

AN OVERDOSE OF MORPHINE

Feelings of Man Who Narrowly
Escaped Death.

Stages in Poisoning Marked by Visions
of Running Water and Flowers—
Heart Resuming Work.

A man who had just got back from a long stay abroad was telling some of his friends the other night about the picturesque beauty of the ripe grain fields which he saw in France last summer. He was saying that they were dotted with bright red patches of wild poppy blossoms and that some fields which had been neglected were completely overrun by poppies and looked from a distance almost like a great flaming blanket stretched out and fanned into folds by the breeze. He was talking about poppies when one of his friends, a Southerner, interrupted him.

"Why," he said, "I've seen poppies in just as great numbers and much more brilliant than those you describe right up in the Maine woods."

"In the Maine woods?" chorused the others.

"Yes, in Maine, in the northern part of Maine," asserted the Southerner. "But I didn't know poppies grew in Maine," said the man who admired the grain fields of France.

"Well, neither did I till last summer," the Southerner replied, "and then I found them there, good and plenty. If you'll wait," he added, "I'll show you the remainder of this highball, I'll tell you about them—provided, of course, you care to have me."

"There were," he began, a minute later, "three of us besides myself. One was a New York physician and the other two were business men, also from this burg. It was in July, and we were after trout."

"We'd gone by rail as far as Moosehead and had struck across country from there for the Chesuncook Lake region, when we ran into a bunch of bad weather. It rained for three days straight, not one of those mild, balmy rains that go trickling cheerily down the back of the overheated lobster doing a heavy carry, but a stern, raw, raw wester that filtered through into our very marrow."

"I did as much as any of the others to protect myself against the evil effects of the wetting. But, then, you know, the best sort of a man can't carry provisions and blankets in Maine and be a distiller's wagon at the same time. Anyway, whether I failed to put in the proper amount of liquid ballast or whether it was just ding hard luck on my part, I got a prime attack of rheumatism the third day out, and we had to squat down just where we were on the bank of the Roach River."

"I'd had touches of rheumatism before, but never so badly as this time. They threw up a bed of fir boughs for me, and pitching the tent carelessly settled down in the hope of patching me up in a day or two at the most."

"But I wouldn't patch. The raw dampness continued, and my leg kept getting worse. I suffered frightfully. It seemed to me as though a red-hot poker or something just as bad was being run up my leg every few seconds and as though some fiendish tormentor was beating a rag-time accompaniment to its progress on my skin with a lot of needles."

"I had got no sleep in three days. For 72 hours I had not closed an eye. 'Say, old man,' the one who had just got back from Europe interrupted, 'we sympathize with you, sure enough. You must have had a hard time of it, but, then, we hardly expected to listen to any such harrowing tale of rheumatic distress, and, besides, you remember, we were talking about poppies.'"

"Yes," the Southerner replied, "we were talking about poppies, that's right, and here's where the poppies come in, good and strong."

"As I was saying, I hadn't had a wink of sleep for 72 hours and we all knew it was up to me to get some. I was ever going to do any fishing in Maine or anywhere else. So the doc put six little white pills on the blanket beside my couch along with the other medicine and, telling me to take one every hour until I dozed off, he went out to fish. I took six pills at once and I went out, too—but not fishing."

"I slipped out by inches from beneath the blankets of the bed. I could feel myself going and I was darn glad of it. The pain was all gone and at the time you couldn't have hired me with any amount of money to say a word, for, really, I hadn't energy enough to speak."

"I was very much satisfied with myself and quite well pleased with everything in general, and, best of all, I realized all the time that I was moving out without the expense of any energy. Somehow, that seemed to please me more than anything else."

"The tips of my toes just touched the ground as I bobbed alrily around the interior of the tent three or four times. Then I left the ground altogether and floated straight out into a meadow of rich green."

"The grass was long and thickly grown. A not, spicy breeze was blowing across the stretch, and I floated. The blades of grass as I floated, just tickled the soles of my feet, and I laughed loudly with delight."

