

A Cough

"I have made a most thorough trial of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral and am prepared to say that for all diseases of the lungs it never disappoints."

J. Early Finley, Ironton, O.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral won't cure rheumatism; we never said it would. It won't cure dyspepsia; we never claimed it. But it will cure coughs and colds of all kinds. We first said this sixty years ago; we've been saying it ever since.

Three sizes: 25c, enough for an ordinary cold; 50c, just right for bronchitis, hoarseness, hard cold, etc.; \$1, most economical for chronic cases and to keep on hand.

J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.

Local Notes.

Before leaving Westport for the old country, Rev. F. Walsh, who is deservedly popular with his flock, was presented with a purse of \$225. He expects to be gone about three months.

Word comes from Ottawa that the work of tabulating the population of the leading towns and cities of the Dominion is completed, but it is announced that the figures will not be known until Mr. Fisher returns to Canada.

The annual excursion of the Athens Methodist Sunday School will take place on Monday Aug. 5th, per B. & W. to Brockville and Alexandria Bay. The Steamer Brockville has been chartered to make the trip on the river and will go up the Canadian Channel and back by the American, stopping for a couple of hours at the Bay. It will take the form of a basket picnic but those not wishing to carry baskets can procure dinner at the Bay or luncheon on board the steamer. For full particulars, see bills to be issued from this office this week.

It is contended that inventive genius has done very little for the farmer's wife. "The farmer rides all day long on a sulky plough or on a reaper that cuts the grain and binds it into sheaves. While the lord of the fivids rides in indolent comfort on a sulky plough the wife bends over the washtub or wrestles with hot irons two days out of every week." There have been many inventions for lessening the drudgery of domestic life, and if the farmer's wife does not enjoy them she ought to strike.

Immigration Commissioner Pedley has received a telegram from Deputy Minister of the Interior J. A. Smart, dated from Prince Albert, stating that the crop prospects in the West are simply magnificent. Information from other sources tends to confirm this cheering intelligence. One of the immigration agents in the West informs Mr. Pedley that from 15,000 to 20,000 more men than are now on the spot will be needed to harvest the crops. Unless lots of help is sent in it will be impossible to handle the great yield which is promised.

This Didn't Happen Here.

"How does it happen," inquired the stranger, "that all the improvements are being made on this one street?" "It doesn't happen at all," replied the citizen who was showing him about the place, majestically. "This is the street I live in. I am chairman of the Roads and Bridges Committee."

The Difficulty Unsettled.

The matter in dispute between the Gananque water power company and the owners of farm lands in the township of Lansdowne, concerning damage by overflow of water, does not seem to have been entirely settled by the recent judgment against the company. In all probability that judgment will be appealed against, and the matter fought over again in another court.

Young Giant of the West.

The Winnipeg Tribune expects as a result of the census that the representation of Manitoba will be doubled, and that that Province, with the Territories and British Columbia will have fifty seats altogether. It adds: "When the census ten years hence is taken, one-third or more of the population of Canada may be found west of Lake Superior, and the present political power will be a good deal shifted." The young giant of the west is assuming great proportions but we welcome him in spite of his size.

Premature Burial.

At a meeting of the Executive Committee of the London (Eng.) Association for the Prevention of Premature Burial, the following resolution was passed:—"That this committee desires, in the name of humanity, to call attention to the extreme urgency of the need of precautions against premature burial, inasmuch as no proper system of death verification at present exists, for it would be preposterous to assume that a medical certificate of death, given, as it generally is, on the evidence of relatives or friends, and without personal inspection of the corpse, is a guarantee against premature interment."

Woman has won a triumph in the state of Colorado. There was a law there which prohibited saloon keepers from selling liquid refreshments to the gentler sex. Then a later law conferred the electoral franchise upon women, and a case has been taken to court claiming that the restriction upon women being served with drinks in saloons was a curtailment of their rights in violation of the suffrage law, which put them on an equality with men. The judge held this to be a good law, and henceforth women may drink without any greater restrictions than those surrounding the liberties of man. Thus woman has reached the level of man in that state.

Officers Installed.

At the regular meeting of the Delta Lodge of I. O. O. F. on Tuesday evening, the ceremony of installation of officers was conducted by Mr. R. J. Green, D. D. G. M., assisted by Mr. D. Wilton, P. D. D. G. M., of Athens. Following are the officers:

- P. G.—Bro. Wright. G. N.—W. T. Sheridan. V. G.—Wm. Thompson. Treas.—Wm. Russell. P. S.—Wm. Birch. R. S.—Joel Barlow. Warden—Steve Stevens. Con.—Geo. Halladay. R. S. N. G.—Ed. Bowser. L. S. N. G.—R. J. Green. R. S. V. G.—Louis Brown. L. S. V. G.—Joe Earl. R. S. S.—Eber Purvis. I. S. S.—Sim Lilly. I. G.—Chas. Jacquith.

