

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of *Dr. J. C. Ayer* and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Purgative, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of

Dr. J. C. Ayer

The Kind You Have Always Bought

In Use For Over 30 Years.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

Do You Want to Know

What You Swallow?

CURIOUS FISH.

They Keep Their Eggs in Natural Pockets in Their Mouths.

In the sea of Galilee, or Lake Tiberias, as it is also called, there is a strange fish named the Chromis simonis, which is more careful of its young than fish generally are. The male takes the eggs in his mouth and keeps them in his natural side pockets, where they are regularly hatched and remain until able to shift for themselves. By this ingenious arrangement the brood is comparatively guarded against its natural enemies. It is easily fed, too, but it is a puzzle how the little ones escape being eaten alive. A while ago, says a traveler writing to a religious contemporary, I found in my net a number of these fish without eyes.

Others of the species, when I lifted them up, dropped a number of little fishes out of their mouths, which swam away hastily. The natives explained the phenomenon. The blind chromis is the victim of sea hawks. When these birds have eaten their fill they begin to look out for tidbits. After catching a fish they hit its forehead with their sharp beak, knocking out the middle part, in which their eyes are set. The bony structure is dropped into the water, but the eyes are eaten by the birds with great relish. Strangely enough, the fish generally survive this rough treatment. The wound heals up quickly in water, and they continue to ply the lake for food as if nothing had happened—London Standard.

FOND OF FINERY.

Elephants Delight in Dress and Gorgeous Trappings.

Elephants are passionately fond of finery and delight to see themselves decked out with gorgeous trappings. The native princes of India are very particular in choosing their state elephants and will give fabulous sums for an animal that exactly meets the somewhat fanciful standards they have erected. For these they have made cloths of silk so heavily embroidered with gold that two men are hardly able to lift them. An amusing instance of elephantine pride is narrated: The elephant which usually led the state procession of a rajah being ill, the magnificent trappings were placed on one which had up to that time occupied only a subordinate place. The animal, delighted with its finery, showed its glee by so many little squeaks and kicks of pleasure that general attention was attracted to it. Not long after another state procession was formed, and the previous wearer of the gold cloths, being regarded as health, took his accustomed place and trappings, when the now degraded beast, imagining, perhaps, that he was being defrauded of his promotion, was with great difficulty restrained from attacking the leader of the parade.

Road Markers.

On some of the Yorkshire moors white posts are to be seen along the narrow tracks which serve as roads. They are called "stone" and are something like boundary posts in appearance. A casual observer might imagine that they really did denote a county or parish boundary, but such is not the case. When snow covers the ground and the paths are invisible these posts point out where they lie and so save the wayfarer from being lost—London Mail.

The Teacher's Joy.

Parent—How did you get along with your geography lesson today, Johnnie? Pup—Beautifully. The teacher was so pleased that she made me stay after school and repeat it all over again, only just to her.

Her C. Ice.

She—So these are the china bargains you advertised? Dealer—Yes, ma'am, and they're going for little or nothing. She—All right, I'll take that blue dish for nothing—London Answers.

The Only Kind of Advice that is Ever Taken.

Nothing hardens the heart and conscience like the acquisition of a fortune at the expense of others.—Burlington.

Slipped a Word.

From a recent examination paper on religious instruction at a boys' school: "Holy matrimony is a divine institution for the procreation of mankind."—Punch.

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STORY OF THE FLOOD

THERE ARE MANY AND VARIED VERSIONS OF THE DELUGE.

The Great Event is Chronicled Not Only in the Talmud and Koran, but in the Legends of Almost Every Race That Ever Lived on Earth.

One of the most powerful and vivid descriptive portions of the book of Genesis is that devoted to the wonderful story of the deluge. Together with the accounts of Adam's fall, the slaying of Abel and the turning of Lot's wife into a pillar of salt, every one remembers from childhood how Noah was warned of the doom impending over the children of men and how he constructed a huge ark in which he hid live, himself and his family and two of every beast of the field and fowl of the air, for the space of 100 days, or until the waters subsided and the dry land appeared. But the Biblical recital of this terrible visitation of divine wrath is by no means the only one. In fact, the most skeptically inclined must believe that something of the sort actually occurred long ago, for it has been perpetuated not only in the Talmud and Koran, but in the legends of almost every nation and race that ever lived on the face of the earth, including the Chinese, the ancient Aztecs of Mexico, the Indian tribes of North and South America and even the savages of Africa.

