

DRIVING TENT PINS.

ONE OF THE INTERESTING SIGHTS OUTSIDE THE CIRCUS.

An Old Show Frequenter Describes the Remarkable Team Work by a Gang of Men Welding Sledge Hammers That He Witnessed.

"Not all of the interesting sights of a circus are included in those seen at the public performances by any means," said an old circus goer. "I never myself saw anything more interesting about a circus than the unloading of a big three ring show from the cars it traveled in when on the road and the moving of this outfit out to the show grounds and the pitching of the tents and so on. And not the least interesting thing to look at in all this was the driving of the big tent pins by which the great canvas was held up. That was certainly something astonishing to see. I'd seen some pretty work by drillers—three or four men with sledge hammers standing around a drill held by another man and striking upon that one after another with an absolutely uniform and unbroken succession of blows—but I never saw any hammer work that began to equal this of the circus men driving tent pins.

"The tent pin had first been laid out on the ground by a man who walked around with a hammer, indicating the spots where the pins were to go. Whenever he stopped or made a mark a man with him stuck into the ground a big steel skewer with a colored rag tied through a ring in the top. When the wagons with the poles and pins came along, pins were dropped out around on the ground, one handy to each of these markers.

"The pins were each about six feet in length by an inch and a half to two inches in diameter, with a ferrule around the top to prevent its splitting or fraying under the hammer blow, and shod with a steel point to preserve that end and make it easier to drive the pin into the ground. These giant tent pins were to hold each a rope coming down to it from the edge of the great canvas roof, and they must hold it securely, and so that they must be driven deep. As a matter of fact each one of them was sunk until only about six inches of it remained above the ground. Formidable a task as it might have seemed to be to put those pins down, they were sunk to their heads with the greatest apparent ease in considerably less than a minute apiece by a gang of men numbering eight or ten and working all together, who moved steadily along from pin to pin until the work was done.

"They were staid men, every one, and superlative experts at pin driving. One pin driven, the boss of the gang would move out toward the next, the rest of the men sauntering along with him and after him, each man carrying a ten pound sledge. The other eight men stake from where they lay on the ground, the boss would stand it on end, with its point where it belonged, he would hit it once whack on the head with his sledge, driving it in far enough so that it would stand steady by itself, though that would leave it still standing about as tall as an ordinary man. The other eight men then came in by this time got settled into a true ring around the stake, and in the next instant after the hammer of the boss dropped off it, the hammer of the first man to his left came down upon it. This man's sledge had been going up and over and down through the air to fall upon the stake as the boss stepped back.

"As the sledge of this first striker dropped from the head of the stake the sledge of the next man to him descended upon it, and so they went, round the circle, the hammers coming down one after another just as rapidly and as closely together as they could come without interfering. The sounds that the hammers struck made on the stake were not like the beating of a roll on a drum exactly, but they were something like the drummer's beating of a drum—m-m-m-m, if that conveys any idea to you, just before he merges, with a bang, in some movement that quick succession of strokes into the roll itself. Or you might say that for rapidity the hammer strokes were like the sounds of the buckets of a steamboat's paddle wheel striking the water, except that there was no slowing or quickening as there is in paddle wheel strokes. The strokes of the hammers were absolutely truly spaced, while the only variation in sound heard here was in that of the way they were struck, which varied a little in pitch, its inflection rising as the stake went down.

"The strokes swept round till it came the boss' turn. He had long since settled into his place in the now perfect ring, and when his turn came he stepped down and descended in true succession with the rest, and, sweeping on beyond, the strokes went round again. Looking at the men now they seemed the same strange machine with ten arms radiating from the center and operated from there by somebody playing on a keyboard and touching the keys as rapidly as he could in regular succession. Twice this wave of strokes swept round, and the stake was driven home. Then once more the boss appeared, moving out from the now irregular bunch of men to the next stake, where precisely the same thing was repeated.

"And that's the way they kept working, right along to the finish, with machine-like regularity and precision. I didn't count them, but I should say there might have been from 60 to 80 of those great tent pins, set out ten feet apart and forming in outline a great oblong, and they drove them all in less than an hour.

