the size of the bar's skull measure on the tree bout four feet above the ground. O' course it's onnessary ter say that the hole wuz boller. Then I tuk the axe an' cut a stub just the size uv the measure tel I struck inter the bollier. It hadn't rained fur six weeks an' ther stub was jest ez dry ez a baked sponge. Then I got some clay an' a pail er water an' I plastered the inside uv ther bollier good, so when it was done I hed a baskin just inside the hole an' bout a foot below it. Then I tuk a pound o' honey an' comb an' tied it up in cloth so the water wouldn't melt it all ter once; tied a stone on ter anchor it an' put it on

the bottom uv that bask. That done, I filled the pail with water, an' hed chet ter the tub an' then, takin' the other bar o' honey, dashed a little on ther stub 'round an' on the edge o' the hole an' then made a honey trail right from thar ter the ole bar's den. He was thar agin an' asleep.

'I ended the honey trail 'bout twenty paces from him, an' then pickin' up a small rock I let him have it right in the head. I didn't stop 'ter see; what he done, for I knowed ez soon ez he smelt honey he'd fergit 'bout me, so I jest skipped like a streak uv lile fur the stub, poured the pail o' water inter the basin on top the pound o' honey an' climbed up inter a neighborin' hemlock ter watch.

'I hadn't no more'n got fixed an' smelt rattle, long come Mr. Bear at summer heat on the honey trail. Didn't stop fur nothin', but rared et up ther stub, licked off th' sides th' hole an' then—chuck! in went his head. It were a close fit, fur his old skull was bigger'n th' one dad hed, but he got in an' then yer oughter seen him. standin' on tiptoe ter reach that honey. I hed put it jest fur enough down so ez he had ter stretch fur all he wuz wuth. I tell yet that wuz a wheezin' an' a blowin' in that hole. The water was jest deep enough ter cover his head an' neck an' hed lick honey ez long ez he cud hold enter his breath, an' then he'd hefter raise up ter git an. When he was lickin' his head an' neck 'ud git soakin' wet an' then when he'd raise up ter breathe the water'd soak from his ha'r inter th' sides uv ther hole, an' in jest about three minutes the wood begin to swell.

'Mr. Bar was too wild about the honey ter notice that, but I cud see the hole gittin' smaller an' smaller an' creasin' first on his fur an' then on the hide an' uv his neck, an' then it begin ter ketch him in the swaller. First he wiggled a little, then begin ter pull, and then of y'd ever see the kick in an' clawin' an' roarin' an' blowin' an' chokin' from that stub! The hole kept shrinkin' an' shrinkin, tel it wa'n't no bigger'n the bunghole ter a 'lasses bar! Wal, that choked off the blowin' an' roarin', but the kickin' kept right on until he'd kicked so much dirt from the root o' the ground an' thar, ez the Judge says, he hung by the neck tel dead.

'I staid up in the hemlock a few minnits ter make sure, but I see he was gone, so I jest shinned down an' broke loose fur home ter tell the folks. The house wuz only 'bout a cundred rod away an' I run in like a wild man.

'Laws sakes, son, what's the matter?' yells mother.

'Come and see, 'sez I, an' out I run an' when the ole folks got thar I stood by the bar with the axe ready ter chop him out.

'I didn't answer no questions, but jest chopped a circle 'round Mr. Bar's head an' pretty quick he fell back onto the ground with ez purty a wooden collar 'round his neck ez ye ever see. He face looked like a pinter in a round frame. Then I jest pointed ter the hole an' Dad he looked in. Then he tuk mother by the arm and made her look in, an' they see the honey an' the water an' Dad he says, 'Mother, what- ever we be ourselves, our boys got brains.'

'Wal, the ole man cudn't do enuff. He holpes me skin the bar an' cut him up an' we tuk him ter town an' sold him fur enuff so thet I got 'her gun an' ammunition an' Dad a pair o' boots an' mother warmin' pan an', besides, put \$5 in mother's cracked teapot. I tell ye, boys, ye kin say what ye like; it ain't the hardest workin' that makes money, it's brains.'

