

A YELLOW DOG.

I never knew why in the Western States of America a yellow dog should be proverbially considered the acme of degradation and incompetency, nor why the possession of one should seriously affect the social standing of the possessor. But the fact being established, I think we accepted it in Rattlers Ridge without question. The matter of ownership was more difficult to settle, and although the dog I have in my mind at the present writing attached himself impartially and equally to every one in camp no one ventured to exclusively claim him, while after the perpetration of any canine atrocity, everybody repudiated him with indecent haste. 'Well, I can swear he hasn't been near our shanty for weeks,' or the retort, 'He was last seen comin' out of your cabin,' expressed the eagerness with which Rattlers Ridge washed its hands of any responsibility. Yet he was by no means an unhandicapped dog, and it was a singular fact that his ever ready critics vied with each other in narrating stories of his sagacity, insight, and agility, which they themselves had witnessed. He had been seen crossing the 'flume' that spanned Grizzly Canyon at a height of 900 feet on a plank six inches wide; he had tumbled down the 'shoot' to the South Fork a thousand feet below and was found sitting on the river bank without a scratch 'cept that he was lazily giv'n' himself with his off hind paw; he had been forgotten in a snowdrift in a Sierran shell and had come home in the early spring with the conceited complacency of an Alpine traveller and a plumpness of an alleged result of an exclusive diet of buried mail bags and their contents; he was generally believed to read the advertisement posters and disappear a day or two before the candidates and the brass band—which he hated—came to the Ridge; he was suspected of having overlooked Colonel Johnson's hand at poker, and of having conveyed to the colonel's adversary, by a succession of howls, the danger of betting against four kings. While these statements were supplied by wholly unsupported witnesses, it was a very human weakness of Rattlers Ridge that the responsibility of corroboration was passed over to the dog himself, and he was looked upon as a consummate liar. There was no round yere and callin' 'yaller puzin' sharp, are ye? Scout I've yaller puzin' I was a common adjuration whenever the unfortunate animal intruded upon a card party. Et that was a spark—an atom of truth in that dog—I'd believe my own eyes that I saw him sittin' up and trying to magnetize a young bird off a tree. But wot are ye goin' to do with a yaller equivocator like that?

I have said that he was yellow, or, to use the ordinary expression, 'yaller.' Indeed, I am inclined to believe much of the ignominy attached to the epithet lay in this favorite pronunciation. Men who habitually spoke of a yellow bird, 'a yellow hummer,' 'a yellow leg,' always alluded to him as a 'yaller dog.' He certainly was yellow. After a bath—usually compulsory—he presented a decided gamboge streak down his back from the top of his forehead to the stump of his tail, fading in his sides and flanks to a delicate straw color. His breast, legs, and feet, when not reddened by 'slumgullin' in which he was fond of wading, were white. A few attempts at ornamental decoration from the India ink pot of the storekeeper failed, partly through the yellow dog's excessive agility, which would never give the paint time to dry on him, and partly through his success in transferring his markings to the trousers and blankets of the camp. The size and shape of the tail, which had been cut off before his introduction to Rattlers Ridge, was a favorite source of speculation to the miners, both as determining his breed and his moral responsibility in coming into camp in that defective condition. There was a general opinion that he could not have looked worse with a tail, and his removal was a gratuitous affront. His best feature was his eyes, which were a lustrous Vandyke brown and sparkling with intelligence; here again he suffered from evolution through environment, and their original trustful openness was marred by the experience of watching for flying stones, soda and passing kicks from behind, so that the pupils were continually reverting to the outer angle of the eyelid. There was a recurrence of anticipation in this which I fear few of the boys' ever disappointed. Nevertheless none of these characteristics decided the vexed question of his breed. His speed and scent pointed to a 'hound' and it is related that on one occasion he was laid on the trail of a wild cat with such success that he followed it apparently out of the State, returning at the end of two weeks fatore, but blindly contented.

Attaching himself to a prospecting party he was sent under the same belief, 'into the brush' to drive off a bear, who was supposed to be haunting the campfire. He returned into the unarmed circle and scattering the whole party. After this the theory of his being a hunting dog was abandoned. Yet it was said—on the usual uncorroborated evidence—that he had 'put up' a quail and his qualities as a retriever were for a long time accepted, until during a shooting expedition for wild ducks, it was discovered that the one he had brought back had never been shot, and the party was obliged to compound damages with an adjacent settler. His fondness for paddling in the ditch and 'slumgullin' at one time suggested a water spaniel; he could swim and would occasionally bring out of the river sticks and pieces of bark that had been thrown in, but as he always had to be thrown in with them and was a good-sized dog, his aquatic reputation faded also. He remained simply a 'yaller dog.' What more could be said? His actual name was 'Bones,' given to him no doubt through the provincial custom of confounding the occupation of the individual with his quality, for which it was pointed out precedent could be found in some old English family names.