"How do they get the pins up again? With a very simple contrivance that works like a stump puller."

Rode Before the Storm. A very witty fellow was Tom Brown, a farmer, who being out on horseback one day, was overtaken by a thunder storm and, seeing a shed by the side of the road, rode into it. There was, however, only room to get the fore part of the horse and himself out of the rain, consequently the hind part of the horse got wet.

When the storm ceased, he rode away and met a friend, who shouted out: "Hello, Brown! How is it that you and the fore part of the horse are dry and the hind part wet?" "Oh, oh," said Brown, "that's the way to do it! I rode before the storm all the way, and it never got nearer to me than the back of the saddle."—London Tit-Bits.

JUST A TRIFLE GAUDY.

It Was Not the Kind of Wagon the Old Man Expected. "It's a hard life," declared the old circus man, "and I always say at the close of every season that I am through with it. But there is something in the life, the smell of the savdust ring, the glitter and noise, the changing scene, that appeals to a man who has once been in the business, and it is seldom that one leaves the life until death steps in. There is a good deal of humor in the business, too, as we will bring into contact with all sorts and conditions of men.

"I am reminded of a funny thing that happened to me a good many years ago when such a thing as moving a circus by rail was not thought of. It was part of my work at that time to drive our great \$10,000 chariot not only in the parade, but between towns as well. What little sleep I got I had to catch here and there on my seat while we were on our way to another town. One night my doze turned into a sound sleep, and when I awoke I discovered that the team, left without a driver, had turned into a farmyard and come to a stop before a haystack, where they were quietly eating. While I was rubbing my eyes and trying to grasp the situation the old man who owned the hay came out where I was and walked around the chariot and looked it over with a critical eye.

"Well," said I, with a grin, "what do you think of it?" "Gosh," said he, "ain't hit jes a trifle bit gaudy?" "Well, what do you expect? I ride indignantly at this implied reflection upon the great moral show that I represented.

"Well, I suppose hit is all right," answered the old man doubtfully as he looked it over once more. "I ordered hit, and I'll stand by my bargain. Hit seems ter me that hit is jes a bit loud. But I suppose I ain't used to city ways." "It was now my turn to be surprised, and I was about to ask him what he was driving at when he added that I might as well unhitch, as the funeral wouldn't be until 2 in the afternoon.

RIBBONS FOR A MARRIAGE.

Purple and Gold on Dooknoob's Forehead. A man named Buck, an Englishman, who I do not know who the thing originated or where it came from, "observed an old resident to a reporter, "but I do know of a custom in my boyhood days in Washington, say 50 years ago, that, as far as I can learn, does not exist now. It was of draping street doorknobs with purple or gold colored ribbons the day a wedding was to be celebrated in a house. It was the custom certainly in the old Fifteenth street and Row creek—and I am sure in some other sections, if not all over the city. I was told once that the custom prevailed in Europe many years ago, but had fallen into disuse here. It seems that on the day of the house, the parents of the bride or others did not provide the outside decoration, friends furnished it. The mark was hung like the ordinary funeral craps on the door. In the case of a wedding, the majority of the cases a purple ribbon was used, but I have seen a gold colored ribbon used. The ends hung long always, reaching to the level of the bottom of the door.

"I have known of this decoration being placed on doors even without the consent of the parties who were to be married and understood that it was done by the notice of the clergyman who was to perform the marriage and who did it for his own protection in cases where the marriage banns had not been regularly made public in the church. The custom of reading out marriage banns was almost universal in the early days of Washington, all denominations joining in it. In some churches they were read on three successive Sundays, in others on two Sundays, while in others one Sunday. In some cases where the people who were to be married were not church-goers or who did not desire that their banns should be published in the churches some clergymen demanded that public notice should be given of the wedding by the doorknob decorations, which was hung 'at early breakfast time' and remained on the knob until after the wedding was celebrated. In cases where there were to be weddings at churches I have known of a similar sign being given. Some ministers objected very seriously to the custom, though others were as strongly in its favor. I have not seen anything or indeed heard any one talk even of the custom for at least 50 years, but it was very generally observed a half century ago here and, for all I know, in other cities."

