

THE SONG OF THE ROVING SONS.

Just beyond the sunset's barriers just across the Farthest Sea. Lies the Land of Lost Illusions, lies the Isle of Used to Be.

IN AUGUST.

Weston toiled up the long stairs of the boarding-house through halls whose dingy twilight seemed like benevolence after the torrid street. Several open doors gave glimpses of gay, untidy rooms; past these Weston cautiously, morosely stalked. He was afraid of being bailed in to rest and cheer, and he had no stomach for the indifferent, kindly pity of strange actors—actors who had work, actresses who were strong and well and not married to unsuccessful, worthless husbands.

had had to send the child back to Grace's family when typhoid had ravaged the mother in the winter that was past; Weston could not but suppose that it would have found her a less easy victim if she had ever been really well since the baby came. Her people had been very kind about the baby; they could not blame Weston for the necessity of parting him from his mother since other persons beside married actresses are subject to typhoid; at the same time it all seemed to them only another mesh in that web of dreariness and failure in which they felt he had entangled her. Up to the very present Weston had never failed to send back a little money for the boy's expenses, but that was no longer possible. The child was almost nothing to him as yet, in comparison with the mother, but he could not have known for nearly two years that helpless life of his first son and feel the sting of ceasing to be its provider. Justly or unjustly, he saw himself with the eyes of men who could at least pay their families' board bills; he thought of one fellow in particular who used to hang around Grace in Milwaukee, but who had married since then and whose wife, from her new attitude, had nudged him accordingly to Grace the last time they had met. He wondered if Grace sometimes remembered those automobile that might have been; he himself remembered very well how he used to buy the fellow to her! His heart sank now with shame, and yet with a touch of the old stupid jealousy, and he had such a sense of hatefulness to himself that there seemed no distance great enough to divide him from her. He moved his chair a little closer to the couch.

The hand of the dollar clock on the mantelpiece pointed to five. Tomorrow would be Saturday, and most of the offices would close at noon. Practically another week was gone, and at this time of year that meant another week nearer to the Gulf. He went over himself the masses of papers he had seen lately; Fellowship, the romantic star who had thought Weston too tall to play with him; Hopkins, who had really wanted him for "Captain Bryce" if only he had been large enough for a guardsman; Lorenzo, who saw him in reference to the juvenile with Mrs. Erskine, but who had confided to a friend that he would make her look like his grandmother; the Einsteins, who had been favorably impressed with him, but who had hedged on hearing him ask a small salary and feared to trust him with the part; and Phillips, who had sent for him, but who, having employed him when he first went on the stage, refused with indignation to pay him anything beyond the meagre salary of that time. He had gone back to Phillips the next day, but the part was filled. He would never have let the miserable chance slip in the first place if he had not been filled with hope of Ted Chesney's negotiations with Joseph Lemuel, if Ches had not encouraged him by the wild fantasia of getting him a job in those exalted regions.

"If he comes to my terms," Ches had declared, "I shall have charge of the whole show, of every nail that drives into this side of the footlights. It's that for me or nothing." What a fool he had been to suppose that a good fellow like Chesney would ever get any such terms, that Fellows would endure tall men about him, that Hopkins would prefer art to weight in the presentation of a guardsman! Chesney's contingent offer had been his dearest hope; he took out of his pocket, read and tore into bits yesterday's note which told him that the deal with Lemuel was off. Well, one thing was clear, chance after chance, they had all slipped out of his hands like water. It was all very well to make excuses for each individual instance, but if he dared look in the face the testimony of the whole summer one thing was certain and that was, he was not desirable.

But why? That was what he could not help tormenting himself with—why? What was it? He put aside at once all question of his ability. He did not doubt himself, and if he did he had only to observe the work of other men in higher places to know that it was not their ability which put them there. Was there something wrong with him then, personally? Was there something distasteful in his appearance, in his manner, differentiating him from acceptable heroes and lovers? For a long time now he had searched his face, observed his carriage, bated his own smile, his own voice, suspected in every stirring of his personality some peculiar and invidious distinction. And yet if that were so it was one in which he himself shared. She too, when she was able to go out, had looked for work and unavailingly—she who was sweet to see and of so appealing a delicacy and charm! Or had he grown incapable of judging her, and was she, too, mysteriously marked for failure? Were they out off from the rest of mankind, they two, and left standing upon mysterious plagues-apt? He told himself that this was a delirium of weariness, but the delirium remained.

