

THE DOCTOR'S ADVICE.

It Called For Much Self-Denial in the Patient, But It Meant Much.

The doctor looked serious. 'You should be very careful for at least a month,' he said.

'Is it as bad as all that?' asked the patient anxiously.

'If the result is to be as satisfactory as I would like to have it, you cannot follow the rules I lay down too carefully.'

'I will do exactly as you say,' said the now thoroughly alarmed patient. 'A—am I eating too heartily?'

'Much too heartily. You should eat simpler food and not so much of it. If you follow my advice you'll cut your butcher's and grocer's bills just about in half.'

'I'll do it doctor.'

'You ought to take more exercise, too,' continued the physician. 'How do you go to your office now?'

'On the street cars.'

'Stop it at once. You must walk to and from your office every day, rain or shine. Do you ever go to the theatre?'

'Quite often.'

'You mustn't do it while you're under my care. How about smoking?'

'I smoke, of course, but only in moderation.'

'Don't smoke at all,' instructed the physician. 'Throw away all your cigars and don't buy another for thirty days at least, or I'll throw up the case.'

'I'll do it, doctor, but—but—'

'Do you drink?'

'Occasionally, but I—'

'Stop it entirely.'

'A little claret on the table now and then ought not to—'

'Not a drop at any time.'

'All right, doctor. What next?'

'Nothing. Follow these instructions closely for thirty days, and by that time—'

'Yes,' said the patient eagerly. 'By that time, what?'

'By that time,' repeated the doctor, 'you ought to have saved enough to pay me the balance due on that little bill you have owed me for a matter of about eighteen months. Good day.'—Chicago Post.

CHINESE BOYS.

Though Surrounded by Endless Rule They Manage to Have Fun.

Although the boys who live straight under us on the other side of the world are very prim and proper when among older folk, they are just like other boys when they get out in the back yard by themselves. In fact, they are all the more playful for being under restraint part of the time.

A Chinese boy is surrounded by endless rules. He must never walk in front of or at the side of his father or his uncle or his old brother. He must follow him in order to show his respect. He is not allowed to contradict his parents nor find fault when whipped, even if the whipping is unjust. And everywhere he must be silent and respectful not speaking unless spoken to nor sitting down in the house unless he is asked to do so.

But in spite of all these things, the Chinese boy has a good deal of fun. Everyone in China except the women and girls play with kites, and the Chinese boy is no exception. Like our boys, too, if he can fly a paper dragon that is handsomer than the paper dragon of the boy in the next block he is extremely happy. Fighting with kites is also great sport among Chinese boys. A kite is sent to a great height and the strings are allowed to saw across one another until one is cut in two and the kite held by it flies away. And the boy whose kite is the best fighter is envied all over the neighborhood.

But the Chinese boy knows nothing of marbles, baseball, tennis, shinney, s'its, skating or sliding. He does, however, have a few games of his own, so simple that American boys would hardly find amusement in them. He likes to toss pennies, and he has a modified form of the game of batdore he uses his heels and you may imagine how he is compelled to dance around to keep the shuttlecock in air. Chinese boys are great runners and jumpers, and they also like to put on big scare masks and frighten the little girls, the enjoyment of which some of our boys may appreciate. Another sport is tip cat, and there is also a game of ball. The ball is made by winding string around a bunch of snakeskin, and the boys contest to see which can make it bound the greatest number of times.

Riches From an Accident.

The shop of a Dublin tobacconist was destroyed by fire. While the owner was gazing into the ruins, he noticed that his neighbors were gathering the snuff from the canisters. He tested the snuff and discovered that the fire had largely improved its pungency and aroma. He secured another shop, built himself a lot of ovens, subjected the snuff to a heating process, gave the brand a particular name, and in a few years became rich through the accident.

He Felt at Home.

'I see you are an attentive observer of modern conditions.'

'I am. I attended a gathering yesterday at which were present the spirits of Julius Cæsar and Socrates.'

'I envy you.'

For your throat, when hoarse or husky, use Hawker's balsam of t'u and wild cherry. It affords prompt relief and leaves the voice clear and distinct.