But it Bones generally exhibited no preference for any particular individual in camp he always made an exception in favor of drunkards. Even an ordinary roystering bacchanalian party brought him out from under a tree or a shed in the keenest satisfaction; he would accompany them through the long straggling street of the settlement, barking his delight at every step or misstep of the revellers, and exhibiting none of that mistrust of eye which

marked his attendance upon the sane and the respectable. He accepted even their uncouth play without a snarl or a yelp, hypocritically pretending even to like it, and conscientiously believe would have allowed a tin can to be attached to his tail if the hand that tied it on were only unsteady, and the voice that bade him 'lie still' were husky with liquor. He would see the whole party cheerfully into a saloon, wait outside his mouth in enjoyment, until they reappeared, permit them even to tumble on him with pleasure, and then gambol away before them, heedless of awkwardly projecting stones and epithets. He would afterward accompany them separately home or lie with them at cross roads, until they were assisted to their cabins. Then he would trot rakishly to his own haunt by the saloon door, with the slightly conscious air of having been a bad dog, yet of having had a good time. We never could satisfy ourselves whether his enjoyment arose from some merely selfish conviction that he was more secure with the physically and mentally incompetent, from some active sympathy with active wickedness, or from a grudge of his own mental superiority at such moments. But the general belief was in his kindred sympathy as a 'yaller dog' with all that was disreputable. And this was supported by another very singular canine manifestation; namely, the sincere flattery of simulation or imitation.

Uncle Billy Riley for a short time enjoyed the position of being the camp drunkard, and at once became an object of Bones' greatest solicitude. He not only accompanied him anywhere, curled up at his feet or head, according to Uncle Billy's attitude at the moment, but it was noticed began presently to undergo a singular alteration in his own habits and appearance. From being an active, tireless scout and forager, a bold and unreticent marauder, he became lazy and apathetic, allowed gophers to burrow under him without threatening to undermine the settlement in his frantic endeavors to dig them out, permitted squirrels to flash their tails at him a hundred yards away, forgot his usual caches, and left his favorite bones unburied and unbleaching in the sun. His eyes grew dull, his coat lusterless in proportion as his companion became bleary-eyed and ragged; in running, his usual arrowlike direction began to deviate, and it was unusual to meet the pair together zig-zagging up the hill. Indeed, Uncle Billy's condition could be predetermined by Bones' appearance at times when his temporary master was invisible. 'The old man must have an awful jag on today,' was casually remarked when an extra dullness and imbecility was noticeable in the passing Bones. At first it was believed that he drank also, but when careful investigation proved this hypothesis untenable, he was freely called a 'darned time-servin' yaller hypocrite.' Not a few advanced the opinion that if Bones did not actually lead 'Uncle Billy' astray, he at least 'slavered him over and coddled him until the old man got conceited in his wickedness.' This undoubtedly led to a compulsory divorce between them, and Uncle Billy was happily dispatched to a neighboring town and a doctor. Bones appeared to miss him greatly, ran away for two days, and was supposed to have visited him, to have been shocked at his convalescence, and to have been 'cut' by Uncle Billy into a reformed character, and he returned to his old active life again, and buried the past with his forgotten bones. It was said that he was once detected trying to lead an intoxicated tramp into camp after the methods employed by a blind man's dog, but was discovered in time by the, of course, uncorroborated narrator.

I should be tempted to leave him thus in his original and picturesque sin, but the same veracity which compelled me to transcribe his faults and iniquities obliges me to describe his ultimate and somewhat monotonous reformation, which came from no fault of his own. It was a joyous day at Rattlers Ridge that was equally the advent of his change of heart and the first stage of that had been induced to diverge from the high road and stop regularly at our settlement. Flags were flying from the postoffice and Polk's saloon, and Bones was flying from the brass band that he detested. The sweetest girl in the county—Pinky Preston—daughter of the County Judge, and hopelessly beloved by all Rattlers Ridge, stepped from the coach which she had glorified by occupying as an invited guest. 'What makes him run away?' she asked quickly, opening her lovely eyes in a possible innocent wonder that anything could be found to run away from her. 'He don't like the brass band,' we explained eagerly. 'How fanny,' murmured the young girl, 'is it as out of tune as all that?' This irresistible witicism would have been quite enough for us, we did nothing but repeat it to each other all the next day, but we were positively transported when we saw her gather her dainty skirts in one hand and trip off through the red dust toward Bones, who, with his eyes over his yellow shoulder, had halted in the road and half turned in mingled disgust and rage at the spectacle of the descending trombone. We held our breath. Would Bones evade her as he did all of us at such moments, or would he save our reputation, and consent to accept her for the moment as a pretty inebriate. She came nearer; he saw her; he began to slowly quiver with excitement, his stump of a tail vibrating with such rapidity that the loss of the missing portion was scarcely noticeable.

