

BULLETS INSTEAD OF EGGS.

One of Sam Weller's Songs Paraphrased in Actual Life in New Mexico.

In the song of 'Bold Turpin and the Bishop,' which Sam Weller sang on occasion described in the 'Pickwick Papers,' it is told how the Bishop having rashly exclaimed at the sight of Turpin: 'As sure as eggs is eggs, this is the bold Turpin!' the highwayman resented the words to the extent of compelling the Bishop to eat them, 'with sars of leaden bullet.' Then he followed up the reproof by putting 'a couple of balls in the nob' of the coachman who tried to run away. This tale of two lives snuffed out over a matter of eggs has been regarded in the light of poetical license that as a serious statement of facts: but two men were killed once in Las Vegas N. M. as the result of a dispute over the ordering of eggs at a hotel breakfast.

It was in the winter of '79 '80, the winter after the Atchison road was built to Las Vegas, that I saw the commercial traveller shot by the waiter in the Occidental Hotel there for asking for eggs at breakfast,' said a former resident of New Mexico now staying in New York. The Territory was a wild one then and Las Vegas was the toughest town in it. All the tough characters in the Southwest made it the stamping ground, and every barkeeper and waiter and barber's apprentice was filled up with the doings of Clay Allison and Doc Holiday and Billy the Kid, and carried a gun and lay for an easy mark to get a man and make himself a name. These foolish youngsters were far more dangerous in the community than the genuine desperadoes, who saw no fun in killing an unarmed man, and did most of their shooting among themselves.

In the dining room of the Occidental Hotel, where I had taken my breakfast on the morning of the shooting, the waiters were made up of about equal proportions of saucy, slangy girls, and independent tough young fellows, who swaggered and slammed things, put in their word in conversation among guests, and were more concerned in making the tenderfoot visitor feel his unimportance than providing for the wants of his appetite. I had left the dining room and was sitting in the office when the commercial traveller, who had risen late, went in for his breakfast. I was still in the office when he came out from the dining room in bad temper because he could get no eggs at the table. He had had words with the waiter who had refused to serve him—a young man named Patterson, who had come from Lawrence, Kan., to New Mexico. Presently Patterson came out into the office. Who began the controversy again I did not notice but soon they have words over the matter of the eggs, and then, without warning, Patterson pulled a revolver and shot the commercial traveller in the body. Everybody sitting or standing round jumped and people came running in from the street at the sound of the shot. The City Marshal and Lute Wilcox, since editor of the Denver Field—he was then a reporter on the Las Vegas Optic—were among the first to arrive on the scene. While the City Marshal arrested and disarmed Patterson, the hotel clerk and Wilcox got the wounded man upstairs to his room and to bed. When the doctor came the seriousness of his wound was discovered and he died next day.

Patterson was in jail awaiting trial when I went away from Las Vegas a few days later. There was talk that he would be lynched, but the man he killed was not a citizen of the town, and the Vigilantes lay low and let matters square themselves another way. Public sentiment was against the prisoner, and the murdered man had friends in the great commissions in Las Vegas with whom he had dealt. It was Gillie Otero, now Governor of New Mexico, the son of the grand old Senor Don Miguel Otero, who told me the sequel of this tragedy. Patterson got the running cinch, which means everything left upon for a prisoner's escape from jail and men stationed outside to see that he does not get away. He took the chance offered him, broke jail, and was killed running at the Puertecito, six miles below the plaza.

Something Like a Pudding.

Some time ago, said a Volunteer recently, I spent a week with a garrison battery in a south coast fort. On the last day the sergeants sat down to an exceptionally fine dinner, the crowning glory of which was a large plum-pudding. I had made the pudding two days before, had it boiled, and, now, re-heated, it made its appearance amid the welcome shouts of my brother-warriors; and I naturally felt a bit proud of it, for I hadn't been a ship's cook for nothing.

'Seems mighty hard!' remarked the sergeant-major, as he vainly tried to stick his fork into it.

'Have you boiled up a cannon-ball, Brownie?'

'Or the regimental football?' asked another.

'Where did you get the flour from?' questioned Sergeant Norman.