A cheap and sure cure for cold in the head or catarrh; a twenty-five cent box of Hawker's catarrh cure.

Rub your rheumatic joints with Dr. Manning's German remedy. The universal pain cure.

A soothing, healing and perfect cure, Hawker's pile cure.

Hawker's Balsam, a cure cough cure.

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RECIPE.

Adams' Ginger Beer Extract, - one bottle
Fleischman's yeast, - one-half to one cake
Sugar - - - - - two pounds
Cream of tartar, - - - one half ounce
Lukewarm water - - - two gallons

Dissolve the sugar, cream of tartar and yeast in the water, add the extract, and bottle; place in a warm place for twenty-four hours until it ferments, then place in ice, when it will open sparkling, cool and delicious.

The ginger beer can be obtained in all drug and grocery stores in 10 cent bottles to make two gallons.

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HERBINE BITTERS

Purifies the Blood

HERBINE BITTERS

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Meals Served at all Hours

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WILLIAM CLARK,

Proprietor

THERED PLANET MARS.

Mr. Percival Lowell on the Canals That Water Its Oases.

One great difficulty that has always stood in the way of the acceptance of the theory that the canals are really artificial in origin arises from their great dimensions. Nearly all of them are several hundred, and some of them thousands of miles in length, while they vary in width from thirty to fifty or sixty miles. This difficulty vanishes, however, if we accept Mr. Lowell's interpretation of the canals. According to him they are not really canals, but lines of irrigation. Canals no doubt exist there, but they are too small to be separately visible. So the round spots at their junctions, some of which previous observers had detected, are, in Mr. Lowell's opinion, not lakes of water, but irrigated oases, the broad red-ochre expanses in the midst of which they appear, and which the canals intersect in every direction, being dry land in the most emphatic sense—in other words, deserts.

This statement gives the clue to Mr. Lowell's theory of Mars. His observations and those of his assistants, have convinced him that the only considerable body of water on Mars is the dark blue band surrounding the polar cap. That cap, he thinks, as others have done, represents the winter accumulation of snow and contains, locked up by frosts, practically all the water on the planet. As the polar snow begins to melt with the approach of spring, a circular sea forms around its edge. This sea gradually drains off, and its waters are lost in the dusky areas toward the equator. These areas are not entirely desert, like the broad red-ochre region, but contain the germs and roots of vegetation, which quicken with the annual access of water from the melting polar snows, and so the dusky expanses visibly darken in hue. Then the canals begin to make their appearance, first in the neighborhood of the dark areas. They are due Mr. Lowell thinks to the leading off of the water through channels of irrigation traversing the deserts and the consequent growth of vegetation upon long narrow belts. There is not enough water to irrigate the desert continents as a whole, and so the inhabitants do the best they can by freshening certain belts and spots once every Martian year. Soon after the polar snows have completely disappeared, and the polar sea has been entirely drained off, the areas of vegetation begin to fade, and the canals and oases vanish, to make their appearance again when the proper season returns.

Remembering the sequence of observed phenomena on Mars as described above, it will be seen that this theory accounts well for what is seen. At any rate, it is the most complete theory that has yet been advanced.

In regard to the supposititious inhabitants themselves, dwelling upon a half-dried-up world, and compelled to husband its small remaining store of water with such pains, Mr. Lowell has nothing to offer. He accepts the opinions, previously advanced by others, that the people of Mars may be of gigantic stature, on account of the small force of gravity there, and therefore capable of greater physical feats than we can perform, and that, their world being further along in its geographical history than ours is, they also have attained a more advanced state of civilization and culture than yet exists among the people of the earth.—Harper's Weekly.

The Dates of Taffet.

