



Cleveland Plaindealer.

JUST ONE MORE BLOW.

DISTINGUISHED
ANTI-OSLERITESNOTED INSURANCE MEN WHO RE-
FUITE THE DOCTOR'S THEORY.

[From the Insurance World.]

The future builds for us as a possibility a new sect, "Oslersites," founded upon a belief in the statement of a certain Dr. Oslar, of Baltimore. The doctor has the hardihood to maintain that at 40 years of age a man has ceased to be at his best intellectually, that men under that age have done, and are doing, the larger portion of the world's best work, and that there is no usefulness in a man over 60. That any man of acknowledged ability should make such a statement that it is possible for marked skill to run in a defined groove; a groove so deep and narrow that the man within fails absolutely of a broad knowledge of the world without. The doctor appears to have dug such a trench with his surgical instruments. Its edges have obscured his vision so that he presumes to judge all humanity by the action of the men he has seen under the knife. The physical strength of youth there is better than the mental strength of age. It is also somewhat surprising that Dr. Oslar, who is himself on the borderland of 60, should be willing to confess to the nearness of his own uselessness. His falling powers must, we conclude, have inspired the statement. Let us consider a few facts from the viewpoint of fire insurance. It must be conceded that there is no business in which experience counts for so much. It is those men who can look back furthest with the years, that have, as a rule, built the most successful companies that have advocated and maintained the most useful methods that have legislated to the

best result. The older and experienced heads regulating and directing the energies of perhaps younger men are the bulwarks of the business today. It can safely be said that experience (and experience comes only with time), is the basic principle of successful fire underwriting. Here are a few names, living and live monuments to the fallacy of "Oslersism."

George L. Chase, president Hartford Fire, born 1829.

Wm. B. Clark, president Aetna Fire, born 1841.

John D. Browne, president Connecticut Fire, born 1838.

E. T. Bedell, president Queen Fire, born 1839.

J. M. Hare, manager Norwich Union, born 1842.

Charles Platt, President Insurance Companies of North America, born 1829.

James Nichols, president National of Hartford, 1852.

D. W. C. Skilton, president Phoenix of Hartford, born 1829.

Robert E. Beath, president United Firemen, born 1829.

Henry W. Eaton, manager L. and L. G., born 1839.

Tattnall Building president Delaware, born 1840.

George T. Cram, president American Commercial, born 1834.

E. Dale Benson, president Pennsylvania Fire, born 1841.

These are but a few chosen at random, and the list could be extended to considerable length with names of men from north, south, east and west, whose energies have not dimmed with the years, and who are still capable of directing successfully the immense responsibilities in their charge.—J. Campbell Haywood.

The stroke of a lion's paw is the third strongest force in the animal world. The first is the blow of a whale's tail and the second the kick of a giraffe.

WEAKNESS

Right now, today, is the time to look for better health. If you use Ferrozone you'll find it. Ferrozone is a grand blood renovator, makes the vital fluid rich, red and nutritious. By strengthening the blood, a current of life is sent into every nook and corner of the body that puts stamina and staying power into all weak organs.

A complete restoration to health and spirits of youth is within the reach of everyone that uses the food tonic, Ferrozone. You can hardly afford to miss the benefit of such a strength-giving medicine. Hadn't you better try it?

FERROZONE

It is impossible for any one to be weak or nervous if they use Ferrozone. It possesses the power to kindle new vitality and strength in systems of people almost dying of weakness.

It is an extraordinary and magical tonic, a wonderful re-builder, far-famed for its lasting cures.

You'll never know what real good health means until you have used Ferrozone, which contains more actual nourishment and strength-giving elements than you can get in any other way.

As a blood purifier, nerve strengthener, and appetizing tonic, Ferrozone has positively no equal.

Makes Vital Strength!

CAUTION—Beware of the unscrupulous dealer who urges you to accept something "just as good" as Ferrozone. No substitute can cure, so be sure you get Ferrozone. Price 50 cents per box or six boxes for \$2.50, at all dealers or by mail, from N. C. Polson & Co., Hartford, Conn., U. S. A. and Kingston, Ont.

