

# For that Dandruff

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**Ayer's**  
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## Fifteenth Century Manners.

The antiquary took down a small, fat volume, vellum-bound, with a brass clasp.

"This is a 'Book of Manners,'" he said. "It was printed in 1476. Here are a few extracts."

And he read:  
"Do not gnaw a bone, like a dog, nor suck the marrow out of a bone.

"In peeling a pear, begin at the stalk; but with an apple, begin at the top.

"Do not wipe the hands on the clothes, nor suck them, but use the cloth.

"When you drink, lift the cup in both hands; you must not drink with one hand like a wagoner when he is greasing his cart wheels.

"Wipe your nose and mouth when you have drunk, and do not cough into the cup.

"Do not eat an apple all alone, but cut it in two and give a neighbor a piece.

"Do not use your own knife to cut your meat if the host has set a knife of his own at your place.

"Do not spread butter on bread with your thumb."

## Babel in Mexico.

After answering the telephone and talking Spanish into it without apparently getting results, the clerk at a hotel hung up the receiver and remarked:

"My Spanish isn't the best in the world, I know, but I should think a man would know how to talk at least. The fellow just talking to me over the phone couldn't talk enough Spanish to order a meal, and to save me I couldn't make him understand, although I know I used correct language. While he was talking an American rushed into the hotel and up to the desk. "Say," he said, "can't anyone here talk English. I just tried to telephone here and the idiot trying to talk Spanish over the phone knows mighty little about the language."

"I was talking to you," said the clerk.

When apologies were made the conversation continued in English.—Mexican Herald.

## Trouble Ahead.

"I see that Vienna sausages must be canned in Vienna and French sardines in France."

"Yes, but there's going to be trouble when they insist that Turkish cigarettes must be made in Turkey."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Each of Germany's eight colonies, except Samoa, receives a subsidy greater than the revenue it yields.

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Miss Frances Gardner, of 369 Jackson Boulevard, Chicago, Ill., writes:

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## CHRISTMAS BELLS.

Ring out in joy, O chiming bells!  
Or in your melody there dwell  
The music glad of Christmas-tide,  
On every hearthstone far and wide,  
And rosy lips, with laughter sweet,  
The happy songs of life repeat—  
Ring out in joy!

Ring out in hope, O chiming bells!  
For your clear voice of patience tells  
To waiting hearts who promise yields  
No golden fruit of harvest fields,  
Whose garnered grain of tolling hand  
Lies heaped upon a barren land—  
Ring out in hope!

Ring out in grief, O chiming bells!  
For in your trembling echo dwells  
To saddened hearts a thought of old,  
A picture framed in memory's gold,  
A vanished face beneath the snow,  
A dream of life's sweet long ago—  
Ring out in grief!

Ring out in cheer, O chiming bells!  
For in your peals a promise dwells  
To listening hearts that strive to hear  
The future's voice of hope and cheer;  
For love and joy will have their birth  
As snowdrops spring from icy earth—  
Ring out in cheer!

Ring out in peace, O chiming bells!  
For Christmas-tide a message tells  
To eager souls that bravely wait,  
And loyal hearts too strong for fate  
To crush to earth—oh, listen, then:  
'Tis "Peace on earth, good will to men"—  
Ring out in peace!

—Clara Lee Puckette, in Washington Post



In the darkness ahead there were occasional flares of red flames, and from them ascended long, comet-like tracks of light that flashed into momentary blazes. The boom of the cannon, the wailing shrieking of the shells and their sharp explosion blended in one wild devil's concert.

The boy from Maine drew back quickly from the muzzle of the starboard gun No. 1 of the United States gunboat Mackinaw. The old gunner standing rigid drew the lanyard toward himself with a sudden jerk. There was a deafening roar and a cloud of choking smoke enveloped the gun crew. Another shell had been sent into the solid earthworks of Fort Fisher.

The boy from Maine rushed forward through the smoke and thrust the cleaning rod into the muzzle of the gun. Another of the crew dashed a pailful of water over the long steel tube. The gun was reloaded and another shell was hurled at the spurts of flame ahead. They had been doing this at intervals since the early afternoon, and now it was almost midnight—midnight of Christmas eve, 1864.

"Cease firing," came a hoarse order out of the dark. The gun crew of No. 1 flung themselves down on the sloopy deck with audible sighs of relief. The devil's concert did not abate noticeably. The remaining vessels of the Federal fleet were still exchanging compliments with Fort Fisher.