The strangeness of it was not so much that they could get nothing good to do as that they could get nothing at all. It had not always been so, and yet they did not ask for so much now as they used to do; their fine spirit about not taking engagements except in the same company had been broken, and he remembered old scruples, fastidious standards of independence or loyalty which had sometimes stood in their way and which now seemed to him like silly, sentimental dreams. He remembered a big chance which he had once given up because the star he was then playing would not release him. She had had no contrast to hold him by, and now he moved his lips in a sick derision of that honesty. In the future, if there were such a thing, he and Grace would take what they could get and hang on to it like other people. If there came to be something lost between them in a mutual faith and pride, at least they would know where their next meal was coming from. He told himself, looking, looking dryly with his hot eyes upon the thinness of his wife's face, that he was willing to pay any price, and then he saw that he was already paying all he had. He realized with a sharper sickness than before that in his desperate determination he was no more powerful than a child determining to be a pirate, and that whatever he might do he was no more able to buy a little ease, a breath of peace for her than to go back and leave her on the pleasant path where he had found her. He started up with a restless shudder, and going over to the further window leaned there frowning down into the dreary litter of the far-away backyards.

He asked himself if he were an admitted failure in this business; come now, what was the next move? Was there any other business that he knew, any trade which he understood, any chance which, if it were offered him, he would know how to take? Somewhere in the neighborhood people of thrift and foresight were getting in coal. Would anybody trust him to drive a coal-wagon? His whole soul sickened after manual success, and cried out against gentlemanly accomplishments, the unmanly art of pleasing—in which, he must suddenly

remember, he had wholly failed to please. But along middling lines then, in shops and offices, was he capable of nothing? Well, fairly capable of a good deal—pride, hope, with a little time, a little opportunity and direction, all the things most lacking in this crisis. But to put out his hand securely and seize something—no, nothing in the world. The world, he saw, was too big and hard for him and Grace, for life or death they did not count in it. The going, struggling masses of success, the whole blind, opulent, and crushing earth rolled down upon them, rolled over them, and he had no strength at all to shield her.

He had now for some time been absently gazing at the letter which had dropped from Grace's hand, but it was only at this moment that he perceived it to be a single sheet of paper with some kind of business heading. With an agonizing pang of hope he picked it up. "The Elmwood Dairy—21 cents." It was the milk bill, and he had not been paid for three weeks! He recalled the doctor's words: "At least a quart a day, Mrs. Weston, if you are to raise as we wish." Three weeks! A dollar and sixty-eight cents! He had still four dollars from his watch, which was the last thing they had had to pawn. A dollar and sixty-eight cents out of four dollars—he would have to stop the milk! But that was impossible! She needed it. Was it really true that she, Grace, could not have what she needed when it cost only fifty-six cents a week, and that rich concern was dealing it away day after day, to multitudes? It was quite true. They had not out their evening on riding and loafing, but had kept for the milk, and he had indulged in no more breaths of air on the ferry—he caught sight of her last bottle of medicine on the washstand; it had cost sixty cents only a few days ago, and it was almost gone! Weston felt himself beginning to grapple with a mingled fright and anger at the absurdity of their affairs. Why, she must give up everything; after all that he had coughed for that, she must slip back again and get worse, and this time nothing could be done to help her, though she should actually suffer! It seemed unbelievable. He had pitied such things often enough when he had heard them about other people vaguely called "the poor," but stopped themselves it was a thing that he could not do. He must give up the four dollars, and realize that sum to be all that remained between them and want. Not another penny in the world—What were they to do then? My God! What was to become of them? The blank horizon gaped at him.

On the instant he was shaken by one of those waves of panic which summer in the city sends upon human nerves to break and shatter to pieces in that fierce rush of horror; his sense of common life deserted him; he was blind with fear; sick and shaking, his whole being one shrieking pandemonium of hysteria, he sat staring at his wife and knocking with his knuckles on his own mouth. "Oh! oh! oh! oh!" he cried on the alternate pound and "Butter of my heart!" His heart was gasping open, and he felt like the gills of a dying fish, but the dollar clock ticked on, indifferent, like fate, and no other answer sounded through the frenzied whimper of his brain. He began to crave some signal of human nearness, he felt as if he must go mad indeed if some one did not speak to him and prove him still capable of at least of communication with his kind. And suddenly he heard the door open and a woman came in. He had been at home now for some time, and she had not moved; it seemed to him as if she had not breathed. All the jangling nerves in him were stricken quiet by a single fear. If she—He put out his hand and touched her; her skin was moist and warm, she sighed and stirred a listless and that he lost his grip upon happiness or unhappiness, submerged in a kind of terrific relief. He remained bent forward, shuddering, and after a time, when he began to recover consciousness, to rise to the surface, he found himself holding desperately to some idea, some plank of safety.