Suddenly she stopped before him, took his yellow head between her little hands, lifted it, and looked into his handsome brown eyes with her two lovely blue eyes. What passed between them in that magnetic glance no one ever knew. She returned with him; said to him casually, 'We're not afraid of brass bands, are we?' to which he apparently a quiesced, at least stifling his disgust of them while he was near her, which was nearly all the time. During the speeches—we did nothing without speeches at Rattlers—her gloved hand and his yellow head were always seen together, at the coming ceremony—her public checking of Greba Bill's 'waybill' on behalf of the township with a gold pencil, presented to her by the stage company, Bones' joy, far from knowing no bounds, apparently knew nothing but them, and he witnessed it apparently in the air. No one dared to interfere; for the first time a local pride in Bones sprang up in our hearts, and we led to each other about him openly and shamelessly. Then the time came for parting. We were standing by the coach door, hat



in hand, as Miss Pinky was about to step into it. Bones was standing by her side, confidently looking into the interior, and had apparently selected his own seat on the lap of Judge Preston in the corner, when Miss Pinky held up the sweetest of admonitory fingers. Then taking his hand between her two hands, again she looked into his piercing eyes, and simply said 'Good dog,' with the gentlest of emphasis on the adjective, and popped into the coach. The six bay horses started as one, the gorgeous green and gold vehicle bounded forward, the red dust rose behind, and the yellow dog danced in and out of it to the very ybtkirns of the settlment. And then he soberly returned. A day or two later he was missed—but the fact was afterward known that he was at Spring Valley, the country town where Miss Preston lived—and he was forgotten. A week after he was missed again, but for a longer period, and then a pathetic letter from Sacramento, for the storekeeper's wife: 'Would you mind, wrote Miss Pinky Preston, asking some of the boys to come over here to Sacramento, and bring back Bones? I don't mind having the dear dog walk out with me at Spring Valley, where every one knows me, but here he does make one so noticeable, on account of his color. I've got scarcely a frock that he agrees with. He doesn't go with my pink muslin, with that lovely buff print he makes the shades lighter. You know yellow is so trying. A consultation was quickly held by the whole settlement and a deputation sent to Sacramento to relieve the dear girl. We were all quite indignant with Bones—but, oddly enough, I think it was greatly tempered with our new pride in him. While he was with us alone of his peculiarities had been scarcely appreciated, but the recurrent phrase 'that yaller dog that they keep at Rattlers,' gave us a mysterious importance along the country side as if we had secured a zoological curiosity at great expense.

This was further indicated by a thrilling occurrence. A new church had been built at the cross roads and an eminent divine had come from San Francisco to preach the opening sermon. After a careful examination of the camp's wardrobe and some tedious exchange of apparel, a few of us were deputed to represent Rattlers at the Sunday service. In our white ducks, straw hats, and flannel blouses we were sufficiently picturesque and distinctive as 'honest miners,' to be shown off in the front pews, seated near the prettiest girls, who offered us their hymn books, in the cleanly odor of fresh pine shavings, and ironed muslin, and blown over by the spires of our own woods through the open windows, a deep sense of the abiding peace of Christian communion settled upon us. At this supreme moment some one whispered in an awestricken whisper, 'Will you look at Bones?'

We looked. Bones had entered the church and gone up in the gallery through a pardonable ignorance and modesty, but perceiving his mistake, was now calmly walking along side gallery rail before the astounded worshippers. Reaching the end he paused for a moment and looked carelessly down. It was about fifteen feet to the floor for the simplest jump in the world for the mountain-bred Bones. Daintily, gigerly, lazily, and yet with a concealed airiness of manner, as if, humanly speaking, he had one leg in his pocket and was going to do it on three, he cleared the distance, dropping just before the chancel, without a sound, turned himself around three times and lay comfortably down.

