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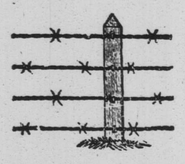

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WHEN DOCTORS DISAGREE.

He looked at my tongue, and he shook his head—
This was Doctor Smart—
He thumped on my chest, and then he said:
"Ah, there it is! Your heart!
You mustn't run—you mustn't hurry!
You mustn't work—you mustn't worry!
Just sit down and take it cool,
You may live for a year, I cannot say;
But in the meantime make it a rule
To take this medicine twice a day!"

He looked at my tongue and he shook his head—
This was Doctor Wise—
"Your liver's a total wreck," he said,
"You must take more exercise!
You mustn't eat sweets,
You mustn't eat meats,
You must walk and leap, you must also run;
You mustn't sit down in the dull old way;
Get out with the boys and have some fun—
And take three doses of this a day!"

He looked at my tongue and he shook his head—
"I'm afraid your lungs are gone," he said,
"And your kidney isn't right,
A change of scene is what you need,
Your case is desperate, indeed,
And bread is a thing you mustn't eat—
Too much starch—but, by the way,
You must henceforth live on only meat—
And take six doses of this a day.

Perhaps they were right, and perhaps they knew,
It isn't for me to say;
Maybap I erred when I madly threw
Their bitter stuff away;
But I'm living yet, and I'm on my feet,
And grass isn't all that I dare to eat,
And I walk and I run, and I worry, too,
But to save my life I cannot see
What some of the able doctors would do
If there were no fools like you and me.

BUMPS AND BRAINS.

A Famous Novelist Who, Like "Bobs," Will Not Advertise.

The president of the British Phrenological Institution has asked Miss Marie Corelli whether she will allow her head to be "phrenologically examined" by an "expert" in such matters, and the result published in the institute's current yearbook. The novelist has answered the application in the following lively fashion:

Dear Sir,—I have always been under the impression that my head is, to all intents and purposes, my own, and that the secrets of its working power are, so to speak, a strictly personal matter between it and myself, in which outsiders have no right whatever to share. Erroneous as that impression may be, I still retain it, and if the old customs of Tower Hill were yet in force I should think it consistant with dignity rather to lay down that head on the block for a "cause" than submit it to the prying observation of a "phrenological expert," in order that his opinion there on should be published in a year book of egregious modern "celebrities." Permit me to add that I do not consider myself a "celebrity," and have no wish to "pose" as such. Examine the head of Mr. Pears, whose soap is of "world-wide" renown, or make a "subject" of Dr. Tibbles of "Vi-Cocoa" immortality, but leave a mere writer like myself to the satisfaction of that close and kindly relationship with my own head and which has so far enabled me to make my own way without picking (after the fashion of certain modern "dramatists") the brains from the heads of other people. There are legions of "celebrities" nowadays, from the dazzling sauce manufacturer down to the latest "star" of the footlights, many, or, perhaps, any, of whom will be only too pantingly eager and ready to oblige you, and in the "phrenological examination" of these I trust you may discover wide and ever-increasing interest. May all their bumps never grow less! And you may succeed in finding among them profound scientific information which shall prove of vital value and assistance to an unlessoned world! Pray take this letter in the friendly spirit with which it is indited, and understand that, like the "play" of which Mr. Forbes-Robertson in his unrivaled impersonation of Hamlet speaks, "There's no offense in 't."

Faithfully yours,
MARIE CORELLI.

Raising the Wind in France.

The French Government, finding itself unable to increase the taxation, which is heavier per capita in France than in any other country in the world, has decided to resort to the convertion of its treasury bonds or rentes from 3 per cent. to 2 1-2 as the easiest, and, indeed, the only available means of increasing the revenues of the state. The ground is taken that as the national credit is such that the government has recently been able to secure temporary loans at 1-4 per cent., the interest charge on treasury bonds is far too high, and that a conversion scheme would respond to the present state of France's national credit. That the latter should stand so high is surprising, when it is remembered that, although in the last twenty-six years France's population has only increased by 238,000 inhabitants, or at the rate of about 11,500 a year (England having doubled hers in the last forty years), the consolidated national debt of France has grown from $3,000,000,000 to $7,000,000,000, while the taxation both direct and indirect, has more than doubled.—New York Tribune.

