

He Never Blamed the Booze.

He took a bottle up to bed,
Drank whiskey hot each night,
Drank cocktails in the morning,
But never could get tight.
He shivered in the evening,
And always had the blues,
Until he took a bowl or two—
But he never blamed the booze.

His joints were full of rheumatiz,
His appetite was slack,
He had pains between his shoulders,
And chills ran down his back,
He suffered from insomnia,
At night he couldn't snooze;
He said it was the climate—
But he never blamed the booze.

His constitution was run down—
At least, that's what he said—
His legs were swelled each morning,
And he often had swelled head.
He tackled beer, wine, whiskey,
And if they didn't fuse
He blamed it to dyspepsia—
But he never blamed the booze.

He said he couldn't sleep at nights,
And he always had bad dreams;
He claimed he always laid awake
Till early sunrise beams.
e thought it was malaria—
Alas, 'twas not a ruse—
He blamed it unto everything—
But he never blamed the booze.

His liver needed scraping,
And his kidneys had the gout;
He swallowed lots of bitters,
Till at last he cleaned them out.
His legs were swelled with dropsy,
Till he had to cut his shoes;
He blamed it to the doctors—
But he never blamed the booze.

Then he had the tremens,
And he tackled rats and snakes;
First he had the fever,
And then he had the shakes,
At last he had a funeral,
And the mourners had the blues
And the epitaph they carved for him was—
"He never blamed the booze."

The Divorce of Napoleon and Josephine.

(Ida M. Tarbell.)

Josephine had long feared a separation. The Bonapartes had never cared for her, and even so far back as the Egyptian campaign had urged Napoleon to seek a divorce. Unwisely Josephine had not sought in her early married life to win their affection any more than she had sought to keep Napoleon's; and when the Emperor was crowned, they had done their best to prevent her coronation. When, for state reasons, the divorce seemed necessary, Josephine had no supporters where she might have had many.

Her grief was more poignant because she had come to love her husband with a real ardor. The jealousy from which he had once suffered she now felt, and Napoleon certainly gave her ample cause for it. Her anxiety was well known to all the court, the secretaries Bourrienne and Meneval, and Madame de Remusat being her special confidants. Since 1807 it had been intense, for it was in that year that Fouché, probably at Napoleon's instigation, tried to persuade the Empress to suggest the divorce herself as her sacrifice to the country.

After Wagram it became evident to her that at last her fate was sealed; but though she beset Meneval and all the household for information, it was only a fortnight before the public divorce that she knew her fate. It was Josephine's own son and daughter, Eugene and Hortence, who broke the news to her; and it was on the former that the cruel task fell of endorsing the divorce in the Senate in the name of himself and his sister.

Josephine was terribly broken by her disgrace, but she bore it with a sweetness and dignity which does much to make posterity forget her early frivolity and insincerity.

"I can never forget," said Pasquier, "the evening on which the discarded Empress did the honors of her court for the last time. It was the day before the official dissolution. A great throng was present and supper was served according to custom, in the gallery of Diana, on a number of little tables. Josephine sat at the centre one and the men went around her, waiting for that particularly graceful nod which she was in the habit of bestowing on those with whom she was acquainted. I stood at a short distance from her for a few minutes, and I could not help being struck with the perfection of her attitude in the presence of all those people who still did her homage, while knowing full well that it was for the last time; that in an hour she would descend from the throne, and leave the palace never to reenter it. Only women can rise superior to such a situation, but I have my doubts as to whether a second one could have been found to do it with such perfect grace and composure. Napoleon did not show so bold a front as did his victim."

There is no doubt but that Napoleon suffered deeply over the separation. If his love had lost its illusion, he was genuinely attached to Josephine, and in a way she was necessary to his happiness. After the ceremony of separation he was to go to St. Cloud, she to Malmaison; while waiting for his carriage he returned to his study in the palace. For a long time he sat silent and depressed, his head on his hand. When he was summoned he rose, his face distorted with pain, and went into the Empress's apartment. Josephine was alone.

When she saw the Emperor she threw her-

self on his neck, sobbing aloud. He pressed her to his bosom, kissing her again and again, until, overpowered with emotion she fainted. Leaving her to her woman, he hurried to his carriage.

Meneval, who saw this sad parting, remained with Josephine until she became conscious; and when he went, she begged him not to let the Emperor forget her, and to see that he wrote her often.

The Greatest of all Herds.

The largest herd of wild animals in the United States, and probably in the world, is the great band of elk which winters in the lowlands of Jackson's Hole district, Wyoming. There are, at this writing, estimated to be some 32,000 head of elk in the band. The men who have given this estimate are well-known ranchers and cattlemen, or cowboys and owners of sheep and stock ranges. Their estimate comes pretty close to being a correct one. During the severe winters in Wyoming, when the elk, driven by the bitter cold and heavy snows, approach almost to their very doors, they have unusual opportunities for observing this great herd of magnificent animals.

All the elk in Jackson's Hole district are carefully protected by the scattered residents of the country. At present the herd is under the constant surveillance of two deputy game wardens, while district game wardens watch the band whenever any portion of it strays into the district over which they have authority. In the summer time the herd is widely scattered over an extent of country the radius of which is more than 500 miles, embracing a territory of virginal beauty and primeval grandeur.