Three deacons were instantly in the aisle coming up before the eminent divine, who, we fancied, wore a restrained smile. We heard the hurried whispers, 'Belongs to them.' 'Quite a local institution here, you know!' 'Don't like to offend sensibilities,' and the minister's prompt, 'By no means,' as he went on with his service. A short month ago we would have repudiated Bones; to-day we sat there in slightly suspicious attitudes as if to indicate that any affront offered to Bones would be an insult to ourselves, and followed by an instantaneous withdrawal in a body. All went well until the minister, lifting the large Bible from the communion table, and holding it in both hands before him, walked toward a reading stand by the altar rails. Bones uttered a distinct growl. The minister stopped.

We, and we alone, comprehended in a flash the whole situation! The bible was nearly the size and shape of one of those soft clouds of sod which we were in the playful habit of paintfully launching at Bones when he lay asleep in the sun in order to see him cleverly evade it. We held our breath! But the opportunity belonged to our leader, Jeff Briggs—a comely, good-looking fellow, with the golden mustache of a northern viking and the curls of an Apollo. Secure in his beauty and bland in his self-conceit, he rose from the pew and stepped before the chancel.

'I would wait a minute if I were you, sir,' he said respectfully, 'and you will see him go out quietly.'

'What is wrong?' whispered the minister in some concern. 'He thinks you are going to heave that book at him, sir, without giving him a fair shot, as we do.'

whom Bones was already an old friend, would be glad if any of the camp would visit their old favorite whenever they desired, and assure themselves that he was well cared for. I am afraid that the bait thus ingeniously thrown out had a good deal to do with our ultimate yielding. However, the reports of those who visited Bones were wonderful and marvelous. He was residing there in state, lying on rugs in the drawing-room, coiled up under the judicial desk in the Judge's study, sleeping regularly on the mat outside Miss Pinky's bedroom door, or lazily snapping at flies on the Judge's lawn. 'He's as yaller as ever,' said one of our informants, 'but it don't seem to be the same back that we used to bunk clove over in the old time just to see him scoot out of the dust.'

And I may reluctantly record a fact which I am aware all lovers of dogs will indignantly deny, and will be furiously bayed at by every faithful hound since the day of Ulysses. Those who call upon the Judge in 'store clothes' he would sniff at them as if detecting and resenting their superficial exterior. The rest he simply paid no attention to. The more familiar term of 'Bonesy,' formerly applied to him as in our rare moments of endearment, produced no response. This pained, I think, some of the more youthful of us, but, through some strange human weakness, it also increased the camp's respect for him. Nevertheless, we spoke of him familiarly to strangers at the very moment he ignored us. I am afraid that we also took some pins to point out that he was getting fat and unwieldy and losing his elasticity, implying covertly that his choice was a mistake and his life a failure.

A year after he died in the odor of sanctity and respectability, being found one morning, coiled up and stiff, on the mat outside Miss Pinky's door. When the news was conveyed to us we asked permission, the camp being in a prosperous condition, to erect a stone over his grave. But when it came to the inscription we could only think of the two words murmured to him by Miss Pinky, which we always believe effected his conversion: 'Good Dog.'

WEAKENED NERVES AND NERVOUS DISEASES ARE CUTTING OFF THOUSANDS.

Paine's Celery Compound Makes Nervous People Well and Strong.

Health is the first and most important thing in this life of ours. Health is a blessing far beyond our computation; it is vastly more important than wealth or great social distinction. One of the most dreaded troubles of the present day is nervousness. It is generally acknowledged that nervous diseases are growing alarmingly prevalent in our midst. The causes that lead to Neurasthenia, or weakness of the nerves, are many. Business cares, feverish haste after riches, social and household worries, sexual and alcoholic excesses all contribute to the breaking down and physical ruin of thousands of men and women.

In words of truth and soberness we set before the sick and afflicted the claims of Paine's Celery Compound as a quick relief and certain cure for all forms of nervous diseases. It is a perfect restorer of nerve force and power to the weakened and debilitated system. Prominent men and women, all over the country, have renewed their lives and kept their places in business and in society by using Paine's Celery Compound. In all large cities, where nervous diseases are most frequently seen, the best physicians prescribe Paine's Celery Compound with immense success.

The following letter from Mrs. Alfred Perry, Port Maitland, N. S., proves that Paine's Celery Compound has no equal for the cure of nervous diseases in whatever form they may present themselves:

'For two years my system was all run down, and I suffered more than I can describe from nervous prostration and insomnia; at times I almost lost my reason from severe pain at base of the brain. My husband advised me to try Paine's Celery Compound, which I did, and the effects were wonderful. I soon began to sleep well, the pain left my head, my whole system was strengthened, and I am now enjoying very good health. I would cheerfully recommend Paine's Celery Compound to any one suffering from like troubles. You have my best wishes for the future success of your excellent remedy.'

