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THE ONLY GENUINE

Sweet Caporal Cigarettes

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TAKE NONE WITHOUT.

WINE OF THE MORNING.

Some would quaff their nectar
From carven cups of gold,
That like an open flower,
With [illegible],
Exhales a [illegible] fragrance
Of luxury untold.

Some would quaff their nectar
From [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
In [illegible]
Through which [illegible] thrills and slips.

But I would quaff the nectar
[illegible]
Pure [illegible] from the fountain,
[illegible]
All [illegible] fervor,
And wild [illegible].

To the [illegible] earth's [illegible]!
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
The [illegible] brewing,
God's [illegible] wine.
—Mary [illegible] Chapman.

Animals Understand Hygiene.

Enough is now known of the nature of animal materia medica to excite interest and curiosity. There is abundant evidence that many species know and constantly make use of [illegible] for definite disorders, and at the same time observe rules of health to which only the highest civilization or the sanction of religious prescription compels man to conform.

It has been noted that the general condition of natural [illegible], especially in the case of the higher [illegible], corresponds not [illegible] with that of such tribes as the [illegible] men [illegible] almost solely on [illegible] water, living [illegible] moderate in all [illegible] because their religion [illegible] ablutions. Like them [illegible] animals have no indirect diseases. The greater number [illegible] take regular exercise [illegible] fast and drink only at fixed hours. Many of them secure change of climate, one of the greatest factors in health, by migration.

This is not confined to birds and beasts, for the salmon enters the salt water partly to get rid of sea parasites and returns to the sea to recruit after spawning. With change of climate, change of diet and perfectly healthy habits their list of disorders is short, though they readily fall victims to contagious disease just as recently numbers of the Hamran Arabs of the Sudan, as healthy livers and good Mussulmans as the Somalis themselves, friends and fellow hunters with Sir Samuel Baker, perished of contagious fever on the banks of the Nile tributaries.—London Spectator.

Mme. Faure.

One of the ambitions of Mme. Felix Faure, wife of the president of France, is to become the leader of fashions for the republic, as the Empress Eugenie was for the empire, according to popular report. Consequently she not only dresses exquisitely, but keeps the names of her modiste and milliner a secret. At the Grand Prix races she wore a costume so beautiful that the fashion papers not only described it at length, but illustrated it in colors. It was a creation of brown satin, chiffon and cream lace.—Paris Letter.

The experience of failure is one that comes in a greater or less degree to every one at times, trying the metal and probing the character as no prosperity can do.—Victor Hugo.

It is only after one man tries to get something that the crowd who wouldn't have it as a gift strive for it.—Los Angeles Express.

Don't be Foolish

and take some other brand of condensed milk, thinking it is "just as good" as the

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HOW EASILY THINGS GO WRONG!

Alas! how easily things go wrong,
A sigh too much or a kiss too long,
And there follows a mist and a weeping rain,
And life is never the same again.

Alas! how hardly things go right!
'Tis hard to watch on a summer's night,
For the sigh will come, and the kiss will stay,
And the summer's night is a winter's day.

And yet how easily things go right,
If the sigh and the kiss of a winter's night
Come deep from the soul in the stronger ray
That is born in the light of the winter's day!

And things can never go badly wrong
If the heart be true, and the love be strong,
For the mist, if it comes, and the weeping rain
Will be changed by the love into sunshine again.

—George MacDonald.

A FAIR DIVISION.

The poverty in the village was very general, and but for Pietro Gozzelli the keeper of the wineshop might have lowered his blinds and pulled his door to.

The fishing along the Naples coast had been bad for many weeks, and in Basnio every man is a fisherman and every woman a fisherman's wife or daughter. And so the poverty was great, and Pietro was the only man who still smoked a daily handful of cigarettes and still sat regularly in the wineshop.

He had been to England, and had come back with a fortune, and was independent of the vagaries of the fish and the weather. "Ah," sighed the villagers, as they placed their hands in their empty pockets, "what a lucky man is Pietro, and what a rich place that England must be!"

One day in the early spring, the news went about that this man of fortune was grown insatiable, and was going away again to make more music for the foreigners and to get yet more francesconi. And every fisherman was sick with envy that he, too, could not leave the barren harbor and go to the northern El Dorado. But Pietro Gozzelli alone was possessed of the great sum that was wanted to pay the steamboat people and to hire the organ.

