

ODDS AND ENDS.

THE SONG OF THE SEVEN.

"I'll spin you a yarn,"
Said the old Jack Tar,
"I'll spin you a yarn,"
Said he,
"An it ain't no tale
Of a scroochin' gale
That yells for joy as it splits a sail
An' swashes the briny over the rail;
It ain't no tale, lad, it's a movin' tale;
It's a movin' tale," said he.

"One bloomin' night,"
Said the old Jack Tar,
"One bloomin' night,"
Said he,
"The bristlin' spars
Near the Dago bay,
Near the month of the channel Dago bay,
An' eight brave chaps they swore to bein'
All chance of the Spaniards gettin' away
From the Dago bay," said he.

"These eight brave chaps,"
Said the old Jack Tar,
"These eight brave chaps,"
Said he,
"An' Davy Jones
He rattled his bones
(He listened an' heard his dismal groans)
"I've got 'em," says Dave in deep sea tones—
His a' knowin' old case is Davy Jones—
La Davy Jones," said he.

"But the eight sailed on,"
Said the old Jack Tar,
"But the eight sailed on,"
Said he,
"They sailed so well
That, truth to tell,
They sank their ship in the channel's swell
To keep them Spaniards there a spell.
'Twas a night in the folk's deck of hell,
A night in hell!" said he.

"But days have passed,"
Said the old Jack Tar,
"But days have passed,"
Said he,
"An' it's different now," said he,
"Of the eight brave chaps
The shoulder straps
No gets shore leave, an' he packs his traps
(The cap'n he orders it so perhaps),
An' the girls for him they sets their caps
They sets their caps," said he.

"He's wined an' dined,"
Said the old Jack Tar,
"He's wined an' dined,"
Said he,
"But what of the seven?" said he,
"Now a pretty miss
An' a longshore kisser,
A round smack of a soundin' kiss,
To a plain young Jack ain't none amiss,
But the seven don't seem to be in on this,
Ain't in on this," said he.

"Who beached the seven?"
Said the old Jack Tar,
"Who beached the seven?"
Said he,
"Fergit by faneel,
It's a bloomin' shame
I say it's the devil's own bloomin' shame
That you can't tell out the seven by name!
Come on, now, hearken, man, the zuma
Can you name the same?" said he.
—Baltimore American

Decreasing Sympathy.

Elita do Rhodes—Do latest news in
dis paper whar's us dat we must t'ink
up a new dog.

Walker Boutt—W'at's de matter wid
dis Cuban insurgent scheme we has
been workin'?

Hitte do Rhodes—Dis plan o' de po-
litical bosses t' cast reflections on de
insurgents is a workin, an' we's got ter
be mighty careful. I guess de best t'ing
we kin do is t' begin tellin dat we wuz
wid Cervery.—Omaha World-Herald.

Not the Whole Truth.

The Spanish citizen who was eager
for a little genuine news dismounted
from his bicycle and approached the
press censor.

"What's the matter with those naval
officers who 's away from here some
time ago?" he inquired bluntly. "Aren't
they coming back?"

"Oh, yes," was the answer. "They
are all right. Merly delayed by a few
punctures, that's all."—Washington
Star.

Write Makes Night.

The defeated puglist feebly wrote
the following telegram to his friends:
"Glorious day for us. Landed solar
plexus blow first round. Opponent
knocked out; hand regained conscious-
ness yet. I received no injuries what-
ever."

He had been in Spain during the war
and learned how victories are won.
New York World.

Selecting a Part.

Chicago Actress—I should like to
have a part in your revival of "Cin-
darella."

Theatrical Manager—Do you think
you can play the part of Cinderella?

Chicago Actress—No, no, I'd do
beautifully as one of the sisters whom
Cinderella's shoes wouldn't fit.—New
York Weekly.

His Real Dread.

"No," muttered General Blanco, as
he appended his name to his written
resignation, "I am not afraid to stay
here and meet the Americans, but I
can't face that typewriter joke any
longer. Human endurance has its lim-
its."—Chicago Tribune.

Fixing the Date.

He—Name de day, oh, name de day!
She—Youse men is so impatient!
Well, make it dis day ten years from
now!—New York Journal.

A Family Discontent.

The father of ten daughters listened
silently to the solemn words that united
his eldest to a millionaire.