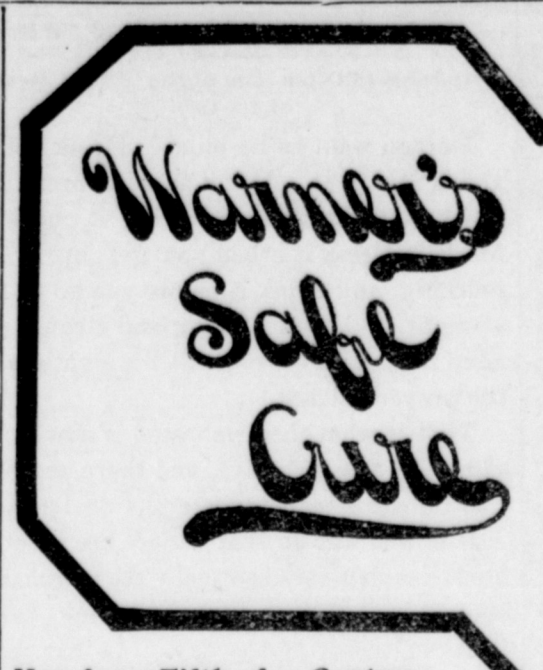
When the dates are ripe, the laborers, who are very skillful in climbing, are sent up the trees to cut or shake off the fruit laden branches. When they tumble to the ground, the dates are collected into panniers and taken on donkey back to the drying grounds, where they are laid out in the sun with a guard of women to see that no one steals his neighbor's fruit, though any one may pick up a handful for his individual consumption on the spot. The dates are plucked just before they are actually ripe, for if left to be fully ripe they fall of themselves and are rotted by their ripening. At the drying grounds the fruit is poured in great heaps upon the ground, and turned over by the women from time to time to allow the sun to reach the whole of it, and the sight of these great mounds of dates is a curious one.

There are various methods of treatment. One is to leave the dates to be sun dried singly, another is to crush them in solid masses, which are sewed up in basket work for transport; another is to crush them into lumps about the size of a turkey's egg. This last is preferred by the poorer natives for travelling purposes, as the lumps are easily carried, but oh! how indigestible they must be, as hard as a stone and as heavy as lead. The caravan route between Fez and Taffet occupies 10 or 12 days and from the oasis trade routes radiate in almost every direction, but little information is obtainable about them.—Chambers' Journal.

Their Benefactress.

A large number of the American girls who are in Paris as students have comfortable rooms and board in quarters prepared especially for them through the thoughtfulness and liberality of Mrs. Whitelaw Reid and other Americans. Besides the forty of them who are resident boarders, there are many who take one or more meals there. The library, reading-room and tea-room are free to any American girl studying in the city. The prices are so low that one of very limited means may enjoy all the privileges of this generous establishment.

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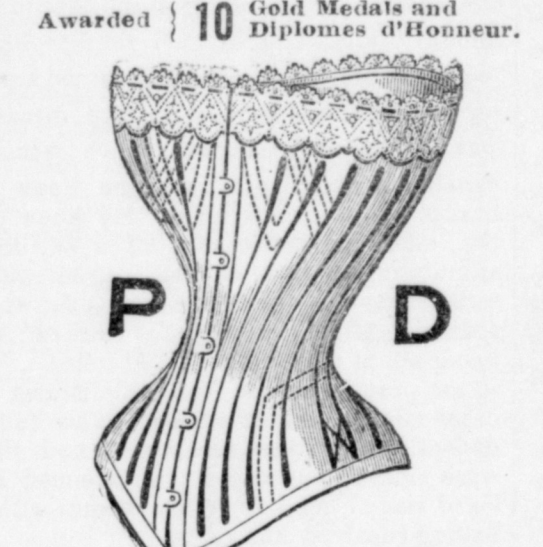
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WORSE THAN INDIANS.

Old Westerner Would Rather Face the Redskins Than Live in a City.

'So you were a pioneer in the early days of the west?'

'I was,' answered the graybeard.

'You lived among the hostile Indians?'

'Yes.'

'Lived with a rifle in your hands and in hourly expectation of being the mark for a hidden enemy's bullet?'

'It was something like that.'

'Do you know, I often think that a life like that must be terrible. I should think that the mere strain on the nerves would kill a man in a short time—holding your life in your hand all the time, always conscious that a moment's relaxation of vigilance may mean death.'

