

Life Too Cluttered.
Our modern life is too cluttered. We are everlastingly doing things. We chatter and work and play, and if we have an hour of leisure we fill it with the rattle of a paper. We are prone and helpless when we haven't any story to read or person to talk to or thing to do. We do not understand the lost art of doing nothing. We cannot, we dare not, just sit down and think.


Peppers Eye Salve 100 YEARS OLD QUICK RELIEF EYE TROUBLES

Limit of Trouble.
Three times on the run between Worthing and Shoreham the beautiful prima donna's nearly new car had broken down. Ultimately coaxing it to enter Brighton, the fair lady received in the hotel porch the solicitude of a sister artiste who had passed her on the road. "Much trouble with my car, dear?" she echoed, bitterly. "Why, I couldn't have more trouble if I was married to the blessed machine!"—Sporting Times.

Thousands of Consumptives die every year. Consumption results from a neglected cold on the lungs. Hamlin's Wizard Oil will cure these colds. Just rub it into the chest and draw out the inflammation.

The Nursery Window.
If the nursery window is not protected by outside bars, hammer a large screw or nail into the groove of the lower sash, so that the window cannot be raised more than six inches. If the top sash is drawn down, this is quite enough for ventilation, and no matter how ingenious or venturesome the little ones may be they cannot wriggle through the small lower opening.

RHEUMATISM



Minyon's Rheumatism Remedy relieves pain in the legs, arms, back, stiff or swollen joints. Contains no morphine, opium, cocaine or drugs to deaden the pain. It neutralizes the acid and drives out all rheumatic poisons from the system. Write Prof. Minyon, 534 and Jefferson Sts., Philadelphia, Pa., for medical advice, absolutely free.

Quite So.
"Why is the public always bullish in the market?"
"That's natural enough. It is hard to get the price of anything to go down in price."

FERRY'S SEEDS

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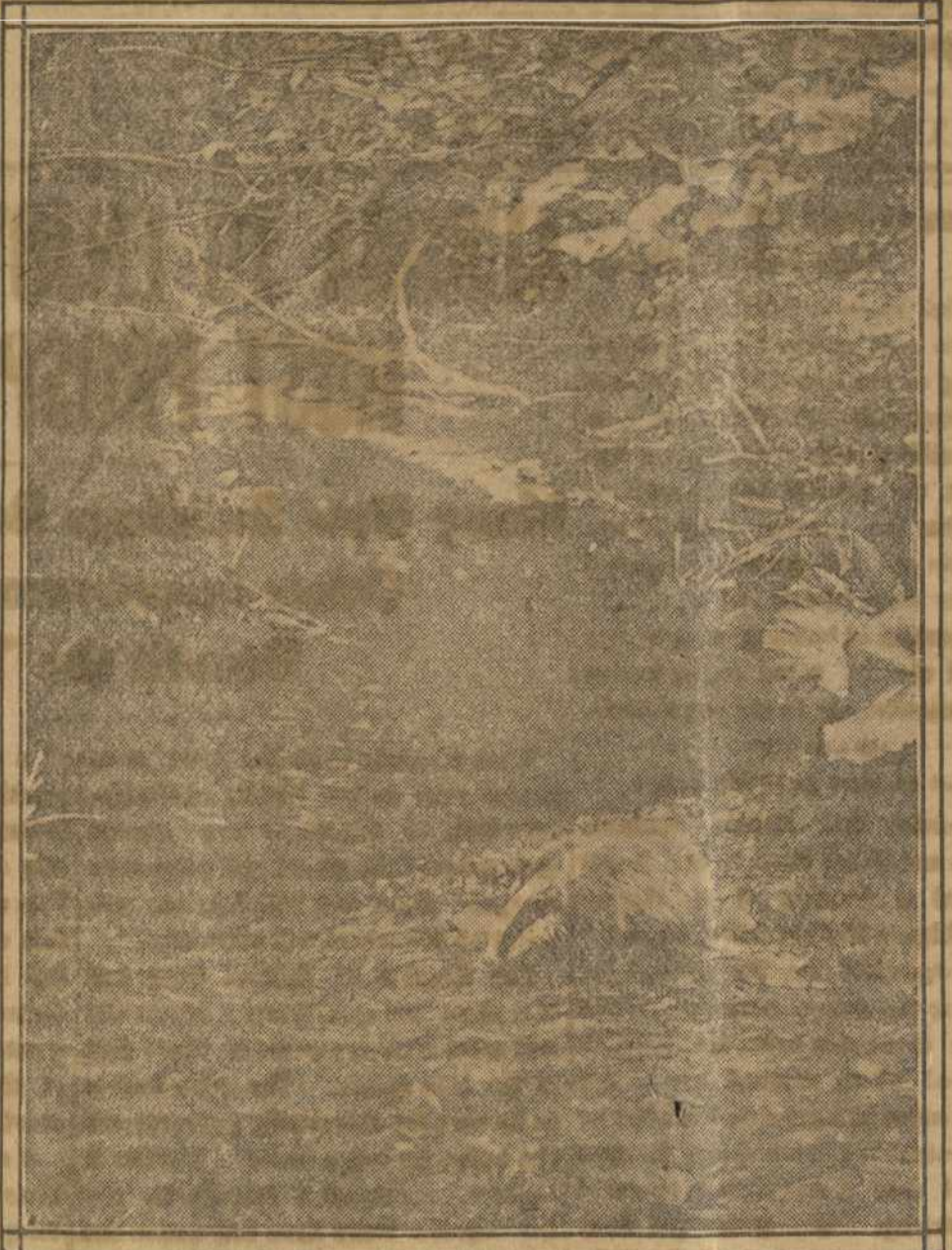
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Life Without Food.
How long is it possible to live without food? We have all read of a case not many years since, where some French miners were entombed for twenty-one days, and rescued alive long after everyone thought they must be dead; of course they were in a very weakened condition, and required the utmost care before they were out of danger. This, however, is by no means the longest time that a human being is known to have existed without food, and in a recent issue of the British Medical Journal, there is the record of a woman suffering from cancer, who could take neither food nor drink of any kind, yet she existed in that condition for fifty-six days, and was, moreover, quite conscious till her death. In India the fakirs include among their wonderful performances abstention from food for a very long period, but when they do this they put themselves into a condition closely resembling sleep, and, of course, during that time the body is called on to perform none of its usual functions, and wasting of tissue is reduced to a minimum.