Dried Bananas.

Dried banana nas are now being exported from Queensland. They are intended as a substitute for raisins in British puddings.

Life Was a Burden.

TILL MRS. LAMPTON USED PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND.

The Only Medicine That Gives True Strength and Keeps the Body Nourished.

A Letter that Tells of Trials and Sufferings.

A New and Joyous Existence Experienced After the Use of the Wonderful Medicine.

Mrs. M. E. Lampton, of Woodstock, Ont., writes as follows regarding her rescue from suffering and agony:

'After serious consideration I think it my duty to acknowledge the great good that I have derived from Paine's Celery Compound. No living mortal can imagine the sufferings I endured for four months. That demon 'La Grippe' got a last hold of me; I became nervous, and was so prostrated that I could not sleep night or day.

'I was reduced to a mere skeleton, and life became a burden. My appetite was very poor, and I was so extremely nervous that I could not bear to have any person in the room with me.

'One Sabbath afternoon I read one of your books, and found that Paine's Celery Compound had cured many people. I thought I would try a bottle, and bought one that afternoon, and commenced to take according to directions. The relief was almost instant. I continued the use of the Compound, with the result that I can now sleep well all night and feel rested when morning comes. My appetite is good I am gaining in flesh, and feel like a new person.

'I cannot find words to express my gratitude for your great Paine's Celery Compound, and for the wonderful cure it has brought about. I am 73 years of age, and can now walk five miles without feeling very tired. I am telling my friends and neighbors who are sleepless and nervous and suffering as I was. I wish you unbounded success, and hope this may be read by some one who is afflicted and anxious for relief.'

Anties of the Gum Shoe in Commerce.

'I have no reason to complain,' said the shoe dealer who had not yet been absorbed by the department store, 'for I make my share of the profits whatever the sales may be. But if I sold only gum shoes the result would be different for me. That is one of the few signs of prosperity that does not benefit the manufacturer. When times are good the sale of rubber shoes diminishes almost 50 per cent. Then nobody seems to want them. There is almost an exact proportion between the sale of over shoes and the sale of shoes.

'When the people have money to buy one they don't want the other. So my customers buy leather shoes when they are not concerned about the price, and when they are economizing the sale of the rubber shoes increases immediately. They can cover up this sales and cracks and they cost less than a third of the price the others bring. So it comes about that the big sales of over shoes are always a sign that times are not prosperous.'—New York Sun.

FLASHES OF FUN.

She: 'What made him leave?'
 Officer: 'Trying to select the best-made bicycles.'

Somebody says: 'Don't pick a quarrel before it is ripe.' Better shake it off while it is green and growing.

Mamma: 'Ain't you theme from school earlier than usual to day?'
 Bobby: 'Yes, mamma; I wasn't kept in today.'

'I wouldn't marry the best man living,' she said, and she kept her vow from the first. But she did not live to die an old maid—she married one of the worst.

Editor: 'Mary, please take the cut out of the room. I cannot have it making such a noise while I am at work. Where is it?'
 Mary: 'Why, sir, you're sitting on it.'

Couldn't bear torture. Is that the razor you shaved me with the last time?
 Knight of the Razor: 'Yes, sir.'
 Customer: 'Chloroform, please!'

Never be at your place of business when a person wants to borrow money of you, because if you are in you will be out, but if you are out you will be in.

A Model Lover.—Ethel: 'Are you sure that all his thoughts are of you?'
 Edith: 'Oh, yes! Why, he has just lost his position on account of inattention to business!'

Boorman: 'Don't you think Footlights is a clever actor?'
 Heasley: 'Clever? Well, I should say so. He hasn't paid the landlady any money for six weeks!'

Hibbler: 'Does your wife help you in your work?'
 Scribbler: 'Yes, indeed! She always goes out calling on her friends whilst I am writing.'