And who would he take with him? Which of the dark eyed village beauties would be invited to be his companion and to share his gains? Many were the longing looks thrown to him and many the prayers whispered to the saints by pretty ones whose fancy saw countless bright ribbons and sashes, the possessions of her who should be chosen.

A day or two more, and it was known that Tessa Funcia was the happy girl destined to be raised to opulence; and, early one morning, she and Pietro left Basnio for the long, dusty walk to Naples. And the next day they were standing on the deck of the steamer, watching the shore line die out as the sea grew deeper and bluer.

During the voyage he taught her the words of English he remembered and talked to her about the life in London; how that they were to work very hard and spend very little, that they might have much to take home with them. And she, still proud that she had found grace in his sight, smiled agreement to everything.

A week after they had walked out of Basnio, beautiful even in its poverty, they were citizens of the Italian colony in London, making music about the streets during the days and passing the nights in a garret in an evil smelling court at the back of Saffron Hill.

Pietro was the musician, and hour after hour for many hours he toiled at the organ handle, now with left hand, and now with right. Tessa carried the tray for the offerings of the passersby, and as she was pretty and begged with a charming smile, her apron pockets were usually heavy with copper coin when the evening and the time to return home came.

Then Pietro relieved her of the weight, and counted out the pence and took them to some shop near by and changed them for silver. When there was enough of silver, it was parted with for gold, and something was added to the little pile of savings.

These savings were kept in a tin box, hidden under a loose board in the corner of the room. Not a very good treasure chest, but Pietro did not understand the English banking system, and there was no one in Basnio rich enough to send money to for safe keeping.

Three years went by, and the yellow hoard was so increased that Tessa's eyes shone and her fancy wandered as Pietro counted and recounted it in the evenings.

"Shall we not go home to Basnio now?" she said as once she watched him. "Have we not enough?"

"No, not quite enough. We will stay this summer and go back when the foggy days come."

(Of course this was spoken in musical Italian, but I have brought it into English for the benefit of the one or two readers who otherwise might not understand.)

Tessa pouted a little at the reply, and consoled herself by going out to talk to Fillipo.

Fillipo was a native of Sardinia who had lately come to London to enter the profession of ice cream merchant. But although it was early summer, the days were rather cold than hot, and there was no demand for ices, either lemon or raspberry, and Fillipo was drifting toward bankruptcy.

His rent was owing and his barrow mortgaged, and he wept as he told Tessa of another unsuccessful day. And she wept too. An exceedingly foolish thing, for she had known Fillipo only a month, and Pietro, whom she had known for years, had told her that he did not like the young adventurer in ice cream and that she must not talk with him.

Nevertheless she wept, and told him how sorry she was. And as the pity grew in her, she thought how much better looking he was than Pietro, and how tired she was of the streets, and how she longed to see the blue sea and sky again. Would Pietro give her a share of the savings and let her go?

But no, that would not be enough for two. Oh, why was not Pietro Fillipo and Fillipo Pietro?

How handsome he was, and he was but a boy, and Pietro was more than 40.

She spoke her thoughts, and hope came to Fillipo's face, and he took her hand and began a long, eager whispering. And at that moment Pietro chanced to pass, and saw them, and hesitated for a step or two, and scowled and went on. They were earnest in their whisperings and did not see his coming and his going.

"Tomorrow then, Tessa," said Fillipo, "and together to my people. He will not know, and cannot follow."

"Yes, tomorrow." And she returned his kiss and went back to Pietro.

The next morning Pietro was unwell. Nothing serious, he said; his head ached a little, and he was tired and needed a rest. He would stay at home until the evening, and would then go to Cazzio's and play dominoes as usual, and be all right again in the morning. So that day Tessa pushed the organ about the streets without assistance.

But during part of the morning she rested and talked to Fillipo, who seemed to have forsaken his barrow to follow her. Their talk resulted in some agreement, for, as he left her he said:

"Then, Tessa, I will be waiting at 8 with the tickets. And remember we must catch the boat, and you must manage that Pietro is out," and she replied:

"I will get it; he will be at Cazzio's at 8."