'Where from?' I retorted. 'From Store No. 5, of course.'

'The dickens you did!' roared the

quartermaster sergeant. 'Then, hang you, you've made the pudding with Portland cement!'

And so it proved. That pudding is now preserved in the battery museum.

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The reputation of Paine's Celery Compound from day to day. Those who are in need of the healing and recuperative powers of nature's health restorer are advised to use it by those who have been made well and strong. In the house, on the house, and where people congregate, Paine's Celery Compound is ever recommended, and kindly words spoken in its favor. In this way the popularity of the great medicine is made enduring, and its immense sales stir the envy of the ordinary medicine proprietor and the jealous minded doctor.

The wealthiest families in the land, the best and most observant people in our cities and towns, and the common-sense people in our agricultural districts, place Paine's Celery Compound far above all other known remedies.

The past and present history of Paine's Compound is the grand continued story of sick people made well—of fathers, mothers, sons and daughter restored to perfect health.

Competent medical authorities declare that Paine's Celery Compound is the one great medicine for rundown and physically weak people. When the vital forces are low and the nervous organism shattered, then it is that the marvellous medicine manifests its wondrous healing virtues. Weakness, depression, tired feeling, languor, digestive troubles, headache, rheumatism and neuralgia are quickly banished owing to the nourishment that Paine's Celery Compound imparts to brain, nerves and tissue. It is the great everyday home medicine for all classes of our population.

The Oldest Queen in Europe.

The oldest Queen in Europe is now the Queen of Hanover, who will be 81 next April, while in the following month Queen Victoria will be 80. The ex-Empress Eugenie, who may well be included, comes third, being 73 in the same month. Among the Princesses of Europe Princess Clemantine of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha exceeds all the Queens and Emperesses in age, being 82 this year; Princess Alexandra of that house, widow of Duke Ernest and sister-in-law of the Prince Consort, coming next with 78 years last December.

She Stopped the Smoking.

The train was very full, and into a railway carriage occupied by four gentlemen, each of whom was smoking, stepped a woman. The occupant nearest the door, observing that she carried a basket, hastened to help her in with it. 'Take care,' said she, in a whisper. 'I have 6lb. of dynamite in that basket, which I am taking to my husband in a stone quarry.' The train then sped on. Quick as lightning the gentlemen exchanged glances and threw

their cigars out of the window. All looked horror-stricken as they glanced first at the woman and then at the basket. With ill-concealed anxiety they looked forward to the train stopping. At the next station the woman alighted, and a sigh of relief burst simultaneously from her four companions, one of whom carefully handed her out the basket with its dangerous contents. 'Thanks!' said the woman. 'Thanks! You need not look so frightened. There's only my husband's dinner inside; but your smoke is so vile.'

No Wonder He Felt Hurt.

John Jeffs, who was remarkable for his large ears, has had a falling off with Miss Esmeralda Strype toward whom he had been suspected of entertaining matrimonial intentions. Somebody asked him the other day why he and Miss Strype were not out driving as much as usual, to which he replied that he did not propose to pay trap hire for any woman who called him a donkey.

'I can't believe that Miss Strype would call any gentleman a donkey,' was the reply.

'Well, she didn't exactly say that I was a donkey; but she might just as well have said so. She hinted that much.'

'What did she say?'

'We were out driving, and it looked very much like rain, and I said it was going to rain on us, as I felt a raindrop on my ear; and what do you suppose she said?'

'I have no idea.'

'Well, she said, "That rain you felt on your ear may be two or three miles off."'

False Teeth That Grow.

A Moscow dentist has solved the problem of supplying the human mouth with false teeth which will grow into the gums as firmly as natural ones. Dr. Zamesky has performed several successful operations on dogs, as well as human beings. The teeth are made of gutta-percha, porcelain, or metal as the case may be. At the root of the false tooth holes are made. Holes are also made upwards into the jaw. The tooth is then placed in the cavity. In a short time a soft granulated growth finds its way from the patient's jaw into the holes in the tooth. This growth gradually gardens and holds the tooth in position. It is stated that it does not matter whether the cavity in which the tooth is to be placed is one from which a natural tooth has been drawn recently, or whether it has been healed for some years.

