

## POLITENESS IN TATTERS.

Not Easy to Judge a Man by the Condition of the Clothes He Wears.

The Utah Northern train was disappearing in the distance when Arch Cridge, the storekeeper at Market Lake, who had gone over to the station to ascertain if any oysters had come up from Granger for him saw a badly battered and tattered figure hobbling along the ties, coming from the direction of the vanishing train. Cridge forgot his oysters in wonderment at the outlandish raggedness and general damage and disaster revealed in the person of the oncomer.

He was a tramp, and his face was scratched and his eye was blacked, as Cridge saw when he drew near. But he was a polite tramp, nevertheless.

'Good morning, my friend,' he said, bowing courteously to the storekeeper. 'Can you tell me the name of a man who would care to share in the benefits rising out of \$50,000?'

He did not appear to be crazy, so Cridge who had once chased elusive gold mines, gave him some attention.

'I don't just know,' he said. 'I myself—'

'Exactly so. And a first-class partner you will make. Twenty-five thousand sounds nice, doesn't it? Let me have a chew of tobacco please.'

Cridge gave him a lump of the desired commodity and asked him to explain what he meant.

'You observe the train now coming in the distance?' inquired the tramp. Cridge did.

'You might not believe it, but I was ejected from that train for the vulgar reason of poverty.'

'But you have—how about your fifty thou—'

'One moment. Wait. I was thrown off like a mere bag of rags. I rolled. I scraped. I skinned myself. I tore my apparel. I cracked my kneecap. I dug up the soil and turned seven somersaults.'

Cridge nodded sympathetically.

'In other words I was treated vilely. By a brakeman. A red-headed brakeman who used profane language. I think he also struck me, but there was some confusion, and perhaps it was a telegraph pole. Receiving such indignity you can readily understand what must be the prompt action of a gentleman.'

'Well, I do no,' said Cridge, guardedly. 'But a man with money—'

'Exactly. I see you perfectly understand. You appreciate the enormity of the offence. I shall sue for \$50,000 damages. You will pay the costs and give me \$5 now as a guarantee of good faith. When I win I shall levy on the road to pay my claim, and you will be made general manager with power to issue passes. Please give me the \$5 as soon as possible. I am aware that my present guise and garb—'

'Well, I do no,' said Cridge, drawing back. 'You see—'

'You surely don't doubt my word? You surely don't question that I was thrown off the train substantially as described?'

'No. I should rather guess there was more bustle to it than you've told. But—'

'You don't deny that I was damaged seriously? This eye; this peeled arm; this ear.'

'No, that's all right, but I can't go into it.'

The tramp looked upon the storekeeper with great politeness beaming from his one good eye.

'I see. You are not in sympathy with the poor and oppressed. You are allied to the money power. You are subsidized. Your finer feelings of humanity have been crushed out by your association with capital. Never mind. I am used to disappointments. If you will give me 10 cents I will dance three extremely interesting jigs and will then by a clever feat of parlor magic swallow a knife and withdraw it from my ear.'

But Mr. Cridge said he had to go and see about his oysters.—Chicago Record.

## HOLDING BY THE TAIL.

While the Buffalo's tail held out the Hunter was Safe.

An amusing story tells how a belated hunter dropped into a hollow tree, intending to 'bunk' there for the night, but fell so many feet that he became alarmed fearing he should never get out. Toward morning a bear began descending the hollow trunk, stern foremost. The hunter grasped the bear's tail, and the frightened animal, scrambling out, drew the man after him to the exit. In Colonel Inman's description of 'The Old Santa Fe Trail' there is a story which illustrates the fact that a tail hold is a safe hold.

One of the Kansas pioneers, the Hon. R. M. Dodge, started out one day with a stage-driver, named Harris, to hunt for buffalo. They were hungry for fresh meat, but buffalo were scarce, and after hunting all day, they were returning without having seen one.

Suddenly an old buffalo bull jumped up from a sand hollow, and both hunters emptied their revolvers into his body. The bull, though bleeding and staggering, stood on his legs defiantly, as if waiting attack. Harrison dismounted that he might hamstring the animal, which had finally lain down. The cut of his knife brought



**SEE THAT LINE**  
It's the wash,  
out early, done  
quickly, cleanly,  
white.

Pure Soap did it  
**SURPRISE SOAP**  
with power to clean with-  
out too hard rubbing, with-  
out injury to fabrics.

**SURPRISE**  
is the name, don't forget it.

## Thorough Work.

the bull to his feet, and with lowered head, he went round the sand-hill.

Harris, a tall, lank fellow, had caught hold of the bull's tail as he rose, and in a moment his legs were flying higher than his head. He did not dare let go his hold on the bull's tail. Round and round they went. Finally the old bull weakened. Slower and slower he circled round, and Harris succeeded in cutting the bison's hamstrings.

'I feared,' said Harris, when the beast went down, 'that his tail would pull out. Then I knew I should be a goner.'

## To Plain For a Riddle.

Is pain 'a riddle to which the earth can give no answer?'

