BEAVER HERALD

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China is still opening port and nothing in the bottle.

As to Manchuria, Russia also is opposed to a policy of scuttle.

After holding off for eighteen years the sulky record has given in to Lou Dillon.

One's favorite sin looks awful wicked when committed by somebody you don't like.

Next to keeping a good resolution the hardest thing to keep is a good bank balance.

No matter how many times the airship problem is solved, it remains as much a mystery as ever.

The world will give the sultan credit for being seriously annoyed at the slaughter of those 50,000 Bulgarians.

Possibly the decision of the government to cease making pennies is the first blow at the slot machine octopus

An Italian naval officer could not withstand the attacks of a newspaper. What kind of defense would he make in war?

Tell a man that he is smoking too many cigars, and if he thinks he's smart he'll answer: "I'm smoking only one."

Nobody is taking any particular interest in the strike of the gold miners in Colorado. It is the coal strike that affects the public.

A New Jersey man, 71 years old, married a woman of 30 "just for a joke," and still refuses to admit that the joke is on him.

One of the London dailies is printing a special edition for women. A newspaper divorce is one of the possibilities of the future.

Dr. Wiley says the time is coming when the human race will have neither hair nor teeth. What will second childhood be like then?

Following the heavy floods of water in stocks mildew has appeared in New Jersey corporations, and the year's crop is seriously affected.

Prof. Langley is becoming almost as good a loser as Sir Thomas, yet no one has thought of giving him a banquet or dubbing him a jolly good fellow.

Jacques Lebaudy, emperor of the Sahara, has just bought himself a throne, but the Moors have not let him stay on shore long enough to sit in it yet.

When it comes to using an electric whip on a balky horse it really seems as though human beings were making an unfair use of their scientific superiority.

If China will promise not to let Great Britain have any more territory Russia will agree not to take any more territory than it has already decided to take.

While there were some very excellent papers read before the American Pomological Society, most of the members are willing the society should be judged by its fruits.

Prof. Stagg of Chicago states that "during the past ten years the great newspapers have been steadily improving"—in spite of the lack of a Pulitzer school of journalism.

Canada is steadily drawing immigration from the United States. By the time annexation is ripe the American farmers will be in possession of the better part of the dominion.

King Edward sent a gold pin lately to a shoemaker in Brooklyn who made a pair of boots for him when he was in this country in 1860. And yet they say princes have short memories.

At its launching the new cruiser Maryland slid off the ways and sat down in a mud bank the moment it touched the water. Evidently the Maryland is fully qualified for naval honors.

Now that the Servians have taken to shooting and throwing bricks at King Peter, he probably will revise his view about the desirability of getting rid of unpopular rulers by the assassination route.

Confectioners now sell educational chocolates, in cakes marked off into squares, each showing a letter of the alphabet. It is easy to believe that children will prefer them to the old-fashioned building blocks.

Lillian Bell wrote in her wishes for her baby: "May the public pass her by in utter ignorance and never know of the existence of my little maid." But the baby has been introduced to the public before she is three weeks old.

The three French professors who think that they can cross the Atlantic in a balloon from the Canaries to Trinidad, British West Indies, are in no wise to be compared with the three wise men of Gotham who went to sea in a bowl.

One of the principles enunciated at the dressmakers' convention is crystal clear even to a man. "Another thing," said one of the speakers, as she rapidly reviewed the issues pending discussion, "another thing is that we ought to raise prices."

It is asserted that neither male nor female convicts in British prisons are allowed to see a mirror during the term of their incarceration. Why [illegible] Maybrick denied the ground of [illegible]

THAT GIRL of JOHNSON'S

By JEAN KATE LUDLUM,

Author of "At a Girl's Mercy," Etc.

CHAPTER XIV.

Bacon and Eggs.

Dolores slept, not because of young Green's wish that she should sleep, but because she was worn out from watching and anxiety, and fell into a dreamless slumber almost as soon as her head touched the pillow; and it was broad daylight when she again woke to every-day life.

She bathed her face in cold water. When she was dressed she went out to the other room.

Mrs. Allen had kindled a fire on the hearth, and the kettle was singing cheerily over the leaping flames; the coffee filled the room with fragrance. As Dolores entered she spoke pleasantly to her, noting the faint trace of color in the cheeks and the brightness of the brave dark eyes.

"Good morning, Dolores. Breakfast will be ready on the table in a moment if you are ready."

The girl looked steadily into the kindly eyes opposite, her own very searching.

