

GLIMPSES OF A GAME FIGHTER.

Senator Stewart Tells of Jack Watson's Lightness and Freedom With a Pistol.

"The gamest man and the best fighter that I ever knew—and I've known quite a number in my day—was little Jack Watson of California," remarked Senator William M. Stewart of Nevada to a party of interested listeners.

"Watson has been a member of Jack Hayes's famous company, and though he didn't weigh over 120 pounds and in height measured but 5 feet 6 inches he would fight at the drop of a hat the biggest man that ever breathed. I don't know what State gave him birth, but he was a native of the South, and all the pioneers of Texas knew him well. The little chap didn't provoke difficulties, but I verily believe he enjoyed fighting for its own sake, and odds didn't figure with him once he concluded to go into a melee. His long suit was shooting, and a deadlier shot never fingered a revolver.

"I shall never forget the first time that Jack Watson and I met, for the circumstances were of the sort that burns itself upon a man's memory. I was riding into a mining camp in Nevada county, and stopped at a watering trough to let my beast drink. About the same time a stranger of very diminutive stature rode up, and while our animals refreshed themselves we engaged in some casual conversation. The stranger was Watson. Before we exchanged half a dozen sentences our attention was attracted by a great noise, and looking around we saw at least 200 men coming our way with a prisoner. The prisoner was a remarkably fine looking man, but his captors had stripped him to the waist, and the evident intention was to flog him.

"Before I could hardly realize what was happening, Watson spoke up: 'Dare you go in with me and stop these men?' It seemed bravado, but there was a ring in the small one's voice that sounded like business, and I, being young and foolish, answered, 'I dare.'

"We rushed after the mob at racing speed, and when I got close enough to the leaders I yelled at the top of my lungs, 'Hold on, boys; you've got the wrong man!' This was an inspiration, for I really knew nothing of the case, but I hated to see such a magnificent-looking fellow undergo the humiliation of a public beating. But my cry caused a halt, and with Watson beside me I repeated that they had the wrong man, and still using my highest notes called for the appointment of a committee. It is curious how easily a mob is sometimes swayed. In less than ten minutes this one, previously so impassioned, had calmed down and was listening quietly to the investigations of the committee, of which I had been made chairman. It seems that the prisoner was, as I apprehended, a respectable and worthy man, and he had letters upon him that vouched for his integrity. He had been accused of stealing \$200 in gold by a miner, but we not only established his innocence, but started an examination that led to the discovery of the real thief.

After this I saw Jack no more till one day in San Francisco, when I found him in a most wretched condition. He had gone to a political meeting where he was persona non grata and there was immediate trouble. Jack killed two men, but was himself almost riddled with bullets. An old negro took me to him, and I found him in an apparently dying condition. He had one bullet hole in him he had twenty. He had no doctor, no nurse, no food no friend but the old darkey. I got him a room in a good hotel and the best physician money could hire. The doctor thought he had a bare chance to live, but was very dubious of his pulling through. His nerve saved him, and in a few weeks he was going around as game as ever.

"The next news of Jack came from Pasadena. He had gone to a ball and, aspiring to the belle of the town, roused the enemy of a dozen young gallants. The shooting began while the function was still in progress, but it was a bad day for Jack Watson's assailants, for when the firing ceased there were five of them corpses, while he escaped unhurt. Jack finally became a member of the Legislature, and, strange to say, died a peaceful death, respected and loved by all his neighbors."

TOASTS TO QUEEN VICTORIA.

One Regiment Where Her Health Is Not Drunk—A Welsh Toast.

There is only one regiment among those in the British Army which does not toast her majesty at mess. This is the Seventh Fusiliers, and the regiment is extremely proud of its distinction. It seems that upon one occasion, in the long ago, some King of England was dining with the officers of the regiment, and said, after dinner, that the loyalty of the Seventh was sufficiently well assured without their drinking the Sovereign's health.

It is a curious fact—the origin of which

"THE WHITE MAN'S BURDEN!"

What more appropriate name could be applied to that most insidious and universal of diseases—Catarrh—which affects nine hundred in every thousand of our people.

Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder has proved itself a wonderful power in lifting the burden—a dove of peace in the battle of life.

It makes life worth living—it helps in a hurry and it cures permanently—relief in 10 to 60 minutes.

So called cures come and go and hardly a week passes but some new claimant as a cure for catarrh presents itself, only to

fail in its mission, add another disappointment to the long list of disappointments in the line of permanent cures for this most universal and distressing disease.

Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder has been for many years before the public as the surest, safest, most harmless, quickest and most permanent treatment for Catarrh, Hay Fever, Cold in the Head, Sore Throat, Influenza, Catarrhal Deafness,

and the possible danger to her young one, and the tremendous tail was laid as softly upon the water as if it had been a feather fan.

But whistlers never permit sentiment to interfere with their work. The crews saw the mother die, holding the calf to her side; then with a single lance-thrust they killed it. They were intent on 'life,' not on an exhibition of maternal love.

When this Paragraph Catches

your eye you will see at once that it is an advertisement. But how else can we let you know what a capital thing Adamson's Botanic Cough Balm is? Write and tell us 25¢ all Druggists.

HIS HAIR STOOD UP.

The Experience of a Prospector on Facing Four Mountain Lions.

"Twice in my life, up to five years ago, I had felt my hair crawl," said the prospector or, "but as to its standing on end I didn't believe such a thing possible. I was knocking about the mountains of Idaho with a partner, when I went out alone one day to pop over some game for the dinner pot. I had gone a mile or more from camp and had descended to the bottom of a ravine to get a drink of water, when I turned the top of a fallen tree and ran plump against as pretty a sight as you ever saw.

"On a grassy spot, in the full blaze of the sun, lay four mountain lions fast asleep. For half a minute I thought them dead, but as I stood staring with my mouth open every one of the four sprang up with a growl. I had a Winchester in my hands, but I could no more have lifted it to my face than I could have uprooted the mountain. The first sensation I had caught me in the ankles. It was a numbness, as if my feet were asleep, and it travelled upward until I stood there like a

block of ice. Only my brain was left clear. On top of the numbness came a feeling that I was breaking out with a rash. Then the hair at the back of my neck began to curl and twist and crackle and a minute later every hair on my head was on end. I had on a soft felt hat, and I am sure that hat was lifted up an inch or two.

"As to the lions, they stood there head on to me and sniffling and growling and switching their tails, and had I but moved a finger they would have been on me. I didn't move because I couldn't, I don't believe I moved an eyelash for three minutes. By and by one of the beasts dropped his tail and whinned. My unexpected presence and queer appearance mystified him. His actions were followed by another, and ten seconds later the four made a sneak down the ravine, growling and whining as they went. They had been gone a minute before I felt my blood circulating again and perhaps it was another minute before I could move about. Then found my hat on the ground at my feet. There wasn't a breath of wind down there, and if my hair didn't lift that hat off my head how did it leave it? I know the hat was pushed off. I know it, because when I got back to camp my hair hadn't yet flattened down and when my chum rubbed his hand over my head there was a crackling as of a rabbit running through the dry brush. This state of things continued for two days and the way I finally got the scare out of the hair was to rub on about a pint of coon's fat and heat it at the camp fire.

Locking an Umbrella.

An umbrella that is useless to any one except its rightful owner may well be considered valuable. The New Orleans Times Democrat says that a lawyer in that city possesses such an article, which he describes as follows: I bought it in Germany year before last, and nobody can open it except myself. Do you notice that little keyhole in the side? Here is the key on the end of my watch-chain, and until it is inserted and turned, the thing is absolutely immovable. Anybody else would find it harder to raise than a mortgage. On at least a dozen occasions the umbrella has been stolen, or taken away by accident, if you prefer that term, but it has always found its way home. You see, my name is cut on the handle, and the umbrella itself is well known to all the attaches of the building. When they see a stranger struggling with it in the door on a rainy day, they promptly confiscate it and bring it back. I wonder that such umbrellas are not made in this country.

American Public Holidays

A bill in the present Congress provides that the twelfth day of February, the birthday of Lincoln, and the second day of April, the birthday of Jefferson, be made holidays.

Why? There at present in the United States twenty nine holidays. Most of them are local. There is no national holiday; even the Fourth of July is not a day of rest by act of Congress. Although the President proclaims a day of Thanksgiving it does not become a legal holiday in any State unless there is a law for it. But in spite of the complications of the question, there seem to be liberal cessations from toil. The Sundays yield fifty two days of rest; the Saturday half holidays twenty six days more. This makes seventy eight

unqualified endorsement and show their practical faith in it by using it in their daily practice.

Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder goes right to the seat of the trouble. It attacks the disease, removes the cause, cleanses and heals the parts, quickly and permanently. The treatment is simple, the applications are easily made, perfectly painless, and in ten to sixty minutes after applying, relief follows. It's so wonderfully searching, and yet so soothing, comfort comes like magic.