This idea turned out to be that he had been making a fool of himself, nothing, that he had been making a fool of himself, nothing, that he had been making a fool of himself, nothing. He was provided for, that she could always go back to her people. It was an abhorrent thought, but he clung to it, still quaking, it was true, but reassuring, quieting himself. Why, what a fuss he had been making! What was all this deathly fear he had been drowning in? She was not going to die, she was not going to want, she was not going to sink here with him, no, no; she could go home to decency, security. He began to breathe evenly, he sat up and wiped his face and head that were all cold and drenched with the sweat of nightmare. Why, that was it, that was the way! He would write to-night to Grace's father and ask for money for her ticket home, and as soon as the wage he would give up the room. A man alone could always manage somehow until—Well, he would try; there might be something somewhere that he could do. He got slowly to his feet and began to walk up and down gravely and with judicial calm, sobered from having touched the depths. God knew it would be hard to tell her that she must go home. That was a thing she had always kept out of her mind. Poor Grace! poor girl! They would give her enough to eat and a place to stay in in the bustling, strident little house, but they would make her very unhappy. He knew the family circle well, its thrift, its sound, comfortable, the smiling, obedient contempt for weakness, the unfeeling, when they were not confiding their sentiments about him to Grace she would still bear them confiding in the neighborhood, and she would have to go to them for car fare, for postage stamps. His child, too, and his wife! No wonder people were contemptuous of him. Contempt for himself had long been in him; he had been too tired and too sad for hope. He saw her whole nature shrink from the bitter resignation which was growing in his heart, and he said aloud, "I can't help you." As he spoke his glance fell again

upon the envelope which lay face downward on the floor, and this time he saw that it was not an envelope only, but an unopened letter, as great as that which he had read the signature first, and then in a kind of apathy the whole note, from which presently particular phrases began to stab through him in flashes of great joy—"At the eleventh hour. . . all O. K. . . Lemuel perfectly agreeable. . . to sign contracts. . . office ten to-morrow. . . Chesney."

The twilight deepened and deepened in the quiet room. Weston sat down on the floor beside the sofa and nestled a hand among the folds of his wife's dress. She stirred again, opened her eyes, and smiled drowsily down at him. With a long, light breath she moved her hand in a little gesture of welcome. He was reassured by her presence she let her lashes drop again. He continued to sit there in the soft evening silence waiting to give her his news when he should wake her, and rested his cheek against her skirt—By Virginia Tracy, in Collier's.

Playing a Poor Hand.

To every small-salaried man or wage-earner there comes a fighting chance; and one which has to be waited for during long years, or which involves tireless struggle against competitors, but a fighting chance which comes every week—say, every day—whenever you get up, show us the victory. It is a small and homely chance, but it calls for a fight as hard, often, as the fight for greater things; a fight which, being won, leaves the man bigger and stronger and better fitted for larger chances; which, being lost, leaves him weaker, smaller in his own opinion and less confident.

Read what one hundred dollars did for one small-salaried man. He was a clerk in a big corporation office and had worked for six years without getting a dollar ahead. In fact he said on one occasion: "There never was a moment in those first years when I was not in debt for my week's pay before it was earned." One day he received from his chief a soothing lecture for some poor work, and the terms used were such as to show him that he was considered of no value to himself or to any one. He was told that he was just a poor ten-dollar man, and would never be anything else. Bitterly mortified and humiliated, he was unable to assert himself by an immediate resignation. He hadn't a dollar ahead—indeed, he was owing for a week's board and several other small debts. In his disgust at himself he formed the resolution to get his feet upon solid ground. He clung to every cent of his wages with a pertinacity as determined as his former improvidence had been. It was springtime, and he rented a small camp in some woods two miles from the works, where he cooked his own meals at an expense which did not average one dollar per week. At the end of the summer he was one hundred dollars ahead, and had a chance, by paying that sum down, to purchase a neat cottage on the outskirts. Small cottages were exceedingly scarce in that factory town, and he easily found a young couple as tenants for his house, who agreed to board him for the rent. This was equivalent to \$22 per month for a cottage which he had bought for \$1700.