"How is my father?"

"Asleep, Miss Johnson—asleep and quiet. It is the best thing for him."

Dolores turned away and went out to the entry preparing to go in the rain. Then she took the pail and went to the shed to milk Brindle. Mrs. Allen paused at the window to watch her. She was a grotesque figure striding through the storm with her father's hat on, and the boots pathetically out of place on her feet. The nurse shook her head as she went back into the room setting the dishes and preparing the bacon and eggs for the doctors beyond the closed doors.

Dolores was drenched when she reached the shed, but she minded it apparently not at all. She pushed back the shawl and drew the three-legged stool out of the corner. The streams of milk in the pail joined in with the rain against the windows. It was half gloom in the shed. When the pail was full Dolores pulled down some hay from the mow overhead and Brindle buried her broad, soft nose in it with a deep breath of content.

The girl carried the foaming milk to the house, and strained it into pans, the nurse watching her curiously. Then she prepared the feed for the chickens and went out to feed them. When she returned to the house Mrs. Allen removed her wet clothing and requested her to change her gown, hers was so wet and draggled.

Dolores looked at her in surprise. She was in the habit of performing these duties rain or shine, and it never harmed her; rain was but rain. It might be that she was used to it was the reason why she did not mind it. The other women of the settlement did the same, and not one of them feared a wetting; they gave no thought to it; they knew nothing better; the rain came or the sun, and the work was done; doubtless the men would have been surprised had the women complained. She moved from her companion to the fire.

she said slowly, motioning toward the closed door beyond as though it were the only thought in her mind.

"They have their breakfast," Mrs. Allen said. She placed the food on the table and drew up the chairs cozily.

"Come, dear," she said, the motherly tone returning to her voice, "let us have our breakfast. I think your uncle will come over this morning in spite of the rain, and I don't want him to see such a pale little face

"They will want their breakfast," for his niece. Dora is so anxious to see you she will doubtless send for you as she cannot come herself. Judge Green will send a closed carriage, and you need not fear the rain."

Dolores' hands dropped in her lap A feeling of indignation possessed her; her eyes were wide and steady; when she spoke her voice was low and grave. Mrs. Allen was somewhat dismayed, although apparently she took it lightly.

"Did I not say I will not leave my

Striding through the storm.

father—ever—while he lives—not for anyone?"

By and by one of the physicians came out and asked for young Green.

"We are waiting for him," he said. He promised to come early and staid at the tavern on purpose."

Dolores spoke to him. A slight frown wrinkled his forehead; he wished she were well out of the house.

"Glad to see you, Charlie; I was beginning to think you were called away to some urgent case. I beg your pardon, Miss Johnson."

"It is strange," Dolores said slowly. Some way everyone listened when Dolores spoke. "It is strange," she repeated, slowly and distinctly, her voice filling every corner of the long, low room. "He is my father; why can I not see him? Why does no one tell me of him? Surely I should know. They think I cannot nurse my father; do I not know his ways better than anyone else's? Why can I not see him? Even he," with a slow motion of her hand toward young Green, "puts me off when I ask about him. You can tell me if you will."

Her solemn eyes were on Dr. Dunwiddie's face; she trusted him instinctively; she knew he would tell her the truth.

You shall see him," the doctor replied, quietly, as though it were a matter of little moment. "He is sleeping now, Miss Johnson; as soon as he wakes you shall see him. Your uncle will be here this morning, but unless your father is awake he cannot see him. Are you ready, Charlie?"

"Yes," young Green replied, his eyes on Dolores' face. He crossed over to her side as Dr. Dunwiddie left the room.

"I am glad you slept last night, Miss Johnson" he said. "I brought this, thinking you might like to read it. It is full of new facts regarding the stars—they have discovered a new star, or think they have. The wise men of science are puzzling their heads over it."

The girl's soul was in her eyes as

"You believe me?"

she lifted them to his as he stood beside her, and his heart ached for her, knowing the truth to which she was shut out.

"They will not let me see my father" she said, slowly, her eyes searching his face as though to read therein why this thing should be.

He smiled reassuringly, and laid his strong hand over hers, resting upon the dresser, though a shadow was in his eyes for very pity of the tender, wondering face lifted to his.

"We are doing the best we can for your father, Dolores, and as soon as he wakens you shall see him. You believe me? I would not tell you an untruth, you know. And why should I?"

