

A Bachelor on Presents

'I've been thinking,' said the bachelor, 'that I might be a benefit to mankind.' His hostess looked at him doubtfully.

'It's the Christmas season that suggested it to me,' he continued, thoughtfully. The woman remembered Scrooge, and admitted that there was hope for everyone.

'You've been reading "Christmas Carol," she ventured.

'Heavens no, and I am not going to distribute turkeys promiscuously or do anything of that sort. I'm thinking of writing a newspaper story, called "What Not to Give to Men for Christmas Presents," and publishing it for the salvation of my afflicted brethren and the reform of woman.'

'Well, write it. It can't do any harm. The editor would kill it,' said the woman, heartlessly.

'It isn't nice of you to snub budding philanthropy. For this scheme is wholly unselfish. Unluckily, I haven't a mother or sister, and, thank Providence, I've reached the age where I'm not threatened with Christmas packages scented with violet, and tied up with baby ribbon. But there are others—other men less fortunate—and it is for them that my heart bleeds. There's absolutely no other proof of the total absence of judgment in the feminine make-up so convincing as the presents she gives to men at Christmas time. Some few married women have been educated to a point of rational common sense. Why don't they start a club and instruct the younger generation. They've started clubs for everything else.

'Now, there's that graceless nephew of mine. Last Christmas Dick got eight pairs of embroidered suspenders, three slipper cases, two sofa pillows on which he would never dare put his head, five handkerchief cases, several neckties that he wouldn't wear on the scaffold, a book of poetry that he wouldn't read to save his immortal soul, an elaborate wallet that nothing could induce him to carry, and a cigar case designed by a maniac who had never seen tobacco. There were other things, all useless. It's always the way.'

'But nice things for a man are always so expensive,' murmured the woman, feebly.

'That doesn't cut any figure. Half the time a woman spends twice as much on a man's present as it would take to buy something he would really like and use. Just this afternoon I was in a Broadway shop where a pretty girl was choosing a pipe for some unfortunate man. It wasn't for her brother, because money seemed to be no object to her, and she was tremendously anxious to get the best thing going. There were some fine pipes there—plain, friendly briar woods and meerschaums, with gold curves and grain—pipes a man could learn to love, but bless your heart, she wouldn't even look at them. She hesitated a long while and then picked out a pipe with heavy gold chasing all over the bowl and around the stem. I almost felt that I must interpose and plead with her to consider the young man's feelings, but I didn't. She was very particular about having the pipe put in a case lined with turquoise blue, because the gold looked so much prettier against the blue. Jolly lot of difference that will make to the fellow. After she got her package, she wobbled around on one foot, doubtfully, and then she said to the salesman:

"You're quite sure it's correct. You think he'll like it, don't you?"

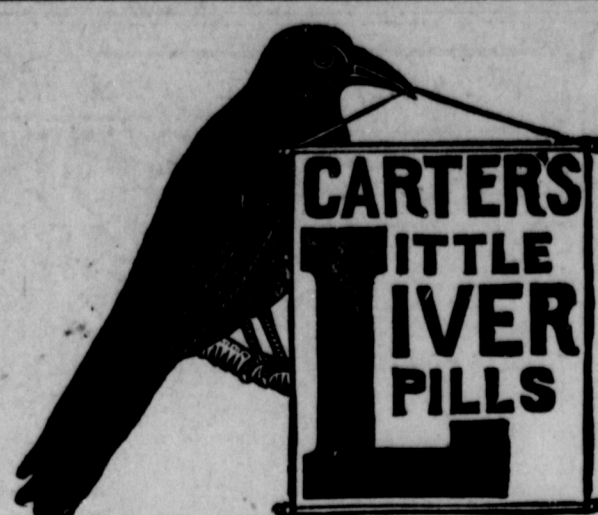
"The man never finched."

"Oh, he'll love it," he said, and he winked at me. They haven't any hearts, those salesmen."

The bachelor smoked for a few moments and looked depressed.

'It's a funny thing,' he began again, with a sigh, 'that women can't understand that a man who is any sort of a man likes plain substantial, masculine looking things. I was looking at a card case the other day, one of those plain, curved gunmetal or silver ones, for the waistcoat pocket, you know. Along came a girl and wanted a man's card case. The salesman showed her the one I had selected. She didn't like it. She wanted a nice one. They didn't have any that exactly suited her, but she finally bought one, studded all over with turquoises. Poor boy! Did you ever give your husband a cigar case? Of course you did; and I'll bet a dollar you got a big one with an elaborate silver monogram and corners. I never met a woman who knew enough to buy a man a soft, flexible leather cigar case that wouldn't make him deformed when he carried it in his

Women don't know a blessed outsmoking, even when they too. They prove it the moment they try smoking paraphernalia for a



SICK HEADACHE

Positively cured by these
Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They Regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

Substitution

the fraud of the day.