Timber in England. By the general laws of England oak, ash and elm are "timber" if not younger than 20 years or so old that a good post cannot be cut from them. What constitutes "timber" varies slightly, according to locality. But when a tree is proved to be "timber" a person who has only a life interest in the land it grows upon cannot cut it down unless it be on an estate cultivated solely for the production of salable timber or unless he has a special agreement giving him the power to do so.

The Poet. "Sir," said the long haired one indignantly to the editor, "the poet is born." "Oh, is he?" retorted the editor. "Well, I'm darned sorry he is. But this isn't the place where they take in the birth notices. You go on down stairs to the business office."

In the Sanctum. Copy Reader—Here's a four column story on germs in drinking water. What shall I do with it? Editor—Kill the germs. Copy Reader—Kill the germs? Editor—Yes; boil it down.

Liquids placed in vessels containing earthenware are quickly cooled. The reason is that the porous earthenware quickly becomes saturated, and the evaporation from its surface causes it to become quite cold.

"Destiny," said the pensive boarder, "is like a chicken. It isn't everybody who can carve it to his entire satisfaction."—Puck.

STEER RUINED A BULLFIGHT.

Texas Longhorn Had Ideas of Sport and Changed the Programme.

A resident of Des Moines was a witness to a Spanish bullfight at Seville, Spain, a few years ago in which one of the animals in the amphitheater was a Texas, and a steer, he says, will never attack a horse or a man on horseback. A man on foot he may kill, but a man on horseback he will not molest. He also does not shut his eyes when he charges, while a bull takes his line and then shuts his eyes and charges, never deviating from the line his sight gave him before he closed his orbs. This it is that enables the torador to step so easily out of the way, for the bull, not seeing, makes no attempt to reach the man when he has moved from the spot he occupied when the bull charged.

"The only trial of the Texas steer," continued the Iowa, "was pulled off at Seville, and while they intended potting seven the first one they let loose gave them all they wanted and quickly brought that experiment to an inglorious finish. After the steer had cavorted about the ring for awhile he turned his head loose. The steer paid no attention to him, but the horse, fearful of the unknown beast, would not advance. In came a helper with a sharp stick, and the steer, positively bellowing for joy, started, and the crowd supposed, for the horse. By him the steer went in pursuit of the bigger game, and the helper shortly cleared the protective fence, with ten feet to spare owing to the steer's assistance. The representative of the Texas cattle trade went over that six foot barrier as though it was a prairie dog mound of his native plains, but the helper won out to one of the protective boxes and safety.

The steer did not rest at him, but finding it impossible looked about for other game with which to sport. The stone seats are ten feet above the ground, and this has always been an insurmountable barrier for a bull, but they reckoned without their Texas steer when they built them, for as soon as the steer's eye lit on the throne above his head he stepped back, and the next instant he was among them. Before the people could escape he had tossed half a dozen into the ring, but they were all rescued by the ring attendants. The stone seats cleared, the steer returned to the ring, and, seeing no one else to throw down the gage of battle, took the exact center of the ring and belovied his defiance to the universe. In the meantime the management had been busy, and a soldier with a Mauser rifle had been summoned from a nearby barracks by the box rail as a rest for the steady aim, and with the ping of the bullet the steer's life ended, but the Spaniards had not experimented with American steers in Spanish bull rings since that time, nor are they likely to again."

An Earthquake.

Yokohama and the neighboring Tokyo are said to have about 50 earthquake shocks a year. Most of them are insignificant, but now and then comes one of a different sort. In 1891 the Japan Mail described the experience of a man who had witnessed the terrible earthquake at Gifu.

He had just finished dressing when the first shock came. He crawled and dragged himself out of the house, for to walk was all but impossible. The next moment, so highly strung as he was, he burst into laughter at seeing the markable way in which a girl was moving down the garden path, stepping high in the air, as it seemed.