Comparatively Dry.

'This novel'—The weary reader at the summer resort dropped the work of fiction listlessly to the earth.

'—is as dry—as dry—as—' He scanned the horizon enthusiastically for a smile.

Suddenly his eye fell on the ground on the shore.

'—as dry as the summer girl's bathing costume!' And the trembling shade of Bulwer Lytton emitted a ghostly shriek as it sank once more into the dank mold.

TIME SPENT IN SHAVING.

Over 200 Days of a Man's Life Spent in a Barber's Shop.

People as a rule admire a man who possesses a face that shows the bright look of cleanliness and youthfulness of a good, clean shave. No matter of how good a quality a man's clothing may be or how late the style in which they are made, he does not possess that look of refinement that naturally belongs to a man if his face is marred with a stubby beard. There is nothing that will bring about this refined effect so well as a shave. Yet how many people who admire this bringing out of the features in such a clear cut and pleasant manner really know how much time and trouble is taken up in acquiring the youthfulness of countenance that they so much admire.

Few people have anything near the correct idea of the time lost by the ordinary man in barber shops. The business man who looks so natty in correct and well-fitting clothes, with his smooth, clean face, gets shaved on an average of about four times a week. When he goes to the barber's the first time he may be lucky enough to strike a time when there is no customer ahead of him, and as a result he is shaved and back to business again in almost half an hour. The next time he goes he is not so fortunate, and about thirty-five minutes are consumed. The third time may take even longer, and the fourth time in the week, which is usually on Saturday, he may find quite a number ahead of him, and very often he is compelled to wait fully an hour before he is shaved. In this way the business man spends on an average of two and a half hours each week in a barber shop.

It does not seem long for a week, but when you calculate the time in this way in a lifetime it is enormous. At the above rate, which is very low, the business man, computing that he starts shaving when he is 20 years of age and lives to be 60, continuing shaving during the interim, will have spent nearly 217 days in a barber shop. If he gets shaved but three times a week, as many of them do, he will during the same length of time as in the above mentioned instance have spent nearly 150 days in a barber shop.

The above is only for the time lost and does not include the expense attached to the operation. In the barber shops patronized by business men of any standing whatever the price of a shave is never less than 15 cents. Usually, too, there is a tip of at least a dime for the barber and a nickel for the boy who brushes your hat and clothes. This runs the cost of your shaving up pretty high, especially when you take into consideration the fact that during an ordinary lifetime a man who gets shaved four times a week makes over 8,000 visits to the barber shop. As the cost of these visits is usually 25 or 30 cents each, it can readily be seen that the expense attached to the operation during a man's lifetime is no inconsiderable or trifling amount.

In the shops patronized by the working classes the prices are not so high, the expense of the laboring classes in this line amounting on an average to about \$1 per month. Even at this rate it costs the ordinary laboring man a few hundred dollars during his lifetime for his indulgence in the luxury of a clean shaven face.—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

WON A NOTABLE PRIZE.

London Royal Drawing Society Medal Goes To a Girl of 16.

The award of the bronze medal of the Royal Drawing Society of London this year is a matter of enthusiastic interest to young art students all over the world, inasmuch as it was won by a young woman only 16 years of age, Miss Nellie Kuck.

Since the earliest inauguration of the offering prizes for the best work among any given artistic line, artists of undoubted genius from Banova and Thorwaldsen have entered into eager competition for the advantages which such badges of distinction carry in their train; for where they do not include years of study under most favoring conditions, as they so often do, they bring to an artist instant and widespread recognition; and it ought to serve as a stimulus to the youngest art student in Philadelphia, Boston, New York, or Denver that youth is no bar sinister to such honors.

The drawing which obtained for Miss Kuck so distinguished a success is entitled 'The Young St. Cecilia,' a charmingly composed decorative panel, chiefly interesting by reason of its original and novel manner of treatment.

Perhaps it was her own sweet youth in the blood that led her imagination away from the traditionally mature Cecilia, and made it dwell rather upon the heavenly maid when inspiration first dawned upon her youthful consciousness. With a few clever, effective strokes she has achieved

the sweetly serious face and pose of the young saint, the well-grouped, raptly list, ening angels above, topped by the conventionalized figures of music and poetry. The whole gives evidence of fine poetic fancy, excellent art, and is particularly strong in the decorative harmony of its lines.