Support Your Supporters.

The publishers of the Kingston papers are complaining that about \$5,000 worth of printing leaves the city annually, which could be performed as cheaply and in many cases much better than is being done away from home, consisting of letter heads, envelopes, counter-statements, timetables, pamphlets, etc. The merchants having complained of citizens going elsewhere to make their purchases, and have been supported in their protests by the papers, which now charge the business men with disloyalty towards the craft. Support your supporters will apply in these things as anything else. The canvassers from outside firms should be discouraged. Stand up for your own cities and towns, it is of as much importance to the printer as to the merchant.

Mysterious Cattle Disease.

A dangerous cattle disease, new to the district affected, called splenic fever has broken out in Onabruk township, Stormont county. The local veterinary and Government surgeons seem powerless to check its ravages. Within the last couple of weeks twenty-one head of cattle have died. More cattle are sick and will likely die. Horses are now catching the disease. Between Wednesday of last week and Sunday four horses have died. The most alarming feature of the disease is the fact that apparently healthy animals take sick and die in between 24 and 48 hrs. G. W. Higginson, Government veterinary, of Rockland, was called out one day last week to examine the sick and dead animals. After a careful analysis he declared the disease splenic. He states that it is almost impossible to cure an animal once it is taken sick. The best way to prevent the disease spreading, he states, is to vaccinate all the healthy animals. Dr. Higginson telephoned Mr. Moke, one of the farmers of the district, Saturday, that he had succeeded in procuring antitoxin from New York, and that he would be down on Monday to vaccinate the cattle.

Worth Knowing.

If tansy is sprinkled through woolen clothing when laid away it will never become moth-eaten. When moth-worms are seen in a closet it is well to burn a little camphor promptly. If done early in the spring it will generally rid the closet of the pests. Mattresses that have become flattened will fill out to their original shape if placed in the sun and pure air for a few hours each day while house-cleaning is in progress.

A solution of soda and water, applied with a whisk broom kept for the purpose will remove the brown streaks in bathroom bowls made by sediments in the dripping water. When a ground glass stopper sticks fast in a bottle the safest plan for loosening it is to wrap a long string of cloth around the neck, over which pour a stream of hot water, beginning with it blood warm. A defaced straw hat may be cleaned by brushing with a strong solution of borax and placing in the sunlight to dry.

A bottle of linsed oil and lime water, mixed in equal parts, is the best application for burns and prevents scars.

PHILLIPSVILLE.

MONDAY, July 22.—The farmers have a very, very hot time trying to take care of their heavy crop of hay; in fact the heaviest they have had for years. Many of the old meadows that it was thought would not be much of a crop in the spring are turning off 1 1/2 to 2 tons per acre, and some of the hay-makers say that they have out 3 tons from new seeding. Spring grain is looking well and promises a heavy yield. Corn is growing inches every

24 hours. Some fall wheat is being cut. It is a fair crop.

Mrs. Vasalstine of Napanee is visiting friends in this section and is the guest of Mrs. E. Brown.

A. Elliot and wife of Kingston are visiting his father, J. Elliot. W. Newton and wife and baby are the guests of their father, Mr. J. W. Halladay.

Mrs. Wm. Lashley, Miss Lena and Master J. L. of Kingston, and Mrs. H. C. D. Pison, Miss Ethel and Master Glen, of Brockville spent the past week with their father and mother.

LAKE ELOIDA.

THURSDAY, July 18.—Hay is an unprecedented crop this year. Fall wheat is being cut this week. Job James measured a few spears of clover and it measured 5 feet 7 inches. He also cut a piece of barley on July 16th.

Mr. Jno. Brundridge and family of Syracuse are spending a few days at Mrs. Hewitt's.

Peter Decon has purchased a new Massey-Harris binder. Mrs. Jno. Mackie and Miss Mary Mackie have gone to Buffalo to attend the Pan-American.

Mr. Jan. Love is busy painting his house and woodshed. Mortie Livingston, a helper in the Farmers' Choice Factory, is laid up with measles.

SEELEY'S BAY.

SATURDAY, July 20.—Mrs. A. C. Young has returned home after a pleasant visit to friends in Portland and vicinity.