"There is no reason," she said, and the lashes drooped disappointedly over the dark eyes. "Do they think I could not bear to be told? I can nurse him as well as they, and I am willing. I believe you, but I must know."

"And I promise you," there was an intensity in his voice that caused the lashes to lift from the hidden eyes and a swift, sudden startled glance met his, "I promise you, Dolores, that you shall know. You think we are cruel, but we are trying to be kindness itself, Dolores."

He left the book of which he had spoken on the dresser, and her fingers closed over it as though it might give her strength in the absence of the stronger handclasp of her friend.

She lifted the book and clasped her two hands around it. If Dora would not do this she would not like her, but she believed that she would. All women cared for the men of their households when they needed care; there was no reason why she should be shut out from her father's room.

The voice of the nurse broke in on her thoughts. The tone expressed great relief. Dolores' fingers instinctively tightened around the book she held.

"Your uncle is coming, Dolores. I knew he would come. If Dora could not come she would send for you. She told me so herself. I am thankful he is here."

A closed carriage stopped at the gate; the team of powerful bays were covered in rubber blankets; their hoofs were heavy with mud; the body of the carriage was splashed, the wheels clogged. When the door was opened a gentleman alighted—a short, stout gentleman wrapped in a rubber coat, with high boots and a close gray cap. He struggled a moment with the rickety gate, and then hurried up the drenched walk.

Mrs. Allen tapped lightly on the bedroom door, and Charlie and Dr. Dunwiddie came out at once. They met the new-comer at the door with a few hurried words. Young Green took his coat and hat, and hung them in the entry to drip.

Dolores had not changed her position; she still stood at the dresser, the book closely clasped in her hands as though a friend. When her uncle advanced toward her she eyed him searchingly.

She was disappointed in him; there was nothing remarkable about him; he was short and stout; she did not like, short, stout men; his face was florid, his hair red.

Placing his two hands on her shoulders he turned her toward the light, eyeing her keenly.

"And this is Joe's girl," he said.

She disliked him at once; her wide brown eyes met his blue ones squarely, but the eager light had died from them, they were cold and calm; he could see no farther than the surface. Her mouth too, was straight and unyielding. To her his tone implied that she disappointed him; it was of no consequence to her, however, because she disliked him. But she had mistaken his meaning. As he looked eyes that w[illegible] the pure so[illegible] mouth, large, [illegible] strong character, the [illegible] ful figure in the print gown [illegible] ing a quaint dignity, the wonder g[illegible] and deepened in his mind that the brother of his recollections should have such a daughter as this—a woman one did not meet every day even in his world—a girl whose soul was purer than many of those he knew.

"And this is Joe's girl!" he repeated, slowly. "My dear, I am glad to have found you."

No one had ever yet told her a lie, and that everyone meant what was said was a matter of course. It was a new thing for anyone to be glad to see her, and she almost liked him. The words touched her strangely, but she made no reply, though her eyes softened somewhat.

'My girl sent you a message, Dolores. She told me to be certain to follow instructions, too; Dora is an exacting young body, I assure you. Between you two my life will be rather hard for an old fellow. I am going in to look at Joe, if I may not speak to him; when I return you will be ready, my dear."

He turned away with a pleasant laugh, and joined young Green and Dr. Dunwiddie without waiting for her reply.

She looked after him with unfriendly eyes as he stood for a moment talking with the others outside the door, but after a few words that were indistinguishable to her they opened the door and passed in, closing the door behind them. Then she arose slowly, her eyes darkening. The little scented note her uncle had given her fell unheeded at her feet. She spoke slowly, but her words were clear; there was no bitterness in her voice, only a great wonder.

(To be continued.)

WHY HE STOPPED FISHING.

Indian Had Luck in Catching Salmon, But Was Compelled to Quit.

Dr. David Starr Jordan of Leland Stanford, Jr., university, tells a story in the Philadelphia Saturday Post which goes to show that once a fisherman always a fisherman, no matter how much of an ichthyologist one may be besides. He says:

"One day in California, I had had a remarkable run of luck and that night as we sat around the camp fire I took occasion to say that my success was due to the superior tie of flies I had used.

"'You may flatter yourself on the string you've brought in to-day,' said an old fisherman who had joined our party, 'but let me tell you, doctor, that I saw a Digger Indian catch more fish in an hour in this stream than you've landed all day with your fine flies.'

"'What bait did he use?' I asked.