THE BADGER AND ITS HAUNTS



AT THE WATER'S EDGE

There is a romantic flavor about the word badger that belongs to no other of the names of animals found in Britain. I suppose it is because, this is their only large carnivorous, genuinely wild animal; the fox, the only other wild beast of any size, is in many, perhaps I ought to say most, districts so carefully preserved that it owes its existence to man, instead of, like the badger, existing in spite of man. Then, too, "the brock" is hardly ever seen alive and free, but comes and goes mysteriously in the dead of night, leaving but few traces behind it unless somebody notices a large dog-like track in the mud, where a wasp's nest has been dug out, for it reveals in the faint meal of wasp grubs. Many a time have I tracked one from the scene of its night's work through muddy gateways and down damp woodland rides, noting how the heavy creature had slipped and slid, and the spots where it had turned aside to scratch and root among the moss and dead leaves, then on to the streamside—the badgers always ford the little brook I am speaking of at the same place—and through hedges and across fields, once more to plunge into big woodlands, in the heart of which is the great earth wherein many generations have been bred. In these particular holes the badgers are fairly safe. The tunnels are bored in a layer of sand lying between strata of clay and rock, and run in every direction for hundreds of feet. There are only two visible entrances, which are inconspicuous holes, without even a heap of soil to distinguish them from surrounding rabbit burrows; for being situated at the top of one of the sides of a very steep and deep valley, or dingle, as they are locally called, the soil all rolls down to the stream below, where it is washed away. In fact, the sole intimations of badgers are the pathways formed by their always taking the same road in their nightly wanderings, and which

lead up to the two entrances. Some two or three years ago, a fox, hard pressed by hounds, took refuge in this earth, and the master and whip, not knowing the place, sent for spades and terriers and commenced operations to get him out.

To cut a long story short, they dug till late at night, and finally hounds were taken home; but orders had been left with men of the district to finish the job next day. These men dug steadily for three days; they removed many tons of soil, but the further they got into the cliff the more tunnels there were. In some holes they found neat beds of grass and ferns. It had to be given up, for the work was Herculean; it would have required weeks to reach the extremities of the various holes. A short time ago I visited the place, and apparently the badgers are still there, for it shows all the signs of being used.

In the part of Shropshire hunted by the Wheatland hounds badgers are really quite plentiful, though perhaps not so much so as in bygone times; that is to say, if the tales one hears are to be trusted. Perhaps a better indication is that there are places named Brock holes and similar names where no badgers are found today. Yellow or sable badgers with pink eyes have occurred in this part, and some years ago an old female thus colored, together with her two babies, came into my possession. The young ones were the ordinary gray and white, but charming little creatures, utterly unlike their savage mother, who sulkily resented captivity. As soon as they were weaned they were given bread and milk to eat; occasionally bits of dog biscuit, and other scraps were added. In the end we parted with them, as the "higher authorities" thought they were not safe pets. They may not have been; but I tried their temper in every way, taking the two for walks dragged along by a collar and chain, and carried

them about, one under each arm, that is to say, until they got too big and heavy, but they never seemed to mind.

