

HORSES THAT WOULDN'T DROWN

Remarkable Deeds Recorded by Two Versacious Chroniclers.

An Albanian who has just returned from the sea, where froth has been the rule, tells the following about a horse which had been attached to a foot bridge crossing a brook, to keep the structure from going adrift. The food finally swept horse and bridge down stream. Later, the bridge was discovered lodged against the bank, with the horse sitting quietly on the former.

A bystander who had listened intently to this tale, remarked quietly: "I see similar stories going all over the world."

"Indeed? What was it?" asked the story teller.

"To see," was the reply, "after the flood I saw was too down stream, my buddy ever expected to see him alive again. But he was a powerful sort of brute, and 'bout a hour after I saw him come in a comin' up a stream, the blame old bridge arter him!"—Albany Evening Journal.

NOT TO BEAUTIFY. Mrs. Heymow—What do you wear that makes her?

Chaufeur—Well, I'll tell you. I wear it so that the people I run over won't be able to recognize me.

BLACK, ITCHING SPOTS ON FACE. Physician Called It Eczema in Worst Form—Patient Despaired of Cure—Cuticura Remedies Cured Her.

"About four years ago I was afflicted with black spots all over my face and a few covering my body, which produced a severe itching irritation, and which caused me a great deal of suffering, to such an extent that I was forced to call in two of the leading physicians of my city for a thorough examination of the dreaded complaint which they announced it to be skin eczema in the worst form. Their treatment did me no good. Finally I became despondent and decided to discontinue their services. My husband purchased a single set of the Cuticura Remedies, which entirely stopped the breaking out. I continued the use of the Cuticura Remedies for six months, and after that ever applied it entirely gone. I have not felt a symptom of the eczema since, more than three years ago. Mrs. Lizzie B. Slodge, 549 Jones Ave., Selma, Ala., Oct. 25, 1905."

Would Not Compromise. A German traveler on a train was asked to pay the regulation fare of 35 cents. The German turned, and his fist and feet were applied to the conductor. He called out: "You can violate all you want to; I won't come pack."—Rehoboth Sunday Herald.

There is some cause in this section of the country for the year was supposed to be a lean one. For a great many years the weather has been so good that the people here have been so used to it that they have not been prepared for a season of such a nature. The weather has been so good that the people here have been so used to it that they have not been prepared for a season of such a nature.

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It was a mighty effort, but he succeeded in reaching her at last, though not before his presence of mind had quite deserted him. Once he had gone down, and now as he caught her she clutched at him frantically, madly, and he was obliged to himself to persuade about his throat. He could not breathe, he could not shake her off, and so the two went down together.

His strength was going from him. Were they both to perish miserably because of his dear love's momentary madness, her wild and frantic clutch? There was but one way to save her—be cruel was now most kind! And as they rose above the surface of the water, he raised his hand and struck the girl he loved, and she gave him a glancing, upturned face.

She lay laboriously, with his dear, noble body broken, and she was being his way in toward the shore. The way seemed endless now, but help was coming; he heard the encouraging shouts of those who had been near, and were swimming out to meet them. Nearer and nearer they came: His strength was failing, but, by sheer force of will he kept on, and he was reached, until he had given his love's unconscious form into the arms of her weeping friends.

As luck would have it, that day Mrs. Everett came away, and her friend was getting along, and he was just alighting at the door when Percival Chalonner was carried in senseless.

When Chalonner came to his senses and saw Everett sitting beside him he experienced no wonderment; it all seemed the most natural thing in the world.

HIS ID CRUELTY

By JUDITH SPENCER

The doctors had agreed that this was overwork, and that Percival Chalonner had narrowly escaped brain fever. So they ordered him away and prescribed two months of rest—of perfect idleness.

His choice lay between the sea and the mountains, and Chalonner chose the sea. He had always hated fashionable crowds and counted himself lucky in finding a picturesque yet not over-popular spot upon the coast, and in that place a pleasant and charming girl with whom he could spend long hours in pleasant chat, and take his morning walk along the beach.

The days were perfect summer days; work, study, reading of every kind had been forbidden him, and so with nothing whatever to do and a pretty and bright young creature just at hand, what else was more probable or more natural than for Chalonner to fall in love?

Madge Winthrop was openly pleased with his attentions, and it seemed quite natural to her that they should be much together since an older gentleman had been Chalonner's and Winthrop's best friends. But Chalonner could see that while his feelings for her were true, she was not in love with him, and that she was not in love with him, and that she was not in love with him.

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TOLD NO TALE OF TRAGEDY.

Bottle in River Merely Shams of Clever Advertiser.