THE DECEPTIVE TOAD;
HOW HE HIDES AWAYSTRANGE STORIES TOLD ABOUT
HIM EXPLAINED.

Have you ever seen a toad bury himself? Often, in moving a box or flowerpot which has stood in a dark and sheltered corner of the garden, you will discover a toad underneath. But he is not at all easy to see. His flat, rough back is perfectly level with the surface on which the box rested, for the toad is so loose and bulky in figure that he can accommodate himself like putty to the flat bottom of the box under which he has hidden.

It is this habit of the toad, to be discovered by the merest accident in the midst of soil which has apparently formed around him, since there is no visible aperture by which he entered, that gives rise to the belief that toads can live for untold ages underground.

When, too, miners and others—worthy men, who are evidently trying to tell you the unvarnished truth—speak of toads which have withstood the action of the block of coal split open, and a live toad is seen exactly fitting the hole, that is the center, the narrative seems to be no more than a startling confirmation of your own theory.

The fact is, of course, that the creature has buried himself where you found him, and so quietly and unobtrusively that operation performed that, even if you happen to be looking in that direction, no movements catch the eye. The toad simply sinks into the soft ground backward, his long hind-legs, and so he is hidden, upward, around and over himself. Thus he smoothly closes over him, and, though he has no sign whatever on the surface of his presence, he fills exactly the same space as before he burrowed a fraction of an inch lower.

Consequently, our friend the toad sets out upon his little journey with so little suspicion that it is the looker rather than a deep well to see luckless toads straggling on the top of the water far below, to be seen by the light of a lantern.

Arrived below, he follows nature's rule, and finds some crevice into which he can bury himself backward, and then, with the loose debris which his entry displaces, only coming out at intervals to search for food. He is thus able to hide a blow of pick of shovel above his hiding place, and as blocks fall aside, there, in a cavity exactly fitting his shape, the trace of any hole by which he could have entered, is a small, round, dark stain, an equally astonishing thing.

A very simple geological calculation then fixes the approximate number of millions of years of life that the toad must have remained in the center of what has gradually become a block of coal—answers.

Popular Science.

When the newest English "penny-in-the-slot" apparatus receives its coin, a music box at a distance, as in another room, begins to play, being operated by a wire which is quite white. Longer exposure developed muscular paralysis.

In calcium carbonate and nitrate, a membrane separates the carbide from the water. The membrane is ruptured electrically, and five minutes later the gas generated is exploded by another electric spark.

Banaharina, the new food of fine quality from the plantain, is reported to have proven an agreeable and healthful food. In Venezuela, where it seems to be gaining favor, it is especially recommended as nutritious food for children and invalids.

Keeping one lot of plants for two months in an atmosphere containing five times the normal proportion of carbonic acid, and another lot in ordinary air. The former has shown an average increase of growth due to the carbonic acid of 90 per cent. The plants included lettuce, tobacco, cucumber, geranium and mint.

The up-to-date water bottle keeps the water in its place as coils of wire, and when the bottle is connected with the plug in an electric fixture, the current heats these coils to the desired temperature, which is maintained as long as needed. The advantage is obvious. The bottle is neither too warm nor too cold, it does not scald, and it promptly gives the proper heat without waiting for water to boil.

While a diving-bell 17 feet in diameter was being lowered at the Government harbor works, Dover, the other day, it passed through a shoal of sprats and 1,000 of the fish were caught in the bell and carried down to the sea bottom, where the divers secured them.

Since the Bureau of Plant Industry was organized three years ago it has been necessary to increase its force nearly 50 per cent, and it now employs 500 workers, 60 per cent of whom are engaged in scientific investigation and its application to the farm, the orchard and the garden.

VETERAN'S STORY OF CHARGE
OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE

By Lady Henry Somerset in the N. Y. Journal.

It was a gray spring morning, when I crossed the city to go to London's great fish market at the Monument. Billingsgate has an unenviable reputation for rough language and rougher people, and at 6 o'clock in the morning it was filled with costers with their barrows, eager buyers from the west end shops, porters, entreating to be allowed to carry huge crates of fish, the air resounding with every conceivable cry.

