

WHEN THE MERCURY RISES.

The man whose rule it is to take
The weather as it comes,
Without a word of fuss, finds life
A pudding full of plums.
He doesn't care how low or high
The mercury has got,
And even when it's mid-July,
He hardly knows it's hot.

But he who, when the mercury
Goes up to eighty-five,
Makes such a fuss that every one
Begrets that he's alive,
Thus makes himself unhappy
Than he was meant to be,
And feels the heat at seventy-two
As if 'twere ninety-three.

So take a warning from these lines—
It's good advice, though free—
And when the hot days really come
Don't watch the mercury.
Just go about your daily tasks
Regardless of the heat,
And you will find that every day
Your life will grow more sweet.
Somerville (Mass.) Journal.

HOW TOM RAISED THE WIND



depression when his particular chum,
Tom Langton, favored him with a
morning call.

"Halloo! What's up, Bob? By
Jove, you are looking seedy."

The Hon. Robert stopped in his
purposeless walk, languidly extended
his arm, lightly touched the tips of
his friend's fingers, and heaved a deep
and bitter sigh.

"Are you ill, chappie, or has the
peerless, patrician Penelope—"
"Sit down, Tom. The fact is, I've
been a fool."

"And how did you discover it?"

"Well, as you know, I've been
mixed up a bit with Lord Temptown
and his set. Jolly fellows, but in-
clined to go the pace a bit too fast.
Hang me if I can say 'No' to anything
that they propose, and the upshot of
it all is that in two nights I have lost
upward of £3000 playing cards at the
Junior Aborigines—at least, that's the
amount they hold my IO U's for."

"What confoundedly bad luck you
must have had!"

"I posted down to the family nest
yesterday, laid the whole affair before
the governor, and vowed that I would
never touch a card again if he would
help me out of this scrape."

"And has he refused?"

"Point blank. He reminded me
that on several occasions he had paid
off my legitimate debts—small in com-
parison to this one—but he considered
playing cards for high stakes so out-
rageously foolish that he could not
and would not help me. I told him
they were debts of honor, but he said
it was a most dishonorable way either
of making or getting rid of money."

"In conclusion, he told me that as
it was most desirable that I should
break off from this connection, he
proposed to reduce my allowance to
£500 for one year, during which time
I am to travel and see as much of the
world as I can on a paltry £10 a
week."

"And what did you say?"

"What could I say? I have no
choice in the matter. I have made
up my mind that I will not go to
money-lenders, and so I must get
these fellows to wait until I can re-
deem my paper."

"Look here, old chap. I'll come
with you for a time, and we'll go in
for a walking tour."

"Tom, you are a brick. Let us
start this week."

Three months had elapsed since
Robert Spenceley's departure, during
which period frequent communications
—each bearing expressions of regret
for the past and promises for the
future—kept Lord Methwick fully ac-
quainted with his son's doings. The
absent one seemed to be thoroughly
enjoying himself, judging from his
graphic descriptions of the scenery
and incidents of the walking tour.

Several times lately the doubt had
arisen in Lord Methwick's mind as to
whether he had not been too severe,
remembering that his son had hitherto
borne an irreproachable character,
evinced a deep dislike to all the
worse forms of dissipation, and there
was no doubt that this unfortunate
affair at the Junior Aborigines was not
the result of inherent or newly-ac-
quired viciousness, but rather, brought
about by a false position, in which,
surrounded by companions of wealth
and repute, he had been led away by
the excitement and his inability to say
"No."

Now that no news came from him,
his father's resolution rapidly gave
way under the disquieting influence
of foreboding and the continuous en-
treances of his mother, until at last his
recall was decided upon so soon as the
next intimation of his address should
arrive. The next letter did disclose
his whereabouts, and this was the
thunderbolt:

"Most Illustrious Signor—The son
of your Excellency is doing us the
honor to condescend our humble hos-
pitality to partake and has to us your
address given so that we may impart
his well being. He now his departure
desires, but we would that your illu-
strous Excellency to us sending the
sum of pounds 4000 Englishes that
we may be soled for his loss." Then
followed an address to which a com-
munication was to be sent, and the
missive concluded: "Any information

to the gendarmes will be on the son of
your Excellency.