Passengers in the first cabin were telling yarns about voyages down the Mississippi. This had been to tell the following narrative of a trip he once made on the same stream:

"The morning of our third day out from St. Louis the most summary of all the girl passengers saw a bottle floating down the river. Immediately she dashed ashore and snatched all of the many stories she had heard of shipwrecked persons having bolted into the sea, the subsequent findings were as follows: The bottle was the captain of the steambot was appealed to, and a boat was put out after the bottle. It was soon overtaken and opened. 'It is awful!' said one of the girls.

"Perfectly dreadful," remarked another. "I wonder if they're dead?" said a third.

The captain opened the bottle and found a piece of paper. With trembling hand the sheet was extracted. The passengers were all forward by that time, and now stood with blanched faces to hear the reading of the missive from the "Father of Waters." The captain began:

"The steamer Yacht, with 30 excursionists aboard, went on a snag in the Little River yesterday. All of those on board got into the water, floating round on boards or barrels. I was the only one who got off on a cork and floated a long distance, landing, with 15 other passengers, on an island in the river. We were cold and cramped, and two of the party were seriously ill. Locky I chanced to have a bottle of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and by administering this sovereign remedy in liberal doses, we were all made to feel like new beings. On sale by all druggists."

Later in the day two more bottles were gathered in. They contained the same tale of woe.

Humor of London's Bishop. The bishop of London's humor, now tender and kind, now stern and cruel, made my many friends in America.

"The bishop amused me," said a clergyman, "at a dinner of divines in New York. We divines are a modest lot, but occasionally our self-restraint breaks the better of us, and we brag and boast and make ourselves ridiculous."

"A Boston divine at this dinner got to telling us about a begging sermon he had recently preached.

"I don't wish to brag or boast," he began, "nor would I have you think me conceited, but, gentlemen, I assure you—"

"And then at great length he told us how women had wept at his begging sermon's pathos, and how he had been begged for contributions had poured in—gold and greenbacks, checks, even jewels, and watches and great treasures."

"But here the bishop of London leaned forward with a twinkle in his eye.

"By the way, brother," he said, "could you lend me that sermon?"

Useful and Ornamental. They were talking in the yacht club about the Lipton challenge. A famous German yachtsman, who had his own cup in order to wipe from his long white beard a smear of honey, said:

"I get rid of these whalers if they were not so useful! I have to beg them, though. The skippers of all racing yachts wear whalers. Surely you've noticed it?"

"The dear whalers to tell the wind's direction by. A zephyr that hand, even the moistened finger can't feel, is revealed by the whalers, and below was added just these words: 'Forgive me, never!'"

It was nearly daylight before Chalonner fell into an uneasy sleep. He awoke about noon to learn that Margaret Winthrop and her aunt had called to inquire as to his condition.

"Nonsense! he sprang up, something was wrong—his head was being carried off by the force of the undertow—and now she had become colonel's daughter, he saw her fling up her arms.

Down from the bluff he saw, flinging off his coat and vest as he ran. Kicking his shoes he sprang up, and then he was on the shore, and he was shouting to some dim consciousness of his peril: "Quick, bring out the line!"

A TERRIBLE CONDITION.

Tortured by Sharp Twinges, Shooting Pains and Dizziness.

Hiram Center, 618 South Oak Street, Lake City, Minn., says: "I was so bad with kidney trouble that I could not straighten up after stooping without sharp pains shooting through my back. I had dizzy spells, was nervous and my eyesight was affected. The kidney secretions were irregular and too frequent. I was in a terrible condition, but Doan's Kidney Pills cured me and I have enjoyed perfect health since."

Doan's Kidney Pills, 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

DRANK WITH HIS FEET.

Clergyman Knew the Best Place to Put the Whisky.

There was no fire in the smoking car and everybody was blue and tremulous with cold.

"My feet fairly ache," said a clergyman. Then a drunker, winking at his neighbors, pulled out a flask of whisky.

"Here's the best thing going for cold feet, friend," he said. The clergyman extended his hand for the bottle eagerly.

"You bet it is," said he. He poured a huge drink into the glass, lifted it toward the drummer with a "Here's looking at you, sir," and then, slipping off his boots, emptied the whisky into them.

"In two minutes my ice-cold feet," he said, "will be in a warm glow. He wisely poured into the boots warm the feet like a hot stove."

NASTY. He—Do you think glasses would make me look more intellectual? She—Well, if I were you I'd try them. They certainly couldn't hurt any.

Good Workers Highly Rewarded. Sweeney and Pannett, the two Germans who tried to print books in Rome, used paper and types of excellent quality. Their ink on pages printed more than 400 years ago can be seen in blackness with the present day. Yet with all their labors they often lacked bread. In a petition to the pope they informed his holiness that their house was short of provisions, but they had nothing to eat.

Equal to the Occasion. Pa—I caught young Smith hugging our Maria the other night. Ma—Goodness gracious! What did you say? Pa—I said: "You are getting on fast, young man." And what answer do you suppose he made me? Ma—Dear knows! What did he say? Pa—He said: "Well, I'm holding my own."

