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ORRINE is prepared in two forms: No. 1, secret treatment, a powder; ORRINE No. 2, in pill form, for those who desire to take voluntary treatment. Costs only \$1.00 a box. Come in and talk over the matter with us. Ask for booklet.

Orange Pharmacy

AN OPTICAL DELUSION.

The Story of a Martinet Colonel, a Captain and a Sword.

The colonel of an English regiment, a rigid martinet, is sitting at the window of his room when, looking out, he sees a captain crossing the barrack yard toward the gate. Looking at him closely he is shocked to observe that the rules and regulations to the contrary notwithstanding, the captain does not carry a sword.

"Captain!" he calls from the window. "Hi, captain, step up to my room for a moment, will you?"

The captain obeys promptly, borrows a sword of the officer of the guard, the guardroom being at the foot of the stairs, and presents himself to the colonel in impeccable dress.

The colonel is somewhat surprised to see the sword in its place and, having to invent some pretext for calling his subordinate back, says, with some confusion: "Beg your pardon, captain, but really I've forgotten what it was I wanted to speak to you about. However, it can't have been very important. I'll keep. Good morning."

The captain salutes, departs, returns the sword to its owner and is making off across the barrack yard, where he again comes within range of the colonel's vision.

The colonel rubs his eyes, stares, says softly to himself: "How in thunder is this? He hasn't a sword in his waist!" then calls aloud: "Captain! Hi, captain! One moment, please!"

The captain returns, borrows the sword again, mounts the stairs and enters the colonel's presence. His commanding officer stares at him intently. He has a sword; he sees it; he hears it clank.

"Captain," he stammers, growing very hot, "it's ridiculous, you know, but—ha! ha!—I'd just remembered what I wanted to say to you, and now—ha! ha!—it's gone out of my head again! Funny, isn't it? Ha, ha, ha! Losing my memory. Never mind. I'll think of it and write you. Good morning."

The captain salutes, departs, returns the sword to its owner and makes for the gate. As he crosses the barrack yard the colonel calls his wife to his side and says, "See that officer out there?"

"Yes."

"Has he got a sword on?"

The colonel's wife adjusts her eyeglass upon him, scans him keenly and says, "He hasn't a taste of a sword."

The colonel: "That's just where you fool yourself. Yes, he has."

Trials.

Trials teach us what we are. They dig up the soil and let us see what we are made of; they just turn up some of the ill weeds on to the surface.—Spurgeon.

A Quick Answer.

An English tourist was sightseeing in Ireland, and the guide had pointed out the Devil's gap, the Devil's peak and the Devil's leap to him. "Pat," he said, "the devil seems to have a great deal of property in this district." "He has, sir," replied the guide; "but, sure, he's like all the landlords—he lives in England."

Spoiled the Effect.

The story is told of the late Mr. Auguste Van Blene that once as he was going on the stage his manager handed him change for a twenty pound note that he had wanted cashed. The money was in gold, and the actor slipped it into his pocket and hurried on to take his call.

In the course of his part he had to speak the line, "I am penniless—



"I AM PENNILESS!"

and raise his handkerchief to his eyes to wipe away the tears.

Unfortunately he forgot all about the handful of gold he had stuffed in his pocket, and when at the second "I am penniless" he pulled out his handkerchief a shower of gold came with it. The pieces rolled all over the stage. Van Blene stood staring at them in amazement while the audience howled.

An Invalid's Craving.

Speaker Champ Clark has a friend who struck Washington in bad health and without funds. He became so ill that Mr. Clark sent him to a hospital. A few days later the speaker received this letter from the invalid:

Dear Champ—I am much better. Please bring me some magazines. Please bring me the makings, bag of tobacco, and book of cigarette papers. Please bring me some of Sir Walter Scott's novels.
P. S.—Please bring me a pie.

—Washington Star.

THE LAST STRAW.

Circle Bar Bill Was Converted, but His Meekness Had a Limit.

In the old Dodge City days the cowboys were hard citizens. One time a traveling evangelist came along, and converted Circle Bar Bill, the toughest cow wallop of the lot.

Circle Bar bill decided to convert his old companions, and he determined to convert them with the illustration of the necessity and the value of patience and long sufferingness. He hired a dance hall for an evening, and the cowboys all flocked in to hear his discourse.

"Now," said Circle Bar Bill, "I'm goin' to show you leather skinned geezers the long sufferingness and patience a man gets when he is really and truly converted. I'll stand up here, and you fellows kin heap any indignity on me you feel like, and I won't kick, although



BILL FOLDED HIS ARMS ACROSS HIS BREAST, AND THE FUN BEGAN.

you know before I was converted they warnt' ary cowpuncher on the range who was handier with his gun or his dukes than me. Circle Bar Bill, who is now here personifyin' meekness and lowliness in the hopes of winnin' some of you unregenerate sons of the devil to the proper mode of life."

Bill folded his arms across his chest, and the fun began. The cowpunchers threw potatoes, tobacco quids, dead prairie hens and other things at Bill, and he made no move, but smiled sweetly. Then Greaser Ike of the Ox-bow outfit produced an old and time worn wild turkey egg and let Bill have it smack in the face.