"Soon, with a jolt that ought to have reminded me of a Broadway trolley and at the same time water course, full of foaming rapids broke out and thrashed the meadow. In a short time I slowed up again, and as I did so the streams all disappeared and poppies began to spring up out of the turf—wonderful big red poppies, each with a great black eye in the center."

"I could see them break through the ground in full bloom and grow up by inches—at first only a few of them and then hundreds and thousands and millions of them, until the whole expanse of meadow was a flaming color, plain polka-dotted, with myriads of the jet black eyes. At first I merely gazed at the tops of the flowers in my course, but they kept growing with marvelous rapidity, and finally I was winding in and out among the stems and leaves with my head just above the interminable sea of red."

"I never saw so many poppies before. I never expect to see so many again. I assert confidently that nobody else ever will, unless he does what I did."

"Suddenly, when it seemed to me as though I was going to be suffocated and crushed down by the very extent of the gorgeous growth, the whole shooting match sank from under me out of sight and left me floating in a bunch of black nothingness. I began to drop."

"I went down slowly at first; then faster. I dropped down—down—down, with more frightful speed each second. It was a terrible sensation. I can't tell you how I felt, but I do know that it seemed as though I was being fairly consumed with heat from the very rush of the air past me."

"All at once, though, something went 'boom!' I slowed up a bit. 'Boom!' again—my speed decreased some more. Then more booms in quick succession, and I went slower still."

"Finally, I came to a dead stop, hovered a minute and then began to go up, slowly in the beginning, but soon very fast. I went up and up and up, nobody knows how far, until at length light came in again and I struck the long-stemmed poppies."

"I dallied back among them, saw them disappear into the ground, as they gradually came up at first, and give way to the meadow with the running brooks. The streams themselves sunk in turn into the earth and, floating ever more slowly and slowly over the turf through the flapping canvas opening of the tent, I started to light on the couch and—awoke, with a painful appreciation of the living present, to find a six-inch hatpin being jabbed generously and vigorously into the seat of my trousers."

"You had taken dope!" exclaimed the man who admired the grain fields of France.

"Yes," replied the rheumatic. "How did you guess it? But," he added, "I was almost done for."

"They told me afterwards that I had passed through all the stages of excessive morphine poisoning—the meadow, with the running water, the short flowers and the long-stemmed ones—and that when I at last came to the void and began to fall, I was dying, my heart action was failing."

"It was just at that time when they discovered my condition and began to give me stimulants and work with me. The repeated booms which I heard were the responses which my paralyzed heart, as it started to beat stronger, made to the treatment, and when I began to rise I was on my way out of the spell."

"I never have been able to explain how I happened to take all the pills at once, but I was probably crazed from the loss of sleep."

"Highballs all around," ordered the man who had seen things in Europe.

Alligators in Captivity.

"The alligator," said a showman, is commonly supposed to have a good appetite. In fact, from the stories we read about its roaming around in the streams and bayous of its native region, picking up and eating colored pickaninies and stray dogs, and biting off the legs of men it finds asleep on the banks, and even taking in a man whole, and swallowing calves, and that sort of thing, one would think that the alligator had a very voracious appetite, which was always in good working order."

"And this is all true enough of the alligator down there under natural conditions, and free. But the alligator in captivity is a very different proposition. It is often very difficult to get the alligator in captivity to eat at all, especially at first."

"So thousands of little alligators that tourists send or bring up from Florida starve to death after they get here. They live a few weeks, or a month or two, without eating anything, and then just die."

"Maybe this is just as well in the case of these alligators, for the alligator would hardly do for a household pet, and, as a matter of fact, the owners of these small alligators are likely to be pretty well tired of them, anyway, before they die."

"But, now, with alligators kept for show purposes, especially the larger ones, it's different. You can't afford to have them dying off you and you've got to feed 'em somehow; if they won't eat you've got to devise some way of making 'em."

