Marvelous Escape from Death !

PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND

Does a Wondrous Work for a Lady Who Was Almost Crazed with

Pain and Suffering.

It is well known that terrible rheumatism, sciatica, and neuralgia cause more helplessess, acute suffering, and agony, than any of the other diseases that afflict humanity. The great medicinal virtues of Paine's Colery Company and make it the only trustworthy specific

the other diseases that affilet humanity. The great medicinal virtues of Paine's Celery Compound make it the only trustworthy specific for the cure of all forms of rheumatism and neuralgia. Thousands of strong testimonial letters from the most prominent people of the land, prove that Paine's Celery Compound has banished these terribly fatal troubles when all other treatment has falled. Mrs. Margaret Bethel, of Brainerd, Minn., after thirty years of agonizing tortunes had a desire to end her life, if it was the will of Heaven; she almost prayed for the time to lay it down. Heaven-directed, she made use of Paine's Celery Compound, and is enjoying true life once more. She says:—

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Painfully Clean.

"Cleanliness is next to godliness, I know," said the young matron whose mother-in-law lives with her, "but there is such a thing as carrying it too far, I think. Now, my usband's mother is fearfully and wonderfully neat—in fact, at times I feel that to live in a pigpen would be a relief. From morning till night there is nothing but clean, clean, clean, clean, clean, the places most likely to trip you up. These are intended to keep the floor underneath tree from underneath tree. up. These are intended to keep the floor underneath free from stain, and then the carpets are taken up and the floor underneath scrubbed and the floor underneath scrubbed

as carefully as if it had not been protected all the time. You cannot magine just how trying it is. But the other day she reached the limit. She came in, took off her shoes, She came in, took off her shoes, arefully washed them and set them out to dry. Think of it! It's a wonder she did not wash her het." -New York Press.

Joseph's Ambition to Be a Golfer. Joseph was attired in his coat of many colors. "Huh!" sneered his envious broth-

ers. "You'll be wearing red neck-ties and green socks next."

"Not yet," replied the favorite son, "but I was thinking of going in for golf."

Hereupon they cast him into the pit, and he gleefully samounced that he had made one hole anyway. -New York Tribune

When Ansisthetics Were frew. When anasthetics were first discovered it was u ged by those who had learned to admire the dexterity of surgical art that the days of that ert were doomed, that surgeons would become mere "puddlers" and that a false sentiment and fear

boni ran and the innician of pain wild take from the Æsculapian naternity the boldest and mannest qualities. No more heroes of surgery would be born.

The Buttermilk Cow. Grandma had taken little Roge the country for a visit over After all the wonderful visits to the barnyard and pigsty milking time tame, and Roger, cup in hand, went to see the cows milked. When he was drinking his cup of milk he looked at all the cows and

"Grandma, which cow is the but-emilk cow?"—Little Chronicle.

such syswilk each not been one

Once a man was elected to public Lice and stayed straight, but he died efore he took the oath.

A GOLF STORY

John McLennan had lain for many months on a bed of sickness. All summer he had been deprived of his walks in the green fields and up the banks of the Tay, but as the summer died and autumn reigned supreme he was sensible of a change for the better.

Now, let it be known that John was a crack golfer, and as he lay racked with pain his mind often wandered up the Inch, and he would count his imaginary strokes as he wended his way from hole to hole.

Early in August he had recovered so far as to be able to take a turn round the doors, but he soon got tired and was glad to return to his armchair by the fireside.

It was therefore a surprise in more ways than one to his gude wife when one Sunday morning toward the end of August he rose between

the end of August he rose between 5 and 6 o'clock and said he was going a round of the golf course.

"John McLennan," said his astonished wife, "are ye mad? D'ye ken this is the Lord's day? An' you an elder o' the kirk!"

"Nance," said John quietly as he got his sticks ready, "I'm weel aware o' what day this is, an' I ken I'm an older o' the kirk; but, wumman, I'm deein' for a game, an' we may never hae anither mornin' like this. Besides, surely it'll no' be coontit a sin to play a bit hole or twa sae early in the mornin', when very few, if ony, folk 'll be aboot."

Mrs. McLennan said no more, and John awoke Bobbie, his eldest son, whose usual job was to carry the clubs. He was his father's only

"caddie."
"Come awa, laddie. Oh, ye need-na look that way. Yer faither's nei-ther daft nor bad. Sae come awa." And out they went. They reached the teeing ground as 6 o'clock chimed on St. John's.

"Noo, Bobbie, mak' a fine tee; no'

owre high, ye ken. That's fine. Keep yer e'en on the ba' in case I dinna see'd. Nae flags the day, ye ken -Sabbath. Wheest!"

Whack!
"There ye are! No' a bad drive for ma an' newly aff a sick bed."
"Faither," said Bobbie as he looked timidly around, "what 'll ye dae if ye meet onybody?"

