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Let your father young to be left in charge of a drug store? Perhaps so, ma'am; what can I do? Don't your employers know it's dangerous to leave a mere boy like you in charge of such a place? You are not competent to serve you, and you will make known your mind. Don't they know you might poison some? There is no danger of that, madam; I can do for you? Think I better go to the store down street. Don't serve you just as well as they do as cheaply? Well, you can give me a 2-cent note, but it don't look right.—Houston Post.

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Applications as they cannot reach the portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constituting the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed, it remains closed and the sound of the hearing is lost. When it is entirely closed, deafness is complete, and unless the inflammation can be removed and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever. Deafness is not caused by Catarrh, but is the result of an inflamed condition of the Eustachian Tube. Send for our Little's Ear Cure. One Hundred Dollars for any case of deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Little's Ear Cure. Send for our Little's Ear Cure. Send for our Little's Ear Cure.

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Family Pills are the best.

What's the Matter with the Machines.

"What's the matter with the machines?" said the renter of room No. 10. "That the rattle of the typewriters office doesn't annoy you." "No, it does not," responded the capitalist whose office was No. 10. "But their gabble does annoy me."—Chicago Tribune.

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Wear Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder, that breaks, softens, soothes, swells feet, cures, improves nails and bunions. At all shoe stores. 25c. Don't accept cheap imitations. Sample mailed FREE. Address: Allen's Foot-Ease, 149 N. Y.

No Hope of Agreement.

"I'm sorry to hear that Wrinklin's wife can't live together in peace. It's too much obstinacy on both sides. It's the trouble, isn't it?" "Yes, he's a standpater, and she's a splitter."—Houston Post.

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Popular Science.

It has been discovered that many of the recent great bush fires in New South Wales and Victoria, Australia, were caused by the phosphorus paste laid down to kill rabbits. As soon as the mixture dries it catches fire under the heat of the sun's rays.

Of the 58,324 square miles of England and Wales, Miss Nora E. MacMunn finds that 26,482 are under 250 feet in elevation above the sea, 16,305 are between 250 and 500 feet, 10,476 are between 500 and 1,000 feet, 4,678 are between 1,000 and 2,000 feet, 300 are between 2,000 and 3,000 feet and four are more than 3,000 feet.

Tantalite, the metal recently employed in Germany for making an improved filament for electric lamps, has found another use. Messrs. Siemens and Halske have produced pens of tantalite which are said to be at the same time harder than steel and more elastic than gold. Tantalite is very resistant to chemicals. It is the intention to employ this metal for the manufacture of various kinds of tools.

To enable people to send their voices to their friends through the mails is the ambition of three French inventors, who have united their ingenuity in the production of a wax-like material called "sonorine," which may be spread upon a post card. Spoken messages may be impressed upon the prepared cards by placing them in a phonographic apparatus, into which the sender speaks, and the receiver of such a card has only to put it through a receiving phonograph in order to hear the voice of his friend as in a telephone.

One of the strangest cargoes a vessel could possibly have was unloaded at the London docks toward the close of March. It consisted of several sacks filled with dried flies, consigned to a large firm of grain merchants. These flies, exported from Brazil, have been purchased for use in the manufacture of food for chickens, cage birds and the like. They were caught on the River Amazon by Brazilians, who traveled up the river in flat-bottomed boats and who are provided with gauze nets with which they capture these insects 'n millions, as flies hover in dense clouds over many of the swampy reaches of the Amazon. The flies thus caught are killed and dried in the sun.

Neuman Tobias of Kingston, Jamaica, has invented a remarkable lock. The combination consists of four sets of twenty-four letters of the alphabet, which can be set to a sentence in most modern languages. When one letter is used in one alphabet and another in the second set and so on it becomes a very complicated matter indeed. Furthermore, instead of letters, the inventor has employed four sets of numerals. Assuming that the lock is set to a figure in the number of 3,080,303, 080,303,030, it would take any one who undertook the job of unlocking the safe 96,000,278 years 269 days 30 minutes and 30 seconds working at the rate of sixty numbers a minute to arrive at the proper combination. During that time he would have no time for eating, drinking or sleeping.

TALKING OF GRIZZLY BEARS.

Hunter Says Wild Animals Are Dangerous Only When Attacked.

"In the mountains of Wyoming, where I have hunted for years, you can find any kind of savage animals that you get in America except alligators. Grizzlies, black bears and mountain lions are commonly killed there," says Hugh Salverly of Sheridan, Wyo. "Some of the men that come out there to hunt think that if they stir 100 yards away from camp they must be armed to the teeth for fear of being attacked by a bear or a 'palnter' and killed. There's a heap more danger of getting killed on account of leaving your gun at home when you go down Market street. Someone might shoot you on the street in a big city, but it is dead sure that a bear or a mountain lion will never attack you unless you drive him to it.

