

The Art of Self-Defense.

The popular idea expressed in the phrase, "The art of self-defense," shows the opinion that the chief enemies a man has to defend himself from are visible and external. But the real danger of every man is from minute and often invisible foes. In this art we breathe and the water we drink are doubtless minute organisms leaping against the health of the body.

The one defense against these enemies is to keep the blood pure. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery thoroughly purifies the blood, removing poisonous substances and accretions. When the blood is pure there is no harbor for the germs of disease which find a lodging only when the blood is impure and corrupt.

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Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure constipation.

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The Gentlewoman of New York City.

One of Forbes' Scoops.

The following story illustrates the late Archibald Forbes' cleverness in getting his news reports in ahead of his fellow correspondents:

"There is a little scene: Time, near midnight, after a hard day's work. Everybody done up. 'Hello, Jones,' says Smith. 'There's Forbes already asleep like brass.' 'By Jove, yes,' says Jones. 'I would take ten horses to wake him up. I'll turn in,' says Jones. 'Time enough to get our stuff off tomorrow, eh?' 'Right you are,' responds Smith.

In ten minutes the wearied warrior scribbles are dead asleep. Forbes rises cautiously, passing on like a ghost, slips him down in a hidden corner with the stump of a tallow candle, writes like a whirlwind for a couple of hours, finishes with the last flicker of his dip, kuffler a horse, off he goes helter skelter across the country, gallops for an hour, delivers his letter, gallops back, is in bed by 4 o'clock this time like brass and no mistake.

"Hello, lazy bones!" exclaims Smith at 7 a.m., shaking the sleeper. "Time to be up, old man," adds Jones. "What are you up to?" "Nothing," says Forbes. "We are thinking of getting our stuff off." "The devil you are! Why hurry? Let's have another snooze." At last Smith and Jones get their stuff off and in three days discover to their amazement that they were 24 hours behindhand. Very provoking to Smith and Jones. But if Forbes had been the victim of the little ruse he would have been the first to laugh over it and to congratulate his successful competitor.

Couldn't See the Joke. Once Offenbach graciously accepted the invitation of some friends to visit them in Detroit. As his hosts were waiting for him at the hotel, one of them, who was very intimate with the composer, suggested:

"Let us give him a rousing welcome." The idea was taken up and developed. One of the party possessed a collection of old weapons. This was ransacked and some two dozen young fellows were soon equipped as halberdiers. Another mounted a donkey and dressed the dog of the club.

When Offenbach's carriage came in sight, a drum beat, the halberdiers presented arms and fireworks were set off from the balcony at 3 o'clock in the afternoon.

As the composer stepped to the ground a venerable old man approached and presented to him the key of the hotel.

His Valuable Time Wasted.

A Chicago lady who is the wife of a wealthy and influential citizen had a great deal of trouble recently with her domestics. She had discharged her cook and second girl and for a few days was obliged to do her own cooking.

It was on one of these mornings that a peacocking knock sounded on the kitchen door. She wiped her hands on the apron and found at the door a low-browed, insolent-looking man, with a small satchel swung over his shoulder.

"And tell your mistress I want to see her, Bridget?" he said, with a wave of the hand. "Madam surveyed him in silence a moment and then replied stiffly, 'I don't choose to.' " "Oh, you don't, eh? Well, now, trot along, my dear, or I'll have you fired," he returned, with a vicious glance.

Mr. Blank was backing within. To his disgust on her own doorstep was such a heinous crime that her resources failed her. But in a moment she hit upon a plan that would bring this piece of insolence to abject humiliation. Drawing her stately figure up to the full and fixing on him a gaze of imperious disdain, she said in measured, frigid tones, "I am the lady of the house."

Did he quail? Oh, no! "Are you?" he rejoined quickly. "Why didn't you say so and not keep me waiting all this time? I got some soap here that you want, and—"

He was staring at the door while the hang echoed out over his shoulders into the yard.—Chicago News.

The German Servants' Ordinal. The young person who fills so important a place in our domestic arrangements as housemaid, parlormaid or "general" often enough takes a pride in her appearance, which, though entirely natural, is sometimes irritating to the less reasonable type of mistress. What would she think if it were necessary for her, as it apparently is in Germany, before taking a place as domestic servant to provide herself with a special passport in which a full description of her appearance must be entered?

This description of the German maid-servant is entered by the police of her native district and is sometimes dictated more by candor than chivalry. The color of the eyes and hair and the shape of the nose are all duly chronicled, and if the constable is of opinion that any of these features are "ugly" he has no hesitation in saying so.

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He Lifted the Ticker. A London detective visiting Glasgow met a Scotch police official on the street and in the talk that followed spoke contentedly of the ability of Scotch thieves as compared with the English experts.

Taking this as an aspersion cast on the astuteness of the Scottish police as well, the Glasgow detective was nettled and thirsted for revenge. Looking around, he espied a little fellow who had been dogging them and who was known as an expert pickpocket.

When a man is tired, he stretches his arms and legs and yawns. Birds and animals, so far as possible, follow his example.

Supposing a woodchopper in the Maine forest is told to get out a mast for a yacht. He knows that he must find a tree which is straight for 60 feet below the branches. It would be very troublesome to climb trees and measure them with a tape measure, so he, without knowing it, uses practical trigonometry. He measures off 60 feet in a straight line from the tree, and then he cuts a pole, which, when upright in the ground, is exactly as tall as himself. This he plants in the earth his own length from the end of his 60 feet.

That's a pathetic story of the Gordon fishing boat crew. No class of more frequent death more frequently than the hardy fisher folks of the sea, and among none is a genuine heroism more frequently displayed.

When a man is tired, he stretches his arms and legs and yawns. Birds and animals, so far as possible, follow his example.

Birds spread their feathers and also yawn or gape. Fowls often do this. Fish yawn; they open their mouths slowly until they are round, the bones of the head seem to loosen, and the gills open.

Dogs are inveterate yawners and stretchers, but seldom sneeze unless they have a cold. Cats are always stretching their bodies, legs and claws as every one knows who has a cat for a pet.


Horses stretch violently when and after indulging in a roll, but not, as a rule, on all fours.

A stag when stretching sticks out his head, stretches his fore feet out and hollows his back and neck as though trying to creep under a bar.

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