The story, of course, varies materially in the multitudinous traditions, but the gist of it remains substantially the same—namely, that the earth was once visited by a great food in which nearly every living thing was overwhelmed and lost. Thus in the Koran we read that Noah constructed the ark with divine assistance and was railed at for his pains by the wicked. When the time prescribed for the punishment of mankind arrived, water was seen to flow from the burning oven of Noah's wife, and immediately all the veins and arteries of the earth broke and spouted out water.

Noah was then admonished in these words: "Take and bring into the ark two couples of every kind of animal, male and female, with all your family, except him who has been condemned by your mouth, and receive the faithful and the unbelieving, but few only will enter." The Koran also says that the ark was built in two years and that it contained three stories, the upper one for the birds, the middle one for the men and the provisions and the hold for the beasts. Canaan, the son of Ham, refused to be saved. Therefore Noah cursed him, and his posterity became black and were enslaved. The Persians assert that Ham incurred his father's malediction as well. When six months had passed the ark rested on the top of Mount Djondj (Ararat), after having made the circuit of the world. Tabari says that two sorts of animals left the ark which had not entered it—the pig and the cat. Concerning the latter we have this interesting piece of information: When the rats began to make trouble the voyagers complained to Noah. Whereupon the patriarch "passed his hand down the back of the lion, who sneezed, and the cat leaped out of its nose. And the cat ate the rats."

According to the Talmud, Noah and his family and one pair of each kind of beast were to be saved in the ark, but of every clean beast seven were to enter in. The rhinoceros, however, had to be left out, for the simple but sufficient reason that its neck alone was three miles long. Nevertheless all the rhinoceros survived the flood; hence it is reasonable to suppose that the huge beast was taken in tow by a rope attached to its horn. Some authorities likewise declare that Noah extended his hospitality to another outsider in the shape of Og, the giant, who climbed on the roof of the ark and received his daily food through a hole bored in the side of the vessel.

Ararat has been known under this name for 3,000 years, and an Armenian writer declares that an entire country was so called after Arat. The latter, an ancient Armenian king, who lived about 1750 B. C. He fell in a bloody battle with the Babylonians, and the scene of his death was thenceforth known as Arat-Arat, or the Fall of Arat. Josephus refers to the mountain as Nuzuana and declares that the remains of the ark were there to be seen carefully preserved.

Almost all the Asiatic traditions closely resemble the Biblical account. Berosus in his Chaldean history (B. C. 200) speaks of ten kings, who appear to correspond to the ten patriarchs in Genesis before the flood. The last of these kings was called Xisuthrus. Berosus relates that "Kronos appeared to Xisuthrus in a dream and warned him that all men would be destroyed by a deluge on the 15th of the month Daireos and commanded him to write down all the learning and science of men and to hide it in the sun city Siparis and then to build a ship and enter it along with his family and relatives and nearest friends and to take into it with him food and drink and beasts and winged fowl. When he was asked whether he was about to sail, he was hidden to reply. To the gods to pray them that men may prosper." Xisuthrus did as he was commanded, and when the flood showed signs of abating he sent out three birds in succession. The first and second came back, the latter with mud on its feet, but the third returned not. Soon after this the ship was stranded on a mountain, and Xisuthrus disembarked with his family, offered thanks to the gods and vanished. Subsequently the remaining survivors heard his voice in the heavens, bidding them fear God and to take his writings out of Siparis and from them instruct men.

Her Advantage.

Mistress (after many remonstrances on unpunctuality)—Really, Mary, you must try to be more punctual about serving the meals. When they are late your master blames me. Mary—Ah, well, mum, of course I can go, but you're a prisoner for life!—London Punch.

Slipped a Word.

From a recent examination paper on religious instruction at a boys' school: "Holy matrimony is a divine institution for the procreation of mankind."—Punch.

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A HUMAN WEAKNESS UNDER LIMELIGHT

(Original.)