The silver-covered scales of immovable fish covered the roadway and the pavement, and dead fish were everywhere handled by busy human hands. But it was not with the intention of buying in the fish market that I went at that early hour, but with the desire to find a man who was employed as a porter, and who had been one of the heroes in charge of the Light Brigade at Balaclava. I had on the previous day received a letter which ran as follows:

My Ladyship: We want your help for poor old Frank. He is getting too old to work, and he thinks as you'll excuse us writing but 'e's awful bad, 'e's worn out, and we're sorry for 'im, old Frank's mates."

And then followed six names written with evident difficulty. The old man had for years earned a scanty living by carrying crates of fish, until he could do so no longer, and now, worn and weary, he could find no work, and yet he dreaded the poorhouse beyond expression. I had but to make a few inquiries to find the man I sought, tall, square-shouldered he stood in the road, but his face was white and transparent, and the big bones were scantily covered with flesh.

The description of the man's mates was accurate, he was "worn out," and he talked with him a while and he told me his history, how he was a native of Nottingham, and enlisted in the Enlistment Dragoons, serving with them through the Crimean campaign, and had been discharged as a corporal at the expiration of his term of enlistment. And then, drawing out of his pocket a little package of newspaper he unwrapped something, handling it as a devout Catholic might the most sacred relic, and he showed me his Crimean medal. I knew what he would answer me, but I wanted to hear him say it, and so I asked him why in dire straits he had not parted with it. He looked at me for a moment as though he sought I could not read his mind, and said: "Dye think I'd ave risked my life to get it and then sell it even for bread? I'd much sooner ave died!"

A little more conversation, and I found that he had a son in New York, and his one object was to get to him, and that within a few weeks he sailed for America, and for the time I heard of him no more.

Some years afterwards tidings were brought to me of him in New York. His health had mended somewhat when he first got to America, but the disfigurement which was so deeply rooted was not to be eradicated even by American sunshine. The last illness of the old soldier, however, had been a severe one, and he was that within a few weeks he sailed for America, and for the time I heard of him no more.

On the day before his death, his birthday, he seemed a little better, and sat up in his sick-bed, propped up by pillows. His worn eyes were pleased to greet a face from the home land. His mind, they said, constantly wandered back to the exciting scenes of his earlier life, and he was glad to welcome a sympathetic visitor. For a few days he seemed to be getting on his feet, and then he would brush back the long disheveled hair from his forehead, and mop away the big drops of perspiration that had

gathered on his forehead, and he would say: "There's a grippin'!"

He gazed out of the window and did not stir for a long time; in the distance he saw the playing and the old man's eyes glistened, and for a few minutes he stared around at the humble furnishings of his room, at some old colored prints on the wall, and he would say: "There's a grippin'!"

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Head-ache

Most headaches are caused by the liver. This vital organ becomes torpid. No bile is excreted, bringing Constipation. This affects both stomach and kidneys. And they in turn, bring the headaches from which so many people suffer.

Fruit-atives

or Fruit Liver Tablets

make dull, aching heads as clear as a bell. They act as a tonic on the liver—increased the flow of bile—cure Constipation—prevent Indigestion and Dyspepsia—and keep the kidneys strong and well. Try these famous fruit tablets, and see how much better you feel.

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The Man On the Box

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The Judas Kiss.

Dr. H. W. Wiley, the brilliant and original chief of the Bureau of Chemistry of the Department of Agriculture, was asked the other day by a reporter why he did not investigate

"Rouge," the reporter said, "may be very harmful, very poisonous, sir. Don't you think that it requires investigation?"

Dr. Wiley smiled. "I can't say I do," he answered, "I can't say I do. If rouge were poisonous, unnumbered women would have died of it long ago."

"By the way, I'll tell you a queer thing about rouge. It is something that I came upon one day in the pharmacy, and I think it illustrates an odd phase of human nature."

"A young girl was buying a pot of rouge, and I heard her murmur to the clerk:

"You guarantee that this will not rub off?"

"I do, indeed," the clerk answered. "This, like all our rouges, is warranted to stand the hardest kiss of investigation that any of your women friends will try on it."

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A 50c. Bottle for a Heavy Cold.
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