"Juist draw my bonnet doon like that. Wid ye ken yer ain faither noo if ye met him?" And Bobbie acknowledged that he

wouldn't. "Very weel. Dinns speak ony mair aboot meetin' folk. But here we are. Gie's my cleek." Crackt

"Ye're on the green, faither, in twa," said Bebbie proudly. "Ye'll dae that hole in three."

"I'll try, laddie; I'll try," said John, "hut I doot I'm owre shaky. Hooever, gie's my putter. Steady! cil an' paper? That's sicht first hole in three!" And John Molennan mopped his forehead with his handkerchief, for heads of sweat found a habitation on his bald pate. "Anither tee, Bobbie. That's fine. Noo the hole's eye up saide the big tree, I suppose."

"Aye," says Bobbie as he strains his eyes in the direction indicated. "Weel, look oot an' see whaur I

Whack!
"Nae sae gude's my first ane, but
they canna a' be gude, eh, laddie?"
But Bobbie did not answer as he handed his father his cleek on coming up to the ball.

Crack! But it was a bad shot, and John played again. It's on the green, ft .. her," said

"Aye, laddie," replied his father, "but in three. I'll need four for this hole."

this hole."
"It's no' here, faither," Bobbie said as he looked all over the green.
"Aye, it's here," replied the old man as he lifted it out of the hole.
"That's a fluke; but, a' the same time, I'm in in three. Mark that doon; second hole in three."
"Anither tee. The hole's right across at the road. Noo, I must gie this are an awfu' crack."
Whack!

Whack! "By, faither, ye're near the green. D'ye, think ye'll dae this ane in twa?" Bobble ventured.

"Na, na, lad tie; Fil need mair than that. Hooever, we'll see." And so the two trudged on. "Faither, here's a ba', an' it's no."

"Put it in yer pouch an sac naething. But here we are. See a grip o' my iron; I maun lift this and "My putter noo. Bah, owre hard! Aye, that's four, ye see, an' it wis my best drive too! Put that doon; third hole in four. Noo, it's even owre to the Tay an' across the burn. There's some ane comin' alang the walk on aye o' that bicycles. Lat's get awa' quick." Whack! "Come on, noo, for I hink after I play up to the tap c the peninsula Pl send ye hame wi' the sticks an' take a canny walk doon. Stand up on the

road an' see if I gang into the burn.
Watch yer had?" Crack!
"Yo're owre, faither, an' at the
hole?" ried Bobble. "Ye're sure to
due this ane in three. Come across by the brig. Ye're lyin' ane."

"There we are, then, laddie, there.
Put that doon; fourth hole in three.
Noo, back owre 'A' burn to you.

"There we are, then laddie, there.
For saie by Evans Pharmady.

hole at the tap o' the Inch."
Whack! "D'ye see, Bobbie?"
"Aye, faither; ye're up near the road." And Bobbie ran to see axactly where the ball lay.
"This is a tricky hole; ye see, there's a brae to coont wi. Stand there on the road an' see what I

there on the road an' see whaur I

gang. That's twa."

"No' hard enough, faither," said
Bobbie as his father came up. "But
I've seen ye put in a waur ane than

"Weel, we'll try; another inch wid hae din't. That's four again. Fifth hole in four. Doon wi'd! Noo, here's the burn again, an' see that I dinna gang into the burn or the Tay. But there's that bioycle chap

again."
"Faither, faither, it's Mester Moir, oor helper, oor kirk helper!"
Bobbie said excitedly.

"Wheest, ye dee—ye dear laddie! He'll hear ye." And, whack, away went the ball again.
"Into the bunker, faither. What a peety!" said Bobby, but his father was silent: He was wondering if Mr. Moir had seen him. His iron took him out of the bunker and took him out of the bunker and larded him on the green in two, and

he got the hole in three.
"Is that three, faither?" asked Bobbie. "Aye," said his father.

"Are ye turnin' no weel again, faither?" Bobbie asked, surprised at the change in his manner.

"No, no; I'm weel enough, only angry at no' dasing that hole in twa. Never mind, Richt up to the tap noo."

Whack! whack!

"A gude shot, but it's in the whins. Look, Bobbie; lyin' on the tap like a bird's nest. There ye are, just at the hole; wid ye! That's richt—in in three. Put that doon; seventh hole in three. Weel, I feel tired, so we'll hae a bit rest. Coont thred, so we'll has a bit rest. Coont up hoo mony I've ta'en for the seven holes—3, 6, 10, 13, 17, 20, 23. Twenty-three! Losh! I never did that afore. Noo gang ye awa home an' see an' hurry. Dinna stop to speak to onybody on the road, an' I'll come canny doon. Twenty-three! It's awfu' gude."