In his address at the recent Boston (U. S. A.) celebration of the semi-centennial of anaesthesia Dr. S. Weir Mitchell said that it is. It means that the very existence of evil and trouble in this world is a 'riddle,' is it not worth while to argue the point with him? The theologians and metaphysicians have hammered away at that conundrum for centuries without making head or tail of it. But allow the existence of evil in the shape of disease (as we must) it is hard to spell out what pain is for. Any schoolboy (dull boy at that) can see through it.

A tipsy man sits down before the fire to dry his boots and warm his feet. Five minutes later, in a sudden sleep, he sticks out his legs and deposits both feet on the red hot coals. Before you can count twenty he yanks his boots off with a yell.

Now, what conveyed to the unconscious man the information on which he acted—thus saving himself serious injury? It was what Dr. Mitchell calls a riddle—Pain.

At this stage of the argument I beg to introduce our friend Mr. May, of Rams-gate. He is a well known florist there, and the story he tells may be trusted in every particular, and will lead us straight to the conclusion we want to come at.

'In the early part of 1893,' he says, 'I began to feel ill and out of sorts. I felt low and dull as if something had come over me. I had a bad taste in the mouth a poor appetite, and all my food lay like a lump of lead on my chest. I had a sinking sensation at the pit of the stomach which made me feel wretched.'

'I passed restless nights, and soon got so weak and dejected that I wished to have no company.'

I got about my business, but it was in pain and misery that I did so. In this state I continued for six months, getting worse and worse, until I thought I should have died. I saw a doctor but his medicines did not suit my case.

'Mr. Longley, plumber, St. Lawrence, then recommended me to try Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup. I got a bottle of this medicine from Mr. Saunders, chemist, and after taking it I found great relief. My appetite improved, and the food agreed with me, and I felt brighter and stronger. When I had taken two bottles I was as well as ever, my friends asking what had wrought the change.'

'I tell all that Mother Seigel's Syrup restored me to sound health. My wife, who suffered for a long time from indigestion, took the same medicine and soon was completely cured. You can publish this statement, and refer any one to me. (Signed) R. May, Manstone Cottage, St. Lawrence Rams-gate, January 27th, 1897.'

If the sleeping man with his feet on the hot coals (assuming that he was alone in the room) had not been warned by the pain of the burn, he might have been crippled for life in ten minutes. The obvious purpose of pain, then, is to let us know when things are going wrong with these bodies of ours. Distress, discomfort, misery, the observed failure of some organ to perform its duty, the interruption of the customary habits and workings of the body—all these things, and others, are in the nature of messages or notifications to the mind that there exists a condition we call disease; which must be attended to at once if we value our lives. In medicine these sensations are called symptoms; by their variety and relation to one another, enabling the doctor to judge what ails us.

This is the common sense of pain. It is no more a 'riddle,' if Dr. Mitchell plays, than the clouds that tell us when to expect rain.

The disease from which Mr. May suffered, whereof he feared he might die, was that prevailing and dangerous complaint, dyspepsia. His weakness resulted from his inability to digest sufficient food to maintain his strength. Now suppose there had been no other sign of ill-health about him save mere weakness. That would have been bad enough, but it was the pain and misery, and positive wretchedness, caused by the disease, that compelled him to continue seeking a cure until he fortunately found it in Mother Seigel's Syrup.

'No, no, pain is not a riddle.' It is one of Nature's most merciful agents, as Mother Seigel's Syrup is one of her greatest remedies.

It is to be regretted that the good work credited to a Southern cyclone by the New York Tribune cannot be generally extended over the country, unhindered by any attempt to repair damages. So will think those who dislike to see landscapes and roadides disfigured by flaring advertisements.

A cyclone in a Georgia town recently blew away a big fence, on which the 'after-taking' picture of a local farmer had been painted by a patent medicine firm. Soon afterward the old fellow received the following note from a neighbor:

'I'm sorry the cyclone blew your picture so far, but I've got good news for you. Bill Jenkins found yer left leg, Mart Wilkins is got a hunk o' yer back, Dan Jones found yer right arm, an' I understand Sister Molly Brown is got t'other arm, likewise yer right leg. All the pieces I seen fit together good. What I wants to know now is, How much will yer give for your head?'

When a woman laughs at her husband's jokes, it is often indicates that she realizes the importance of keeping him good humored as that she loves him.

## "THOUGHT MY HEAD WOULD BURST."

A Fredericton Lady's Terrible Suffering.

Mrs. GEO. DOHERTY tells the following remarkable story of relief from suffering and restoration to health, which should



clear away all doubts as to the efficacy of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills from the minds of the most skeptical:

'For several years I have been a constant sufferer from nervous headache, and the pain was so intense that sometimes I was almost crazy. I really thought that my head would burst. I consulted a number of physicians, and took many remedies, but without effect. I noticed Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills advertised, and as they seemed to suit my case, I got a box and began their use. Before taking them I was very weak and debilitated, and would sometimes wake out of my sleep with a distressed, smothering feeling, and I was frequently seized with agonizing pains in the region of the heart, and often could scarcely muster up courage to keep up the struggle for life. In this wretched condition Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills came to the rescue, and to-day I state, with gratitude, that I am vigorous and strong, and all this improvement is due to this wonderful remedy.'