Stung by Cactus Plants.

Several men employed about Horticultural Hall, in Fairmount Park, are nursing very sore hands, and one of them is not just sure that he is out of danger from blood poisoning from stings received in handling prickly cactus plants. All summer the tall, slender cacti have stood with soldierly erectness in a bed at the east end of the hall. When frost threatened the head gardener gave orders for their removal into winter quarters, and the men having the job went about it without the usual precaution of wearing buckskin gloves. They were stung in many places by the needles that bristled from the stocks, but as the pain at the time was not great, they kept at work until all the cacti had been housed. A few hours later their hands began to puff up, and soon swelled to ungainly proportions, as the poison of the stings took effect. They suffered intensely for several days, and even now, after a week has elapsed, have to use their hands in a very gingerly manner indeed. —Philadelphia Record.

A Valuable Cat.

Howard Reed of Milford, Pa., started out hunting for partridge and woodcock, and was followed by the house cat. All efforts on the part of the young hunter to drive the cat back home were futile; it was bound to go with him, and it illustrated its ability as a hunter by its "pointing" a woodcock, which young Reed shot. Then it "flushed" a partridge, which was also bagged by the hunter. Reed says he would not part with the cat for the best bird dog in the country.

The World's Telegraph Lines.

The actual length of the telegraph lines of the world is 7,900,000 kilometers—not including nearly 300,000 kilometers of submarine cable. This total is divided as follows: America, 4,050,000 kilometers; Europe, 2,840,000; Asia, 500,000; Australia, 350,000; Africa, 160,000. The entire length of all these wires joined together would permit of the establishment of twenty lines of telegraph between the earth and the moon.

A remarkable feature of India is the number of deserted capitals. There are no less than three old Delhis, all close to each other, and south of the present city.

Humorous.

The Latest Humor.

ALL FOR HER.

There Is no Question in This House About the Boss-ship.

"Oh, I guess I'm getting into the game now," chuckled the little man on the street car as he hugged his packages and smiled at the sympathetic man with glasses who sat next.

"I don't quite understand, my friend."

"Of course not, but it's this way. You see, it's kind of an open question up at our house whether she or I is the head of the family, and we're both doing the cunning act just to feel out a way. Christmas she had saved up enough of my money to buy me some presents. What I got was a diamond ring that's so small that she has to wear it, a lot of toilet fixin's for our common sleeping room and a pair of kid gloves that happened to be her number. I took it all so meekly that she thinks she's the boss, and that I daren't enter a protest."

"Wouldn't it be well to assert yourself, just enough, you know?"

"Well, I should clearly enunciate! To-morrow's her birthday. See these bundles? All presents for her. There's a pair of trousers made to my measurements, three neckties, half a dozen big linen handkerchiefs, a pair of shoes that she could slip down and sit in, a 7 1-8 Derby hat, a briarwood pipe and four pounds of smoking tobacco," and the little man laughed till he dropped most of his packages.

Next forenoon the same two happened to ride down town together, and the little man had his packages. "How did your wife enjoy the presents?" asked the sympathetic man.

"I don't see what business you have inquiring into my private affairs, sir. If I choose to get these things exchanged I don't have to advertise the fact."

She Got a Seat.

It was noon in a large quick lunch place. A young woman, comely as well as self-reliant, entered and glanced deliberately around in search of a vacant chair.

She saw one that appeared to be unoccupied, and, providing herself with a cranberry tart and a cup of coffee, started to take possession of it. But a man's hat was on the chair, and the owner of the hat happened to be at elbow with his modest luncheon in his hand. "Beg pardon, but this seat is engaged," he said.

Returning to the counter, the young woman put down her tart and coffee and started to find an empty chair. She found one in a remote corner of the big eating room, and, raising her hand to her head, she pulled out a couple of hairpins and flung her hat into the chair with a defiant "There! that's taken!"