"'Live grasshoppers,' replied the old man, 'but he didn't impale them. From his head he would stoically pluck a hair and with it bind the struggling insect to the hook. Almost upon the instant that his bait struck the water a fish would leap for it. After landing him the Indian would calmly repeat the performance of snatching a hair from his head and affixing a fresh grasshopper to the hook.'

"'I became fascinated,' continued the narrator. 'And after the Indian had landed in quick succession a mighty string of salmon trout he suddenly stopped. I called to him to go on with the exciting sport, but he merely smiled grimly and pointed significantly to his head.'

"'What was the matter with his head?' I asked," said Jordan.

"'He had plucked it bald,' replied the old man."

THE DOCTOR KNEW BEST.

But Hans Was Strangely Skeptical as to His Own Death.

One of the musicians who spent the Bach week in Bethlehem has brought back a stock of Pennsylvania Dutch stories, the favorite of which is the following:

It seems that a farmer named Hans was subject to some kind of fits which rendered him totally unconscious for hours at a time and on several occasions convinced his good wife that she was a widow. It was pretty generally known that she was by no means averse to the widowed state, for she and the doughty Hans did not live in peace and amity.

One day Hans was stricken as usual. The good wife applied the usual remedies, but this time they failed to revive the unconscious man. A doctor was called, and after a thorough examination he shook his head and said solemnly:

"Dot les zu bed. He les todt (dead)."

The widow pretended to be overcome with grief, and, leaning over the prostrate form of her husband, she wailed:

"Oh, mein Hans les todt! Mein Hans les todt!"

But Hans, reviving suddenly, exclaimed:

"Nein, nein! Ich ben nit todt!"

"Hans," said his wife reprovingly, "he still. Der doctor knows best."—Philadelphia Press.

Choosing Marriage Date.

A curious old marriage custom, called locally "the settling," still survives in County Donegal, Ireland, and in the Scottish districts of Kintyre and Cowal. After the marriage has been publicly announced the friends of the couple meet, at the house of the bride's parents to fix a suitable date for the marriage. A bottle of whisky is opened, and as each guest drinks to their happiness he names a date. When each guest has named a date an average is struck and "settling" is complete. Neither the bride nor bridegroom ever thinks of protesting against the date so curiously chosen.

Wrong Somewhere.

"Things are wrong," remarked the observer of events and things, "when a reputable physician has to pay money for a certificate to practice, and a fourteen-year-old girl with a new piano doesn't."

English Favor Canadians.

Great efforts are being made to induce English farm laborers to settle in Canada

THE RANKS

men Soldiers

CORRESPONDENCE)

When the rat-a-tat-tat of the drum calls patriotic citizens to arms in the United States and other highly civilized countries the girls are left behind. Husbands and fathers, sweethearts and brothers, go to the front and the women and children have nothing to do but wait and weep.

It is not so everywhere. In Venezuela, Colombia, Haiti, San Domingo, Bolivia, Nicaragua and some of the other less advanced Latin-American countries the entire family sometimes goes to war.

It happens this way: One of the civil wars, which are the normal features of politics in these countries, is in progress and there is an urgent demand for troops by government and revolutionists alike. Both sides stick

THE FAMILY OFF TO THE FRONT.

at nothing in order to get soldiers. They are not particular. Anybody who can carry a gun—man, woman or boy—will do.

A group of half-civilized Indians are tilling their fields or listening to a Jesuit priest in a little mission church in the heart of the jungle. A band of soldiers comes along, surrounds them and marches them all off to fight for a cause about which they know and care absolutely nothing.

"But my wife, my boys, senor!" wails the peon to the commandante, who has captured him. "What is to become of them?"

The family troops up, weeping and shrieking, and begs the officer to let the man go. The officer looks at them thoughtfully and sees that the boys are strapping lads of 12 and 14 and that the wife is a fine, strong woman.

"No, I must take your man," he tells her, "but if you like, you and the boys can come, too. They are strong enough to march and carry rifles, and you can help do the cooking for us and look after the wounded."

"So it comes about that the entire family marches off to the front, happy and cheerful again. They make light of the hazard of war and the hardships of the campaign. There are no hardier people in the world than the Indians of Central America, Colombia and Venezuela. Even the women think nothing of marching thirty miles a day for weeks at a stretch over rough mountain tracks, carrying a rifle, a heavy cartridge belt, a machete, and a pack load of miscellaneous baggage.