(Signed) "GIUSEPPE."
Giuseppe! The most noted and
bloodthirsty brigand of modern
times, about whose cruelties and tor-
tures so many harrowing tales were
told by travelers, and upon whose
head a heavy price had been set long
ago.

Lady Methwick piteously besought
her husband to send the money at
once.

"They will kill my darling boy, and
you—you—will have sent him to his
death!"

Her daughters, the Hon. Agatha,
Ondine and Clovis, added their ago-
nized entreaties; indeed so carried
away were they by their feelings that
they actually offered to go without
new hats and dresses for the next
twelve months, in order to contribute
to the ransom money. But his Lord-
ship did not believe in giving, way at
once. Doubtless a lesser sum would
be accepted, and while negotiations
were in progress and there was a
chance of the ransom being ultimately
paid, he did not think his son would
be in any danger. So he sent an offer
of £2000. The reply to this was a curt
refusal, and a postscript added in
Robert Spenceley's handwriting was:
"Father, send soon; feel sure that Lord
Methwick would not give in without
another effort to reduce the amount,
and he increased his offer to £2500."

The day came when Giuseppe's re-
ply was due, but it did not arrive,
and pent-up anxiety caused his lord-
ship two sleepless nights and two mis-
erable, irritable days. On the third
morning, among the contents of the
post-bag was a small parcel, the hand-
writing of the address of which was
immediately recognized. With trem-
bling fingers Lord Methwick tore open
the package, and there lay disclosed
the bold brigand's staggering reply—
a cardboard box containing a man's
ear packed in sawdust, and inside the
lid these words were scrawled:

"No less than £4000. Part of his
Excellency is sent free so, that he may
hear your decide which was final."

In after years that day always re-
mained impressed with startling vivid-
ness on his Lordship's memory. What
with his wife's continual fainting fits;
his three daughters in consecutive
hysterics, their conscious intervals being
employed in upbraiding him in
such severe terms that one would have
thought that the poor man had him-
self cut his son's ear off; his own
mental anguish as he remembered that
the future head of his house would
never be able to hear both sides; the
horrid possibility of getting the wan-
derer back for nothing—a piece at a
time; and the fear that at that mo-
ment further tortures might be in
course of infliction—he often mar-
velled, not only that he survived it, but
that reason did not altogether forsake
her torturing throne.

And the climax was reached when,
in the softening shades of twilight,
Lady Methwick and her three daugh-
ters, dressed in black, went in solemn
procession to a distant part of the
grounds, where, beside a rippling
stream and beneath a spreading tree,
the gardener had already dug a grave.
There, with fresh bursts of tears and
passionate sobs, the box of sawdust
with its precious freight was solemnly
buried, and a cairn built over and
about its resting place.

The outgoing evening mail carried
two letters, one to the brigands agree-
ing to their terms, and the other to a
friend of the family, who happened to
be a Consul in the near neighborhood,
inclosing a draft for £4000, and beg-
ging him to put himself in instant
communication with Giuseppe, and
obtain the captive's release.

The Consul did as he was desired,
and, in compliance with instructions
from the robber band, who were evi-
dently taking every precaution against
being trapped, proceeded alone one
evening carrying a parcel of 4000 sov-
ereigns to an indicated spot on the out-
skirts of a forest. Here he was met by
a sunburnt, black-bearded giant, pic-
turesquely attired in his native dress,
who carried a rifle, while a couple of
revolvers and a poniard adorned his
sash. Motioning to the Consul to fol-
low him, he proceeded but a few paces
into the forest, then halted and blew a
long, low, peculiar whistle on his fin-
gers.

Approaching footsteps were imme-
diately heard, and there emerged from
among the trees the whilom prisoner,
alone. As he ranged up to the side of
his deliverer the gold was handed over,
carefully counted, and then, with a
low bow, the robber turned on his
heel, at once disappeared, without
having uttered a word, and the Consul
and his purchase were free to depart.

Methwick Hall was ablaze with light
on the evening of the heir's return to
his ancestral home. The female por-
tion of the family had spent the day
in alternately laughing and crying for
joy, and were now in a state of intense
excitement, anxiously awaiting the re-
turn of the carriage from the station.
Presently the sound of wheels was
heard drawing up to the door, and
mother and sisters rushing out, fell
upon Robert, hugged him and kissed
him and half dragged, half carried him
into the house, but it was not until
after they had been for some time as-
sembled in the library that these
flashed across their minds the remem-
brance of that horror that lay buried
beside the stream. His mother first
made the discovery.