At dark she returned to the court, and, as she passed, Fillipo nodded to her from the shadow of the corner and showed two tickets.

She climbed up the rickety staircase to the room she had shared with Pietro. He was not there; it must be done at once.

She crossed to the corner near the window. The board moved easily, and she felt for the tin box, and found it, and carried it to the lamp.

The box was very light, and fear came to her as she opened it and saw that it was empty save for a fold of dirty paper.

With trembling fingers she undid the paper, and held it to the lamp and read the words:

"Goodby, Tessa. I have decided not to wait for the fogs. We will share now and part. You shall have Fillipo and I the money that was here. Goodby," written in Pietro's rude scrawl.

Fillipo waited long at the corner, and at last crossed to the house, and, learning from the woman standing at the door that Pietro was out, walked up the stairway and into the room.

Then he, too, read the paper, and his sorrow was joined to Tessa's.—Edgar S. Turner in Sketch.

The Durham Rites.

The "Durham Rites" speak of a great store of ancient manuscripts possessed by the house to help the monks in their study. The "Rites" go on to say how the store included "the old auncient written doctors of the church, as other prophane authors, with divers other holie men's workes, so that every one dyd studye what Doctor pleased them best, havinge the Librarie at all times to go and studye in, besydes their carrells."

From the same "Rites" we learn that in the dormitory each monk had a little chamber to himself with a window, or a bit of a window, and in the window a desk for books, so that he could study, if he pleased, in the hours spent in the dormitory. Special directions were given that the monks and novices were not to be disturbed in their "carrells" while they were studying.

In their care for education in days when all training for the young, save in arms and field sports, was comparatively little thought of, the record of the monastic orders is an honorable one. Besides maintaining a "song school," the more important houses regularly trained their novices in other learning; and again, to use the words of the "Durham Rites," "yf the Maister dyd see that any of them weare apte to learnynge and dyd applie his booke, and had a pregnant wyt withall, then the Maister dyd let the Prior have intelligence. Then straighteway after, he was sent to Oxford to school." Other people, too, sent their sons to the monks for education, which was sometimes given freely and sometimes paid for.

Mention has been made of Oxford. The "Durham College," besides the pupils sent up from the abbey, admitted regular students. A purely monastic college as early as A. D. 1283 was founded in Oxford for 13 monks of St. Peter's abbey, Gloucester. This, before the end of the thirteenth century, developed into a great Benedictine house of learning, and a long list of abbeys united together to maintain this Benedictine college at Oxford, which flourished until the reformation.—Quarterly Review.

A Fire Curtain of Water.

An effective device for the protection of buildings from fires in adjacent structures has been successfully tested in Boston. The idea worked out in the apparatus is to maintain a sheet of water between the fire and the building to be protected. This is done by placing on every open side of the building near the top a line of perforated piping for carrying water. The complete apparatus consists of a five inch standpipe, extending over the upper story. From it runs another pipe around the sides and front, from 2½ to 4 inches in diameter. On the front are three revolving sprinklers, and one is placed at each exposed side, in the center. The arms are of bronze metal, slightly curved. At each end of the arms is a ball nozzle, such as is used by fire departments on regular hose lines. At the base of the standpipe is a Siamese connection for four lines of three inch hose. At the Boston test a fire department steamer furnished the power, and for about 15 minutes poured through the sprinkler a delivery of 1,000 gallons a minute, completely drenching the walls and keeping a continuous sheet of water from top to bottom.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

YOUR WEARY HOURS CAN BE SOLACED BY CHEWING AND SMOKING

BUNKER 5¢ TOBACCO.

SAVE YOUR WRAPPERS and secure one or a set of the following Pictures:

FIREMEN PAST AND PRESENT

VOLUNTEER AND PAID.

"LET HER GO," "WHOOP HER UP," "THE OLD AND THE NEW," "CUT HER LOOSE BOYS," "START FOR HOME," "UP TO DATE"

HIS FISH STORY.

A Delightful and Profitable Experience Told by a Genuine Liar.

"Speaking of summer vacations," said the man with the dyed whiskers, "but I had a three weeks' trip in the state of Washington which will be forever engraven on the tablets of my memory. Talk about fishing—yum! yum!"

"You found fish, did you?" sarcastically queried the man with a cataract in his left eye.