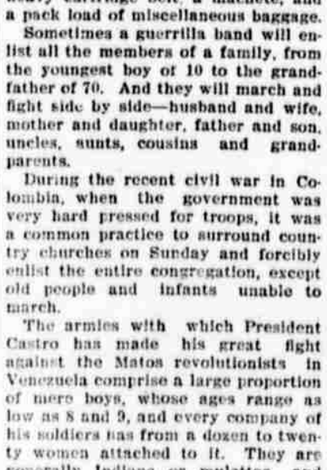
Sometimes a guerrilla band will enlist all the members of a family, from the youngest boy of 10 to the grandfather of 70. And they will march and fight side by side—husband and wife, mother and daughter, father and son, uncles, aunts, cousins and grandparents.

During the recent civil war in Colombia, when the government was very hard pressed for troops, it was a common practice to surround country churches on Sunday and forcibly enlist the entire congregation, except old people and infants unable to march.

The armies with which President Castro has made his great fight against the Matos revolutionists in Venezuela comprise a large proportion of mere boys, whose ages range as low as 8 and 9, and every company of his soldiers has from a dozen to twenty women attached to it. They are generally Indians or mulattos and they march with the baggage train, armed to the teeth, when the troops are campaigning.

When I was in Caracas last January Castro's army marched home in triumph after defeating the revolutionists a few days before Christmas.

There was a blare of trumpets, a



A BOY COLONEL.

discordant rattle of kettle-drums, an ear-piercing shriek from the fifes and the army swung round the corner and marched up the street past my hotel.

First came the fife and bugle band, composed of half a dozen ragged Indian boys, blowing a triumphal march for all they were worth. Behind them, riding proudly on a stolen mule, a copper-colored general carried a huge Venezuelan flag, its gaudy strips of red, blue and yellow flaunting proudly in the sunlight.

He was dressed in a pair of tattered red "pants," with a broad gold stripe, a blue service blouse like that of the United States army, an old palmleaf hat with ribbon of the Venezuelan colors twisted round it, and a pair of alpargattas—the native canvas sandal, which exposes the toes and heels.

A Mauser rifle was slung over his shoulder, an Andino machete with a gayly colored scabbard hung on one side and a brass-hilted regulation sword on the other while the belt around his waist contained a heavy Smith & Wesson revolver and enough cartridges for a Maxim gun.

The army followed in single file generals and colonels marching along on the flanks in generous profusion. There was a field officer to every half dozen men, but you could hardly tell the field officers from the rank and file. It would be impossible to find a worse collection of scarecrows anywhere. The men looked as if they had been dragged through a cactus hedge, feet first, and then rolled in a mangrove swamp. The officers were dressed in odds and ends of uniform from nearly every army in the world. The rank and file made no pretense at uniform, but wore anything they happened to have picked up.

Each man carried a Mauser, a belt full of cartridges, a machete or sword and perhaps a blanket, a mess-kettle and a tinpan. The Venezuelan soldier has to be his own commissariat service or go without.

The fortune of war often brings men to the front with surprising rapidity in these turbulent republics. The family which goes to war ragged and shoeless may, in a few short weeks or months, become one of the greatest in the land. Promotion is rapid for the good fighter. A man may be a ragged Indian peasant one year and a distinguished general the next.

When President Castro fought his way to supreme power in Venezuela many men of no account went up on the crest of the wave with him. One of them, Gen. Louis Otalora, used to be the village barber at Castro's home in the Andes. He still shaves the president as an addition to his military duties.

These family troops are sometimes guilty of terrible atrocities and the boys and the women are often worse than the men. It is not unusual for a lad of 14 or 16 to be made an officer if he has distinguished himself in battle, or happens to be related to the president. One of the most noted

Tagua Palm (Vegetable Ivory) on the Magdalena River.

guerrilla generals in Venezuela is under 17 and colonels and captains may be found even younger.

OLD BUILDINGS TO GO.

Improvements in London Will Wipe Out Old Landmarks.

Some old collections of buildings near Westminster abbey in London are threatened with destruction to make way for costly modern improvements. Barton street, which may be regarded as the parent street of the purlieu, dates from 1722 and was named after its first owner, Barton Booth, the actor, of Cowley, in Middlesex, hence Cowley street in the same neighborhood. Booth was famous as Cato in Addison's play, in which part he delighted the town. The removal of these streets may be described as a double injury to Booth's memory, kept green in the abbey close by. Booth's bust in poet's corner was erected by his second wife, Mrs. Laidlaw, the actress, in 1772. Educated at Westminster school, bound to the neighborhood by ties of property and honored in the abbey, Booth's name still demands respect. He is said to have been an ancestor of Junius Brutus Booth and therefore of the latter's sons, Edwin Booth and John Wilkes Booth, the assassin of President Lincoln.