Important to Mothers. Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the signature of J. C. Watson, Signature of Dr. J. C. Watson. In the For Over 30 Years. The Kid You Have Always Bought.

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Wise is he who kicks only at the things that can't kick back.

Business Instinct. The sexton of a "well colored church" in Richmond was closing the windows one blustering Sunday morning during service when he was ordered to the side of a young negro, the widow of a certain Thomas.

"Why is it so shabby?" demanded Mr. Jones. "He is in church in a hoarse whisper. 'De air in dis church is suffocatin' now!'"

"'Tis de minister's orders," replied the sexton, obstinately. "It's a cold day, Mis' Thomas, an' we ain't got to take no chance on lovin' 'er 'bout de death of her husband's big debt overhangin' dis church."—Harper's Weekly.

Origin of Card Monthly gives the following account of the origin of the card monthly: The card monthly is now in use in libraries. A French abbe of the revolution issued his books by writing their titles on playing cards. On each card he placed a title and he placed them endwise in alphabetical order on a tray, and that, it is said, is the beginning of the card catalogue which in the middle of the century was applied to library purposes.

THAT SWEET CHILD.

Charles J. Glendon, the wealthy Boston glove-selling automobilist, says that his present ambition is to make balloon ascensions in as many countries throughout the world as possible. He is an insatiable traveler, and holds the world's record for mileage traveled in automobiles.



"You'll be too old to sit on people's knees soon, Dolly."

"Oh, no, I won't, auntie! I'm not half as old as sister and she sits on Mr. Wilson's knee. I'm never going to be too old for that sort of thing!"

Hard to Explain. Uncle George was an old colored man who tried awfully hard to be good, but it was very difficult for him to keep from stealing. As he explained it, "I just natchally want to take what I lay my hands on."

Uncle George's latest theft was a pig. The neighbor extended his hand for the bottle eagerly.

"You bet it is," said he. He poured a huge drink into the glass, lifted it toward the drummer with a "Here's looking at you, sir," and then, slipping off his boots, emptied the whisky into them.

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Walter, "breakfast! Quick! I'm in a hurry!" "We haven't any breakfast, sir!" "A chop, then." "Impossible, sir; we—"

"What! why have you nothing at all in your restaurant?" "Yes, sir; we've got a sheriff."

Customer (sharpening his knife on the edge of his plate)—Then let's have one.

Westly Man's Fad. Charles J. Glendon, the wealthy Boston glove-selling automobilist, says that his present ambition is to make balloon ascensions in as many countries throughout the world as possible. He is an insatiable traveler, and holds the world's record for mileage traveled in automobiles.

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It was a mighty effort, but he succeeded in reaching her at last, though not before his presence of mind had quite deserted him. Once he had gone down, and now as he caught her she clutched at him frantically, madly, and he was obliged to himself to persuade about his throat. He could not breathe, he could not shake her off, and so the two went down together.

His strength was going from him. Were they both to perish miserably because of his dear love's momentary madness, her wild and frantic clutch? There was but one way to save her—be cruel was now most kind! And as they rose above the surface of the water, he raised his hand and struck the girl he loved, and she gave him a glancing, upturned face.

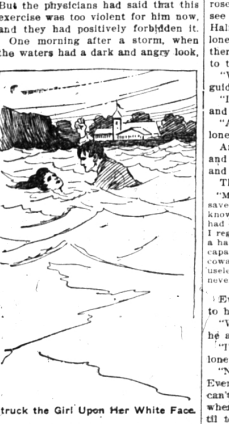
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As luck would have it, that day Mrs. Everett came away, and her friend was getting along, and he was just alighting at the door when Percival Chalonner was carried in senseless.

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Struck the Girl Upon Her White Face.

Mrs. Donald, Madge's aunt and chaperone, begged her not to go in that day. But Madge laughed at her.

There were fewer fathers from the hotel than usual that morning, and of those who ventured in, most, for some reason, kept quite near the shore.

But Madge, either from a spirit of bravado or from utter lack of any sense of danger, went out and on, until she was far beyond the breakers and away from everyone.

Chalonner, who had been watching her as usual, but with an unusual sense of irritation which at last changed to anxiety and then alarm. Suddenly he sprang up, something was wrong—his head was being carried off by the force of the undertow—and now she had become colonel's daughter, he saw her fling up her arms.

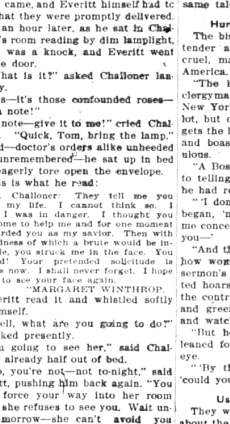
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