"I should remark! It was at a place called Fish Lake, and the owner of the hotel carried all guests from the railroad, a distance of 15 miles, free of charge. He also furnished fishing tackle, bait and boats without cost, and board was only $8 per week."

"He must have been in it for fun!" snapped the cataract man as he tried to tinker up a broken cigar.

"Yes; I think he was," continued the man of the weed. "At least he was no robber. I had only got there when he informed me that he would pay 20 cents per pound for all the fish I could catch up to five tons a week. As I was strange to the place I didn't catch but 200 pounds the first day."

"Only 200 pounds?"

"I said only 200 pounds, sir, but the next day my catch was about 500 pounds. Taking day in and day out for the two weeks, I averaged 700 pounds per day. In the 14 days I caught 9,800 pounds."

"And the landlord paid you $1,960, less $6 for board, did he?"

"I was about to say he did, and he was much disappointed to think I hadn't caught more. He had forgotten all about the $6 due for board, but of course I reminded him of it. Yes; he gave me a check on a bank at Olympia for my money, and it was promptly paid on presentation."

"Weren't you sorry to leave there?" asked the man with the cataract.

"Yes, of course, but when death steps in it must alter our plans. I got news that my wife was dead."

"Oh, your wife died, did she?"

"So I stated, sir, and I believe my enunciation is clear."

"Did she die before knowing that you had caught half a ton of fish and sold them on the spot for $1,960?

"She did. I wrote to her to that effect, but she was in the shadowy land before the letter reached her. Poor Mary!"

"And you—you used the money to buy her a monument?" queried the cataract man, as he turned red and white.

"I was about to remark that I did, sir."

"With an angel on top of it?"

"Yes, sir, with an angel on top of it—an angel with outstretched wings and a glad smile on her face."

"Yes, a smile on her face! No wonder she smiled! She had been reading the epitaph down below,' Sacred to the memory of Mary, wife of the biggest liar in America.'"

"Sir!" exclaimed the widower, "do you wish to insult me?"

"No, I don't! What I wish to know is why in thunder you didn't go back there the next summer—why you aren't there this very minute?"

"Oh! That's it! Well, that's easily told. That fall there came a cloudburst and an avalanche, and lake and hotel were swept away—lake, landlord and hotel. Under those circumstances I could not return, but I have my eyes"—

"Oh! Damn your eyes!" interrupted the cataract man, and he got up and kicked his chair aside and added:

"I was there after you left, and I'll give you a pointer. I started the blamed old avalanche myself, and the only thing I have to regret is that it didn't take you in!"—Detroit Free Press.

Precocious.

Father (showing off his baby boy to bachelor friend)—Well, what do you think of him? Fine boy, isn't he?"

Bachelor Friend—Yes, very fine boy, but he's bald. But, then, (glancing at the father's bald head) children are not satisfied nowadays unless they can begin where their fathers left off.—Tit-Bits.

HOOD'S PILLS cure Liver Ills, Billiousness, Indigestion, Headache. A pleasant laxative. All Druggists.

A ROYAL FLUSH.

The Queen of Italy never puts on the same gloves or stockings twice.

King Menelik of Abyssinia is founding a large library at Addis Ababa and collecting all the old Ethiopian books he can find.

Prince George of England is an inveterate cigarette smoker. He consumes from 40 to 50 of the little rolls of paper and tobacco each day.

The royal family of Italy is said to be charmed with their new kinswoman, the Duchess of Aosta. Queen Margherita especially is happy at the choice of the young duke.

Queen Victoria is a great stickler for detail. At Osborne, Balmoral and Windsor everything moves like clockwork, and although frequently difficulties arise [illegible] well aware is every one that her majesty brooks no excuse that the [illegible] are put forward to avoid the slightest hitch.

The Masculine Dearth.

The wily old sea serpent
Pulled close to the shore
And looked at the maidens—
A million or more—
As they sat on the beaches,
The beach and elsewhere
And each with the other
Breathed in the salt air.

Then he dashed in the billows
And dodged out of sight
And swam for the middle
In tremulous fright.
"Thank heaven!" he chuckled,
Down deep in the brine,
"I wasn't discovered
To be masculine."

—New York Sun.

