

A HOT TENTOT FABLE.

The lion once was ill, 'tis said, And when the news had widely spread...

So him the Hyena accused And told the lion he refused...

Then said the lion: "If 'tis so, I wish, my friend, that you would go..."

When this the Hyena had done, The lion to his guest began:

"I did not, uncle, on my word, For when your sore distress I heard..."

EARLY CIVILIZATION.

Light Thrown Upon the Manners and Customs of 3,400 Years Ago.

We have become possessed of certain very important indications as to the early civilization of Palestine...

Such evidence has, however, been slighted by those who regard the early Hebrews as savages...

It is surely a lesson of humility that the modern student should learn from such discoveries...

We find, on the contrary, that not only in Egypt or in Mesopotamia was the art of writing known...

Streets With Historic Names. We do not regard the names of our streets as matters of political importance...

Where the Comparison Ends. The career of Seymour D. Thompson, as judge of the St. Louis court of appeals...

Saving Trouble. "How will we go through this train?" asked one desperado of another...

Work All the Time. Before, I could do no work. I know not what to say about my condition...

ONLY A CHILD'S KISS.

But It Wrought a Wonderful Change In the Dying Dully's Face.

He was a bounty jumper and had been shot down while trying to escape from the guardhouse...

"Bah! What of it? The only favor I have to ask is that you keep snivelers away from me!"

He had been a wicked man. He boasted of it. He ridiculed the idea of a hereafter and cursed the Bible and religion...

When she reached the cot whereon lay the bounty jumper, the pallor of death on his face, but fighting the specter away, she paused and stared at him...

"Is you sick?" queried the little one as the man reached out his hand and touched her golden curls.

"I didn't want them." "But you wanted me, didn't you?" "Yes—God bless you!"

"Is you shot just like papa?" "Yes, dear." "Is so sorry. I guess I'll kiss you."

"See the wonderful change in his face!" whispered a nurse. "Aye! it was wonderful. The hard lines had melted out, and there was a smile hovering about the mouth..."

Books With Their Backs to the Wall. The library in Wimborne Minster is today as perfect a specimen as could anywhere be seen in medieval times...

A Truthful Man. There was no one but the proprietor in the office when the man in sailing clothes came into the office and cautiously closed the door behind him...

Brief Epitaphs. In Worcester, England, is a stone erected over the grave of a departed auctioneer of that city, on which "Gone" is inscribed...

Merely a Sneeze. Sneezing is an indefinable physical activity, which every one fully understands as a fact, but which no one appreciates physiologically or scientifically...

Blessings of Freedom. Foreign Guest—I notice that your pronunciation of many words differs from mine, and not wishing to appear peculiar I am trying to learn the American way...

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MANAGER BARNEY'S FRENCH.

Learned It From the Indians, but It Sufficed to "Stand Off" Borrowers.

Mr. Ariel Barney stood yesterday in front of Daly's theater contemplatively observing a printed bill announcing in enticing French the appearance of Cleary's Parisian company...

"I just dashed that off," said he gravely, nodding toward the bill, "to satisfy myself that I could manage in French as well as in other languages..."

"Do you have any difficulty in conversing with the members of the organization?" I asked. "Not the least," replied Mr. Barney, with a nonchalant wave of his hand...

"I am sometimes in doubt as to the explanation of the superior ease with which I comprehend what these people say to me over their understanding of what I say to them..."

"At this juncture a young man in a very short coat, a very shiny silk hat with a flat brim, and trousers creased at the sides, instead of fore and aft, came out of the theater and whispered to the manager, at the same time making numerous gestures..."

"Certainly, ment," replied Mr. Barney, with a smile of erudite affability. "Aveck playseer. Donnay moys pappay and pencil."

"There are some advantages," said Mr. Barney, "about not always being necessarily able to understand the members of your company, particularly when they 'touch' for an advance of salary..."

"But," I observed, "you gave him an order on the box office. How much did it call for?" "Two seats," replied Mr. Barney haughtily...

"Do you like it?" he asked, after she had gazed with delight on her new engagement ring. "Like it, Harry?" replied the impulsive girl...

The piano organist had put his whole soul into his performance. A small coin was thrown him, and he accepted it with a bow and a smile. Then an expression of doubt swept over his face, and he advanced to within speaking distance...

"What something extra dirt cheap?" "What do you mean?" "Cigars. These never saw the custom house." And he pulled a box from under his arm and opened it. Like many another individual, the man in the office was weak and ready to profit at the government's expense...

Hold on! exclaimed the other as he bit a sample of the goods. "This is domestic tobacco. Didn't I understand you to say these cigars had never seen the custom house?" "Sure. What I meant was that they had never been so far away from home."—American Industries.

Simply Awful. Worst Case of Scrofula the Doctors Ever Saw. Completely Cured by HOOD'S SASSAPARILLA. "When I was 4 or 5 years old I had a scrofulous sore on the middle finger of my left hand, which got so bad that the doctors cut the finger off, and later took off more than half my hand..."

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The Burglar Came.

It was an agent for a big manufacturing concern who was talking.

"I once got out a poster," he said, "which started in, 'Keep your eye on this; a burglar is coming.' This I distributed broadcast in the towns in the northern part of the state..."

"One morning the proprietor, when he opened up shop, found that my notice had been amended to read, 'Keep your eye on this; the burglar has come.' The correction was made in pencil marks."

"And sure enough, the burglar had come. And he had carried off about \$600 in money and goods."—New York Sun.

Not He. A thoroughgoing egotist is generally devoid of the sense of humor. Such a person, to whom no name need be given, was one time discoursing chiefly of himself, but incidentally of others...

"There's old Dr. Backbit," said he; "that man has the vilest character of any man I ever saw. He never opens his mouth without speaking ill of some one. He's an intolerable nuisance."

"No one replied, and the speaker went on: "Now, I can't understand that. As for me, I make it a rule never to speak any ill of any one!"—Youth's Companion.

A Western Breeze. Easterner—Do you do any yachting out west? Westerner—Oh, yes. On our lakes and rivers. I had a yacht, but it blew away...

"Why didn't you follow and get it back?" "Hadh't any balloon."—New York Weekly.

Wanted to Get There. The Tailor—Surely, you don't mean that you want this coat made with a great hump of wadding in the back? Why, you'll look like a hunchback.

"The Customer—Hush! I'm a member of the Young Men's Bicycling society, and I'm a candidate for the presidency of it."—Chicago Record.

At the Minstrel. Mr. Johnson—Well, Tambo, how are you this evening? You certainly look well. Your face is the picture of health.

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BALD HEADS!



What is the condition of yours? Is your hair dry, harsh, brittle? Does it split at the ends? Has it a lifeless appearance? Does it fall out when combed or brushed? Is it full of dandruff? Does your scalp itch? Is it dry or in a heated condition? If these are some of your symptoms be warned in time or you will become bald.

Skookum Root Hair Grower

It is what you need. The production is not an accident, but the result of scientific knowledge of the diseases of the hair and scalp led to the discovery of how to treat them. "Skookum" contains neither mercury nor arsenic. It is a hair dye, but a delicately cooling and refreshing tonic. By stimulating the follicles, it causes falling hair, cures dandruff, and grows hair on bald heads.

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