Of those elk which enter Colorado a large percentage is killed, while the few which stray into Utah fall at the hands of the Uintah Ute Indians. The elk which wander too far from home are not killed in the summer, but in the late fall.

By far the larger portion of the herd which is guarded in the winter in Jackson's Hole passes the summer in the timbered heights in the Teton, Gros Ventre and Shoshone Mountains, the Big Horn Basin, the Yellowstone National Park, and even in the free range near the Settlement of Jackson itself. One gentleman last summer counted a herd of 800 elk within two and a half miles of Jackson.

Within the last five years the elk have decreased 1,800 in number. This alarming decrease is due as much to the restriction of their natural range as to the efforts of sportsmen, Indians, or commercial hunters, who, it is often alleged, have pursued the herd in order to obtain the much-prized elk's teeth for a certain fraternity. In severe winter weather a great number of elk perish from starvation. Rather than venture to the lower pastures, they flounder through the deep snows of the mountains, browsing from the buds of birch and quaking aspen. A thaw, followed by severe cold weather, makes a heavy crust that proves the undoing of the emaciated elk. Then progress becomes so difficult as to prevent the animal from obtaining sufficient food.

It is often incorrectly stated that elk browse on sheaves of pine and firs. If this were the case they would never starve, for their range abounds in conifers. Very few elk are pulled down by wolves, cougar, or other wild animals; in fact, they remain in the mountain altitudes long after the deep snows have driven these hungry marauders away, and the spring thaws reveal untouched carcasses of starved elk.

Elk are far and free travellers. They have not that strong love of locality which characterizes most members of the deer tribe, and when they once get under way they swing over the roughest ground and through dense forests of pine, up steep mountains covered with fairly impenetrable brush and windfalls, at almost the pace of a locomotive. The big herd in Jackson's Hole is a considerable source of income to the residents of that country, and as such it is as carefully guarded as is possible in so wild and rough a region. A couple of years ago a newspaper correspondent who had made the trip into Yellowstone Park went further into the Jackson's Hole country.

Alarmed by the sight of a fence of whitened elk horns, he wrote his editor an article upon the indiscriminate slaughter of the elk. He was mistaken, however. All these horns are shed by the elk in the early spring and are gathered during the cattle rounds-ups. In the fall when the elk are shot the horns are fastened firmly to the skull, and unless one expects to have them separately mounted as trophies he does not trouble to detach them.

In their mental equipment elk are like cattle, caribou, and reindeer. They do not possess the instinctive cunning of most members of the deer tribe. One will sometimes see a band laboriously pawing the snow for pasture in some deep-covered valley, while the sum-

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HER HUSBAND WAS A DRUNKARD

A Lady who cures her husband of his Drinking Habits writes of her struggle to save her home

A PATHETIC LETTER



"I had for a long time been thinking of trying the Tasteless Samaria Prescription treatment on my husband for his drinking habits, but I was afraid I would discover that I was giving him medicine, and the thought unnerved me. I hesitated for nearly a week, but one day when he came home very much intoxicated and his week's salary nearly all spent, I threw off all fear and determined to make an effort to save our home from the ruin I saw coming, at all hazards. I sent for your Tasteless Samaria Prescription, and put it in his coffee as directed next morning and watched and prayed for the result. At noon I gave him more and also at supper. He never suspected a thing, and I then boldly kept right on giving it regularly, as I had discovered something that set every nerve in my body tingling with hope and happiness, and I could see a bright future spread out before me—a peaceful, happy home, a share in the good things of life, an attentive, loving husband, comforts and everything else dear to a woman's heart; for my husband had told me that whiskey was vile stuff and he was taking a dislike to it. It was only too true, for before I had given him the full course he had stopped drinking altogether, but I kept giving him the medicine till it was gone, and then sent for another lot, to have on hand if he should relapse, as he had done from promises before. He never has and I am writing you this letter to tell you how thankful I am. I honestly believe it will cure the worst cases."

HER FATHER WAS A DRUNKARD

A Plucky Young Lady takes on Herself to Cure her Father of the Liquor Habit.

STORY OF HER SUCCESS.



A portion of her letter reads as follows:—"My father had often promised mother to stop drinking, and would do so for a time but then returned to it stronger than ever. One day after a terrible spree, he said to us: 'It's no use. I can't stop drinking.' Our hearts seemed to turn to stone, and we decided to try the Tasteless Samaria Prescription, which we had read about in the papers. We gave him the remedy, entirely without his knowledge, in his tea, coffee, or food regularly, according to directions, and he never knew he was taking it. One package removed all his desire for liquor, and he says it is now distasteful to him. His health and appetite are also wonderfully improved, and no one would know him for the same man. It is now fifteen months since we gave it to him and we feel sure that the change is for good. Please send me one of your little books, as I want to give it to a friend."

mits and hogbacks have been blown clear by the wind. Deer, horses, and even sheep exhibit a keener reasoning in this respect. Only erratic methods of travel and habits of migration, together with their tendency to retreat as far as possible from the outposts of civilization, have made the existence of a large band possible until now.—[Kansas City.]

"Now that ye are one of them, tell me what a politician is."
"A politician is a fellow that promises something that he can't do to get elected; and does something he promised not to do to hold his job."—Life.

A BRECHE A MANON LADY

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