"Why, Robert, you have two ears!"

"Two ears, mother? Have I not
always had two?"

"But we buried one of them."

The Hon. Robert was evidently in
the dark, and when they explained he
declared (truthfully) that he knew
nothing about it. As a word painter
he proved a decided failure, consider-
ing the adventures which they expected
him to recount. He had nothing to
relate, simply monotony waiting for

the ransom, and, no matter how they
plied him with questions, he could tell
them nothing of the doings of the
gang, for he said he never saw any of
them except the one who had him in
charge.

A few days after his return, pleading
the necessity of a visit to a West End
tailor, he traveled to London, after re-
ceiving strict injunctions and giving a
promise to shun his old haunts and
companions. Arrived in town he at
once proceeded to Tom Langton's
chambers, and his first words to his
chum were:

"I say, Tom, what about that ear,
and why wasn't I told of it?"

"Well, I thought you might object,
and as it was desirable to bring things
to a climax, I got it from the dissect-
ing room at the hospital through a stu-
dent."

"It took me quite by surprise when
they accused me of having two ears,
and told me they had buried one of
them. But how about the money?"

"I have told the fellows that you
have negotiated a loan and empowered
me to pay your debts. Here are the IO
U's that I have bought up, and the
total amount is about £2996. The
remaining £1004—"

"You will please keep for yourself
as arranged, for the double purpose of
paying you for your trouble and buy-
ing your perpetual silence."

"Thanks," old chap. I will be si-
lent as the grave; but, I say, I had a
difficulty in keeping silence when we
had Her Majesty's Consul in the for-
est. I never wanted to laugh so much
before."—London Tit-Bits.

Dog Whips Catamount.

There was an exciting fight last
night between Tige, a brindle bulldog,
owned by a Portsmouth man, and a
catamount, owned by a Braeken Coun-
ty (Ky.) farmer.

The scene was in a barn near La-
tonia Springs and the amount bet was
\$100. The announcement of the fight
drew a crowd of about 200 people
from this city and across the river.

The catamount was confined in a
cage about twelve feet long and six
wide in the center of the barn. The
catamount was driven to one end of
the cage and then the dog was thrown
in. At first neither made a move.

The dog, after eyeing the cat-
amount some moments, finally jumped
at it and secured a hold on its neck.
This started the fight on in earnest
and both fought viciously.

Several times the catamount shook
the dog off, but finally the brindle
fastened its fangs in the catamount's
neck and held on. After a ten min-
utes' struggle the catamount en-
cumbed and was taken out of the cage,
dead. The dog was badly scratched
about the head, but not seriously hurt.

The result was not what the sports
had expected, and considerable money
was lost. Many thought the cat-
amount would make short work of the
dog, and were disappointed, as it only
acted on the defensive. The dog
weighed thirty-two pounds and the
catamount twenty-two pounds.—Cin-
cinnati Enquirer.

Mustaches Proscribed.

It is the rule at the well-known
banking house of Coutts & Co., Strand,
London, that none of the bank clerks
are to wear mustaches, and it has long
been considered a point of business
etiquette that all the gentlemen em-
ployed at the bank should wear frock
coats during business hours. A clerk-
ship at Messrs. Coutts's is considered
one of the prizes in the banking pro-
fession.

Some of the men are university
graduates, many have been educated
at one of the great public schools,
while several have been called to the
English bar. Some years ago an at-
tempt was made to have the unwritten
law regarding mustaches rescinded,
but it was found that a greater num-
ber preferred the old custom to re-
main in force than were in favor of
its abolition.

This curious custom is also said to
prevail in some of the large tea houses
of the city, while it is well known
that some Church of England bishops
prefer the curates under their charge
to be clean shaven. A lady who tried
about three years ago to enforce a
shaven face on the groom in her em-
ployment, and dismissed him at once
because he refused compliance with
her order, found that the law gave her
no such power, and was nullified in
£5 for wrongful dismissal and the
costs of the action by the Judge of the
Bedford County Court.—Tit-Bits.