"There," he murmured, as the tying
of the knot was successfully concluded,
"that's 10 per cent off for cash!"—
Brooklyn Life.

The Returned Soldier.

"I couldn't resist that girl at all."
"Why not?"

"Every time I began to describe a
battle or a naval engagement she told
me she had seen it in a biography."
—Detroit Free Press.

A Masculine Mouth.

"She has a masculine mouth, don't
you think?"

"Very. I fancy she couldn't hold
more than a dozen pins in it to save
her life."—Detroit Journal.

An Emperor's Attic.

The winter palace of the czar sur-
passes any other palace in Europe. It
is on the banks of the Neva and owes
its existence to the Empress Catherine
II, that most extraordinary woman, ex-
traordinary in ability and in vice, the
surprise of all her contemporaries and
the wonder of all her studied her
character. The building is four stories
high, of a light brown color and highly
ornamental in architecture. It is a
wilderness of halls, stairways and
partments. The Nicholas hall and the
St. George's hall will never be forgot-
ten by those who have seen them.

One of the most interesting rooms is
that where Nicholas I died. It is in the
upper story of the northeast corner of
the building and is approached by four
doors and finally by a narrow passage.
It is a small room, only about 18 feet
long and 12 feet wide, with two small
windows, and is the place where the
emperor spent most of his time when
not officially employed. It is the room
in which he died, some say by poison
administered by himself in a fit of mel-
ancholy induced by the outcome of the
Crimean war. The room remains just
as he left it. Near the center is a plain
iron bedstead. Some chairs and a few
cheap pictures adorn the room, and a
dilapidated, down at the heel pair of
slippers complete the furnishings of the
attic room in the palace.

The Absentees See Signs.

The natives of these Jaman villages
had never seen a white man before, and
I noticed at first with some surprise
that those of our actions which inter-
ested them most were the simple and
commonplace ones. To such matters as
eating and dressing they gave the cleas-
est attention. Every morning when I
emerged from my tent I found a large
audience waiting patiently for the per-
formance to begin, and when I took my
place at the washstand a crowd closed
round, forming a large circle. They fol-
lowed the whole process with the great-
est enjoyment, discussing and explain-
ing to one another the various details
and now and again raising shouts of
applause as some peculiarly amusing
feature of the performance (such as the
use of the nailbrush) occurred. When I
produced my toothbrush and proceeded
to put it to its natural use, there was
much anxious discussion, and when I
brushed my hair up and made it stand
out they yelled with delight.

As for the opening of a bottle of
champagne, which occurred on one oc-
casion after an unusually long march,
it simply brought down the house, al-
though the spectators somewhat abrupt-
ly dispersed and viewed the remainder
of the performance around the corners
of adjacent huts.—Freeman's Travels
and Life in Ashanti.

The Black Hole of Calcutta.

A scientist, writing of the black hole
of Calcutta and its atmosphere, says:
"On the 20th of June, 1756, about 8
o'clock in the evening, 146 men were
forced at the point of the bayonet into
a dungeon 18 feet square. They had
been but a few minutes confined in this
infernal prison before every one fell
into a perspiration so profuse that no
idea can be formed of it. This brought
on a raging thirst, the most difficult
respiration and an outrageous delirium.
Such was the horror of their situation
that every insult that could be devised
against the guard without and all the
obnoxious names the viceroys and his
officers could be loaded with were re-
peated to provoke the guard to fire upon
them and terminate their sufferings.
Before 11 o'clock the same evening over
third of the men were dead, and before
6 next morning only 23 came out alive,
but most of them in a high putrid fe-
ver. All these dreadful effects were oc-
casioned by the want of atmospheric
air and by their breathing a superabun-
dant quantity of nitrogen emitted
from their lungs."

Small Darky for Dignity.

Small Darky for Dignity. Dignified
colored coachman—Say, Mistah Ebony,
wof you hole youse head so high?
Pop says you hain't been paid but foa
dollars a week an' ten'!

Dignified Coachman—Go 'way, you
no 'count niggah. De gemmen wot pays
me dat foh dollars am rich enough to
buy out dis hull town.—New York
Weekly.

Hard Luck.

"What prize did you win in the bi-
cycle races?"