Mrs. Wm. Gilbert is very ill. Miss M. Clyne of Lombardy is visiting friends here and in this vicinity for a few days.

The hay crop in this vicinity is a heavy one, and farmers find it difficult to get help to secure it. Capt. J. Randall has sold his barge "Dandy" to the Sand & Gravel Co. of Ottawa.

Rev. Mr. Dalgleish of Kingston has charge of the Seely's Bay circuit during the absence of Rev. Wm. Service.

A number from here attended the Oddfellows banquet, at Gananque last Friday evening.

Harvesting has commenced. A heavy electric storm passed over this place last Thursday evening but no rain fell here.

Mrs. H. Elliott has returned home after two weeks pleasant visit with friends in Frankville.

ADDISON.

MONDAY, July 22.—Mrs. W. Booth of Ottawa is spending the holidays with friends in Gloosville and Addison.

The Rev. George Snider of Kingston paid our village a short visit on Friday last.

Mrs. Bishop of Oswego is visiting friends in this vicinity for a few days. The farmers in this section have got through with their haying and report the crop the best for many years.

Our local butchers are doing a rush business this season. As they handle nothing but the best goods, parties can rely on getting the very best.

On the evening of Tuesday next, July 23rd, the young people of the Addison Methodist church will give a lawn social at the residence of Mr. Boylston Hall, King St. A good time is promised as everything will be up to date, as is usual with ladies of Addison.

Mr. E. Duffield has got the wall of his cow barn finished and will finish the interior in first-class style.

Mr. Joseph Monilton is superintending the work on the experimental farm for a few weeks. Mr. William Hall paid us a short call last week. He says his business is booming and whenever he is through crushing stone in Renfrew he has a big contract at the Soo.

Sleeplessness.

You can't sleep in the calmest and stillest night, if your stomach is weak, circulation poor, and digestion bad. Hood's Sarsaparilla strengthens the stomach, improves the circulation, perfects digestion, and brings about that condition of sleep which is regular and refreshing. It does not do this in a day, but it does it—has done it in thousands of cases.

A Good Dog Lawyer.

When Benjamin Harrison was in the senate, he often went hunting with Howard Case, who was for many years associated with him in the northern part of Indiana and stopped with an old farmer who for some time had been engaged in a controversy with a neighbor in regard to a dog whose sheep killing propensities had often caused the old man considerable worry. The animal's depredations at last brought his owner into a lawsuit, and the trial was set down for hearing while General Harrison was in the neighborhood, and the farmer, understanding that his visitor was one of the best lawyers in the country, begged him to take up the case. General Harrison consented and drove over to the nearest town the next day with the farmer. His eloquence caught the jury, which returned a verdict for the farmer without leaving the courtroom.

The farmer was greatly pleased at the result of the suit. "I thought you was a dog lawyer," he kept repeating, "pretty good dog lawyer," he kept repeating to General Harrison all the way back to the farm, "and if ever that dog gets me into trouble again I'm going to send for you, 'cause I don't believe you can beat a dog lawyer." General Harrison enjoyed the incident immensely and never tired of telling the story.

AN AFRICAN PUZZLE.

MAJAJE, THE WHITE QUEEN OF THE MAKATESE TRIBE.

A Mysterious Woman of Distinctly Caucasian Type Who Ruled These Savages of the Dark Continent For Half a Century.

For more than half a century the rain-maker for all the native tribes south of the Zambezi river, in South Africa, was Majaje, the white queen of the Makatese tribe, which lived in the woodbush in the northern part of the Transvaal. The Zulus, the Hottentots, the Kafirs, the Basutos and scores of other tribes recognized her as the great rain-maker, and whenever there was a drought in their provinces they sent their emissaries to her with requests for rain.

The tales which white men heard concerning her led them to believe that Majaje was a myth, and Riddell Haggard elaborated the report in his novel "She," which had for its leading character a mysterious white woman who ruled over a race of blacks somewhere in Central Africa. The white queen lived in the eighties, while he was in South Africa, and long before it was established that the white queen was not a myth. The fact that such a woman really lived was proved by three white men who talked with her, and one of those men, the Piet Joubert, commandant general of the Boer army, was authority for this account of the woman:

Henning Pretorius, one of the Transvaal's first commandants, returned from one of his frequent journeys into the unknown regions of the Transvaal in the latter part of 1880 and reported to his government that he had succeeded in seeing Majaje. In a voluminous report of his journey he stated that the woman was queen of a section of the Makatese tribe and that her capital was surrounded by an almost impenetrable forest of small thorn trees. In the outskirts of this forest he met by a large number of well armed tribesmen, who asked him to depart from the neighborhood immediately. Pretorius refused to leave and insisted upon seeing the queen.