Physical man is composed of a bundle of mechanical contrivances fitted to work together for a purpose. A weakness of a nerve, a defect in the composition of a tissue, may mar the whole and deprive the body of the power of doing its work. Moral man is fashioned in the same way. A person may have every attribute for a splendid career except one, which will throw the rest out of gear and produce collapse.

Rodney Bell led his class at college and at the medical school and was one of the picked men at both for whom a splendid career was predicted. When at sixteen Rodney left home for the university he was in the midst of a youthful love affair. The object of his attachment was Luella Oliver, nearly his own age, a pretty, spirituelle, feminine creature who seemed to require the most tender handling if she was to develop into a woman. When they parted, Rodney hung about her neck a gold locket in which was a picture of himself that she had asked for, telling her that if ever she was dissatisfied with his treatment of her to send it back to him. "I am very ambitious," he said, "and may be so absorbed in my career as to offer you some slight neglect. The sight of this gift will bring me to my senses."

Rodney was at college and the medical school eight years, and then took a postgraduate course at Paris. He spent his vacations during his college career at home, but it happened that at both Luella was absent. In eight years, from sixteen to twenty-four, there is time for many changes. He was passing away from the influence of his early love, and their correspondence had nearly dropped. When Rodney wrote, Luella did the same. If he failed to write, Luella was silent. Finally while abroad he remembered one day that no letter had passed between them for four months. He remembered the locket he had given her and argued, "If she is dissatisfied with me she will send it to me." But to make sure he wrote her asking if she had sent it. This made her feel comparatively easy, though he could not quite get rid of a fear that he might have hurt her.

When Dr. Bell was thirty-five he was a celebrated surgeon. He was in love with his profession and used to say that he had not time to be in love with any one or anything else. If he was, it was certainly the remembrance of his child love. Many prominent women, both rich and beautiful, tried to win him, but they all failed.

One day he was called to a hospital to perform an operation on a woman. Her hair was almost white; her cheeks were sunken; her skin was wrinkled. She appeared to be about fifty years old. The surgeon was informed that she had been a hard worker, supporting her aged mother for years, and that she had some time before been advised that if she did not take a rest she must suffer the consequences. The woman was laid on the operating table, the assistant physicians and nurses gathered round, each drilled in the performance of his or her duties, and the work of life saving commenced.

But it turned out not to be a case of saving life. The surgeon's work was successfully accomplished, but the woman had been so enfeebled by overwork and the suffering resulting from her ailment that she had not the strength to rise above the influence of the anesthetic. In ten minutes after the operation was completed she passed away.

Dr. Bell, knowing that he had done his part and done it well, was only affected by the result as any surgeon would be affected by losing a patient. One by one the doctors and nurses left the room, leaving the body on the table for removal. Dr. Bell, having forgotten one of his instruments, went back for it. The sun, shining through a window, glistened on something on the bosom of the dead woman, which had become exposed by a disarrangement of her dress. The doctor, without being able to define a reason for doing so, stepped to the table and took up the shining object. It was a small locket. Hastily opening it, he beheld the likeness of a handsome boy, full of life, of hope, of love. He recognized himself at sixteen and knew that the dead woman was Luella.

There was nothing in the woman's face or figure to reawaken that youthful love—no beauty to remind him of her he had known. He did not stoop to kiss the lips. He did not touch the body even to remove the token. He did not see Luella, but he saw her as far in the past his child love, who had been too self sacrificing to send him the token to remind him of what now loomed up before him as a contemptible human weakness. He saw only Luella as an angel of goodness and himself a devil of corruption. Perhaps he was too condemnatory of himself. Who knows? No living being could have induced him to grant himself one day of excuse or forgiveness.

That was the last operation Dr. Bell ever performed. In the prime of an impaired nerve, possessing undiminished skill, he was still no longer fitted to practice his profession. He had aspired to be a perfect man, and it was suddenly revealed to him that in him was an imperfection so ignominious in his sight that he no longer respected himself. In the life of this delicate, hardworking woman he had seen that which put him to shame for the rest of his life. He went abroad and became a wanderer. In ten years his blighted life was ended. F. A. MITCHELL.

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ECZEMA.

The Way to Treat This Distressing Affliction.