Sandglass Again in Vogue.

The sandglass is again to be found as a picturesque table equipment, and the old world timekeepers look quite at home with the antique furnishings now in vogue. Three-minute sandglasses accompany the bronze egg boilers now so popular for breakfast table use. These glasses are employed by many housewives at table when the cooking of dainty viands runs the risk of being spoiled by a fraction of a second under or over "doing." They are also elaborately mounted and adorn desks and even cabinets.

They Don't Speak Now.

"I see you have a new bonnet," said the president of the Ladies' Literary club to the secretary of the same.

"Yes," cooed the secretary, "don't you think it a poem?"

"Humph!" sniffed the president. "If I am to judge by the materials used, and the general style of the plot, I should say it was a historical novel."

And then they glared and glared and glared.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

British India Tea Industry.

The number of persons employed in the tea industry throughout British India was, in 1902, 606,830 permanently, and 90,940 temporarily. It is said that a capital of more than $200,000,000 is invested in the Indian tea industry.

Used in Electric Light.

It is usually imagined that the incandescent electric light gives off very little heat. As a matter of fact only 6 per cent of its energy goes to make light, while 94 goes into heat.

Plague of Sparrows.

Owing to the quantities of grain used for feeding the captive birds in the London Zoological Gardens, sparrows assemble in such numbers as to become almost a plague.

London's Jewish Quarter.

Jews have increased in the East End of London to such an extent during the last year that other inhabitants, not able to live under the same conditions, are compelled to move to make room for them.

Words of Wisdom.

Perhaps there was never voiced a more potent truth than that which asserts that "the worth of civilization is the worth of the man at its center. When this man lacks moral rectitude, progress only makes bad worse, and further embroils social problems."

An Expensive Doctor.

Two business men were walking to their business the other morning when the subject of conversation turned to physicians. Said one of the gentlemen: "I once paid $100 to 'see' a doctor." "What?" "The doctor had four aces and I had four kings."

Must Wear Uniforms.

A prominent English lawyer expresses the opinion that if a policeman in plain clothes boards a motor car he may be legally thrown off. The motorist can not know that the intruder is not going to commit an assault on property or person.

Dave Took a Bath.

David Daub of Burgoon was a visitor at Cedar Point Sunday, and indulged in his annual bath. It is reported that, owing to his rotund appearance, one dusky damsel attempted to tie up to him, thinking he was a life buoy.—Fremont News.

The Great American Hen.

It will astonish not a few people to be told that the most valuable of our crops, excepting only corn, wheat and hay, is eggs. The lay of the American hen is worth about $300,000,000 a year. All the cattle and hogs slaughtered in the country are worth less, and so is the country's total yield of both gold and silver.

Peruvian Presidents.

Most of the presidents of Peru have been soldiers. They have attained power by the aid of the army, and at the expiration of their constitutional terms have usually endeavored to continue themselves in office by the same means. They have been practically dictators, and their rivalries have kept the country in a state of turmoil.

Lord Thurlow's Position.

A bishop once invited Lord Thurlow to hear him preach. "No," growled the savage old lord, who affected religion but little and bishops still less. "I hear enough of your d—— nonsense in the house of lords, where I can answer you, and it's not likely I'm going to listen to it in church, where I can't."

Woman Is Never Satisfied.

"Would you like to be divorced?" was the question Mrs. Jetty Maderios of Stockton, Cal., was asked by her husband recently. She answered in the affirmative and he got a decree. Now Mrs. Maderios comes into court and asks that the decree be nullified claiming that she did not know the meaning of the word "divorce."

Bread.

Even the poor in the United States and England eat white wheat bread. In most of the continental countries of Europe rye bread is the staple The Russians use buckwheat. The Laplanders have a bread made of oaten meal mixed with pine bark, and the Icelanders make their flour from lichens. Banana flour is used in the South Sea Islands.

Cloves for Seasickness.

"Cloves," said a physician, "make an excellent and handy remedy for nausea, for the headache due to train rides and for slight attacks of seasickness. I went abroad last year, and on the boat the first day out I began to feel the approaches of seasickness. I took a clove every hour all the rest of the day and by midnight the attack had left me, and I did not return again."