Four years later he had cleared his title, sold his cottage for \$2100 and, getting married himself, paid that amount toward a \$3400 two-tenement house. In addition to this excellent financial start he had gained the respect of his fellow-employees and his chief and won a promotion which, under his old course, would undoubtedly have gone to some one else. The other case: an old railroad clerk once informed his chief that he was going to stop work and live upon his savings. The chief was somewhat surprised, since the salary had never been higher than sixteen dollars a week, and a family had been raised. "Have you got enough?" he inquired. "Well," answered the old pen-driver with a laugh, "I guess I can worry through. I've got some coming in that total up to over \$250 a month."

"I began twenty-six years ago, when I was married. I was getting twelve dollars a week then, and both my wife and I had mighty little show for ever owning a home, but we put a dollar into a bank. In four years we'd got \$200, and then my chance came. Out near Sixteenth Street the railroad company had decided to double the tracks, and had to buy an extra strip of land. There were a few houses to be torn down or moved, and I got a fairly good six-roomed cottage for \$150. I bought a nearby lot for \$800, on which I paid \$25, and got my house moved and set on cedar posts for the balance of my cash and nothing more. I borrowed money, but when I moved in I owed just \$75 on a cottage much better than the one I had been paying \$18 a month for. It didn't take long to clear that, and then I repeated the operation when I had the chance, sometimes borrowing a little on mortgage to carry the trade through. There are always houses to be moved in this town. Now I own twelve, large and small."—Saturday Evening Post.

The March of Mexico.

Was it not in Constantinople, long ago, that the grand vizier formed his judgment of the popularity of the government's measures by counting up how many bakers had been assassinated the night?

By some means the attitude of a people toward their government must express itself. A small insurrection in Mexico calls attention to the exceeding rarity, in later years, of such events in a country where they were once a staple occurrence—publishable in set form, like the baseball scores and receipts of wheat at Chicago. That Diaz's thirty-year rule—albeit not patterned to our taste—is satisfactory to the body of his subjects seems a fair conclusion.

In government revenue and foreign trade Mexico now ranks with Sweden. Her foreign trade is two-thirds that of Spain. She has more miles of railway and telegraph than Italy.

This important industrial position is almost altogether a creation of Diaz's government. Under his beneficent regime, our merchandise trade with Mexico has increased elevenfold.

The United States' trade with Mexico is as great as with China and Japan combined; sixty per cent. as great as with Canada; very nearly as great as with France; five times as great as with Spain. Excepting England, Germany and France, there is no European country with which we have as large a trade as with Mexico.

Exactly how far Mexicans have advanced toward liberty under Diaz is a difficult question. That he has put their house in order and vastly increased material property are patent and not unimportant facts.—Saturday Evening Post.

Where Brides are Sold at Auction.

The mercenary side of matrimony has supplied numerous novelties with themes for sensational fiction. Once again, however, it is possible to assert that "truth is stranger than fiction." Witness the following account a Russian correspondent gives of the state of affairs prevailing in only one part of his dismal and disordered country. The annual marriage auctions are, he says, now being held in the towns of Gochatsk and Lystobeffka. The first named town is the more important place, and possesses a cathedral. More than 300 would-be brides have arrived there from the surrounding country on sleighs. Most of them are accompanied by their parents and relatives. At 9 o'clock sharp "the bride show" is held in front of the cathedral. The girls are drawn up in a line reaching from that building to the city hall. All are dressed up specially for the occasion, wearing their best clothes, the picturesque head-dresses, necklaces, earrings and other jewel and ornaments which it is the greatest desire of Russian girls to amass. They have all taken a hot bath in preparation for this great occasion, and consequently they look much prettier and more attractive than at ordinary times.

The men pass along the line, examining the human goods with interest and varying degrees of emotion. The middle aged and well-to-do customers usually regard the girls with critical and business-like attention, while some of the young fellows exhibit considerable bashfulness. The careful customer looks all along the line before he begins to pay any attention to individuals. Then he stops before an article that has taken his fancy and examines her points thoroughly. He runs his fingers through her hair, to see if it is her own, of good quantity, and well kept. He opens her mouth and looks at her teeth. He taps her chest to see if it is firm and solid. He looks carefully at her limbs to see if they are straight and strong, and capable of doing the extremely hard work which will require of her on his farm.