"I've hunted through the best districts for big game in this country and I've seen a good many grizzlies, but I've never seen one of them go after a man unless he was cornered or wounded. If you run into a grizzly bear in a lonely place you'll hear a grunt, something like that of a mammoth hog, and then there will be a mighty crashing of underbrush as he makes off in the opposite direction as fast as he can go. All you can generally see of a mountain lion is a tawny streak as he makes off at incredible speed. If he has any intention of going after you it must be his intention to go around the world and catch you in the rear, for if you are standing to the east of him he is sure to go due west.

"Mountain lions in the winter time will follow sleighs at a distance, waiting as they go, but there is nothing in that to inspire terror, for I don't think they have ever been known to close in on anybody. Their terror of human beings is the thing which makes them hard to shoot. In all the time that I have been in the mountains I have never heard of anyone being attacked by a wild animal that has been left strictly alone. But I've known men to be killed even by deer when the brute was driven to desperation.

"Grizzlies are the best game in the world. When you once get their dander up they are savage fighters and the hunter's life is in danger every minute unless he is a good shot and has a

steady nerve. If you ever get within reach of the grizzly's paw you are a dead one. These stories of men killing them with knives in hand-to-hand fights are about as reasonable as it would be to talk of stopping a locomotive by getting in the way of the train. If the big fellow gets a chance to deliver one blow it is all over. There was a grizzly up our way that the cowboys called 'Big Ben' who killed about 150 steers before he was finally shot. He would break a steer's neck with one blow and then he would lift him up and carry him off to a secluded place. Grizzlies look awkward, but they are mighty light on their feet and they can beat any man in a foot race."—Louisville Herald.

A RUDE JOKE.

One can display no greater breach of courtesy than in deriding anything which a people hold sacred, no matter how absurd the object of veneration may seem to the foreign mind. In an incident told in "Temples and Elephants," by Carl Bock, the Siamese audience showed by their silence and restraint a politeness superior to the funmaker in the ring, although the circus men belong to a nation supposed to be more civilized.

The sacred white elephants of Siam are clearly albinos, but they are seldom, if ever, white. Their usual color is a pale reddish brown, although there may be a few real white hairs on the back.

An English circus at one time visited Bangkok, where the performances were witnessed by the king and princes. One day it was announced that a "real white elephant" would take part in that evening's show. The circus was crowded.

After the usual program had been carried out two clowns came into the ring.

"Did you ever see a white elephant?" asked one.

"Oh, yes," answered the other. "The king's got a whole stable of them."

"No, the king hasn't. They're all chocolate. I will show you the only genuine white elephant in the world."

A small Indian elephant was led into the ring—as white as snow. The audience gave a gasp of admiration and reverence. The animal went through various tricks, tumbling about, grinding organs, and so forth. As it performed the secret of its color gradually leaked out. Whatever the elephant touched became white. Presently the first clown told the second to "rub his red nose on the beast and 't would leave its mark on him."

The audience had been growing very still. They saw that the so-called white elephant had been chalked all over. When the clown made his speech it was received by an ominous silence. Their religious belief was being ridiculed.

With admirable restraint, they left the circus without any sign of annoyance; but once outside, they expressed their confident belief that the proprietor would be punished by Buddha. Curiously enough, not many days after, the trick elephant was killed, and not much later the circus proprietor died. When the Siamese heard of the calamities, they declared that it was a just manifestation of Buddha's wrath for the disrespect shown to the sacred animal.

At Napoleon's Tomb.

Henry Vignaud, secretary of the American embassy at Paris, enjoys telling of an American who was being shown the tomb of Napoleon. As the loquacious guide referred to the various points of interest in connection with the tomb, the American paid the greatest attention to all that was said.

"This immense sarcophagus," declared the guide, "weighs forty tons. Inside of that, sir, is a steel receptacle weighing twelve tons, and inside of that is a leaden casket, hermetically sealed, weighing over two tons. Inside of that rests a mahogany coffin containing the remains of the great man."

For a moment the American was silent, as if in deep meditation. Then he said:

"It seems to me that you've got him all right. If he ever gets out, cable me at my expense."—Success.

Not to Be Put Down.

A parish clerk who prided himself upon being well read occupied his seat below the old "three-decker" pulpit, and whenever a quotation or extract from the classics was introduced into the sermon he, in an undertone, muttered its source—much to the annoyance of the preacher and amusement of the congregation. Despite all protests in private, the thing continued until one day the vicar's patience being quite exhausted he leaned over the pulpit and impulsively exclaimed: "Drat you, shut up!" Immediately, in the clerk's usual sententious tone, came the reply: "His own."

Ancient, but It Goes.

Feebles (about to be operated upon for appendicitis)—Doctor, before you begin I wish you would send and have our pastor, the Rev. Mr. Blank, come over.