"An' a great one. You can get a pair
of trousers for that."

"Can I? It's on my tailor, and I have
owed him that amount for over a year."
—Vim.

At the County Fair.

"How is the campaign progressing?"
asked his friend.

"Fine," said the sharper as he toyed
with the implements of his deadly trade.
"A number of farmers have been in-
jured by shells."—New York World.

One Lesson.

"One of the most impressive lessons
of my childhood was to be lay by some-
thing for a rainy day," exclaimed a
wet tramp as he entered a wayside cot-
tage and threw himself down beside the
kitchen stove.—Richmond Dispatch.

There Were Others.

First Ingenious Maiden—How do
you like my engagement ring?

Second Ingenious Maiden—Oh, it is
the prettiest one you ever had!—Judy.

Defied the Contagion.

"Do what I would I couldn't get him
to propose."

"He must be one of those immunes
we read about."—New York Journal.

NOT UP ON HISTORY.

School Commissioner Malowney Gives the
Teacher a Few Hints.

The teacher arose from her seat at
the desk and nervously greeted Mr.
Patrick Malowney, newly elected the
school commissioner for the district.

"Tis foine weather fer dis toime av
year, miss," remarked Malowney, as
he pulled down his vest and accepted
the proffered seat on the platform. "O!
wor passin an' t'ought O'd dirup in an
catechoise th' kids in hishtoree, jaw-
gratee an' th' roole av t'ree an' see if
diey do be av a boigh order av intelli-
gence. Phwat's thot bake on yer diak?"

"That," murmured the pretty little
schoolma'am, "is a cyclopaedia."

"Aha! Av a cyclopaedia, to be sure. A
historee av old Cyclops, O! persoom.
An' now—Attention, yez young divils.
Phwat wuz th' year av th' black frost
in Oireland? Phwat! None av yer
know? Will, maybe, th' same-quest-
ion wor too hard fer yez. Here's an
aizy yan. Na-ame th' two gree-atist
min iver bor-n."

"Caesar and Napoleon," ventured the
small youth with the expansive fore-
head, who sat at the head of the class.

"Tisa loie," vociferated Malowney.
"Dey wor Dan'el O'Connell an' Raw-
ber Inimitt. Yez missed that wan.
Here's another. Phwat year wuz th'
ribillion? Now, all together."

"It lasted from 1861 until 1865,"
chanted the class in chorus.

"O'im in alkun av th' ribillion in
Oireland, that took place in sixteenv
hunderd an' noine-eight," said Mal-
owney in disgusted tones. "But O! se-
l'us useless fer me t' be wastin me toime
wid yez, fer yez know nawthin av noine
will know av th' roodiments av noine
time. But wan more quest-ian O'll
l'avo yez. Who is the gree-atist O'ill-
tician av our toime?"

Four or five small boys in the rear
of the room hereupon yelled out, "Malow-
ney of the Four!" with all the strength
of their lungs, and with a pleased smile
that distinguished statesman shook
his head with every one in the room and
stated that "theer wor plinty av sence
in thim boys av our gerrils' hid if wan
know how to git at it."—Vim.

A Knowing Dog.

The intelligence of that dog of mine
worrles me. Last Monday he tackled a
bull terrier on the street, and in a min-
ute they were at it hammer and tanned.
I heard the racket and ran out. My dog
had the underdog, but the instant I
spoke to him he let go and sneaked be-
hind the house.

"What did you say to him?"

"All I said was, 'Billy, have you for-
gotten the protocol?'—Cleveland Plain
Dealer.

Joyful Home Coming.

"I'll be so glad when my husband
comes back from the war. Do you
know, I haven't had a good night's
sleep since he went away!"

"I don't wonder. The constant fear
lest he might be sick or wounded and
in the hands of strangers thousands of
miles away from—"

"Yes, yes, I was uneasy about that,
of course. But you've no idea how I
miss his snore!"—Chicago Tribune.

It Was a Pretty Hat.

A young lady of the east end had just
received several proofs of different styles
of photographs of herself and had kept
them until the usual semi-weekly visit
of her best gentleman friend. He was
punctual in arriving that night, but he
never imagined that it was to be his
last call for an indefinite period.