Another pet badger was half grown when I acquired it; the poor thing had been caught in a trap, and its leg was rather badly hurt. A keeper brought it to me, knowing that I was always willing to give a home to any stray animal; so I took it, fed it well—I have never had any animal that could eat so much—and did the best I could for it. Grumbles, for so it was christened, had to pose before the camera; but many hours were spent and many plates wasted before I obtained any characteristic pictures, for the badger took no interest in the art of photography. It was not like my tame owl, Old Hooter, who, at the sight of the camera, will fly to it and dance a jig on the bellows. In the end the badger was released, I let it go one evening in the woods. It trotted off in a deliberate way, and I thought I should never see him again; but about three months later some neighbors complained of the mysterious way their bulbs planted in the turf were being scratched up and eaten. It appeared they were planting a large number of crocuses in their garden, which was done by removing, with a patent instrument, a sod of grass in shape like a cork, dropping it in a bulb and replacing the "stopper." The next morning every cork had been "drawn" and all the bulbs had disappeared. A badger was eventually blamed and the culprit located in a dry drain. It was dug out, put in a sack and sent off to me. I gladly gave it a home and had it turned into a kennel. Two days later the owner of the crocuses came up to see the badger. A man went into the place and brought "brock" out by his tail—this is the only part of its body you can hold a badger by—then I saw the bad leg, healed now, that my poor Grumbles had suffered from. It was Grumbles home again! I shall have to keep him now. My hope is that by and by I shall be able to obtain a mate for him.

One of the most mysterious and alarming sounds I know is the cry of a badger heard in the stillness of the night. I have only heard it once, and then I am sure it was a mother and cubs, for it instantly recalled the cries of the two captive ones, whose ordinary noises were of the grunting description, but who could, on occa-

sion, cry like a baby. As I said before, the badgers of my acquaintance confined their "conversation" mainly to a sort of grumbling grunt, which sometimes, when annoyed, they turned into a loud snort of anger.



"Grumbles."

FRANCIS PITT.
London, England.

Suspicious.
"I notice," remarked the observant boarder, taking his seat at the table, "that the conversation stopped as soon as I came in. I hope nobody was saying anything to my discredit."

Then they all hastened to assure him that they had been talking about the weather.

Waste of Money.
Gyer—Young Featherly is awfully extravagant.
Myer—That so?
Gyer—Yes. He spent \$3 last week advertising for a lost umbrella.

Both Wronged.
"You have deceived me," she complained. "You gave me to understand that you were rich."
"Well, you deceived me, too," he replied. "You caused me to believe that you would be brave and cheerful if it ever became necessary for us to get along on a small income."—Judge.

Much Better.
"Has our new congressman managed to catch the speaker's eye?"
"Not yet, but I understand he caught the eyes of a stunning blonde in the gallery."

MADE DOCKSTADER FAMOUS

Negro Minstrel's Good Story of Joke on His Manager, Jean Havez, and Himself.

President Taft, who admires all humorists and laugh producers, was congratulating Lew Dockstader, the negro minstrel, on his genius and fame. Then Lew told Mr. Taft a story. Jean Havez was once Dockstader's press agent and general manager. One evening, as the two alighted from a train in a middle-sized town in the west, Dockstader reproached Havez with this: "Jean, I'd like to know what you have ever done for me. Here I am paying you a princely salary, and you don't give me any returns for it." "Why, Lew," objected Havez, greatly grieved, "how can you say that, after all I've done for you?" "All you have done," said Dockstader, "has been to write a good song for me occasionally, or give me a little advertising in the newspapers, or dig me up a more or less bum joke. That isn't enough." "Why, Lew," said Havez, "I've made you the most famous man in the coun-

try; even more famous than the president. You can't go anywhere without people knowing who you are the minute your name is mentioned. Everybody in this country knows Lew Dockstader, and you owe your fame to me." They went to the best hotel in the town, and Dockstader registered in a bold hand, "Lew Dockstader." The clerk looked at him politely and inquired: "Will you need a sample room, Mr. Dockstader?"

Best-Known Fiction Character.

We wonder how many of our readers have paused to think that despite certain undeniable literary shortcomings, the present age has produced the most widely known character in all fiction. It is now a little over twenty years since the name of Sherlock Holmes was first introduced through the medium of "The Study in Scarlet," and today it is a byword to millions who have never read any of Conan Doyle's books and who have not the slightest interest in the science of deduction. "Robinson Crusoe," "Sam Weller," "Mr. Pickwick," "Uncle Tom," "the Count of Monte

Good Spring Tonic

"We have taken Hood's Sarsaparilla for a spring tonic and as a blood purifier. Last spring I was not well at all. When I went to bed I was tired and nervous and could not sleep well. In the morning I would feel twice as tired; my mother got a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla, which I took, I felt like a new person when I had finished that bottle. We always have some of Hood's medicines in the house." Hilvey Roselle, Marinette, Wis.

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We banish alcohol from our medicines
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Ayer's

Ask your doctor, "What is the first great rule of health?" Nine doctors out of ten will quickly reply, "Keep the bowels regular." Then ask him another question, "What do you think of Ayer's Pills for constipation?"

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