Then, looking over his shoulder, he saw a great and ancient temple, which he had been admiring the previous day, leap into the air and fall in dreadful ruin. The whole town in an instant swept away before his eyes, and out came a great cloud of dust as a screaming, gesticulating, wildly frantic crowd of men, women and children, rushing hither and thither, they knew not where, for refuge from the great destruction which had come upon them.

China's Great Canal System. The canal system of China is the most extensive in the world with the possible exception of that of Holland. Wherever the lay of the land permits the thrifty natives have made a canal. The benefits are able to carry the products of his labor to market with the minimum of expense. It must be acknowledged, however, the process is carried out with the expenditure of the maximum of labor. The waterways range in size from the Grand canal hundreds of miles in length and navigable by deep water junk, to the little "neighborhood" canal of barely sufficient width for two sampans: to pass each other. They serve for a variety of purposes of navigation and in place of roads for trade and commerce, but also as local fish preserves, as breeding pools for water fowl and for laundry purposes. In most of the canals there is more or less current, so they are not the menace to health that is generally supposed.—National Geographic Magazine.

The Land of the Bean.

Singularly the ordinary bean, which only the Bostonians know how to cook properly, may be cultivated with certainty of profit in only a small part of the country. For many years Monroe, Orleans and Niagara counties in New York state, produced many more beans than any other similar area in the world. Their bean crop was the only one of importance on earth. Brockport, in Monroe county, was the world's bean metropolis, and farmers near there made small fortunes out of beans.

Just as Good.

He—I say, miss, is there a drugstore open anywhere near here? Barmaid (at railway restaurant)—No; they're all shut. He—No place where I could buy a rubber ring or something like that, suitable for a baby cutting its teeth? Barmaid—No. He (in a tone of resignation)—Well, then, wrap me up one of your ham sandwiches.

Then There Was War. Matilda of uncertain age, but who is about to be married—Harry has put some beautiful old fashioned furniture in the house. He has a crazy Melissa (unable to open her mouth or say a word)—I should just as well ask to marry him.

Your wife seems to have taken a violent dislike to Meecham. "Yes, when he was at the house the other day he leaned his head back against one of the ornamental tiles she keeps on the rocking chair for that purpose."—Chicago Tribune.

THE HOME OF MAGIC.

MARVELOUS SIGHTS SAID TO HAVE BEEN SEEN IN TIBET.

A Revolting Exhibition in Which the Body is Horribly Mutilated and the Wounds Are Instantly Healed, Leaving Not a Scar Behind.

The country known to English speaking folk as Tibet bears a very different aspect to that of the students of the occult as Bod, or Bod-yl, "the country of Bod." The name Bod probably refers to Buddha. Though ostensibly Buddhists, the people of Bod are in reality slaves to Lamaism, a system of theology which has been defined as "Buddhism corrupted by Sivalism and by Shamanism, or spirit worship." Shamanism is the dominant cult of Mongolia and is a system of demon worship rather than spirit worship. Tibet is regarded by students of the occult as the home of magic, and whether or not there be "mahatmas" in that wild and weird land, in which the late Mme. Blavatsky, the high priestess of theosophy, it is claimed, served a seven year term, there are usually terrible and revolting acts on the most respectable testimony that the lamas of Bod-yl can and do perform feats which have not yet been explained in terms of science and which can only be regarded as magical.

The performances of the Bokts, or wonder working lamas, are quite as astounding in their way as those of the Indian fakirs, who are Mohammedans, or of the Fakirs of the Fakirs, who are Brahmins, and who are usually terrible and revolting. A Tibetan Bokt who had wandered from his native land and penetrated as far as Benares gave an exhibition of his wonderful powers in one of the vast temples of the holy city a few years ago. He was accompanied and assisted by a mongrel crowd of half human compatriots. The exhibition promised by the wonderful magician was truly an astounding one. He proposed, in view of all beholders, to rip up his abdomen, remove a handful of intestines, display them to the spectators and then replace them again and heal up the wound by a few magical passes, leaving no vestige of the damage inflicted.