A Generous Offer.

We are authorized to offer our readers, prepaid, a free sample of a never failing cure for catarrh, bronchitis, irritable throat, influenza, and such throat and nasal diseases. There is no mystery about Catarrh, though its effects are magical. Ointments and washes cannot reach the diseased parts, and have thus proved useless. But Catarrh is carried by air directly to the diseased part, and is like a breeze from the pine woods. Write for free sample.

N. C. Polson & Co. Kingston Ont.

The World's Ribbons.

Nearly 1,000,000,000 yards of ribbon of all shades and colours are consumed by the fair sex in general of the Continent of Europe every year. Of this huge amount France alone takes one-third, it being a well-established fact that Frenchwomen are particularly prone to anything of a showy colour. Britain comes next, but a very long way behind, with 30,000,000 yds, and the rest is divided principally between Spain, Italy, Germany, and Belgium, and smaller principalities. Blue and higher pinks and scarlets are the favourite shades.

FLASHES
OF FUN.

'What is a phenomenon, Uncle Bill?'

'A phenomenon is a small boy about your size who never bothers anybody.'

Teacher: 'Why didn't you ask your father how this sum was done?'

Johanie: 'Cause I didn't want to be sent to bed.'

Medical Examiner: 'What is there besides ether and chloroform to produce unconsciousness?'

Student: A bludgeon.'

'They tell me you have some money left you,' said Bartlett.

'Yes,' replied Tomkins, sadly, 'it left me long ago. Lend us half a sovereign.'

Never speak unkindly to a child. A child's feelings are very sensitive, and an unkind word rankles in its memory, and may cause it to drop a piece of orange-peel in your path.

Lawyer: 'Then I understand you to swear, witness, that the parties came to high words?'

Witness: 'No, sir; not I say, is, the words was particularly low.'

Solicitor: 'Yes, madam, we shall have put down your correct age in the deed.'

Client: 'Put forty-five, then, if you must have it, but for goodness' sake write it as illegibly as possible.'

Miss Palisade: 'I'm surprised you don't like him. Why, if he had money he would make an ideal husband!'

Miss Summit: 'That's nothing! So would any man.'

'I've an offer to go to work for a wholesale house. What would you do if you were in my shoes?'

After a careful inspection—'I think I would black'em.'

'You are Mr. Quezaen, the husband of the celebrated lecturer on cookery, are you not?'

'Yes, sir,' said the dejected, hollow-eyed man. 'I am the man she tries her new dishes on.'

Head of the Establishment: 'David, you are a fool!'

David: 'Well, sir, I can't help it. When you engaged me, you told me to me to imitate you, and I've done the best I could.'

Little Brother: 'Mr. Johnson, won't you go and stand before the window?'

Mr. Johnson: 'Certainly, my little man; but why?'

Little Brother: 'Oh, ma says she can see through you. I want to see if I can.'

'Why, yes, indeed,' said the principal, beaming through her glasses, 'no fewer than eleven of Gusie's brothers have been here this winter to take her out, and she tells me she expects the tall one with the blue eyes again to-morrow.'

'John has five oranges, James gave him eleven, and he gives Peter seven, how many has he left?'

Before this problem the class recoiled.

'Please, sir,' said a young lad, 'we always does our sums in apples.'

Irate Eather: 'I'm getting tired of this nonsense. You've been engaged to that man for six months. Does he intend to marry you?'

Engaged Daughter: 'You must have patience. Remember he's an actor, and is fond of long engagements.'

'When I goes a-shopping,' says an old lady, 'I allers asks for what I wants, and if they have it and it is cheap, and it's suitable, and I feel inclined to take it, and it can't be got at any place for less, I must allers take it without chaffering all day as most people do.'

Lady at cookery lecture, soliloquizing: 'Now that she has got it cooked, I wish she'd tell me how to use up cold mutton.'

Next lady overhears and remarks: 'I have some infallible recipes.'

First Lady, alert with pencil and notebook: 'Will you please favor me?'

Second Lady: 'Six boys.'