Rough on the Monkey.

One of the professors of the University of Texas was engaged in explaining the Darwinian theory to his class, when he observed that they were not paying proper attention.

"Gentlemen," said the professor, "when I am endeavoring to explain to you the peculiarities of the monkey, I wish you would look right at me!"—Texas Siftings.

Proof.

He sent to her, the credulous [illegible],
A worn horseshoe and a four leaved clover,
"To bring thee good luck," he said.
Though she never had trusted [illegible] before,
Yet the horseshoe was hung above the door—
And the lover came that day.
Though she thought it a foolish thing to do,
Yet she "wished" the clover in her shoe—
And the wish came true that day.
There happened a practical proof of this—
He had said if you sneezed it meant a kiss,
And she sneezed that very day.

—Indianapolis Journal.

As the World Goes.

"Hello! Where did you get that box of cigars?"

"Louders & Phelps'. Just paid a six months' account, and the manager made me a little present."

"Why, I've bought goods there for two years and was never given even a drink."

"Oh, yes, but you pay cash."—Chicago Record.

We're Getting There.

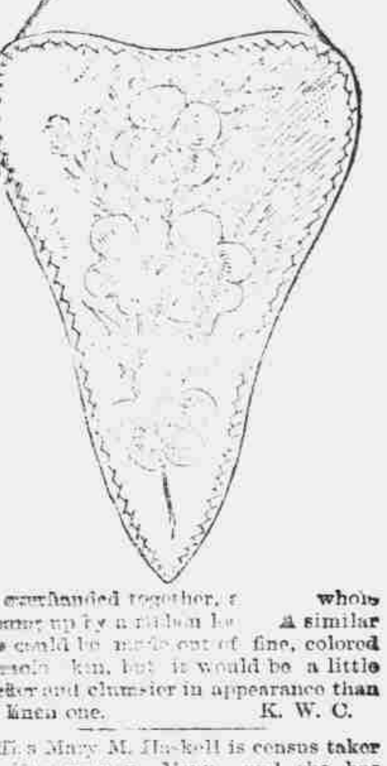
The snake and sea serpent stories that are now doing such a rushing business suggest that the imagination of the American people was never in better condition. Each new story beggars all the others. Evidently the great American novel is soon to be born.—Philadelphia Press.

For Fun or For Keeps?

A certain young man in our community entertained his best girl [illegible] evening by playing her a game of marbles.—Roberta (Ga.) Correspondent.

A Scissors Case.

A dainty scissors case is made by cutting out thin bristol board the shape of the illustration and covering the two pieces on both sides with fine white linen, on which some small flowers have been embroidered. The two pieces



are overhanded together, and the whole is hung up by a ribbon bow. A similar case could be made out of fine, colored chamois skin, but it would be a little thicker and clumsier in appearance than the linen one. K. W. C.

Miss Mary M. Haskell is census taker for [illegible] county, Minn., and she has lovely times riding through the county on horseback.

Almost a Hint.

A little boy was told that he must never ask for anything at the table, as it was not good manners to do so. The consequence was that he was frequently overlooked. One day his father said:

"Johnny, get me a clean plate for my lettuce."

"Take mine, pa; it's clean," and he added with a sigh, "There hasn't been anything put on it yet."—Texas Siftings.

Suburban Luxuries.

Mr. Citiman—Why in creation do you pucker your face over those sour, green grapes, when you can get beauties at the fruitman's for a mere song?

Mr. Suburb—They wouldn't taste as good to me.

"Why not?"

"I raised these myself."—New York Weekly.

Distinction Without Difference.

"Sir," she said, stamping her foot, "I must beg you to cease all talk of love. I am becoming angry."

"Pardon me," he corrected with great gravity, "getting angry. You are not becoming angry."

And after that she [illegible] how she kept her temper.—New York World.

Do you make doughnuts this way?

[illegible]

For frying, Cottolene must be *hot*, but don't let it get hot enough to smoke or it will burn. To find if it is hot enough, throw into it a single drop of water. When at just the right heat, the water will *pop*.

Genuine has trade marks—"Cottolene" and steer's head in cotton-plant wreath—on every tin.

THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY, Chicago, Philadelphia, [illegible], N. Y., [illegible] St., Boston.