Having satisfied himself regarding all these points, he mentions to the girl the price he is willing to pay. This will vary from five rubles (\$2.50) up to 200 rubles (\$100), or even more. It is scarcely necessary to say that one does not get a very high price for \$2.50. If the price is not high enough the girl shakes her head and the man may offer more or pass on in search of something cheaper. If the price is satisfactory she consults with her brother, who is her particular guardian, or with some other member of her family. The money paid goes to the family, but when they are good-natured they give it to the bride to help her start housekeeping. Sometimes there is a lively competition between two or more men who are seeking the same attractive bride. If the price is recognized as the same creature.—Saturday Evening Post.

The marriage market is likely to last as long as a week. During this time there is a good deal of merry-making, often degenerating into debauches, in the course of which the prospective brides sustain more or less damage. Those who are left at the end of the marriage fair are mostly unattractive, and bring next to nothing.

When the Russian countryman has secured a wife he carries her away to his lonely house in the thinly-peopled country. It is a mere hut, if he is a peasant. There she has to labor as hard as a man, or order, rising at dawn, milking the cows, carrying wood to the house and doing all the hardest kind of work. If her husband is too poor to afford a horse she may be harnessed to a cart or plow with a big dog or donkey.

But before this stage of domesticity is reached there is a wedding, which is one of the most gorgeous and picturesque features of Russian life. The betrothal ceremony takes place a week and a day before the marriage ceremony. During these days the bride must weep and wail and lament loudly over her coming marriage and separation from her parents, although really she desires these events more anxiously than anything else in the world.

In Russia, as in China, the bride's girl friends devote themselves to consoling and cheering her during these days of lamentation. They recite stories to her and sing songs, and the burden of each song and of every story is the joy and happiness of matrimony. On the day before her marriage she unbraids her long plait of hair and divides among her maiden comrades the flowers and ribbons that escape from her loosened tresses. Then they lead her to the bath. As she bathes they sing to her. They spend hours dressing and re-dressing her long hair, and while they brush and twist they sing to her songs of love and happiness.

Upon the wedding day the bridegroom comes to her parents' house and claims his bride. Then comes a touching bit of ceremony. The maiden kneels before her parents and asks them to pardon her for any offense of which she may have been guilty. They lift her up and kiss her. Then they offer her bread and salt, which signifies that while they live they will not see her lack the necessities of life. When the leaves of the house its door is left open, to signify that she may return when she will—that her girlhood home is still hers.

The Russian people have many interesting proverbs about women, one of which is that "There is one soul only between 10 women."—Baltimore Sun.

Crying Spells.

There are some women who have "crying spells," which seem to be entirely unaccountable, and are generally attributed in a vague way to "nerves." A man hates to see a woman cry under any circumstances, and these bursts of tears awaken very little sympathy in him. They would if he understood all the weakness and misery that lie behind the tears. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription has brightened many a home, given smiles for tears to many a woman just because it removes the cause of these nervous outbreaks. Disease of the delicate womanly organs will surely affect the entire nervous system. "Favorite Prescription" cures these diseases, and builds up a condition of sound health. For nervous, hysterical women there is no medicine to compare with "Favorite Prescription."

"Do you find great wealth a burden?" "Sometimes," answered Mr. Cumrox. "There's never any telling when mother and the girls are going to invest in a touring car or a steam yacht or a foreign notion, or some such form of worriment and responsibility."

"Yes, he makes a big bit with her. He has a green automobile, and it matches her dress." "Well, why don't you take her driving?" "I ain't got no green horse."

Mind in Brutes.

"The elephant is the mechanical engineer among animals," said Dr. Frank Baker, superintendent of the Washington Zoo. "No other member of the brute creation possesses any such mechanical dexterity. One is almost tempted to say dexterity of manipulation, inasmuch as the trunk is used like a hand. An elephant will learn not only to carry lumber (a purpose for which the pachyderm is frequently employed in the Orient), but to do many things that require delicacy of touch, such as untying knots I have known one of these animals to spend many hours night after night in trying to remove the hold-ings from his shackle."

"Here is one point wherein the intelligence of the elephant differs strikingly from that of a monkey. He is extraordinarily persistent, pursuing a single idea with a patient determination rarely found even in human beings. The monkey, on the other hand, is always the brute described by Kipling, with no continuity of thought or purpose. His special and unequalled accomplishment is that of an equilibrist. Respecting the quality of his thinking we do not really know very much, many of his actions that seem most intelligent and human like being mere imitation."