Happy Idea to Banish Tramps.

Daniel Dolobran, the contractor
who is building the new public school
at Flabertown, Conn., has hit on a
happy idea for keeping tramps off his
grounds at night. His "Beware of the
Dogs" signs have been sufficient
warning for the daylight hours, but,
not being visible after dark, he has
been annoyed by intruders who have
slept in his barn and appropriated his
poultry. He now has four such signs
painted with phosphorescent paint
and they gleam their warning so ef-
fectually that he has not been bother-
ed since he hung them out.—New
York Mail and Express.

A Strange Village.

At Tebessa, in Algeria, near the Tu-
nis frontier, a strange megalithic vil-
lage has been discovered. At the foot
of a shell limestone cliff, half a mile
from the phosphate mines, are many
large boulders, from thirty-five to
forty feet in circumference, which have
fallen from the cliff. These were hol-
lowed into rooms about seven feet
square, and openings cut in the rock
for windows and doors. As megalithic
tombs, large slabs supported on
upright stones, are near by, it is prob-
able that these little rooms were used
as dwellings and not as burial places.
—New York Sun.



CULTIVATION TO PROMOTE FERTILITY.

The first purpose in cultivation is
to make the soil fine, so that seeds
may germinate freely in it, and the
roots of plants may run freely through
it. But an object scarcely less im-
portant is to increase soil fertility
by mixing surface and under soil to-
gether, and thus promoting their fer-
mentation. It is for this that corn
potato ground is harrowed after the
seed is planted. On moderately rich
soil two such cultivations are equal to
the addition of several loads of man-
ure per acre. An incidental advan-
tage is that such harrowing of the
surface destroys all weeds as quickly
as their seeds germinate.—Boston
Cultivator.

A HORSE THAT CANNOT BE LED.

It is the fault of the training that a
horse cannot be led by a halter. This
should be the first lesson taught to the
colt. It is difficult to teach an old
horse, but it may be done by an ex-
perienced person by using a strong
halter, and taking short hold of it, so
as to control the head, and thus lead-
ing the horse in a small yard. Possi-
bly the horse has been whipped for
this fault, and the association of ideas
causes his refusal. Try a little sugar.
Poultry should not be kept in a horse
stable, as they are usually infested by
lice, which then go on to the horses.
Horses have been worried to death in
this way without the cause being sus-
pected. Mix a pint of kerosene with
as much strong solution of common
soap, in hot water, and beat up to a
cream. Add a quart of water, and
beat it up some more, and sponge the
horses with the emulsion, brushing it
well into the hair. It will kill the lice.
—New York Times.

THE BEST OF FODDERS.

The man who in the future intends
to feed cattle through the winter, and
to do it profitably, in competition
with the balance of the feeding world,
will have to make sure of having an
abundance of fodder for roughness,
and it must not be fed where it grew,
nor the stock turned out in the cold
to gather it. We have an abundance
of fodder plants, a luxurious abun-
dance of them, indeed, and some of
them the best in the world. What we
have to do is thoroughly plow and pre-
pare the seed bed; do it as well as it
can be done. Then put in the seed,
and let it what it may, and court and
cultivate as best we know how, and
when the time comes harvest and store
it where it can be handled best. Our
grain will not only go farther, but do
better for having plenty of good roughness
to go with it, and the stock will do
well again under shelter as they would
in the stalk fields. There is hardly a
better crop to be raised for this pur-
pose than sorghum; it makes a heavy
growth, possesses more saccharine
matter than any other, and is relished
and eaten with avidity by stock of all
kinds.—Coleman's Rural World.

GOOD PREPARATION FOR CORN.

Some growers will not accept the
statement that half the culture of a
corn crop should be given before the
corn is planted, but thousands attest
its truth, remarks an exchange. The
food of the plant must be prepared be-
forehand, and that is accomplished by
tearing the sod in a most thorough
manner. If the land has been properly
plowed with the use of a jointer, five
or six inches under the surface, it will
decay rapidly. We are after the mil-
lions of roots that form the sod. With
disk or spring tooth harrow they
should be torn to pieces and every
clod of earth pulverized. There should
be four inches of soil on the surface,
ready to surrender up its plant food
to the young corn plant. The tramp-
ing of the horses and the preparation
of the seed beds firms the earth and
grass at the bottom of the furrow, so
that soil water from beneath can rise.
The grass readily ferments and gives
up its plant food. The corn plant has
a chance to do its best, has the heat
fermentation gives, has food, has the
needed air that passes in when or-
ganic matter is present in the soil, and
has moisture from beneath. Of course,
it takes a little more time to pre-
pare a seed bed in this way, but with
improved implements the work is done
rapidly, and after tillage is saved.—
Atlanta Journal.