'Yes,' said the principal of the young ladies' seminary to the proud parent, 'you ought to be very happy, my dear sir, to be the father of so large a family, all the members of which appear to be so devoted to one another.'

'Devoted! Large family!' gasped the old gentleman, in amazement. 'What on earth do you mean, ma'am?'

Mamma: 'What is Willie crying about?'

Bridget: 'Shure, ma'am, he wanted to go across the street to Tommy Green's.'

Mamma: 'Well, why didn't you let him go?'

'They were havin' charades, he said, ma'am, and I wasn't shure as he'd had 'em yet.'

An old country gentleman, returning home rather late, discovered a yokel with a lantern under his kitchen window, who, when asked his business there, stated he had only 'come a-courting.'

'Come a what?' said the irate gentleman.

'A courting, sir. I've courting Mary.'

'That's not true. What do you want a lantern for? I never used one when I was a young man.'

'No, sir,' was the yokel's reply. 'I don't think yer did, judging by the missis.'

Reporter: 'Anybody injured in the practice game to-day?'

Football Captain: 'No; the boys went real easy to day; they are saving themselves for the championship game. Gibbs got his nose broken, Russell lost an ear, Dobson got a few teeth kicked out, Jaycock dislocated his jaw and broke a few fingers, but nobody got what you could really call hurt.'

A sailor was called up as a witness. 'Well,' said the lawyer, 'do you know the plaintiff and defendant?' continued the lawyer. 'A pretty fellow you must be to come here as a witness. Can you tell me where on board it was that the one man struck the other?'

'Aboard the binnacle,' rejoined the lawyer.

'What do you mean by that?'

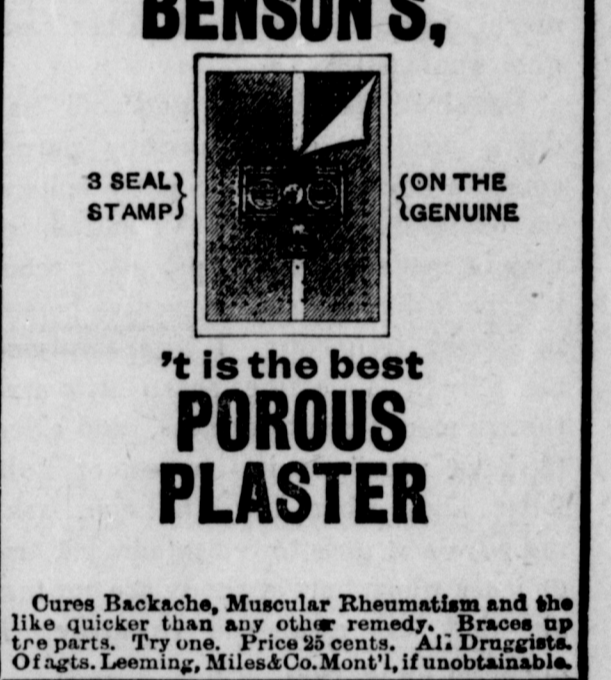
'A pretty fellow you,' said the sailor, 'to come here as a lawyer, and don't know what aboard the binnacle means.'



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From Ear
To Jaw.