See you get Carter's,

Ask for Carter's,

Insist and demand

Carter's Little Liver Pills.

man. It's enough to make any good fellow's heart ache to see the silver and gold ash trays, and jewelled cigar cutters and beautiful tobacco pouches that women are buying nowadays.

'As for the desk fittings, that's a nightmare. Did you ever see a business man's desk decked out in silver inkwell and paper clips and stamp boxes and pen trays and all that fol-de-rol. An office desk like that would queer a man even with the elevator boy. When a woman gives such things to her husband, she can use them, at home in the guest chamber. Ten to one, the man will not have them in the library. He wants heavy, dark substantial leather that will not tarnish and soil, or bronze, or something like that. A man hates silver toilet articles too. He never has them kept clean unless his wife does it for him, and they weigh a ton when he tries to carry them around with him.

'Did you ever think of the number of kind hearted men who are toting grips they detest around the country just because some of their women folks presented the things and would be hurt if the victims didn't seem to appreciate the offerings? Never buy a valise for a man. Make a note of that. Every man has his own ideas about the kind of a grip he likes to carry and the way he likes to pack it, and he loathes anything that differs from the idea. It's the same way with canes. You may, possibly, buy a satisfactory umbrella for a man, if you get a good one with a sensible handle, and no gold and silver and ivory and mother of pearl about it; but don't get him a cane. You'll be wasting your money and embarrassing the man. There's only one kind of cane that he likes to carry and you'll never hit it.

'Don't give him embroidered things, made out of lace and ribbon, either. Every young man that attains the ripe age of thirty has trunksful of that stuff that he has never used. Dick has eighteen most gorgeous necktie cases; and he ties a string from his chiffonier to the gas jet, and hang his neckties over that.

'If you want to give steins or liquor sets or anything like that, give jolly good serviceable ones; and by the way, don't let anything tempt you to buy cigars for a man. Don't. Don't attempt books or pictures unless you know the man's tastes remarkably well; and do steer clear of things to wear, and jewelry. Men hate the smoking jackets and jewelry that women pick out. One can't go very far wrong on good pearl studs; but, when the average woman turns an effulgent, fancy loose on rings and watch charms and jewelled tie clips and seals some man is foredoomed to agonize.'

The bachelor was out of breath. He checked the flow of eloquence and smoked gloomily.

The woman cast a glance toward the drawer where her Christmas presents for the men of her family was hidden.

'But you don't tell me what one really could give to nice men,' she said pathetically.

'Oh, that's another story,' growled the man.

A Land of Promise.

Rev. Joseph Parker, the eminent English preacher, confesses that in his youth the sound of the name Van Diemen's Land—now known as Tasmania—powerfully affected his imagination. It was to him, as it has been to many youngsters, an appealingly mysterious place, but in time it lost its evil suggestions, and he tells how this

came about in his recent book, "A Preacher's Life."

At a Methodist meeting in the north of England, the people had been singing a hymn in which the line, "We are marching through Emmanuel's ground," occurs, and at the close of the hymn one good old man, whose emotion was in excess of his intelligence, fervently prayed:

"Grant that when this life is over everyone of us may have a cottage in Van Diemen's Land."

The poor man somehow got it into his head, by some law of mental association which no one can fully explain, that Emmanuel's grounds and Van Diemen's Land were practically one and the same.

HANDLING FERRETS.

A Professor of Rat-Catching Tells About the Things They Do.

'Weasels and ferrets,' said a professional who will ply his vocation here for the next six months, "are about the same thing. The imported ferrets, trained to the business, are larger than the weasels, that is all. After I am through with rat catching I use my ferrets to hunt rabbits out of brush piles, hay and strawstacks, which is a profitable business when rabbits are plenty. What you call rabbits we in England call hares.

"When a man once starts as a professional rat catcher and gets to understand training and working ferrets, there is such an attraction in the trade that he never willingly gives it up. It's a profitable business, without too much competition."

"Do the ferrets ever bite you?"

"It's a very careless and awkward man that gets bitten by a trained ferret. When one is bitten by an enraged ferret the bite is of a very severe character, painful and slow to heal."

As the rat catcher talked, a six months old ferret, his fiery little eyes gleaming like living gems, was crawling over his lap and trying to get in under his coat. "This fellow," said the rat-catcher, "is as gentle as a kitten, and likes to have his back rubbed and caressed as well as any cat you ever saw. When the ferret bites a rat's neck he knows exactly what he is doing, and his front teeth, cutting like razors, go right through the jugular.

"Of course, we generally muzzle them when we send them in after rats, and we always muzzle them when we send them in after rabbits. If their teeth were at liberty they would kill the first rat or rabbit they met, and would remain in the hole sucking its blood. When we put a ferret into a house after rats we stop up all holes at the outside of the house except one or two. Over these we place bags, and the ferrets, driving the game before them, run the rats into the bags. We keep the ferret without his ordinary meals before using him, and this makes him keener in his chase.