"It has been asserted by a recent writer that domestication causes the brain of animals to deteriorate. In support of which statement it is urged that horses which have run wild in Australia have become remarkably intelligent through being obliged to think for themselves and get a living for themselves, though what they gain in this way is acquired at the expense of beauty and other qualities which make horses valuable to man. Horses that give up thinking and submit to their masters' orders, it is argued, are the most useful, and therefore most likely to be encouraged to perpetuate their species under conditions of domestication."

"All of this may be true, but I confess that my own observation does not endorse it. The dog undoubtedly is much more intelligent than the wolf from which it sprang. As for the horse, its mind seems rather to be developed than otherwise through intimate contact with man, its ideas and interests being modified thereby. I have seen, at the Zoological Park in New York, the famous wild horses from the steppes of Western Mongolia, and it did not strike me that they were particularly clever. Yet these horses have never been domesticated hitherto, the first ones known to civilization being captured, fifty-two in number, by Khigiz rough riders, and forwarded, in 1900, to Hamburg, where twenty-three of them were delivered alive. "Unquestionably, however, domestication does affect unfavorably the intelligence of some animals—notably that of birds. The farmyard goose is a stupid creature compared with the wild goose, which is a noble fowl, and hardly to be recognized as the same creature."—Saturday Evening Post.

Sparing the Rod.

"Take him home and thrash him soundly. What most bad boys need nowadays is to be lashed as we were when we were boys." So a judge sapiently counseled the father of a fifteen-year-old "incorrigible."

But the judge forgot, or had never learned, that this fifteen-year-old delinquent is not at all the boy that he was at fifteen, when he robbed the neighbors and meekly suffered the retributive trunk-stroke.

This boy is fifty years older as the clock marks time, and much more than that in the march of civilization. There is no more intelligence in punishing a fifteen-year-old as such lads were punished fifty and a hundred years ago than there would be in punishing a fifty-year-old as men were then punished.

The boy no less than the man had absorbed the feeling of his own time. Tom Jones, as we recollect it, was considerably more than fifteen when he was hoisted to the butler's back and virtuously flogged by the tutor. He submitted himself—though with many mental reservations—to the hand of the established Order operating in that conventional manner. A male person of Tom's years and inches nowadays would take a beating from his tutor without putting up the best fight there was in him would hardly serve as a model for a young gentleman of high spirit.

The world's view of outgals has changed. A fifteen-year-old boy is a citizen of the world even as a sixty-year-old man. Or even more so.—Saturday Evening Post.

Only a Mask.

Many are not being benefited by the summer vacation as they should be. Now, notwithstanding much outdoor life, they are little if any stronger than they were. The tan on their faces is darker and makes them look healthier, but it is only a mask. They are still nervous, easily tired, upset by trifles, and they do not eat nor sleep well. What they need is what tones the nerves, perfects digestion, creates appetite, and makes sleep refreshing, and that is Hood's Sarsaparilla. Pupils and teachers generally will find the chief purpose of the vacation is best subserved by this great medicine which, as we know, "builds up the whole system."

Almost every home has a dictionary in which the meaning of words can be found. It is far more important for every home to have a reference book in which the meaning of symptoms of ill health is explained. Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser is a dictionary of the body. It answers the questions which are asked in every family concerning health and disease. Other dictionaries are costly. This is sent free on receipt of stamps to pay expense of mailing only. Send 21 one-cent stamps for the book bound in paper, or 31 stamps for cloth binding, to Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

"Politician—"You said in your last issue that I wasn't fit to sleep with the bog. I want you to retract it." Editor—"Very well, Jimmy, fit in our next issue that Mr. Smith is fit to sleep with the bog."

"Don't try to take up all the room in the middle of the road. There are numerous travelers on the highway who need a little room themselves."

The story of Tantalus mocked by the food he could not touch, the fountain he could not taste, is the story of every dyspeptic. Life to him must be an endless fast, a ceaseless mortification of the flesh. Dyspepsia can be cured. It is being cured every day by the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. Cases of the most complicated character and of long standing have yielded to this medicine, when every other means had been tried in vain. "Golden Medical Discovery" cures 98 per cent. of all those who give it a fair and faithful trial.