Needless to say such exhibitions are not everyday occurrences, and the ordinary globe trotter might traverse India from Cape Comorin to Nepal and not be fortunate enough to witness so marvelous, if revolting, a spectacle as that in question.

When the hour of noon arrived, the lama appeared and took his seat before the raised altar, on which candles had been lighted. Before him was a radiant image of the sun, and on either side of the altar were grim idols which had been placed there by the attendants. In front of the lama was a small, sparsely man, with fixed, glittering eyes, an emaciated frame and an immense mass of long black hair, which floated over his shoulders. He appeared altogether like a walking corpse in a semicircle began to sway their bodies back and forth, singing meanwhile a loud, monotonous chant in rhythm with their movements. In a few minutes the gesticulations of the fakirs increased almost to frenzy. On the lama's head, a pair of horns, and glassy eyes seeming to stare into illimitable distance, without heeding the pandemonium that was raging around him.

"Can he be really living?" whispered one of his neighbors. But this question was speedily answered by the series of convulsive shuddering which at length shook the lama's frame. His dark eyes rolled wildly, and finally nothing but their whites were to be seen, spasm after spasm threatening to shiver the frail tenement and expel its quivering life. The teeth were set and the features distorted as in the worst phases of epilepsy, when suddenly, and just as the tempest of horrible cries and distortions was at its height, the lama seized the long, glittering knife which lay across his knee, drew it rapidly to the hilt, and with a single stroke displayed in all their revolting horror the proofs of the sacrifice in the protruding intestines.

The crowd of awestruck acetics bent their heads to the earth in mute worship. Not a sound broke the stillness, but the deep breathing of the spectators. As length one of them, who had witnessed such scenes before, addressed the living creature—for living he still was, though he uttered no sound—said: "Man, can you tell us by what power this deed of blood is performed without destruction of life?" A dead silence ensued. The living creature moved. It raised its quivering hands and scooped up the blood from the wound, bears it to the lips, which breathe upon it. They then return to the wound. He begins to press the severed parts together and remake the mutilated body. The fakirs shout and send up praises to Brahma; the drums beat; the cymbals clash; shrieks, prayers, invocations resound on all sides. The fragrant incense ascends; the flute players pour forth their shrill cadence; the harps of some European servants stationed in a distant apartment and previously instructed send forth strains of sweet melody amid the frantic clamor.

The ecstatic makes a few more passes, and, after wrapping a scarf previously prepared over the body, as if to cleanse it from the gore in which it was steeped, suddenly he stands upright, casts all his upper garments from him and displays a body unmarked by a single scar. Gesticulations, cries, shouts subside; low murmurs of admiration and worship pass through the dense assembly, and he begins to wipe his face and clean his hands with a white towel.

He is a man of a fine physique, and his sacrifice, a short but fearful one, has been a thankless, and all this is from Home Journal.

"What do you think of it?" "Well, it's a characteristic mark about as hard to read as the mind of a madman."—Chicago Dispatch.

WHAT IS CALLED LUCK.

One-half of a Small Crab Stake Returned \$10,000.

"I don't believe in luck," said a man from California at one of the hotels, "but there does seem to be a case now and then in which fortune actually chases down some fool, grabs him by the hair and in spite of his shrieks and struggles fills his pockets full of gold. The west is full of instances of that kind, but the most remarkable that ever came under my observation occurred at Frisco about six months ago. When the Klondike craze first started in 1898, to tell you the story briefly, a veteran prospector named Peterson drifted into the city looking for somebody who might 'grub stake' him to try his luck in Alaska.

"At last a tobaccoist whom he knew slightly; agreed to stand half the expense and gave him a note to a race horse man asking him to contribute the balance. Peterson found the turfman in a gambling house half tipsy and playing roulette. He read the note, pushed a \$10 stack of chips on the board and said, 'I'll play these for you, and if I can win your stake with 'em you can have 'em.' By a remarkable coincidence he won three or four straight bets, ran the chips up to \$200 and gave the miner the money. The tobaccoist put up \$200 more, and Peterson left on the next ship for St. Michaels. He was soon in the Dawson district, suffered the usual vicissitudes of the gold hunters in that region and finally, just as he was about to give up in despair, located a couple of good claims at the head of Arvil creek, one for himself and one for his 'stakers.' He developed his own prospect during the following summer, got \$12,000 out of it in dust and sold the other for \$18,000. His health broke down, and he last spring he returned home.

