

A KINGLY ELEVATOR BOY.

I suppose that the only way for us to find out the men among us who dwell in the uplands of life, and breathe habitually a purer air than of the market-place, is to note those, who, when the chance comes for a noble deed—great or small—do it, simply and naturally, without any preparation. It is a real king's business to be kingly, and when the chance comes to him for his own work, he does it and goes on his way and says nothing about it.

We think that we recognize kings among our great political leaders or

money-makers bowing and smiling to wondering, shouting crowds. And presently some grimy engineer or negro porter in the crowd does some great deed for his fellowmen—gives his life for them, perhaps, and we find out that he was the man of kingly birth—too late.

For example, there was a lean, freckled boy who a year or two ago ran the elevator up and down in an old shakily office building in Philadelphia. I often went up in it, but certainly I never suspected "Billy" of any noble quality which raised him above other boys, high as well as Saul among his brethren.

But one day the old house began to shudder and groan to its foundations, and then one outer wall after another fell amid shouts of dismay from the crowds in the streets. And Billy, as these walls came crashing down, ran his old lift up to the topmost story and back again, crowded with terrified men and women. He did this nine times. Only one side of the building was now standing. The shaft of the elevator was left bare, and swayed to and fro. The police tried to drag the boy out of it, and the mass of spectators yelled with horror as he pulled the chain and began to rise again above their heads.

"There's two women up there yet," said Billy stolidly, and went on up to the top facing the horrible death each minute, and knowing that he faced it. Presently through the cloud of dust the lift was seen coming jerkily down with three figures on it. As it touched the ground the whole building fell with a crash. The women and boy came out on the street unhurt and a roar of triumph rose from the mob.

But it was six o'clock and Billy slipped quietly away in the dusk and went home to his supper. For your real hero does not care for the shouts and clapping of hands.—Rebecca Harding Davis, in The Interior.

BOYS AND CIGARETTES.

The effects of cigarette using by young boys would be a startling revelation to many of their mothers if they understood the alarming proportions to which it has grown in this country.

A magistrate in Harlem court, New York, made the following significant declaration the other day:

"Yesterday I had before me thirty-five boy prisoners. Thirty-three of them were confirmed cigarette smokers. To-day, for a reliable source, I have made the grewsome discovery that two of the largest cigarette manufacturers in this country soak their product in a weak solution of opium."

The fact that out of thirty-five prisoners thirty-three smoked cigarettes might seem to indicate some direct connection between cigarettes and crime.

And when it is announced on authority that most cigarettes are doped with opium, this connection is not hard to understand.

The cigarette is to young boys very much like what whiskey is to grown men. If it does not directly cause crime, it at least accompanies it in nine cases out of ten.

It must be universally admitted that the majority of young boys addicted to cigarettes are generally regarded as bad boys. It is an addiction that does not ally itself with the high virtues of manly youth. It leads to bad associations and bad environment. He must be a strange boy indeed who can derive

moral and physical good from cigarettes.

The growing boy who lets tobacco and opium get a hold upon his senses is never long in coming under the dominion of whiskey, too.

Tobacco is the boy's easiest and most direct road to whiskey. When opium is added, the young man's chance of resisting the combined forces and escaping physical, mental and moral harm is slim indeed.

It is a deadly combination in most cases. There are few, if any, cases in which it is not more or less harmful. Stomach and nerves and will power weakened for life is the common result, even though the habits finally be mastered.—The Cleveland Press.

HOW TO STAND STRAIGHT.

One of the most admirable points in military discipline, says an exchange, is the erectness of figure given by the drill exercises. A "soldierly" bearing is proverbially a fine one. The following rules, if strictly carried out, will give the civilian the benefit of a carriage. Try them and see.

Make it a rule to keep the back of the neck close to the back of the collar. Roll the shoulders backward and downward. Try to squeeze the shoulder blades together many times a day. Stand erect at short intervals during the day—"heal up, chin in, chest out, shoulders back."

Walk or stand with the hands clasped behind the head and the elbows wide apart from ten to forty pounds on the top of the head. Try to look at the top of your high cut vest or your neck-tie. Practice the arm movements of the breast stroke swimming while standing or walking. Hold the arms behind the back. Carry a cane or umbrella behind the small of the back or behind the neck.

Put the hands on the hips, with elbows back and fingers forward. Walk with the thumbs in the armhole of the vest. When walking, swing the arms and shoulders strongly backward. Stand up now and then during the day with all the posterior parts of the body, so far as possible, touching a vertical wall. Look upward as you walk on the sunny side of the street.

AN ESSAY ON THE HORSE.

The following remarkable essay on the horse is said to be from the pen of an Indian student: The horse is a very noble quadruped, but when he is angry he will not do so. He is ridden on the spinal cord by the bridle, and sadly the driver places his foot on the stirrup, and divides his lower limbs across the saddle, and drives his animal to the meadow. He has four legs; two are in the front side and two are afterwards. These are the weapons on which he runs; he also defends himself by extending those in the rear in a parallel direction towards his foe, but this he does only when in a vexatious mood. There is no animal like the horse; no sooner they see their guardian or master than they always cry for food, but it is always at the morning time. They have got tails, but not so long as the cow and other such like animals.—The Herald and Presbyterian.

There is no such thing as a harmless cough. The trouble goes from bad to worse unless checked. Allen's Lung Balsam cures the worst of colds. It allays inflammation and clears the air passages.

HARD, RACKING COUGHS.

Barring accidents, the person who gets along with the least amount of cough will live the longest. Of course, the right time to attack a cough is at the commencement, when it is a simple thing or the right treatment to drive the cough quickly away. As a general thing, however, people spend so much time experimenting with various remedies that the cough is well under way before they know it. Then comes the long siege. You feel the hard racking all through your system, and get relief from nothing. You fill your stomach with nauseating mixtures to no purpose. Then you use compounds containing narcotic, which deceive temporarily, and leave you slightly worse. Some coughs of this kind hang on for weeks or even months, and, of course, they frequently develop into serious lung troubles. A true specific for all coughs is Adamson's Botanic Cough Balsam, and it should be kept in the house against any emergency. With a cough that has become chronic the first effect of this remedy is a lessening of the dull sensation of pain which usually is felt with such a cough. Then you are conscious that the soreness is leaving you, and presently the desire to cough grows less frequent. All this process is brought about by the healing properties of the Balsam. It is a compound of barks and gums. You can test it, 25 cents at any Druggist's. Get the genuine with "F. W. Kinsman & Co." blown in the bottle.

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