Eczeema can, even when inherited, be controlled by attention to the general principles of health—cleanliness, exercise, proper diet, clothing and ventilation. Eczeema patients, old and young, should never use stimulants in any form. They should take daily baths and be most careful to the regularity of all important bodily functions. Occasional doses of mild saline aperients, such as cream tartar, phosphates of soda or the old fashioned remedy of iac sulphur and cream tartar, mixed in equal quantities, with enough molasses to form a creamy paste and taken three times a day for ten days running, then omitted until again required, will be found of wonderful benefit. Let the patient drink freely of lemonade and avoid salt meats, pork in any form, and live upon a diet of fruits, red meats and antiseptics vegetables.

Many people are particularly susceptible to shellfish, and a case of eczeema sometimes follows the eating of lobster repeatedly. Strawberries will also produce this effect frequently. Vigorous exercise will often, by inducing excessive perspiration, act as a curative for eczeema, particularly when combined with the use of a harmless external application. Sulphur baths are efficacious for most skin diseases. If established bath houses, but they may be prepared at home as follows: To each ten gallons of water add an ounce of sulphure of potassium, or to each fifteen gallons of water add an ounce of sulphure of calcium. Where there is itching and the eruption seems virulent the sulphur bath is excellent as a preliminary treatment.

GREAT MUSIC.

The Mystical Influence It Wields Over Our Sensibilities.

Great music is a physical storm, agitating to unimaginable depth the mystery of the past within us—we would say it is a prodigious incantation, every different instrument and voice making separate appeal to different billions of prenatal memories. There are tones that call up all the ghosts of youth and joy and tendancies; there are tones that evoke all phantom pain of perished passion; there are tones that resurrect all dead sensations of majesty and might and glory, all expired exultations, all forgotten magnanimities. Well may the influence of music seem inexplicable to the man who idly dreams that his life began less than a hundred years ago! But the mystery lightens for whoever learns that the substance of self is older than the sun. He finds that music is a necromancy; he feels that to every ripple of melody, to every billow of harmony, there answers within him out of the sea of death and birth some eddying immeasurable of ancient pleasure and pain.

Pleasure and pain! They commingle always in great music, and therefore it is that music can move us more profoundly than the voice of ocean or than any other voice can do. But in music's larger utterance it is ever the sorrow that makes the undertone, the surf matter of the sea of soul. Strange to think how vast the sum of joy and woe that must have been experienced before the sense of music could evolve in the brain of man!—Lafadio Hearn.

The Stone Forests of Arizona.

The regions of the Little Colorado river in Arizona abound in wonderful vegetable petrifications, whole forests being found in some places which are hard as flint, but which look as if but recently stripped of their foliage. Some of these stone trees are standing as natural as life, while others are piled across each other just like the fallen monarch of a real wood forest. Geologists say that these stone trees were once covered to the depth of a thousand feet with marl, which transformed them from wood to solid rock. This marl after the lapse of ages washed out, leaving some of the trees standing in an upright position. The majority of them, however, are piled helter skelter in all directions, thousands of cords being sometimes piled up on an acre of ground.

Obsolete Foods.

In Great Britain we have left off eating many wild creatures that formerly were accounted delicacies. For example, the young guilts—we mean the black headed, inland nesting variety—used to be collected and sold for pies and puddings. There is still a tradition in favor of rook pie, but the number of rooks that come on the market is a decreasing quantity every year. Squirrel used to be eaten quite commonly too.—London Country Life.

Chance.

Chance never yet writ a legible book; never built a fair house; never drew a neat picture; never did any of these things nor ever will; nor can it without absurdity be supposed to do them, which are yet works very gross or rude and very easy and feasible, as it were, in comparison to the production of a flower or a tree.—Barrrow.

The Perfect Article.

When they asked Brother Dickey for his idea of perfect happiness he replied: "A black nigger sleepin' in de shade er a green tree, wid a watermelon underneath his head, two big ones each side er him on a appetite fer all three w'en he wakes up!"—Atlanta Constitution.

She Knew.

Ann—See what a lovely diamond engagement ring Henry gave me! Jane—Yes, it is. And it's genuine too. Ann—Why, what do you mean? Jane—When Henry gave it to me I sent and had it tested.—Answers.

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