NEW FODDER CROPS.

New fodder crops have been tested
for years at the Massachusetts Station,
twenty-seven different crops having
been grown last year that are adapted
to Ohio and the Middle States. Dr.
Goessman advised raising mixed crops,
say summer vetch and oats, as they
produce larger yields than when
grown singly. Sow together forty to
forty-five pounds summer vetch to four
bushels oats, and seed early in June.
The fodder is highly nutritious, and
may be cut green and fed for two or
three weeks or cured for hay. Sown
at various times, it will grow through
the season. Vetch and oats, or vetch
and barley, will both cut three and a
half to four tons of dry hay per acre.
The latter make an excellent fodder,
containing sixteen to seventeen per
cent protein, in digestive value corre-
sponds with clover, does not need
grain, and can be used as either green
feed, ensilage or dried hay. Barley is
not as good as oats. Winter vetch
ought to come up in April. Eye sown
the previous fall should make a good
early feed. Serradalla produces

twelve to thirteen tons of green feed
per acre. If green feed for the season
is wanted, begin with vetch and oats,
then green soja beans, and later sera-
della. By August 1, or when the ker-
nels glaze, green fodder may be cut.
While the average cut of hay is but
one ton per acre, oats and vetch will
produce three and a half times as
much weight, with fifty per cent. more
food value.—American Agriculturist.

PIG RAISING.

The chief trouble with pig raising
as practised by many farmers is that
the pigs are not kept growing. This
is a matter of prime importance, for
the care and attention given to them
will surely show in the final results.
They must be kept warm and dry and
be furnished with good, clean, suit-
able food at regular intervals. Neglect
one day cannot be counterbalanced by
overfeeding the next.

At its birth a pig should weigh
about three pounds. At the end of
one month it should have increased to
fifteen pounds and should be ready
for market at the age of seven or
eight months, for with the average
farmer there is very little profit in
feeding pigs after they reach a weight
of 250 pounds. The most pork is
made with the least feed on younger
pigs. The cost of pork is fifty per
cent. greater if made in the tenth
month than in the fifth month in the
food consumed. Quick returns and
quick profits should be the aim of the
swine breeder. It is well to remem-
ber that the profit in an animal fed
for market does not always lie in its
heavy weight, but rather in what it
has cost to produce that weight; hence
only animals of quick growth should
be reared.

Pigs must be kept steadily growing
from the start, and pushed as much as
possible without crowding. This last
must be carefully avoided, as it will
more than neutralize any benefits al-
ready obtained. Good succulent food
and grain are necessary to obtain the
rapid growth desired, and sour slop
should never be fed. Cleanliness and
regular feeding at stated hours are
the best preventives of disease.—New
York World.

FARM AND GARDEN NOTES.

Do not grain-feed the fowls too
heavily.

May is not too late to plant sun-
flower seeds.

Keep the brooder as near 100 de-
grees as possible.

See that the poultry houses are kept
clean and free from bad odors these
days.

Have some regard for the comfort of
your flocks. Feed more—most any-
thing than corn in hot weather.

Hyacinth Candicans are stately
and majestic in appearance. They
grow from bulbs and should be taken
up in the fall.

If the hens are confined be sure
they are induced to scratch for their
living. And give them some green
stuff every day.

Plenty of fresh water, lime, gravel
and green stuff are just as necessary
now as in winter. Do not neglect
furnishing these.

The little chicks should have shade
and water, but not drafts and wet.
Tight roofs, dry floors but fresh
drinking water handy to be constantly
gotten at.

If you wish a sure blooming rose-
one that is hardy, beautiful in color,
clean and strong in foliage, and pro-
fuse in flowering, just plant the Mrs.
John Laing and you will have it.