"One way of doing this, with the larger 'gators is to throw food into 'em. To be able to do this you have got, of course, to get them to open their mouths, and in doing this you must, of course, exercise due care, for you don't want an alligator to bite off your hand or anything like that."

"One way of feeding these large alligators is to stand off at a safe distance with a stick suitable length in one hand and a chunk of meat in the other. With the stick you scratch the alligator's head until you get its snout and it raises its upper jaw, opening its mouth, to snap at you if it can. Then, when its mouth is wide open like that, you give it the meat and it takes it."

"Many a sizable alligator, say, three or four feet and upward in length, that would otherwise have been lost has been saved in this manner by experienced animal feeders. After the 'gator once gets to feeding, why, then it will eat all right."

Nature gives a life-draught that artificiality knows not how to brew. Our nature has become great through its newness, its nearness to primitive conditions; through the opportunities that come from tapping the storehouses of nature at first hand; and through such manly qualities as vigor, energy, and enthusiasm, which have been developed in overcoming natural conditions and living face to face with the real world. Our great cities would decay from their own unnatural conditions were it not for the constant streams of fresh, honest, vigorous manhood and womanhood constantly flowing in from the suburbs and the country at large. The artificial human crop will no more supply the demand than hothouses will supply the food of the world. The sun-kissed fields and wind-purified hills must always be relied on for men and bread.

There are many reasons for the greater success of country boys. The stamina of the forest, the streams, the hills, and the valleys is in their veins; each has more iron in his blood; his fiber is firmer, and his staying power greater than those of a delicate or flabby city youth, reared amid unnatural surroundings, in a wilderness of brick and stone. The chemists of the soil, air and sunshine become a part of his very constitution.

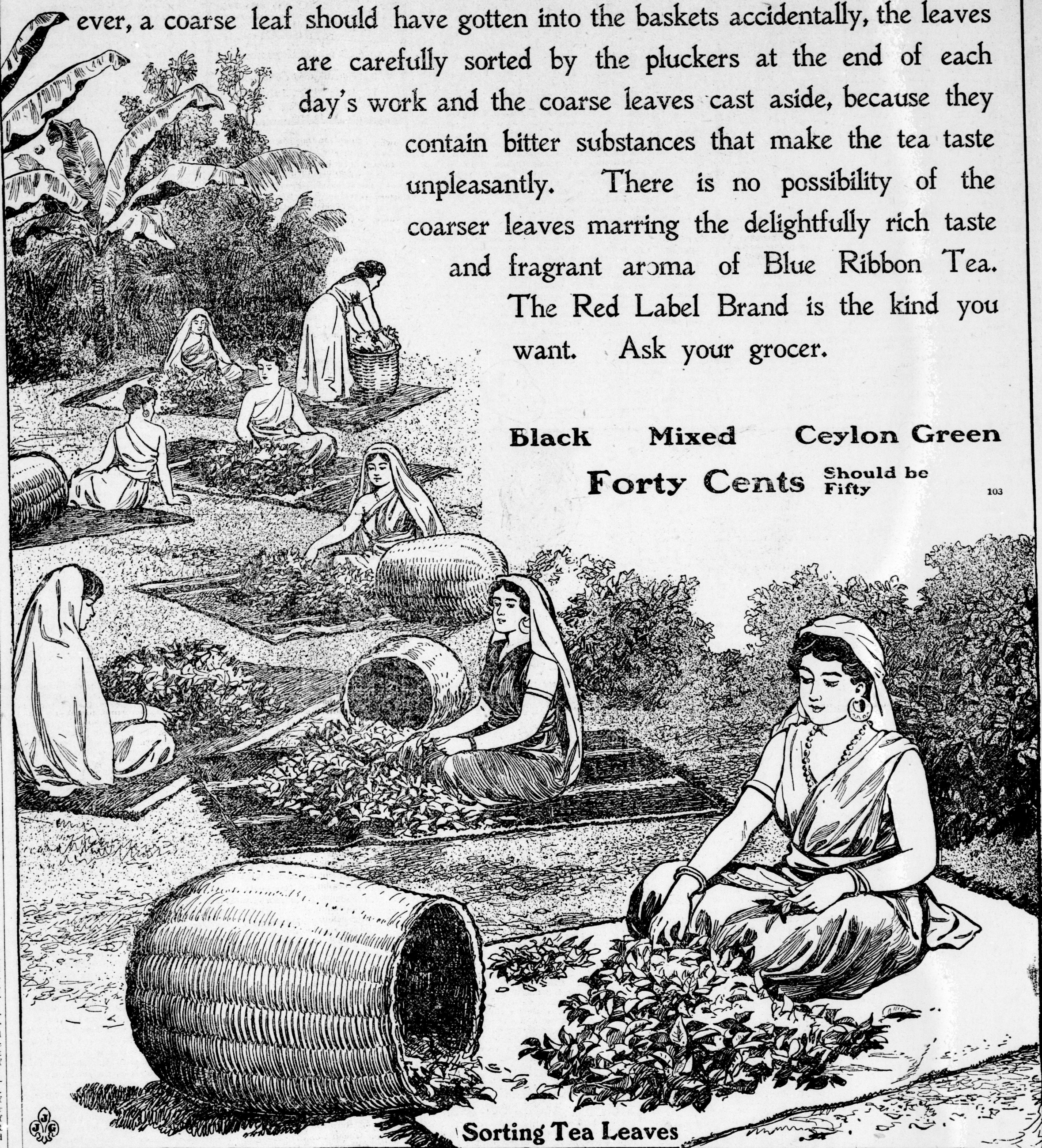
The freely-circulating ozone breathed in great inspirations during muscular effort gives him lasting lung power. Plowing, hoeing and mowing add vigor to his muscles. The farm is a gymnasium, manual training school. The hated chores not only give him exercise, but also develop his practical powers and ingenuity. He must make implements or toys that he cannot afford to buy, or cannot readily procure. He must run, adjust, and repair many machines. He is a stranger to no mechanical principle or tool, and in an emergency he always has a remedy that makes him a "handy man" in any occupation.