'It's mighty easy to spoil a ferret. After a young ferret has been badly bitten by a rat, as sometimes happens, you can't get him to go into a hole muzzled. But when a ferret is full grown and has the skill and courage that he should have, he is a holy terror to rats, and is a valuable animal. I would not sell a well trained ferret for \$50. Such a ferret I should be willing to put in a pit with fifty rats, and he could in a short time kill every one of them. Rats are great fighters when they are cornered, but no other animal of the same size has so much courage as a ferret or weasel. In England the largest ferrets are called polecat ferrets and are a cross of the two animals, which are much alike. In this country the word polecat is supposed to be an abbreviation of Polish cat, and the animal abounds all over Europe. The mink is much like the weasel, except that it is larger, and many depredations that are attributed to the weasel are committed by the mink. All these animals prowl by night, and they frequently go many miles in search of food even coming into towns and the suburbs of cities.'

Audubon, who was a close student of nature, was delighted with the weasel, or American ferret. Its long flexible body, its extraordinary length of neck, the closeness of its fur, its keenness of scent, its wonderful agility and quickness of movement all excited his admiration.

An American writer says: The common weasel has sometimes been caught and carried off by large hawks and owls. Sorry is the experience of the captor in such cases. He has caught a tartar. The captive will bite into the sides of the enemy, so that both will fall to the ground, the bird mortally wounded and the weasel comparatively unharmed. The weasel's courage in defending itself when attacked by birds of prey is universally admitted, nor is it deficient in fierce opposition to dogs, and even men, when its nest is invaded by either. It usually kills for food, biting through the head into the brain with such expertness that its victims can scarcely utter a cry of pain. It usually eats the brain first, then the rest of the body follows. In pursuing mice, rats and moles, it follows them into their runs or holes. A weasel's proximity to a poultry yard is not

PALE PEOPLE

Have their blood enriched, their heart strengthened and their cheeks rosy by using Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills.

Insufficient quantity or poor quality of the blood is one of the evil results that usually follow any derangement of the heart.

If the heart becomes weakened in any way it cannot pump the blood to the lungs as it should, there to be purified and impregnated with the life-giving oxygen.

As a result the blood deteriorates. It loses its nourishing, vitalizing, health-giving qualities. The face becomes pale, thin and waxen, the lips bloodless, the hands and feet cold.

There is weakness, tiredness, shortness of breath and palpitation. When those suffering from thin or watery blood start taking Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills they are assured of a cure. Every dose acts on the heart itself, causing it to beat strong, steady and regular.

Every dose, too, introduces into the blood those vital elements necessary to make it rich and red.

Soon the pale cheek takes on the rosy hue of health, there is strength instead of weakness, energy and activity take the place of tiredness and lassitude.

Miss M. Skullion, 50 Turner Street, Ottawa, Ont., says: "I was greatly troubled with my heart, together with extreme nervousness for many years. These complaints brought about great weakness and feeling of tiredness. My blood was of poor quality, so much so that I became pale and languid. Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills cured me after all else failed. They built up my system, enriched my blood, strengthened my nerves and restored me to health."

to be desired. But in barns, hayricks and grain stacks it is decidedly advantageous, as it will exterminate or drive away rats and mice."

The weasel's characteristics are noted in two American sayings: "Catch a weasel asleep" and "Sooner trust a weasel with eggs." Stories are that a weasel will watch a hen on the nest for an hour, waiting for a freshly laid egg.

A Klondike Dog.

Deeds of heroism have been enacted in Alaska which history will never chronicle. Truth prints a story of one party of prospectors who owe their lives to a dog.

Upon the desolate waste of that inhospitable glacier, the Valdes, which has proved a sepulchre to so many bright hopes and earnest aspirations, last winter a party of prospectors were camped. Day after day they had worked their way forward, death disputing every step with them, until it was decided that the main party should remain in camp, and two of their number, accompanied only by a dog should endeavor to find a trail which would lead away from the glacier.

For days the two men wandered, until nature succumbed and they lay down, weary and exhausted. Their faithful companion clung to them and the warmth of his body, was grateful, as they crouched low with bitter ice laden wind howling about them.

Their scanty stock of provision was well nigh exhausted, when one of them suggested sending the dog back to the camp. This was a forlorn hope, but their only one. Quickly writing a few words on a leaf torn from a book, they made it fast round the dog's neck and encouraged him to start back on the trail.

The sagacious animal did not appear to understand, but after repeated efforts they persuaded him to start and he was soon swallowed up in the snow the mist and the storm.