He had no sooner seated himself in
the parlor than the young lady brought
in the photographs for his inspection.
He looked them over very carefully and
finally selected the only one of the sev-
eral pictures showing a hat on the sub-
ject. It was a pretty big hat and beau-
tifully trimmed. The piece of millinery
caught his eye at first glance, and he
most innocently remarked:

"I think this is the best photograph.
The hat is so pretty. It is a very fine
picture of the hat."

The young man did not notice his
short error until too late. His visit was
fatal and uninteresting that evening,
and now he wishes that the art of pho-
tography had never been discovered.—
Pittsburg Dispatch.

The English Army.

In the 40 years that elapsed between
the battle of Waterloo and the fighting
in the Crimea the British army attain-
ed a maximum of inefficiency. It is
only now, when the chief actors in the
great drama of the struggle with Russia
are dead, that the public is beginning to
inquire into the extent of the incapacity
and inefficiency of the men responsible
for the equipment and training of the
British army. But for the courage of the
British private the Crimean campaign
would have been a disaster.

Indeed but for the accident of a fog on
the morning of the battle of Inkerman,
which enabled a handful of British
troops to impress 40,000 Russian sol-
diers with the idea that they were more
numerous and better supported than
they really were, the English army
would have been driven into the Black
sea and the subsequent history of Eu-
rope altered beyond recognition.—Lon-
don Standard.

A Deadly Grudge.

"You and Briggs don't seem to be
very good friends any more."

"No, he is a wolf in sheep's clothing."
"Why, what did he ever do to make
you conceive such an opinion of him?"

"Made me believe I ought to take my
bicycle apart for the purpose of clean-
ing it."—Chicago News.

The Foolish Advice Given.

"I hate to see a man who has sense
enough to give good advice," said Mr.
Bifferly, "but not sense or strength
enough to follow and profit by it him-
self, but it is a fact that many a man
has got rich on a hint from somebody
else who has staid poor."—New York
Sun.

Well Named.

"This is the parlor, eh?" tentatively
remarked the real estate agent, who
was looking over the house.

"Yes," replied the old man Kidder,
"but I usually call it the courtroom—
I've got seven daughters, you know."
—Harper's Bazar.

One-seventh of the Population of Eng- land are engaged in the building trade.

Easy to Take Easy to Operate

Are features peculiar to Hood's Pills. Small in
size, tasteless, efficient, thorough. As one man

Hood's Pills

said: "You never know you
have taken a pill till it is all
over." See C. I. Hood & Co.,
Proprietors, Lowell, Mass.
The only pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Dislikes an Evening Dress.

When Charles Dickens was to make
his first appearance in Boston before an
American audience as a reader, an im-
mense crowd awaited him at the en-
trance of the opera house. The en-
thusiasm of the people for the most
popular novelist then living had risen
to fever heat. One of the most ardent
of his admirers afterward told this lit-
tle incident of the evening:

"With a few gentlemen who wished
to welcome and show him attention I
was in the little room at the back of
the platform when Dickens entered it.
He was a rather stout man with a some-
what red face, and I saw to my sur-
prise, that he was dressed in an ex-
aggerated servility to the extreme fashion.
More than this, he wore a bouton-
niere in each buttonhole, and two
watches, the chains of which were
strung aggressively across his chest.
There was a gaudy and tasteless ap-
pearance which his friends regretted,
knowing how distasteful it would be to
most of his admirers who appreciated
his genius and enjoyed his writings.

"No one, of course, could broach the
subject to him, and he appeared that
night and every other night of his en-
gagement in the same attire. The un-
iversal comment was, 'Why, this is a
petit maitre.' How can a man with such
tastes be the creator of Tiny Tim and
Satan Weller!"—Youth's Companion.

High Frains.

A story told by John Ross Dix in his
"Pulpit Portraits" shows how strong a
current of life ran in the veins of Dr.
Lyman Beecher when he had passed
the allotted threescore years and ten.

When about 75 years of age, he spent
a fortnight in the eastern part of
Maine. A party of gentlemen at Calais
went with him some 30 miles up a
series of lakes to Indian territories.

When about to embark upon a chain
of lakes in the birch canoes, the Indian
guide, Etienne, rather objected to so
old a man attempting the adventure,
feeling that he would give out.