After a long discussion during which many messengers were sent to the queen's kraal, Pretorius was granted permission to visit the monarch. He was disarmed, and his companions were left behind under guard of a large number of tribesmen. He was led along a narrow winding path through the bush, and after a journey of about 20 miles he came to the queen's royal kraal. In his report he described the woman minutely and at great length. He said that she was absolutely monarch over her people and that she undoubtedly had the power of life and death over them.

The most astonishing part of his report was that the woman was not a negroess. He described her as having straight, soft hair of a light brown color, thin lips and light blue eyes. The color of her skin was not black, but as white as that of a European. Pretorius stated that she refused to tell her age or anything concerning her antecedents and added that she appeared to be more than 100 years old—perhaps 115.

In 1891 the Makatese tribe formed an alliance with Magoeba, the king of the woodbush Kafirs, who lived near the same district, and Majaje's people were dragged into a rebellion against the Boers. The commandant general of the Boer army was sent against the rebellious natives, and he took with him a small number of Swazis who had been driven into the Transvaal from their native country by Umhambane.

When Joubert and his forces reached the "betover" (bewitched) bush, the warriors of Majaje and Magoeba attacked them and fought valiantly for several weeks. The natives were defeated finally and fled into the bush and mountains. The Swazis then asked Joubert for permission to follow the rebels, and it was granted. When they returned, several days afterward, the Swazis brought with them the heads of Magoeba and several of his undunas, or headmen.

The day after the return of the victorious Swazis several messengers came from Majaje, bringing peace offerings in the shape of two ivory tusks and a beautiful white ox. The emissaries declared that Majaje had been misled by Magoeba and that she had no desire to be an enemy of the Boers. Joubert told the messengers to tell their queen that if she would accept the sun sign, she would be permitted to go to her kraal, and the war would be ended. In her reply she accepted the first condition, but declined to allow any one to visit her kraal, adding, however, that she would come out and grant an audience to the Boer leader.

The following morning the bush resounded with the beating of drums and the shrill noises of crude wind instruments. Fore-runners emerged from the bush and announced the coming of the queen.

When the head of the procession reached General Joubert, the priests deposited the palanquin on the ground and drew aside the curtains on a beautiful queen of African skin and was clothed in a variegated costume of skins, fur and beadwork. Joubert observed her closely and found that Henning Pretorius' description of her was accurate in every detail. The woman had light, soft hair, thin lips, blue eyes and a complexion as light as that of the majority of white persons who have lived in the tropics for many years.

Many persons have attempted to explain the mystery of the queen's ancestry, and the result has been that many strange tales are current in the country. The most plausible theory is the one that Commandant General Joubert advanced. From some old chiefdoms he learned that there was a tradition among the Makatese that many generations ago a large number of white men had come into the Zambezi region to dig gold. These men incurred the enmity of the blacks, who massacred all except one or two. General Joubert believed, as did the chiefs, that Majaje was the descendant of one of these survivors, but the native tradition does not explain the process by which she rose to the position of ruler of the tribe. Proof of the fact that gold was dug in that neighborhood has been found in scores of places along the Zambezi, where in recent years many old shafts have been uncovered. Howard C. Hilliges is New York Evening Post.

Phillips' His Order. "Waiter, what's all that noise like a pile driving machine at work?" "That's the cook pounding your beefsteak. You ordered tenderloin, I believe, sir."

FREE GRIND FOR EVERYBODY.

A Joke That Boomed the Town of Kit Carson Free Again.

"The most original joke I ever heard of," said an old timer, "was that of a saloon keeper at Kit Carson in the very early days. Carson was a typical frontier settlement. It had drawn within its boundaries a mixed population of hunters, gamblers, soldiers, Mexicans and loafers, with occasionally an industrious man who was willing to work for his living. In the summer of 1871 the town grew frightfully dull, and the boys had plenty of time which they practiced the favorite western amusement of practical joking. One day old Sam Tate, who kept the Alhambra saloon and dance hall, was accosted by a man who professed to be desirous of obtaining employment.

"Want work, do you?" said Sam. "Well, you don't look like a man that wanted it very bad."

"But I do," persisted the man, "and I am willing to do anything."

"What sort of a grindstone?" queried Sam as the bright idea struck him.