"Meanwhile things had gone badly with his patrons. The tobaccoist died suddenly in the fall of 1898, his share in the stake going by custom to his associate, but the horseman had long since forgotten the whole affair, if, indeed, he ever remembered it after he got sober. He had plenty of other things to occupy him in the shape of a sequence of hard luck, eventually cleaned him out and left him flat broke. I know personally he was without the price of a meal half the time during the winter of 1899-1900, and that was about his condition when Peterson struck Frisco in the spring.

"The prospector first inquired for his friend, the tobacco man, and, learning he was dead, started out to hunt up the other partner. It was no easy job, for the horse man, who had long since forgotten the whole affair, if, indeed, he ever remembered it after he got sober. He had plenty of other things to occupy him in the shape of a sequence of hard luck, eventually cleaned him out and left him flat broke. I know personally he was without the price of a meal half the time during the winter of 1899-1900, and that was about his condition when Peterson struck Frisco in the spring.

"Then Peterson got mad. 'Confound your ugly picture!' he said. 'I don't want anything from you except a receipt for \$15,000! Here's the money.' The horse man, who had long since forgotten the whole affair, if, indeed, he ever remembered it after he got sober. He had plenty of other things to occupy him in the shape of a sequence of hard luck, eventually cleaned him out and left him flat broke. I know personally he was without the price of a meal half the time during the winter of 1899-1900, and that was about his condition when Peterson struck Frisco in the spring.

Presence of Mind.

If there be one thing that I more than anything else admire in the having one's wits about one—perhaps because I never had mine. To be possessed only of the esprit d'escaliers is simply an aggravation. An illustrative of ready witted men I recall an incident that I have often told, but never published. Let me do that now in justice to one that is gone. In company with the late J. R. Osgood I once of an evening dropped in at Wallace's and found two gentlemen looking young men came down the aisle and addressed me.

"Beg pardon, but have you checks for those seats?" I was on the point of rising, when Osgood replied: "No. Have you?" They hadn't. It was merely a bit of supreme bluff. But how few would have had the readiness to meet and parry it.—John Paul in Harper's Magazine.

Men and Crows. There is a little sense and more humor in the following extract from an article by Henry Ward Beecher on "Crows," showing how a serious mind may sometimes profitably divert itself and others burdened with the cares of life: "Aside from the special question of profit and loss we have a warm side toward the crow. He is so much like one of ourselves. He is laborious and that is human. He thinks his own color is the best and loves to hear his own voice, which are eminent traits of humanity. He will never work when he can get another to work for him—genuine human trait. He eats whatever he can get his claws upon and is less mischievous with a belly full than when hungry, and that is like a man. Take off their wings and put them in breeches and crows would make fair average men. Give them wings and reduce their smartness a little and many of them would be almost good enough to be crows."

Generous Jack. Helene—Do you know that I have a higher regard for Jack Dasher now than ever since overhearing a remark he made to a friend. It proves him so nobly self sacrificing and generous. Glady's—What did he say? Helene—Why, he said there was hardly a day passed that he didn't take something to his poor old uncle.

JINGLES AND JESTS.

A Summer Episode.

"My only love!" he whispered with caressing, "I will to you forever more be true; I hope your pater will give grace and blessing And that this day we neither one will rue!" He seemed to woo in quite a finished fashion. The alphabet he knew always to sue. And yet he vowed this was his first sweet passion. And she confessed it was her first one too!

What arch deceivers were the man and maiden (I hate to hold this parody to view!) At that same moment were his pockets laden With loving letters from his Liza and Lou! And she? Ah, she had heard the story often. Some lovers six had made 'er her ado. And called her red hair glossy web the golden And said her gray-green eyes had azure hue!