The doctor paddled with the best of
the youngsters; caught more trout than
all the party together and returned each
day from the various tramps in the
lead; ate his fish on a rock, with a sea
bicuit for a trencher and with fingers
and knives and forks; slept on the ground
upon hemlock branches under the tent,
and at length the Indian guide went
from the extreme of depreciation to the
highest expression of admiration in his
power, saying:

"Ah, old man, all Indian!"

Ornamental, Also Useful.

Mrs. Suddenrich—What awful nice
spoons them are!

Dealer—Yes, madam. They are our
very latest designs.

Mrs. S.—Are they to eat fruit with?

Dealer—They are souvenir spoons,
madam.

Mrs. S.—Gimme a dozen. Our new
French cook makes elegant souviers.—
New York Weekly.

In Boston.

A precocious child who had been at-
tending one of the public kindergartens
fell from a ladder.

Her mother caught her up from the
ground in terror, exclaiming:

"Oh, darling! How did you fall?"

"Vertically," replied the child, with-
out a second's hesitation.—Boston
Globe.

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First Spanish General—Those dynam-
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ward in very small pieces.—Ally Sloper.

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"Yes, her picture was in the paper
all right, but you never saw a madder
woman in your life."

"Didn't she wear it there?"

"Of course she wanted it there; but
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"I like to pay as I go," said Collar-
box boastfully.

"Don't doubt it," said the landlord
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ter. "But in this hotel without baggage
you pay in advance."—Town Topics.

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"The war has developed John's mem-
ory wonderfully."

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"He can sing four lines of the 'Star
Spangled Banner' almost correctly."—
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up on the face of a great cliff."

"What of it? You didn't suppose the
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Chicago Post.

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Mr. Luxe—Then you don't believe
in foreign servants?

Mr. Tariff—With a wife and three
growing daughters? Not I. I believe in
encouraging home industry.—Brooklyn
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"How did the horse Indiarubber come
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"Blame it! I thought he'd win on
the home stretch."—Chicago Tribune.

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Investor—I've a grand remedy for
bronchitis and cold in the head. How
would you boom it if you were me?

Business Man—The first step is to
get the papers to publish a hygienic ar-
ticle recommending people to sleep with
open doors and windows and with only
one blanket on the bed. Then every-
thing will be ready for your adver-
ment the following week.—Ally Sloper.

WANTED—BY SMALL TRUSTWORTHY PERSON
in this state to insure our business in their own
and state. It is mainly office work
conducted at home. Salary straight \$500
no less salary. Monthly \$75. References: En-
close self-addressed stamped envelope, Herbert
E. Bass, Trust, Dept. M. Chicago.

JUST HOME FROM CUBA.

Big Stories Which the Returned Wanderer Told His Friends.

"I had a mighty interesting time in
Cuba," said the man whose head was
divided from the back of his neck by
a thick fringe of hair.

"Were you with the army?" inquired
a commercial traveler who had tilted
his chair against a tree just outside the
hotel.

"Of course," replied the first speaker,
spreading his feet apart and swaying
backward and forward. "That's what
made it exciting."

"I didn't see you mentioned in any
of the reports," remarked the person
who is always making an effort to hum-
ble somebody's pride.

"Oh, I've been mentioned in a lot of
them," was the genial reply. "People
who know anything about such matters
admit that some of the best work of the
campaign was done by me. One of the
best things I did was to take two Span-
ish officers and seven privates."

"All by yourself?"

"Certainly. I didn't have a bit of as-
sistance. The next day I went out and
took a lot of cavalrymen."

"How many?" inquired the skeptic,
whose face showed traces of mingled
surprise and suspicion.

"Oh, I didn't stop to count 'em."

"Didn't you get wounded?" asked
the man who was leaning against the
tree.

"Once or twice I got a little scratch
—such as a man is always liable to
when he is knocked around in that
way. The next thing I did after I got
through with the cavalrymen was to
take a lot of commissary wagons be-
longing to the Spanish, and I followed
that up by taking a castle on the morn-
ing of the next day, and a fort in the
afternoon."

"Mister," said the disagreeable man
slowly and with indignation, "here in
Washington we see some of the finest
specimens of almost anything you can
call to mind, but I wish that I come
from Texas and fully realize the re-
sponsibility I assume, that you are the
biggest liar who ever walked on Penn-
sylvania avenue."