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## REPRESSING INSOLENCE.

How an Officer Always Made his Authority Respected.

'Edwardes found Bannu a valley of forts, and left it a valley of open villages,' wrote Sir Richard Pollock. 'Nicholson found it a hell upon earth, and left it probably as wicked as ever, but curbed to fear of punishment.'

These wil. people were impressed by the commissioner's activity and endurance. Nothing seemed to tire him. He would ride twenty miles before breakfast to visit the scene of a crime, and then hold court all day with the thermometer over ninety degrees. 'You can hear the ring of his horse's hoofs from Attock to the Khaibar,'—a thousand miles or more—the people said.

'Nikalsain!' exclaimed a border chief, speaking to an English general of the terror excited among evil-doers by Nicholson's severity in repressing crime; 'Nikalsain! he is a man. There is not one in the hills who does not shiver in his pajamas when he hears his name mentioned.' 'To this day,' said another chief, twelve years after Nicholson's death. 'Our women at night wake trembling and saying they hear the tramp of Nikalsain's war-horse.'

Nicholson was a stalwart Irishman, six feet two, gitted with the Celtic temper and the Celtic contempt for a coward. While serving as a volunteer aid to Lord Gough at the Battle of Chillianwalla, he noticed an English officer not so forward in attack as he should have been. Dismounting, Nicholson seized the officer by the shoulders, and literally kicked him into the hottest of the firing.

Not long after Nicholson came to Bannu, he received, as commissioner, a deputation of border chiefs, whose insolence in speech and behavior was very marked. At last one of them spat on the ground between himself and the commissioner—an intentional insult.

'Orderly!' called out Nicholson, 'make that man lick up his spittle, and kick him out of camp.'

The orderly seized the chief by the back of his neck, pushed him down on the ground, and held him there until the deed was done. The lesson in politeness was appreciated by the border chiefs, who quizzed the offender unmercifully.

While riding one day through a Bannuchi village, with an escort of mounted police, Nicholson was saluted by every villager save one, a mullah, or Mussulman priest. He sat in front of the mosque, and instead of salaaming, scowled vindictively at the English commissioner.

'Bring that mullah to my camp,' said Nicholson to an orderly, and then sent another to summon the village barber.

When the mullah appeared his replies to questions were a confession of guilt. He had meant to show insolence to the 'infidel.' Whereupon Nicholson ordered the barber to shave off the man's beard—a dreadful ignominy to a Mohammedan. The beardless mullah, on his return to the village, became the talk of the neighborhood.

## A RIDDLE SOLVED.

The Druggist Thought he Could Decipher the Writing.

Which can write the worst hand, a doctor or a lawyer? If the following story, told by the Cleveland Plain Dealer is true, there is little to choose between the two professions:

Not long ago a gentleman of Cleveland received a letter from his lawyer. He could not read a word of it, but thought that perhaps his wife, who had once or twice before deciphered bad hand writing for him, could do so, and took it home with him. His wife had no better luck than he.

'Why don't you take it over to Jimmerson, the druggist?' she said. 'They say he can read anything.'

He knew it referred to an important law matter and was anxious about it. So he put on his hat and overcoat and went over to the drug store.

'Can you make this out?' he said.

The druggist took it and glanced over it. He took it to the nearest gas jet and looked it over again. After a long scrutiny, he marched to the back of the store and disappeared behind a partition. The gentleman thought that very likely he had gone to get a magnifying glass. He was gone a little while, and then came back with the letter in one hand and a good sized bottle in the other.

'There you are,' said the druggist.

'What is this?' inquired the gentleman.

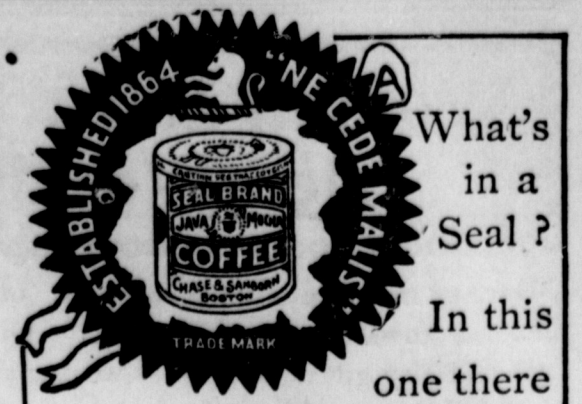
'Why, your tonic.' 'Who said anything about tonic?' 'Why you handed me the prescription.' 'Yes, here it is.'

'What!' roared the other. 'Did you think that was a prescription? It's a letter from my lawyer about a suit!'

He went out, chuckling with delight. The Cleveland paper does not tell, however,—as it certainly should have told,—whether or not he paid for the tonic.

## English Rapid-Firing Guns.

In recent experiments with Vicker's 6-inch rapid-firing gun the accuracy was such that two of the projectiles in a round of ten discharges went through the same hole in the target. It is anticipated that picric acid will be adopted by the British authorities as an explosive for shells.



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