Untold benefit, besides mere physical health and manual dexterity, is derived from the life of a country boy. He lives closer to nature, in constant touch with the creating power which brings forth all that is natural and real. He touches the truth of being as a city boy never does. He is in a perpetual school of reality, for the panorama of landscapes, and the seasons' phenomena teach him secrets, and wake in him a wide understanding of life, if he but open his mind to their impressions. He gets his ideas of grandeur from the mighty sweep of alternating valleys and hills. He learns sublimity from the mountains' aspiring reach toward the clouds. He absorbs peace and tranquility from deep, winding rivers. The power of natural forces he feels in rushing storms, and hears in the crash of thunder. Providence appears to him in a thousand ways in the ingenious provisions for insect life and animal life. Love teaches its lesson in the maternity of dumb animals.

He lives in the wonderful laboratory of the Great Creator, where he can watch the processes working miracles in the soil, calling out from the black earth the most exquisite colors and odors of flowers and herbs, food for man and beast, and timber for manifold uses. The unfolding of buds, the storing of juices in fruits, the develop-

Blue Ribbon Ceylon Tea

Only the most delicate top shoots and buds are used in Blue Ribbon Tea, because they make the richest, most fragrant delicious tea. In case, however, a coarse leaf should have gotten into the baskets accidentally, the leaves are carefully sorted by the pluckers at the end of each day's work and the coarse leaves cast aside, because they contain bitter substances that make the tea taste unpleasantly. There is no possibility of the coarser leaves marring the delightfully rich taste and fragrant aroma of Blue Ribbon Tea. The Red Label Brand is the kind you want. Ask your grocer.



Sorting Tea Leaves

Black Mixed Ceylon Green
Forty Cents Should be Fifty

STAMINA AND POWER ARE NOT CITY-BRED

Sun-Kissed Fields and Wind-Swept
Hills Furnish Map and Food.