The egg exploded, and its contents spread over and obliterated that sweet smile. Bill jumped down among the crowd, shouting, "Fellers, there is now goin' to be an intermission in this here long sufferin' business until I lick the everlastin' tar outen the white livered, bow legged, chicken stealin' coyote who thrum that egg. I ain't lost my faith in religion none, but they ain't no Scripture that forbids me to whip blazes outen a man who would trun a egg like that."—Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post.

Happiness.

Nether wealth nor rank will insure happiness. Without love and charity and peace of mind you may be rich and great and powerful, but you cannot be happy.—Lord Avebury.

Pelissier and the Canaries.

In "Potted Pelissier" H. G. Pelissier relates that his voice has got him into a lot of trouble.

"I remember on one occasion," he says, "being left alone in the house with a brace of canaries belonging to my sister, of which she was very fond. 'Now,' thought I, 'I can at last be certain of a really appreciative audience. I will sing to them.' So I sang to them."

"My sister never forgave me the loss of her canaries. It was the only authentic case I ever met with of killing two birds with one's tone."

The Kiss She Sold.

They held a charity bazaar in Paris not long ago, where one of the most beautiful of the French actresses offered one of her kisses at auction.

The bidding soared higher and higher amid a fever of excitement until it reached 20,000 francs. "Any advance on 20,000 francs?" asked the fair auctioneer, flushed with pride at the value placed on one of her kisses, of which she had any number in reserve. Then, amid a silence that was almost painful in its intensity, the dainty bidder fell. "To you, monsieur!" she said, smiling bewitchingly at an old gentleman. "Madame," was the answer, "I am profoundly honored. But such prizes are not for old age, so with madame's gracious permission I will devote the honor to my grandchild," and, raising a sweet little boy in his arms, he received his kiss by proxy amid thunders of cheers and delighted laughter.

An Important Question.

Professor Bliss Perry likes to tell this story about a suffrage meeting which a friend of his attended.

After considerable business had been disposed of by the suffragettes one of their number made a motion that the women living in the town where the meeting was held should endeavor at the next election to place a woman on the school board. The presiding officer said, referring to the motion, "Is there any question?" For a few moments there was silence. Then a shrill voice far up in the gallery said sweetly, "Will you please tell us how you got that smooth effect over the lips?"

Man Coughs and Breaks Rib

Alter a frightful coughing spell a man in Neenah, Wis., felt terrible pains in his side and his doctor found two ribs had been broken. What agony Dr. King's New Discovery would have saved him. A few teaspoonsful ends a late cough, while persistent use routs obstinate coughs, expel stubborn colds or heals weak, sore lungs. "I feel sure it's a Godsend to humanity," writes Mrs. Effie Morton Columbia, Mo., "for I believe I would have consumption today, if I had not used this great remedy." Its guaranteed to satisfy, and you can get a free trial bottle of 50c or \$1.00 size at all druggists.

Ends Hunt for Rich Girls.

Often the hunt for a rich wife ends when the man meets a woman that uses Electric Bitters. Her strong nerves tell in a bright brain and even temper. Her peach bloom complexion and ruby lips result from her pure blood; her bright eyes from firm, free muscles, all telling of the health and strength Electric Bitters give a woman, and the freedom from indigestion, backache, headache, fainting and dizzy spells they promote. Everywhere they are woman's favorite remedy. If weak or ailing try them. 50c at all druggists.

Makes the Nation Gasp.

The awful list of injuries on a Fourth of July staggers humanity. Set over against it, however, is the wonderful healing, by Bucklen's Arnica Salve, of thousands, who suffered from burns, cuts, bruises, bullet wounds or explosions. Its the quickest healer of boils, ulcers, eczema, sore lips or piles. 25c at all druggists.

Less Bowel Trouble in Bandon.

Bandon people have found out that a single dose of simple buckthorn bark, glycerine, etc., as compounded in Adler i-ka, the German appendicitis remedy, relieves constipation, sour stomach or gas on the stomach instantly. This simple mixture antisepticizes the digestive organs and draws off the impurities and it is surprising how quickly it helps. C. Y. Lowe, Druggist.

Move on Now.

says a policeman to a street crowd, and whacks heads if it don't. "Move on now," says the big, harsh mineral pills to bowel congestion and suffering follows. Dr. King's New Life Pills don't bulldoze the bowels. They gently persuade them to right action, and health follows. 25c at all druggists.

When your child has whooping cough be careful to keep the cough loose and expectoration easy by giving Chamberlain's Cough Remedy as may be required. This remedy will also liquify the tough mucus and make it easier to expectorate. It has been used successfully in many epidemics and is safe and sure. For sale by C. Y. Lowe.

It is now well known that not more than one case of rheumatism in ten requires any internal treatment whatever. All that is needed is a free application of Chamberlain's Liniment and massaging the parts at each application. Try it and see how quickly it will relieve the pain and soreness. Sold by C. Y. Lowe.

Each age of our lives has its joys. Old people should be happy, and they will be if Chamberlain's Tablets are taken to strengthen the digestion and keep the bowels regular. These tablets are mild and gentle in their action and especially suitable for people of middle age and older. For sale by C. Y. Lowe.

There is no real need of anyone being troubled with constipation. Chamberlain's Tablets will cause an agreeable movement of the bowels without any unpleasant effect. Give them a trial. For sale by C. Y. Lowe.

A sprained ankle may as a rule be cured in from three to four days by applying Chamberlain's Liniment and observing directions with each bottle. For sale by C. Y. Lowe.

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