Two years ago Miss Buck was awarded Lord Lighton's prize for her drawing 'The Mermaid,' and he then—always so ready to encourage youthful talent—recommended her to adopt the artists profession.

In fact 'The Young St. Cecilia' represents her third success, as last year she obtained the George Kekwick's prize for an illustration of 'Undine.'

A LIFE OF MARTYRDOM.

ENDURED BY THOSE WHO SUFFER FROM CONSTANT HEADACHE.

One Who Suffered Thus for Over Twenty Years (Relates Her Experience, Which Will Prove Valuable to Others.)

Among the residents in the vicinity of Mattawa there is none better known or more highly esteemed than Mr. and Mrs. R. Ranson, who have been residents of this section for the past fifteen years. Mrs. Ranson has been a great sufferer for years, her affliction taking the form of dizziness and violent headaches, and the attacks would come upon her so suddenly that she could scarcely reach her bed unaided, and would be forced to remain for three or four days, unable to take any nourishment and suffering more than tongue can express. She was but seventeen years of age when these attacks first came upon her, and the doctor who then attended her, said that in his opinion her life would not extend over a few years at most. But more than a score of years have since passed during the greater part of which, it is true, Mrs. Ranson was a great sufferer. But that is happily no past, and she is enjoying better health than ever she did. To a reporter of the Tribune Mrs. Ranson told her story, adding earnestly that she hoped her experience might prove of benefit to some other sufferer. She said: 'The spells of dizziness and intense headaches would attack me every three or four weeks, and would last from two to four days at each attack, and with each attack my suffering appeared to grow more intense. I had good medical advice, and tried many remedies, but with no beneficial results. In the spring of 1895 my appetite began to fail, my hands and feet would swell, and my heart would palpitate violently. I was utterly discouraged and felt that I would not live much longer. One day my daughter urged me to give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a trial, but I taken so much medicine with no benefit that I refused. However, she went to town and got four boxes, and to please her more than for any hope of benefit I agreed to take them. I did not find the first box did me any good, but by the time I had taken the second my appetite began to improve and I could sleep better. I then began to have faith in them and as I continued their use found myself constantly getting better. When I had finished the fourth box both myself and friends were surprised to find that I had not had a headache for more than six weeks, the action of my heart had become regular, and I could sleep soundly all night. I was still weak, however, and decided to continue the use of the pills, which I did until three more boxes were used. Since then I have been stronger than at any time for years before and have not had an ache or pain. I can do my work, have a new interest in life and feel ten years younger. I feel that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will do for others what they have done for me, and believing this I am glad to make my story public in the hope that it will be of value to some sufferer.'

Mrs. Ranson's husband and mother were both present and say that they look upon her recovery as miraculous. They further said that many and many a night they had sat up keeping hot cloths on her head, that being the only treatment that had helped her, before she began the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

This great remedy enriches and purifies the blood, strengthens the nerves, and in this way goes to the root of disease, driving it from the system, and curing when other remedies fail. Every box of the genuine Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, has the trade mark on the wrapper around the box, and the purchaser can protect himself from imposition by refusing all others. Sold by all dealers at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50.

Gallantry in the Rough.

It was just after a severe rain. The gutters were flooded. She was tired after her shopping expedition and anxious to get the first car for home, but there was a small ocean between her and the centre of the street. 'What shall I do?' she thought to herself, looking anxiously around. 'Just step on my foot, madam,' said an audible voice answering her mental question. In front of her stood a rough-looking workman, his foot in the middle of the gutter stream and his hand outstretched. She took the hand, and with the utmost courtesy, almost with an air of chivalry, she was handed carefully across.—New York Times.

Trilby's Foot.

The step 'twixt the sublime and ridiculous is quickly made. Surely literature presents no more grotesque idealization than Trilby's foot, and the numerous worshippers that have figuratively speaking bent knees and kissed the big toe of the foot, when reason once more comes to their rescue, will feel as if the production of the genus Ass was preennial. By the way did you notice when reading Trilby how highly it commended Putman's Corn Extractor, which renders impossible the discordant excrecence, corns. Trilby's foot would not be worthy of homage if marred by corns; neither would yours. Use Putman's Corn Extractor.

Keeps the Food Warm.

A London restaurant uses an electrically heated plate to keep one's food warm. So long as the current is turned on, one can dine as leisurely a way as he likes. There is no danger of receiving a shock from touching the plate.