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ment of fiber in plants and trees, the activities of bees, and of birds and other animals, and the use and handling of every kind of material—all these things afford one long course in practicality. These are some of the sources of the country boy's stamina, his superior knowledge of every-day things and his fitness for every emergency.

The very freedom of the country boy who roams through the forest and over the hills and valleys, without let or hindrance, is a powerful factor in stamina-forming.—O. S. Marden, in Success.

TAKE WARNING

And Use Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets Before
You Suffer as Did Jackson Johnston,
of Norham, Ont.

Have you the first slight aches and pains that are the advance agents of Indigestion and Dyspepsia? If you have, listen to the warning message of Jackson Johnston, of Norham, Ont. "I had been doctoring for Chronic Dyspepsia for nearly 20 years," writes Mr. Johnston, "in which time I spent a large amount of money for doctors and medicines. About two years ago I was taken with Diarrhea which became chronic."

"I continued to grow weaker and was at last confined to my bed for a time. Then I was persuaded to try Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets and from that time my gradual return to health began."

"In writing this I am prompted by a desire to benefit my fellow beings. Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets have been instrumental in taking me from the brink of the grave."

You will never have Mr. Johnston's experience if you use Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets who you feel the first symptoms of Indigestion.

Children and the Yellow Press.

There are lessons and lessons. Lessons of good and lessons of evil; lessons that instruct and lessons that efface true knowledge; lessons that elevate and amuse, lessons that debase without contributing to enjoyment. Of this class are the illustrated lessons which the majority of present-day great dailies fling out weekly in their colored supplements. As a French writer once said of an anti-patriotic farce, so might we say of these pictures, "they would be very amusing if their effects were not so deplorable."

Here we have entire pages consecrated to these serial pictures, showing in various stages stories of young lads playing all kinds of practical jokes—robbing cupboards, choking dogs, hanging cats, breaking furniture, setting traps for their parents, and performing the most mischievous acts imaginable. What is the natural result of all this? Decidedly the parents give these supplements to the children to read and play with. The young ones laugh over the fun depicted, and have a real good time. If it were to end there the matter might not be half so bad; but, then, a child is imitative, a child always wants to "play" the story that has been told, and the children get to work to do exactly, in reality, what they have seen in the pictures. They get down to the practice of the precepts inculcated by these colored and comic supplements, and the consequences are deplorable in many homes.

Now, we have not so much sympathy for the parents whose children become practical jokers of the most destructive kind, because they took the trouble to give the children the lessons necessary

to start them on that evil track. But we feel for the children. The worst result to me the mere brooking of things in the house and the carrying on of all kinds of dangerous and mischief-making games, but it is the spirit of destructiveness that the children acquire and which frequently follows them on through life.

There is nothing elevating, nothing refined, nothing good in these caricatures, these vulgar colored supplements. They are calculated to produce untold harm in the world, and the moral wrong they do can never justify the men who gain a few dollars for their papers at the expense of the training and natures of the children of a rising generation. We have no hesitation in saying that these colored supplements work as much moral havoc of a kind amongst children, as immoral pictures work amongst grown-up people. In fact, more; for the older people have powers of resisting the suggestions and temptations that are set in their way, while the children are instinctively impelled to imitate that which they find so amusingly placed under their eyes. This is but one phase of a yellow and debasing journalism that most eventually be frowned down by society—or it will crush society in its most tender members.—The Montreal True Witness.

Torturing Piles

First symptoms—Moisture; intense itching; constant desire to scratch, most at night. If allowed to continue, tumors form. Often protrude, ulcerate and bleed. Instant relief; no pain; no knife. Certain cure—simply use

Swaine's Ointment

Harmless; healing. Half a century's test proves that it never fails. At druggists. 50 Cents. Try before you buy, address: Dr. Swaine & Son, Philadelphia, who will gladly mail, in a plain wrapper, a Black SAMUEL ROX EXHIBIT.

Mail Breakfast Food

It Makes the Morning Meal
a Delight and Comfort.

ALL GROCERS.