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YOUR TEETH

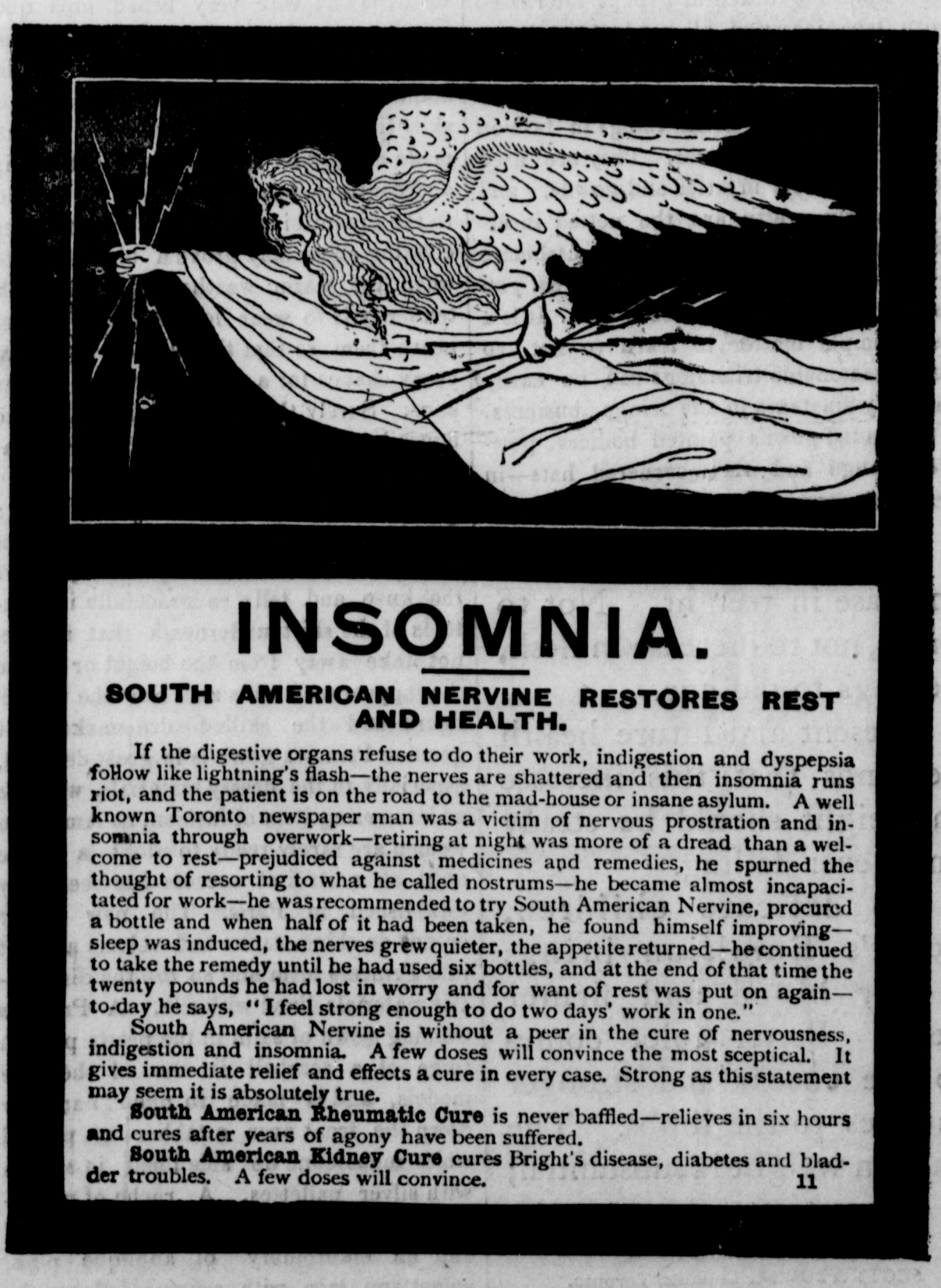
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INSOMNIA.

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If the digestive organs refuse to do their work, indigestion and dyspepsia follow like lightning's flash—the nerves are shattered and then insomnia runs riot, and the patient is on the road to the mad-house or insane asylum. A well known Toronto newspaper man was a victim of nervous prostration and insomnia through overwork—retiring at night was more of a dread than a welcome to rest—prejudiced against medicines and remedies, he spurned the thought of resorting to what he called nostrums—he became almost incapacitated for work—he was recommended to try South American Nerve, procured a bottle and when half of it had been taken, he found himself improving—sleep was induced, the nerves grew quieter, the appetite returned—he continued to take the remedy until he had used six bottles, and at the end of that time the twenty pounds he had lost in worry and for want of rest was put on again—to-day he says, "I feel strong enough to do two days' work in one."

South American Nerve is without a peer in the cure of nervousness, indigestion and insomnia. A few doses will convince the most sceptical. It gives immediate relief and effects a cure in every case. Strong as this statement may seem it is absolutely true.

South American Rheumatic Cure is never baffled—relieves in six hours and cures after years of agony have been suffered.

South American Kidney Cure cures Bright's disease, diabetes and bladder troubles. A few doses will convince.