The old gunner quickly filled his pipe, and the glow from the bowl half illumined his wrinkled face now and then.

"Put me in mind of a Christmas eve I spent at the mines in California," he remarked, "only it's just a mite worse."

"Don't talk about Christmas," said one of the crew in a husky voice. "I left three children at home. They are in bed now and three little stockings are hanging above the fireplace same as always. I hope the wife is sitting up a while maybe, a thinking of me or maybe saying a bit of a prayer. Don't like to think of it when things are so dubious. What are you thinking about, Fritz?"

"Of the Vaterland—some," replied an unmistakable accent. "Vat is the matter mit the boy? He is always talking before."

The boy heard nothing. He sprawled on the deck with his head on one arm. The smell of the pine trees and the odor of boiling maple sap was in his nostrils. He was many hundreds of miles away from the Mackinaw, off Fort Fisher, back in the Maine woods with a sugaring party. The smoke of the pine-knot fire was rising slowly and the golden brown syrup hissed and bubbled in the kettles. Merry little shrieks of laughter rang in his ears. She was there, the pink and white of her face so prettily emphasized by the milk tippet. How absurdly small those little red mittens seemed in comparison with his! How blue her eyes were! There was no one looking—just one kiss on those lips created solely for the purpose—

"Starboard batteries commence firing!" came the hoarse and relentless order from the darkness.

A none too gentle kick brought the boy back to the Mackinaw, but her face looked at him for an instant out of the gloom. Starboard gun No. 1 again added its voice to the devil's chorus.

The sky began to turn from black to gray. "A Christmas present," said the gunner grimly as he jerked the lanyard.

## She Knew.

Sunday School Teacher (illustrating the workings of conscience)—What is it, children, that makes you feel uncomfortable when you have eaten all your Christmas candy and not given any of it to your little friends who had none of their own?

Little Ethel Beenthere—Tumach-ache, ma'am.—Judge.

## Jumping at a Conclusion.

Tommy—Santa Claus is coming to dinner to-night.

Elsie—Oh! How do you know?

Tommy—Ma told me a white-haired old gentleman was coming and we'd have to be very good.

## Vanishing Pomp.

How worldly pride kin pass away,  
I's takin' fob my tax?  
What is a Christmas tree one day  
Is kindlin' wood de nex'.

—Washington Star.

Of the children attending German schools 1 1/2 per cent stutter.

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

## Continuous Politics.

"We must have a leader," said a member of the mob.

"What for?"

"So that we can have a revolution."

"And then?"

"We'll put him in authority."

"And then?"

"Another leader, of course, and another revolution."—Washington Star.

## Vala Regret.

"But, Bertie," said his mother, "you asked for two cakes and I gave them to you. Aren't you satisfied?"

"No, I ain't," growled Bertie. "You was so easy I'm klickin' meself 'cause I didn't ask for four."—Philadelphia Ledger.

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There are two classes of purchasers: those who are informed as to the quality of what they buy and the reasons for the excellence of articles of exceptional merit, and who do not lack courage to go elsewhere when a dealer offers an imitation of any well known article; but, unfortunately, there are some people who do not know, and who allow themselves to be imposed upon. They cannot expect its beneficial effects if they do not get the genuine remedy.

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manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co., and in order to buy the genuine article and to get its beneficial effects, one has only to note, when purchasing, the full name of the Company—California Fig Syrup Co.—plainly printed on the front of every package. Price, 50c per bottle. One size only.

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### Such Dear Friends.

Grace (during storm)—I'm awfully afraid of lightning.  
Lola—I don't see why you should be.  
Grace—Why not?  
Lola—Because there has to be something attractive even for lightning.

## CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.  
The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher.*

Do Spiders Like Music?  
It has often been said that spiders are fond of music, but a French investigator, M. Lecaillon, now asserts that this is not true. He says that their musical sense must be attributed merely to greed or to hunger. When a fly is caught in a spider's web it buzzes, and the spider immediately makes for the place from which the buzzing comes. M. Lecaillon, by experimenting with a violin, some flutes, a piano, violoncello and a cornet, found that only those musical sounds which resemble the buzzing of the flies attracted the spiders. The cornet, for instance, invariably frightened it, and so did the piano.

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