Four Sundays later John McLennan stood at the church plate. No one had ever referred to the game he had a month previous, and he was glad of it. Mr. Moir preached that day, and his text was, "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy."

As the preacher progressed John grew more and more convinced that the sermon had been specially prepared for him, and at the close of the service he entered the vestry and asked the half unrobed minis-

ter, "Did ye see me yon mornin'?"
"I did," replied the minister.
"Weel, an' I saw you acr se yon iron cuddy, sae nane o's had better mention sic maitters again."

"We won't," replied the minister as he donned his coat and made for the door. And they didn't.

anecdote of Voltaire. anecdote of Voltaire.

In the early days of his literary efforts the regent of France was much displeased by the tone of Voltaire's remarks about public affairs and had him locked up in the Bastille. But later, when his tragedy of "Œdipus" was represented, the prince resented and released the author.

Happening to meet Voltaire soon after, the regent went so far as to

"Be prudent, and I will take care of you."

"I am infinitely obliged to you," said the poet, "but I beg your highness not to charge yourself further with my lodging."

Curious Facts About Eggs. It is rather curious to know just how much pressure an egg stand. The following tests, given in a scientific journal, may surprise readers. Eight ordinary hens' eggs were found only to give way under a pressure applied all round of between 400 pounds and 675 pounds tween 400 pounds and 675 pounds on the square inch of surface. When the tests were applied internally to twelve eggs they yielded at pressures of thirty-two pounds to sixty-five pounds per square inch.
The pressure required merely to
crush the eggs was between forty pounds and seventy-five pounds per square inch. The average thickness of the shells was thirteen-thou-sandthe of an inch.—Chicago Journal

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WAGNER AS A HUMORIST.

How the Master Responded to a Lon-don Critic's Suggestion.

Richard Wagner was not a man to whom one would naturally ascribe whom one would naturally ascribe the faculty of ready joking. It is not from the creator of the serious, somber "Flying Dutchman" or the composer of the half mystical, half religious, opera "Parsifal" that one would expect cheerful pranks at the expense of other people. Nevertheless an instance is on record of how the great tone painter of Baireuth played a very funny trick on a newspaper and probably a good many of the readers accustomed to relying on what it said. It was in the fifties. Wagner, then still climbing ties. Wagner, then still climbing the ladder of fame, was conducting the Philharmonic concerts in the British metropolis for a season.

Being, as he remained to the end,

a very ardent admirer of Beethoven and, in fact, knowing that master's nine symphonies by heart, he selected several of their for performance in the said series of concerts. The first time, then, that Wagner conducted a Beethoven symphony in London the public received the rendition kindly enough, but the next morning a certain newspaper with a very large circulation came out with a rather severe criticism. The au-thor of "Lohengrin" was in cold print but in unreserved terms scolded for directing a symphony by the immorfal Beethoven without the score in front him. Such a proceeding, to which London was unaccustomed was sheer presumption, so run the criticism, and, after further unacmplimentary remarks, the great and influential journal advised young Harr Wagner to Una a score young Herr Wagner to use a score when he conducted a Beethoven symphony again. Well, soon Herr Wagner did, this

time with a book of music before him on the desk. He was seen to turn over the leaves with a certain amount of regularity too. His re-ward came the next day in the form of a commendatory article in the aforesaid newspaper which praised him for a very much better interpretation of Beethoven than his last, due, of course, to the suggested use of the score, whereupon Wagner announced the fact that the core in front of him the previous evening was that of Rossin's opera. "The was that of Rossini's opera, "The Barber of Seville," turned upside down.—Collier's Weekly.

Old Doe Burns had been a valued citizen of a little western town, but had lost his prestige through an extreme weakness for whisky.

He was a first class doctor when he was sober, but he was so seldon in that condition that he couldn't be trusted with the chills. One day a man was taken suddenly ill, and as the only other doctor in town had gone to the country to see a patient a harry call was sent for Doc Burns.

He arrived, drunk, as usual; but, Undesired Lodgings.

The patronage which in times past great princes were in the habit of bestowing upon men of letters had two sides. What the other side might well be is illustrated by an anecdote of Voltairs.

"Why, the man's drunk!"—De-troit Free Press.

There is but one kind of poison evy, known to botanists as Rhus toxicodendron. This has three leaves. Another climbing, trailing phia Ledger. shrub of the same general appear ance on walls and rail fences is the Virginia creeper. This is not poisonous and has five leaves. It will help you to remember which is the poisonous and which the harmless if you picture the three leaves as the index finger pointing "go;" that is, the three leaves representing the three parts of the index hand thurab, forefinger, clasped fingers. Regard the five leaved as the thumb and four fingers of the hand opened in welcome.—St. Nicholas.