'Oh, I don't know,' replied the graybeard. 'When I came back from the west I was 60 years old and did not have a gray hair. I got off the railroad train and started to walk across the street. Half way over I heard the ding-dong clanging and yelling right at my heels I ever heard and somebody gave me a push that sent me clear to the curb. Then, when I looked around, I saw I'd come within an ace of being run over by a trolley. Never had so narrow an escape from Indians.'

'I went into a saloon close by to get a drink and settle my nerves. While I was standing at the bar a couple of fellows got into a scrap and one of them threw a heavy beer mug. Didn't hit the other fellow, but it came within a sixteenth of an inch of my right temple.'

'I started to walk up town, and the first crossing I came to a policeman grabbed me by the shoulder and jerked me across so quick it made my head swim. I looked to see what was the matter, for there was no car tracks on the street, and I had just escaped being run down by a hackman hurrying to catch a train.'

'Up street a little further, somebody yelled: "Look out!" at me' and when I jump a big icicle fell and struck where I had been standing.'

'I got to my hotel and was heaping for the door when somebody grabbed me and asked me if I wanted to be killed. They were hoisting a safe into a second-story window over I had been trying to go and I hadn't more than got out of the way before the rope broke and it dropped.'

'I went to bed and about midnight I was called up by a bell ringing over my head and found the place was on fire, and I had to slide down a rope to escape. Being a sound sleeper, they'd had hard work to wake me, and I had barely touched the ground when the roof fell in.'

'When I looked in the glass I saw the first streaks of gray that had ever showed themselves in my hair. Oh, there's dangers in civilized life, as well as out on the plains!'—Buffalo Express.

It Was a Safe Refuge.

During the years of slavery the free state of Ohio was as the 'promised land' to escaping slaves, and a state ready to assist those struggling for freedom. In 1835, eleven hundred and ninety of the twenty-five hundred colored people living in Cincinnati had once been slaves, and four hundred of these had bought their freedom at an expense of \$215,522, making an average of \$453 each. Some had been freed by their owners, and others escaped from them. Of the fourteen hundred remaining, a large number were working out their freedom, and most of those who had bought themselves were working to buy other members of the family, as four-fifths of the negroes living in the city had family relatives in slavery. Kind masters gave their slaves opportunity to buy their time, or work out their freedom, and they were permitted to have out on neighboring plantations or go North where there was a better chance to earn money. Some slaves earned purchase money by working Sunday, cultivating the patch of ground their masters gave them, and saved the small pieces of money given them as presents.

Here is a Name for a Baby Girl.

The following list of female characters in Shakespeare's works, arranged alphabetically, offers valuable suggestions for the mothers of baby girls, says the New York World:

Adriana, Aemilia, Alice, Anne, Andromache, Beatrice, Bianca, Blanch (e?), Bona, Blanca, Calphurnia, Cassandra, Celia, Ceres, Charmian, Cleopatra, Constance, Cordelia, Cressida, Desdemona, Diana, Dionysia, Dorcas, Eleanor, Elinor, Elizabeth, Emilia, Francisca, Gertrude, Gonzel, Helen, Helena, Hermia, Hermione, Hero, Hippolyta, Imogen, Iras, Iris, Isabel, Isabella, Jaquenetta, Jessica, Joan, Juliet, Juno, Kate, Katherine, Katherine, Lavinia, Lucetta, Lucina, Lychorida, Margaret, Margery, Maria, Mariana, Marina, Miranda, Mopsa, Nevis, Octavia, Olivia, Ophelia, Patience, Paulina, Perdita, Phoebe, Phrynia, Portia, Regan, Rosalind, Rosaline, Silvia, Tamara, Thaisa, Timandra, Titania, Ursula, Valeria, Venus, Viola, Violenta, Virgilia and Volumentia.

I WAS CURED of lame back, after suffering 16 years, by MINARD'S LINIMENT. Two Rivers, N. S. ROBERT ROSS.

I WAS CURED of Diphtheria, after doctors failed, by MINARD'S LINIMENT. Antigonish JOHN A. FOREY.

I WAS CURED of contraction of muscles by MINARD'S LINIMENT. Dalhousie. Mrs. RACHEL SAUNDERS.



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