"I certainly kin," responded the stranger, whereupon Sam closed a contract with him to stand in front of the Alhambra for 30 days turning a grindstone, his pay to be at the rate of \$2.50 a day.

The next morning all of Carson drifted around to witness the curious spectacle of a man turning a grindstone. Sam sent out word that anybody who had axes, knives or tools of any sort sharpening could have it done free at the Alhambra. The news quickly spread, and soon the saloon and the sidewalk in front of it were crowded with a miscellaneous crowd of people, with a miscellaneous collection of dull implements. The humor of the situation went home to everybody, and a period of conviviality was inaugurated such as the town had never known before. Day after day the patient man at the mill grinded away at his task, and day after day the bar of the Alhambra did a whopping business. The first day more than enough was made to pay for the whole 30 days of grindstone turning. The saloon keepers began to grumble, but still the circus at the Alhambra continued to go on.

"When the news had spread up and down the road, visitors from abroad began to pour in. New life was infused into the waters of the population. There was a great spurt in horse racing, gambling and the other sports of the border. A new store or two came along, and a lot of new buildings went up. The grindstone man grinded away at his man turning a grindstone had given the town a boom. Old Sam Tate simply coaled money, and his dance hall was crowded all the time. The patient and turning man who grinded away with that grindstone became something of a popular hero. One night a lot of revelers emptied the water out of the little box which kept the stone moist and filled it with silver dollars—100 of them. At other times he was given presents, and when his 30 days had expired he found himself richer by several hundred dollars. His dogged persistency at that grindstone laid the foundation for quite a fortune, and later in the cattle business he reached the full development in Puritan New England.

None of the laws was more rigidly enforced than those intended to prevent the "prophaneing of the Lord's day." The old records are full of convictions for violation of them. Captain Kimble of Boston was in 1656 set for two hours in the public stocks for his "lewd and unseemly conduct," which consisted in kissing his wife publicly on the Sabbath day upon the door-step of his house when he had just returned from a voyage, after an absence of three years. The story is told of Robert Pike of Amesbury that, having to go on a journey, he waited patiently until the sun sank behind the western clouds on Sunday evening and then mounted his horse, but he had only gone a short distance when the last ray gleamed through a break in the clouds, and the next day he was brought before the court and fined.

Colonial Laws.

A narration of the laws relating to the Sabbath and the prohibitions due to them would fill a huge volume and make interesting reading. The rigid Puritan observance of the Lord's day had its origin with the Puritans of old England and reached its fullest development in Puritan New England.

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Kissing Feten.

In various Hungarian villages kissing fetes are held from time to time, but a time limit is set for the bestowal of these amatory offerings, it being understood that promiscuous kissing is only to be indulged in between the hours of noon and 6 p. m. Lovers naturally flock in great crowds to these peculiar gatherings, being able, of course, to imprint salutes upon the lips of their fiancés to their hearts' content.

At a large fete held in Russia some years ago an edict went forth that kissing might be indulged in provided every youth who contemplated such practices wore a green feather in his cap. This was to be done to enable any girl who might not welcome strange embraces to take to flight on the approach of the newly be kissers. The fete attracted nearly 20,000 people and was a huge success.

Cheapsness Long Drawn Out.

Mrs. Shopley—Oh, George, I bought a real handsome set of books today on the installment plan. All I have to pay is a dollar and a half more every month. Mr. Shopley—For how many months? Mrs. Shopley—Dear me! I forgot to ask.

His Regrets.

"I see Jack Etcham has been married to Miss Goldrox?" "Yes, and I was very sorry to see it." "Sorry? For her sake or his?" "For mine. I wanted her."

Under the old blue laws of Connecticut "any man who shall stand by and see two dogs fight and not try to separate them shall be deemed guilty of a breach of the peace and shall lie in jail the length of seven days and nights."

Whenever you attempt a good work, you will find other men doing the same kind of work, and probably doing it better. Envy them not.

The first street lighting in this country, was done in New York in 1692.

King's Evil

That is Scrofula. No disease is older. No disease is really responsible for a larger mortality.

Consumption is commonly its outgrowth. There is no excuse for neglecting it, it makes its presence known by so many signs, such as glandular tumors, cutaneous eruptions, inflamed eyelids, sore ears, rickets, catarrh, wasting and general debility. Children of J. W. McGinn, Woodstock, Ont., had scrofula sores so bad they could not attend school for three months. When different kinds of medicines had been used to no purpose whatever, these sufferers were cured, according to Mr. McGinn's voluntary testimonial, by

Hood's Sarsaparilla

which has effected the most wonderful, radical and permanent cures of scrofula in old and young.