Two days and nights passed during which the men suffered untold agonies. On the evening of the third day, when all hope had gone and they were becoming resigned to their fate, out of the blinding and drifting snow bounded the faithful dog and close behind him came ready hands to minister to their wants.

The remainder of the story is simple. The whole party returned, have abandoned their useless quest, and on the last Topeka going south were two grateful men and a very ordinary looking dog. "That dog will never want as long as we two live" said a grizzled and sunburnt man.

"Balm of Hurt Wounds."

So Shakespeare terms sleep, but irritated breathing tubes prevent sleep through desire to cough. Balsam is the same word as balm, and the balm for wounded lungs is Adamson's Botanic Cough Balsam. 25c. all Druggists.

Beresford's Choice.

Like many another man who has made a success of life, Lord Charles Beresford was the despair of the teachers of his boyhood. They reported to his father that young Charles would do nothing he did not care to do and on the boy's thirteenth birthday his parent formally announced that he must make his final choice of a profession

Collier's Weekly reports the conversation which followed.

'What is it to be my boy—the army, the navy, or the church?"

'The navy, sir.'

'And why the navy, boy?"

'Because, I'd like to be an admiral, like Nelson.'

'Fshaw, like Nelson? Why Nelson?"

'Cause I want to.'

'But even if you were to join the navy, why do you think you will ever become an admiral Charles?"

'Cause I mean to,' was the blunt reply. He had his wish and entered the navy.

IMMUNE TO FEVERS

An Englishman Tells of Remarkable Treatment Employed in South America.

The world moves fast, but it is possible that some of the most brilliant discoveries have not gone beyond the simple practices of uncivilized peoples. A Jamaica journalist gives his personal experience of how the Indians of South America not only cure a patient of the most dangerous stage of malarial fever, but also, by inoculation, insure for many years his immunity from future attacks. Other travellers have had similar experience, and no less an authority than Sir Clements Markham has testified to the efficiency of these Indian cures. The writer, after long escaping the terrible fevers of the country, succumbed at last. He says:

'I lay in my hammock, ravaged by an all-consuming fever, with death in sight. Medical aid, supposing it to be of any use, was not to be had within a fortnight's journey. A few miles from our camp was an Indian settlement. I had had some dealings with, and won the good will of the head man, so I sent to tell him that I wanted the services of a peiman or native doctor.

'It was midnight when the messenger returned with my friend, the old chief, and the tribe "medicine man." By this time I was past knowing anything of my surroundings. My companions told me afterward, that I had already developed all the well-known symptoms of febrile collapse.

'The peiman tended me, administering internal remedies by means of roughly devised but effective subcutaneous and other injections. Then followed the inevitable mummery when I was shut up with the peiman and enough noise was made to indicate a dozen people inside.

'At about 3 o'clock in the morning when the peiman issued forth, and my companions were allowed a sight of me. I was sleeping naturally, bathed in profuse perspiration, which was already moistening the outer folds of the double blanket that enveloped me. At 8 o'clock I awoke and then slept again for twenty-four hours, the peiman from time to time administering subcutaneous injections. When I finally awoke there was not the slightest trace of fever. In three days I was able to be about and in a week I was fit to undertake a long journey.

The most wonderful part of the story, however, is the sequel. The peiman, pleased with the reward given him, offered to inoculate his patient so as to render him proof against all kinds of "bush" fevers, no matter how much he might be exposed to them, for at least 100 moons. If he contracted fever it would be of the mildest kind.

The traveller went to the settlement and was inoculated. The operation consisting of stabbing gently into the left wrist with a bunch of exceedingly fine needles plucked from a hard spiny leaf, the needles being first passed through a flame and then dipped in a black liquid. In a short time all the well known symptoms of malarial fever developed, then a peculiarly nauseous medicine was administered, and a deep sleep completed the business. When the patient awoke he felt perfectly well except for the smarting of his wrist, which had to be bandaged.

For a long time after this he travelled in some of the worst swamps in Central America, undergoing considerable exposure, including a night spent under the trees after the upsetting of his boat. Of the four white men in the boat three had fever and two died in twenty-four hours; the third returned to the United States with health completely broken.

Afterward he spent six years about the isthmus of Panama, and in that hotbed of fever, Colon, never experienced a day's fever. Not until ten years after inoculation did a touch of fever come, and then no alarming symptoms were developed.

Bombarding an Observatory.

On July 19 last an eruption of stones, ashes and steam occurred from the great crater of Mount Etna, and the astronomical observatory situated near the base of the crowning cone of the volcano had a remarkable escape. Stones were shot to a height of more than a mile, and 30 holes were made by these projectiles in the iron dome of the observatory, which covers a large and valuable telescope. Fortunately the instrument was not touched. Fifty holes in the ground near the observatory show how close and fierce was the strange bombardment. Where the falling stones pierced the wooden floor holes were burned.