She then brought over her tart and coffee, and enjoyed them in the consciousness that she was dependent upon no man's gallantry for the comforts of life.—Philadelphia Press.

Hardly Thought She Could.

"And now, ladies," said the patroness at the conclusion of the opening address at the installation of the free refreshment room for the benefit of working girls who desire to improve their minds—"and now, in conclusion, I want you all to promise me that you will not think it necessary to put on your best attire when you come here. Just come in your working clothes. Promise me that, will you?"

The plump girl with the large eyes timidly held up her hand. "If you please, ma'am, I am afraid I can't. I—I am in the chorus."—Indianapolis Journal.

Not a Cinderella.

A certain regiment had a very small band; but the commanding officer's feet were—well, very large. One day the regiment was to march out, but the music was not forthcoming.

"Where the deuce is the band?" queried the Adjutant.

For some time there was no reply; but, when the question was repeated, a gruff voice was heard from the rear rank: "I believe, sor, the Colonel trod on it be accident."—London Tid-Bits.

Basely Maligned.

"I have good reason to be," said the young man when they asked him why he was so sad. "You know I appeared at the Fadley Smarton ball as a fifteenth century Englishman.

"Yes."

"And, to make sure that I would be correctly reported, I had my office boy send an item to the papers. And he abbreviated it so that it came out that I was in the character of a 15-cent Englishman."—Indianapolis Journal.

An African Silhouette.

"I wish to figure a little on the uncertainty (the cannibal chief knit his wool thoughtfully) of life. Bring me a blackboard."

Obedient to his demand, the high muckamuck executioner aimed the royal blunderbuss at the nearest swarthy subject and pulled the trigger. Then he fetched the king the blackbored he had ordered.—Cincinnati Tribune.

A Harrowing Suggestion.

The champion pugilist sprang from his easy chair. "Mary," he snrieked to his wife, "can't something be done to these internal steam pipes? I tell you my nerves won't stand it! They do nothing but thump, thump, thump, all day long!" Great beads of sweat stood on his brow, and as he resumed his seat he was trembling violently.—New York Press.

An Explanation.

Two ladies had called, and, while they were waiting for their cards to be taken up they examined the pictures. "This," said one, "must be one of the old masters."

"If ye plaze, ma'am," replied the servant, who was standing in the door, "ye're mistaken. All thim pictures belongs to the missus."—Washington Star.

Not Such a Fool.

"My friend," said the city missionary, "do you not realize the foolishness of the course you have been pursuing?"

"Huh!" said the gentleman behind the bars; "I ain't so big a fool as you are. You're comin' round here when you don't have to."—Indianapolis Journal.

And He Was Caromed Off.

Traveler (at a crowded hotel)—How much do I owe? What's my bill?

Hotel Keeper—Let me see; your room was—

Traveler—I didn't have any room. I slept on the billiard table.

Hotel Keeper—Ah, well—40 cents an hour.—Boston Post.

Hard Lines.

Bangs—The police won't allow our old blind apple-woman to build her stand on the corner of that vacant building-lot any more.

Fangs—Poor old woman! That is the second time she has lost her site.

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The undersigned non-resident ratepayers, of Bagdad School District Number Eight, Parish of Johnston, County of Queens, are hereby notified that unless the amounts of their Taxes as set opposite their names, together with the cost of advertising (50 cents each), are not paid within two months from the date hereof to the Secretary of Trustees for the above District the necessary legal proceedings will be taken to collect the same.

Hugh Reed, 1889, 57c.; 1890, 17c.; 1891, 24c.; 1892, 20c.; 1893, 26c.; 1894, 40c.; total, $1.84.

Henry Wiggin's Estate, 1891, 73c.; 1892, 76c.; 1893, $1.32; 1894, $1.60; 1895, $1.14; 1896, $1.12; 1897, $2.18; 1898, $1.60; total, $10.45.

George Henry Ludlow, 1893, $1.06; 1894, $1.20; 1895, 86c.; 1897, $1.74; 1898, $1.28; total, $6.14.

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