'Twas neither's fault! But Maudie's pere had money. And enterprising youths must have a show To try their wit and be a trifle funny. 'Twas Eve that tempted Adam first, you know!

Life's Tribulations. "What terrible uncertainties beset this life of ours!" exclaimed the youth with a high brow and longish hair. "Yes," answered the languid friend. "Half the time I can't feel perfectly sure whether I have set my alarm clock for 6 o'clock in the morning or 6 o'clock in the afternoon. It's dreadfully annoying when you wake up not to be really certain whether you ought to put on your business suit or your evening clothes."

All His Fault. "Women beat the world." "What's the matter now?" "When my wife wants anything pretty to wear, she hints around until I persuade her to buy it. Then after she has worn it out she pitches into me for encouraging her to be so extravagant."

Owens the House. You ask me if I own the house I live in. Well, I thought it was mine, because with solid cash—All earned by me—I bought it. But now it seems a little chap Who dropped in 't'other night'll Be master here, though to the place I have a clean, clear title.

He's turned the whole house upside down, Changed everything, and yet it Does seem more homelike since he came To out me and upset it. He came as comes a king into town. His own. He showed no papers. But raised his voice and cut a few Not very kind capers.

Within the walls I once thought mine The racial blood course now; I see a door and pay the bill. But baby owns the house now!

An Average Barber. Barber—You don't come very often. Customer—It takes too much time. Barber—I cut hair in ten minutes. Customer—Yes, but it takes three weeks for it to grow enough to look respectable again.

Warning to the Shirt Waist Man. "Penelope wants to go into a convent." "Unconvincedly, I say." "No," she says she is just dead tired of having to make her shirt waist and skirt stay together."

You're For Eurocent? Lives the ingrate here in Eurocent? Who, e'en while we're wildly tossed on Such a torrid wave as promise to sunder Soul and body, soul foundation For no fair hope that salvation Will be ours ere boiling billows sweep us under?

He who's been reeducated, Banned and bathed and reinstated In his right mind by the saving grace of Euro, Does he keep a safe and sane mind? That he isn't going to "miss it," Though imprisoned here all summer in eurocent?

Who that welcomes the careening Slight breath that brings us blessing, Who that tastes the timely tonic of the east wind In the dog days, will remember Not to close it next November Nor revile it as a "good for man nor beast" wind?

Couldn't Stand the Contrast. "The Beeglers have a new coachman." "What did they do with the old one?" "They had to let him go. He looked so superior to the rest of the family."

Capit's Fair Bargain. She' through me over-welladay— No bitter word my lips shall say; But I recall, amid life's cares, On roses 'I've spent words of cash.

Yet, though all's ended, ah, my dear, One solace in my breast I carry. Were fortunes lavished, 'twere worth while, For every rose you gave a smile.

"Every Well Man Hath His Ill Day." A doctor's examination might show that kidneys, liver and stomach are normal, but the doctor cannot analyze the blood upon which these organs depend.

Hood's Sarsaparilla purifies, vitalizes and enriches the blood. It cures you when "a bit off" or when seriously afflicted. It never disappoints. Rheumatism—"I believe Hood's Sarsaparilla has no equal for rheumatism. It has done for me more good than any other medicine I have taken." Mrs. PATRICK KENNEY, Brampton, Ont.

Bad Cough—"After my long illness, I was very weak and had a bad cough. I could not eat or sleep. Different remedies did not help me but Hood's Sarsaparilla built me up and I am now able to attend to my work." MRS. JACQUES OSHAN, Ont.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Never Disappoints. Hood's Pills cure liver ills; the non-irritating and gently cathartic to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Cook's Cotton Root Compound. It is successfully used monthly by over 10,000 Ladies. Safe, effective. Ladies ask your druggist for Cook's Cotton Root Compound. Take no other, as all Mixtures, pills and injections are dangerous. Price, No. 1, 21 per box; No. 2, 10 degrees stronger, 45 per box. No. 1 or 2, mailed on receipt of price and two cents stamp. The Cook Compound Wins! Over 1,000,000 sold and recommended by all reliable Druggists in Canada.

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