Sweet Seventeen (to her partner): 'So I trod on your toe, Mr. Briggs?'
 Briggs (expressively polite): 'Not at all. Not at all, I assure you! Pardon me for having a toe.'

'Mary, I saw the baker kiss you to-day. I think I shall go down and take the bread a future.'

'Wouldn't be no use, ma'am; he wouldn't kiss you, 'cos he promised he'd never kiss anybody else but me.'

A little fellow, aged five, when taken on a visit, seemed surprised at meeting his host, Mr. Blank, on the staircase, and on being asked the reason, answered, 'Cause ma says Mrs. Blank always shuts you up when you're at home.'

The other day, as two friends were talking together in the street, a donkey began to bray and wheeze and cough in a distressing manner. 'What a cold that donkey has!' said one of the men. 'And, by the way, that puts me in mind—how is your cough?'

The Head of the College: 'So you confess that the unfortunate young man was carried to the pump, and there drenched with water? Now, Mr. Fresh, what part did you take in this disgraceful affair?'

Undergraduate (meekly): 'The left leg, sir.'

Mrs. Henpeque: 'So you did an act of charity today to commemorate the tenth anniversary of our wedding?'

Mr. Henpeque: 'Yes—one of my clerks wanted a rise of salary so that he could get married, and I refused him.'

'Hurry to the door, Mary, and let Mr. Xabley in. He has rung twice.'

'That isn't Mr. Xabley, it is the other young gentleman.'

'Well, wait a minute, then. I must change these photographs on the mantle-piece.'

Mrs. Growler: 'Now, grocer, you have charged me for things I've never had. What do you mean by such items as one handful of raisins, one pocketful of almonds, two mouthfuls of brown sugar—eh?'

Grocer: 'It means, Mrs. Growler, that ladies who will bring their children with them when they do their marketing must pay for all they get.'

'Much business this morning?' said the chemist to his new assistant, as he entered the shop, which was also a post-office.

'Yes, sir,' replied the youth. 'I've had a busy morning of it. There have been six women in to look at the directory, and I've obliged eight people with postage stamps, besides changing a sovereign.'

Her Father: 'You say young Hankison wants to marry you?'

'He does, papa.'

'Does he know I haven't a penny to give you?'

'Yes; he says he wants me for myself alone.'

'H'm! Has he known you long?'

'Oh, yes! Years and years.'

'Then he's a bigger fool than I want in my family.'

Mrs. Hansom: 'I understand, sir, that you have secretly been making love to my daughter, and I must forbid an acquaintance begun in that way. You should have seen me first.'

Shrewd Suitor: 'Madam, had I seen you first I should have forgotten your daughter and fallen in love with you.'

Mrs. Hansom: 'Um—the informality of the proceeding was all I objected to. Come with me and I will introduce you to my husband.'

To help the doctor.—In these energetic-go-ahead days, we are continually hearing of some new and curious way of making money, but the following method is, perhaps, as ingenious as any previously devised: A little boy entered a surgery the other day when the village doctor was

in attendance, and marching up to him whispered, cautiously:—

'Please, sir, mother sent me to say as how Lizzie's got scarlatina awful bad; and please, mother wants to know how much you'll give her to spread 't all over the village.'

Understood him.—'I think,' said the civilized statesman, 'that we had better arrange for a joint administration of your unhappy country.'

'I think I understand,' said the native. 'It is something like you would administer a log of smitten: you get the mast and leave me the bone.'

Lawyer: 'Did you ever notice any signs of insanity in the defendant?'

Witness: 'Only on one occasion. A passenger picked up a shilling one day, and he was the only man in the crowd who said he hadn't lost it.'

INCALCULABLE GOOD.

AN EXPRESSION OF FAITH.


Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills have done me an incalculable amount of good. I think they are the best, surest and quickest acting cure for nervousness, unhealthy action of the heart, insomnia or sleeplessness, anemia or impoverished blood, loss of appetite, general debility and ill-health. For nine years, before I commenced taking Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills, my heart was weak and in an unhealthy state. Its action was so much impaired that I could not walk across the street without suffering great distress, my heart fluttering and beating so rapidly that I could scarcely breathe, causing faintness, loss of strength, and leaving my nerves all unstrung. My sleep was very much disturbed, I had no appetite and there was little strength or vitality in my blood; I was always excessively nervous.

I have now taken three boxes of Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills and since taking them I have not been away from my business an hour. Before taking these pills it was a frequent occurrence for me to be away from business. As a result of taking Dr. Ward's Pills my heart is perfectly healthy and strong and gives me no distress or trouble whatever. They removed all nerve trouble, made my nerves strong and gave me healthy sleep. These pills also made my blood rich and strong and gave me a healthy appetite. Dr. Ward's Pills have given me perfect health, restoring my lost strength, in place of continual ill-health, weakness, heart trouble and nervousness. In justice I cannot speak too highly of this wonderful medicine. Signed, Miss N. Millward, Walton St., Port Hope, Ont.


Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills are sold at 50c. per box, 5 boxes for \$2.50 at druggists, or mailed on receipt of price by THE DOCTOR WARD CO. Limited, 71 Victoria Street, Toronto. Book of information free.

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The most successful remedy against Gout, Gravel, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, etc. It is a pure, non-toxic, and powerful remedy. It is sold by all druggists and chemists. Of agents, Messrs. J. H. & Co., 11, Market Street, London.

GRIPPE'S LEGACY.

Shattered Nerves and Weakened Heart—A St. John Lady Tells About It.

'Mrs. John Quigley, who resides at 30 Sheriff St., St. John, N.B., states: "Some time ago I was attacked by a severe cold, which ended up in a bad attack of La Grippe. Since that time I have never regained my health, being weak, nervous and run down."

"I suffered very much from indigestion, accumulation of gas in the stomach, and was in almost constant distress. I doctored with some of the best physicians in this city; but got no relief until I began using Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, and am pleased to say that they have completely cured me."

"My appetite is restored; my nervous system has been toned up to its old-time condition, and I have no more trouble from the indigestion and can eat anything I choose."

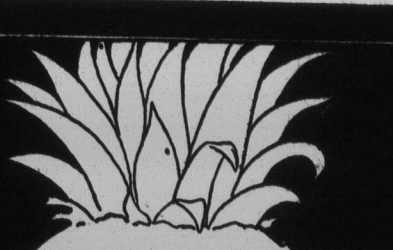
"I am only too glad too testify to the merits of such a marvellous remedy as Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills for the cure of nervousness, heart trouble, indigestion, etc. Price 50c. a box, all druggists."

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Pure, Antiseptic, Emollient.

Ask your dealer to obtain full particulars for you.

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Nature's Own Dyspepsia Cure

Nature's remedies are not like man's—they never fail. Of the many remedies intended to cure dyspepsia, sour stomach, distress after eating, weight in the stomach, indigestion, loss of appetite, diarrhoea, nausea, impoverished blood, catarrh of the stomach, sick headache, and similar results of indigestion, only one is uniformly and unfailingly successful—that is nature's own remedy, found only in

DR. VON STAN'S PINEAPPLE TABLETS.

The pineapple contains a large amount of Vegetable Pepsin—nature's most potent aid in digesting food. Mix meat and pineapple and agitate the mixture at a temperature of 70°, and the pineapple will completely digest the meat.

Take two of Dr. Von Stan's Pineapple Tablets after your meals and they will digest your food without aid from the stomach. This of course rests, strengthens and heals the stomach. The tablets will cure the most chronic case of dyspepsia. They give immediate relief. Take them for a short time and your stomach will be as strong and hearty as that of a farmer's boy. They are as pleasant to the palate as candy. At all druggists.—35c. a box—or direct from

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