The good natured raconteur looked
very angry for a moment, but the ex-
pression of his face gradually mellowed
into one of gentle reproach. He merely
answered:

"I ain't anything of the kind. I'm a
photographer."—Washington Star.

Great Expectations.

"So you want to marry my daughter,
eh? What are your expectations, young
man?"

"We expect to elope if you refuse
your consent to our marriage, and we
expect forgiveness when we get back.
Then we expect you to make us an al-
lowance, and we expect it to be big
enough to maintain us both in the lux-
ury my future wife has been accustomed
to at home."—Omaha World-Herald.

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Crippled at Play.

IMPRUDENCE ON THE BALL FIELD ENDS IN MISERY.

Exposure Causes the Downfall of Many Athletes

The Story of a Man who was Stricken.

From the Free Press, Detroit, Mich.

"You talk about ball playing," said
Charles W. Churchill, of 66 Miami Ave.,
Detroit, the well known traveling sales-
man, who sells computing scales throughout Mich-
igan, "I will never forget the experience I
had while playing this game two years ago.

"Like all young men I played ball, in fact
during my college days I was quite a ball
player. I had all the qualifications to be a pro-
fessional player, but instead, secured a place
as a traveling salesman.

"Two years ago while spending a day in a
small junction town in this State, some of us
traveling men went in the suburbs to see a
scrub ball game.

"Well, to make the story short I got into
the game in less than five minutes and was
doing more talking and running than I had
for years.

"I became all warmed up and had my
coat, vest and hat off. Every time I made a
circuit of the bases I would lay down on the
ground and try to cool off.

"This was a dangerous thing to do in my
heated state, and the next morning I could
scarcely walk. The physician that was called,
said I had rheumatism. I was taken home on
a cot.

"For nine weeks I stayed in my room and
for seven of those weeks I was on my back
in the bed.

"The day I played that game I weighed
148 pounds, and when I commenced to be well
enough to be out again, I only weighed 110
pounds.

"I took nearly everything that had ever
been prescribed for rheumatism, and had
benefit of much. I was told that I would
probably be crippled for years.

"I had about given up all hopes of ever
being able to go on the road again, when I
read an article in my paper about a case of
rheumatism almost identical with my own
that had been cured by Dr. Williams' Pink
Pills for Pale People.

"I decided to try the pills and bought two
boxes of them. They gave me some relief
and I bought six more boxes. I soon gained
strength and flesh every day and continued
using the pills until I was entirely free from
all pain.

"This is why I recommend Dr. Williams' Pink
Pills for Pale People to those suffering
from rheumatism." C. W. CHURCHILL
personally appeared before me and read and
signed the foregoing statement in my presence,
and acknowledged the same to be true in
every particular.

ROBERT E. HULL, Jr., Notary Public,
the above facts. These pills stand unrivaled
as a tonic for the blood.

The secret of perfect health is pure blood
and all the elements necessary to give our
nerves are contained in a condensed form in
Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.
Druggists consider these pills to be the best
on the market and they report large sales.

THE MANILA POSTOFFICE.

A Forecast of Troubles in Store For the Postmaster.

The day was hot—very hot, in fact—
and the postmaster at Manila fell asleep
in his easy chair before he had read
half the postal cards. The noisy brush-
ing of the door brought him back from dream-
land with a start. A strapping six foot
native in all the glory of a crotona
sofa, calmly majestic.

"Want letter?" impressively com-
manded the dusky caller.

"The name, please?" artfully inquired
the postmaster, picking up the thumb
stained package.

"Guanhano my name! Want letter!"

"Sorry, Guanhano, but there's noth-
ing here for you."

"But there isn't any for you?"

"Inoso got letter!"

"Well, somebody wrote him one,
then."

"Mo chief! Inoso no chief!"

"Can't help that, old man. You see,
it's—"

"Give Inoso letter! No give Guanhano
letter! I fight! I kill! Want letter!"

"But if there isn't any how in!"

"Want letter! Inoso got letter!
Whoo!"

"Don't you draw a knife on me, you
coffee colored!"

"What's the matter here?" cried an
old American resident, breaking in at
this juncture.

"He's going to kill me because I
won't give him a letter when there's
none for him."

"Fshaw