Dr. Sawm—Certainly, if you wish it, but—ah—

Feebles—I'd like to be opened with prayer.

Experience may be a great teacher, but a man's experience with a woman doesn't teach him sense.

There is usually but one end to a woman's line of talk—and that is the beginning.



Church—Are you acquainted with Flapdash? Gotham—Oh, yes; why, we sleep in adjoining pews!—Yonkers Statesman.

"Do you think the widow will break his will?" "Won't be necessary. She did that long before she became a widow."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Maid—Are you at home to Mrs. Toney, mum? She's at the door. Mistress—I am if she has a new hat on—not otherwise.—Cleveland Leader.

Inert Ike—Wot does "procrastinate" mean? Homeless Homer—To put off. Inert Ike—Gee, but wuzn't we procrastinated from dat fast freight!—Cleveland Leader.

Jones—What do you think of the Louvre gallery? Smith (just back)—Oh, the pictures are pretty good, but there are no jokes underneath them.—New York Sun.

Christian Science Mother—Eleanor, what is the matter? Christian Science Child—Oh, mamma, I got a terrible error of the mind in my stomach.—Medical Journal.

Strawler—I've seen Snippet, the tailor, going up to your studio every day for a week. Is he sitting for you? Dauber—No, he's laying for me.—Cleveland Leader.

Madge—They say she is very clever, but I have never noticed it. Marjorie—Of course not. She says all the clever things about you after you have gone.—Harper's Bazar.

New York Man—Why do they call Boston "the Hub"? San Francisco Man—Because the swiftest part of the country is the furthest from it, I guess.—Cleveland Leader.

"Do you joke writers ever make jokes at your own expense?" "For the first few years all our jokes are made that way. After that, if we're lucky, we get paid for 'em."—Ex.

Mother—Has Charles proven himself to be a thoroughly abstemious man? June Bride—Yes, indeed! He particularly abstains from giving me any money.—Detroit Free Press.

"There are too many grafters in the world," said the patriotic citizen. "Unquestionably," answered Senator Sargent; "pretty soon there won't be enough graft to go 'round."—Washington Star.

Miss Passey—A fortune teller has told me where I should find my future husband. Mrs. Stuplate—Goodness! give me her address at once. Perhaps she could tell me where my present one is.—Judge.

Hix—I don't believe half our rich men know when they are well off. Dix—Where did you get that idea? Hix—At the court house. I was down there this morning looking over the tax lists.—Chicago Daily News.

"Dear John," wrote Mrs. Newlywed from the shore. "I inclose the hotel bill." "Dear Jane, I inclose check," wrote John, "but please don't buy any more hotels at this price—they are robbing you."—Smart Set.

Sporting Customer—A pound of cheese, please. Grocer—Gorgonzola or Cheddar? Sporting Customer—Oh, I don't care. Start 'em both across the counter and I'll take the winner.—Philadelphia Telegram.

Cabby—I 'ad a beard like yours once, but when I found what it made me look like I got it cut off. Bussy—An' I had a face like yours once, an' when I found I couldn't get it cut off I grew a beard.—Punch.

"Do you know anything about this note?" asked the man from the collection agency, sternly. The impecunious one looked at the paper carefully. "No," he decided, "I can't say that I ever met it."—Cleveland Leader.

Mrs. Goode (a clergyman's wife)—My husband always says a short prayer before each meal. The New Cook (indignantly)—Well, he needn't take such precautions phwile I'm at th' range; I'm no cookin' school graduate!—Puck.

Friend—What's that big box on the front of your machine? Automobillist—That's a camera for taking moving pictures. You see, I go so fast I don't have time to look at the scenery, and so I have it photograph it as I go along.—Illustration.

Daughter—No, mamma, Harold has not proposed yet—that is, no in so many words. Mother—Mercy on me, Jane! You must not wait for words! Proposals are mostly made up of sighs, gurgles, stammers, coughs, hems, haws, and looks, you know.—Ex.

"What are you studying now?" asked Mrs. Cumrox. "We have taken up the subject of molecules," answered her son. "I hope you will be very attentive and practice constantly," said the mother; "I tried to get your father to wear one, but he couldn't make it stay in his eye."—Medical Standard.

"A girl," said Miss Prim, "should always teach a man his distance." "Yes," replied Miss Koy, "but the right sort of a man would know his distance. I have no patience with the fellow who stands off about three feet and then leans 'way over to kiss you, as if you were a hot potato."—Ex.

"Sody crackers? Yes'm," said the country store keeper; "I got 'em, I'll er—send 'em up to you!" "Well," replied Mrs. Medders, "I did 'low to take 'em with me." "Yes'm, but, ye see, Bill Bruser he's a-dozin' on top o' the bar! Jest now an' he ain't in the best o' humor to-day."—Philadelphia Press.

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