Arditi's Wig. Signor Arditi was from quite a young man extraordinarily bald, his hair, which fell out during an attack of typhoid, never having grown again. It was the dream of his life to wear a wig, he used to say, and once he did get as far as donning one, but when Mme: Albani saw it in the artist's room she burst into a shout of laughter and tore it from his head, declaring that she could not sing with such a thing in front of her. After that he never appeared in it in public again, but in the privacy of his own room he sometimes put it on and wondered sadly why he was not allowed to wear it.—Exchange.

She Took It Off.

He was only five years old, but he had siready been warned of the con-sequences which might-ensue did he persist in wearing his hat in and out of season. So one day when he came in with his sister from play he was heard to say in serious tones: "Take off your hat, sissy. You know, if you wear it in the house you may get bowlegged."—Brooklyn Eagle.

i axative Promo Quinine Cures a Cold in One Day, Grip in 2 Days 6 7 Strong box, 250

- Most people stay poor not because they don't make enough, but because they spend too much.

- What makes a girl look so queer when you talk about the loyalty of a man who is engaged to her best friend. I utation the shadow.

SUPERSTITIOUS CROOKS.

The Average Trust In Tallamans Amulots and Charms.

The average thief born and bred in the slums is always superstitious and cowardly. He believes in the power of witches, omens and the protecting properties of amulets, talismans and charms, and when searched at the police station there are usually found in his pocket or concealed about his person bits of coal, rusty horseshoe nails, lucky.

stones and rings.

He parts with these articles, on which he relies for safety in the hour of peril, with the greatest re-luctance and stipulates with the turnkey to have them returned ei-ther to himself or friends.

The burglar's greatest enemy in his nocturnal wanderings is a dog. whose presence he even dreads more than the policeman or detective. To protect and guard himself against protect and guard himself against canine attacks on his person he carries about with him a sprig of the gray limewort, which when used as an amulet is an absolute preventive against the bite of dogs. This plant when used internally is said, on the authority of Bacon, to remove hydrophobia.

There is also a curious superstition common among all classes of the genus lawbreaker regarding the power of a candle made from the body of a young woman. The belief is that such a candle not only renders the perpetrators of robberies invisible, but that it throws the victim or victims into a state of deep somnolency. Within recent years four ignorant Russian peasants murdered a girl and made candles out of her body. Before the murderers were executed they confessed that they committed the crime to make themselves invisible while perpetrating a robbery they had planned.

In the Scotch criminal code of

the eighteenth century there are express penalties against this hideous candle superstition. The thief has implicit reliance in the foreknowledge claimed by gypsies and other people, and he has been known to pay blackmail to professed exponents of the "black art" who threatened him with all manner of perils. A thief who has the misfortune to be arrested two or three times red handed in company with a chum is set down as "unendly" and is carefully avoided and shunned as if he were suffering from some con-tagious disease. It is these ostracized thieves in the commonwealth of crime that are utilized by detec-tives in their explorations.—London Tit-Bits.

Why Ships Are Called She. It was in one of the public schools of Philadelphia. The teacher of a primary class was reading a lesson in dictation which scores of busy pencils were transferring to

"The ship was sailing down the river to the sea. She had all her sails set," read the teacher.

"Please, teacher, why are ships called "she?" asked a small boy

from the end of the room. The teacher dropped the book for

moment. "Does any box know why a ship called she?" the teacher queried. There was a second's pause. Then little boy's hand went up.

"Why?" asked the teacher.

"Why?" asked the teacher. "Does any boy know why a ship is called she?" the teacher queried.

a little boy's hand went up.
"Why?" asked the teacher. "Because it takes men to manage her?" was the eage reply.—Philadel-

Very Extraordinary. A young lady was introduced to an old lady as "sister of So-and-so, the artist." Instantly the exclama-tion followed: "I should have known the relationship, my dear, by the re-amblance. Why, it is positively startling! I never saw two faces more exactly alike in contour

sister-in-law."

"Which makes it all the more remarkable," continued the old lady without the least embarrassment or hesitation.

The reading lesson was about a shipwreck. A message announcing the sinking condition of the ship had been inclosed in a bottle and flung overboard.

"Now," said the teacher, wishing to test the intelligence of his class, "why was the letter put in a bottle?"

A hand went up "'Cos there was no post offis."

AMuman Clod. Tess Some men are awfully slow, aren'tsthey? Jess—Yes, and they're so aggravating! There was one sat alongside of me coming downtown in the car this morning. Tess-You weren't trying to flirt

Jess-Gracious, no! But he was reading a novel, and he was never ready to turn; the page when I was. -Philadelphia Press.

- With the exception of lovemaking there are many new ways of doing old things. - It's curious, when a girl comes

back from a summer resort, how much she looks like articles that have been rawed all over a bargain counter and - The flower of the family isn't

always college bred. - Character is the substance ; rep-

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teen years of age.

When scholarships are vacated after
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making the highest average at this ex-The next session will open about September 16, 1903.

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