Cook's Cotton Root Compound

It is successfully used monthly by over 100,000 persons. See official London Analyst's report. Cook's Cotton Root Compound. Take no other, as all mixtures, pills and injections are dangerous. Price, 25c per box; No. 2, 50c per box; No. 3, 75c per box. No. 1 or 2 is a receipt of price and two-cent stamp. The Cook Company, Windsor, Ont. No. 1 and 2 sold and recommended by all responsible Druggists in Canada.

No. 1 and 2 sold by J. P. Lamb & Son, Athens.

LUXURY IN DIET.

The Rich Man Not So Much Better Off Than the Poor One in Eating.

Of course the wealthy man pays a good deal more for his breakfast, luncheon and dinner than does the poor man, but is his Diet, physiologically, and physically speaking, any better for it? We doubt it.

Plain food is, on the whole, more acceptable to the economy than are rich morsels. It is very questionable whether from the strictly nutritive point of view champagne and oysters are, after all, in health an advance upon ginger beer and cockles, whether turtle is preferable to calf's head, or caviare to soft herring roe, or plovers' eggs superior to the ordinary eggs of the barn door bird. But there is a vast difference between the price of champagne, say, at 10 shillings a bottle and ginger beer at a penny a bottle, and between oysters at 3s. 6d. a dozen and cockles at 50 for a penny, and between turtle soup at 10s. 6d. a pint and calf's head soup at sixpence a plateful.

We shall be pretty correct in stating that the man who buys common eggs instead of plovers' eggs and calf's head instead of turtle and a pigeon instead of a partridge is the gainer, at any rate from the economically nutritive point of view. In other words, the price of an article of food by no means sets upon it its food value, and the difference represented between the price of champagne and ginger beer, between that of oysters and cockles, etc., is the price paid for pleasing the palate, which extravagance is probably the penalty of a mental rather than a bodily demand.

But physiologically it is akin to substituting diamonds for coals in the steam engine. Luxurious foods are, strictly speaking, creature comforts, while plain foods are bodily necessities. It must be admitted, however, that, as a rule, choice tasting game and meats are necessarily under and therefore easy of assimilation. But clearly there must be a limit to the appropriation of food by the body, and this limit may be reached just as easily by means of good, plain and tender food as by food of a rarer sort.

According to this view, there must be a great physiological extravagance going on from day to day. In the matter of beverages the same sort of extravagance occurs. Enormous prices are given for a particularly choice wine, but here, again, it is practically certain that the human economy gains little or nothing by it. Does the man who drinks a claret of choice vintage at, say, 10 shillings a bottle derive any material advantage over the man who drinks his shilling bottle of wine or whiskey as a dietary beverage? There are obviously considerable physiological sin and wantonness committed in the choice of food and in the quantity consumed.

Wanted to Be Kicked.

It is related of Horace Greeley, whose handwriting was notoriously illegible, that on one occasion an editorial of his fell into the hands of a new compositor, who made a fearful blunder of it. As he set it the bit of copy made sense, but it was not the meaning Mr. Greeley intended to convey.

The following evening Mr. Greeley reached his office in no enviable mood and lost little time in tramping up to the composing room on the floor above. Here he encountered the night foreman, and the air was blue with the chief's imprecations. As soon as it became possible to make oneself heard above this verbal tempest Mr. Greeley was informed of the circumstances and that it was not really the fault of the compositor, who had done the best he could, but that the blame should rest on the assistant foreman, whose carelessness was the cause of the new man getting the "copy" from the "hook."

As the argument appealed to Mr. Greeley's intelligence and he suddenly realized that in giving way to his passion he was making a spectacle of himself he called out in his squeaky treble, "Won't somebody please kick me down stairs?" and shuffled out of the room.

A Fent In Shooting.

"I've seen a good deal of sharpshooting in my day," said a civil war veteran of Broome county, "but I've never seen equaled a feat performed often by a neighbor of mine. He was a man with a marvellously quick eye, and he could shoot quicker and straighter than any man in our neighborhood. His best trick was shooting two swallows with one bullet. He would make bets on this, and when feeling right would win the money nine times out of ten. It is hard enough to shoot one swallow on the wing, and to shoot two of them with one bullet increases the difficulty tenfold. He would stand by the side of the pond, and when two swallows crossed each other's paths he would shoot just as they would intersect. He seldom missed killing them the first shot, and when he did miss he paid up like a major. Usually the other fellow was stuck, though."