Mrs. Greenwood, of 204 Adelaide street west, Toronto, says, in substantiation of the claims of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder: "I am so well pleased with Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder and the good results derived from it, that I hardly know how to express myself. For years I was a great sufferer from Catarrh in the Head and Throat. I tried many remedies without getting relief until I began using Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder. A few applications gave me great comfort and relief. I continued using it, and now every vestige of the trouble has gone, and words fail me to express the gratitude I feel at being freed from this loathsome disease.

Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart stops palpitation, smothering, shortness of breath, pains about the heart, gives relief in 30 minutes.

Dr. Agnew's Ointment—When the skin seems fairly on fire from itching skin diseases, one application will give quick and permanent relief.

Dr. Agnew's Liver Pills cure liver ills; 20 cents for 40 doses. Sold by E. C. Brown.

days. Then each state has its own legal holidays, and often each city has its special day of observance. For instance Massachusetts observes April 19 as Patriots' Day. Utah has July 24 as Pioneer's Day. Vermont has August 16 as the Bennington Battle Day. California has Sept 9 as Admission Day. So it goes all over the country. When we take all these holidays and combine the statistics we find that they amount on an average to about ninety days or more—practically one fourth of the year. This new bill would add a second holiday in February, the shortest month of the year. Twelve of the States already have holidays in April, so that the new bill would also place a second holiday in that month. We are all in favor of holidays, of course, and wish we could crowd the calendar with them. But it may be well not to rush toward the conditions that exist in Russia and some other countries where there are so many holidays that the people who want to work have scarcely the time or the opportunity to get up in the world.—Saturday Evening Post.

LIFE'S A BLANK

Without Hearing—Catarrh Induces Deafness—Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder Gives Quick Relief.

W. Ernest Louis, of West Flamboro, was so bad with Chronic Catarrh that his hearing seemed permanently impaired. Doctors treated, specialists tortured for five months, but his hearing grew worse. He was recommended to try Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder. One application gave him great relief and a couple of bottles cured him permanently. Sold by E. C. Brown.

What She Told Him.

The pastor of a church in Washington, on leaving his study, which is in the rear of the church, saw a little girl, a friend of his, talking to a stranger.

"What was that man saying to you, Madge?" asked the minister, as he came up to the little girl.

"Oh, he just wanted to know if Doctor C. was the preacher of this church."

"And what did you tell him?"

"I told him," she said with dignity, "that you were the present encumbrance."

THAT HACKING COUGH is a warning not to be lightly treated. Pny-Pectoral cures with absolute certainty all recent coughs and colds. Take it in time. Manufactured by the proprietors of Perry Davis' Pain Killer.

Lady—Why did you have that boy arrested?

Baker—Why, he was throwing stones at a poor cat.

Lady—How cruel! I am glad to see that you are so humane.

Baker—Yes. One of the stones broke my window.

IF TAKEN IN TIME The D. & L. Emulsion will surely cure the most serious affections of the lungs. That "run down" condition, the after effects of a heavy cold is quickly counteracted. Manufactured by the Davis & Lawrence Co., Ltd.

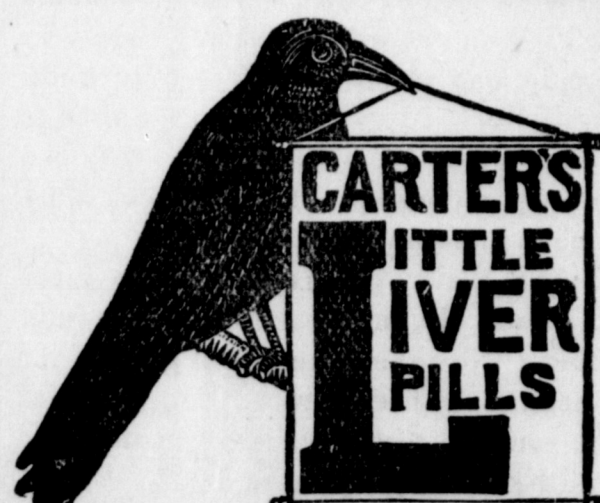
Cholly—Me hated rival sent Miss Charm a canary bird.

Raggy—Get even, dear boy.

Cholly—How can I, weally?

Raggy—Send her a big Maltese cat.

WE CLAIM THAT The D. & L. Menthol Plaster will cure lumbago, backache, sciatica, or neuralgia, rheumatism, lame back, etc. Davis & Lawrence Co., Ltd.



CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS

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.