The Dayton strawberry is one of
the best and most reliable berries for
home or market, fruit large, bright,
fine-shaped, good flavor and perfect
blossom. It will pay you to try it.

Poultry raisers are cautioned
against permitting the fowls to spend
the hot summer days exposed to the
direct rays of the sun. A board or
two raised even two feet from the
ground will provide a shade.

It is useful to know that the natu-
ral enemy of the common green lice
of plants is the pretty little ladybug,
and to catch a few of these and set them
free on a lice-infested plant will quick-
ly result in the disappearance of the
troublesome pests.

The old Turner red raspberry is one
of the most reliable, and is noted for
its hardiness. We are not thinking
of discarding it yet, in spite of the
new kinds offered. It is of delicious
flavor—melting and sweet, unsur-
passed for the home table and market,
although too soft for distant shipment.
While it produces many suckers these
are no disadvantage where proper cul-
ture is given. The canes are strong
and thornless, which is indeed a good
point in their favor. They should be
cut low, say three and a half to four
feet, and will need no stakes or wires.

Richest Child in the World.

Lady Mary Hamilton, the young
daughter of the late Duke of Hamil-
ton, will be the richest child in the
world. She is only ten years old and
inherits the bulk of the Duke's es-
tates. Her rentals already amount to
\$1,000,000 a year.—New York World.

A company with a capital of \$200,-
000 for the establishment of agricul-
tural settlements in German South-
west Africa has been formed in Sax-
ony.

Dr. Killemer's SWAMP-ROOT cures
all Kidney and Bladder troubles.
Painful and Consultation free.
Laboratory Binghamton, N. Y.

The executors of the will of the late
Charles Stewart Parnell have decided to de-
stroy his political correspondence.

Why She Smiles Sweetly.
Sparkling eyes, quick beating heart, and
the rosy blush of pleasure on the cheeks,
makes the strong man happy when he meets
his lady love. That's the kind of a man
whose very touch thrills because it is full of
energy, vigorous nerve power and vitality.
Tobacco makes strong men impotent, weak
and skanky. No-To-Bac sold by Druggists
everywhere. Guaranteed to cure. Book
titled "Don't Tobacco Spit or Smoke Your
Life Away." Free. Ad. Sterling Kennedy Co.,
New York or Chicago.

Adjust Family Differences.
Bad temper is often merely bad digestion.
Many quarrels attributed to perverse dispo-
sitions are due to disordered livers.
Ripans Tablets adjust family differences,
and would prevent them, which is better, if
taken in time.
Ripans Tablets, taken after meals, morning
and evening for a while, regulate the system
and sweeten the temper.

Mrs. Winslow's soothing Syrup for children
teething, softens the gums, reduces inflamma-
tion, allays pain, cures wind colic, &c. a bottle
J. S. Parker, Fredonia, N. Y., says: "I shall
not call on you for the \$100 reward, for I be-
lieve Hall's Catarrh Cure will cure any case of
catarrh. Was very bad." Write him for particu-
lars. Sold by Druggists, &c.

Don't Neglect a Cough. Take some Hale's
Honey of Horehound and Tar instead.
Pike's Tonic and Drops Cure in one minute.
Pike's Cure for Consumption is an A. No. 1
Asthma medicine—W. H. Williams, Antioch,
Ill., April 11, 1894.

How is Your Blood?

If it is poor and thin and lacking in the
number and quality of those red corpuscles,
you are in danger of sickness from disease
germs and the enervating effect of warm
weather. Purify your blood with

Hood's Sarsaparilla

The great blood purifier which has proved
its merit by a record of cures unequalled in
medical history. With pure, rich blood you
will be well and strong. Do not neglect this
important matter but take Hood's Sarsaparilla
now. Be sure to get Hood's.

Hood's Pills are tasteless, mild, effec-
tive. All druggists, &c.

★ HIGHEST AWARD ★
WORLD'S FAIR.

IMPERIAL GRANUM

★ THE BEST ★
PREPARED
FOOD
SOLD EVERYWHERE.

★ JOHN CARLE & SONS, New York. ★

Equivalent to Writing Twenty Books.

An energetic physician in Switzer-
land has been counting, by means of
a pedometer, the number of steps
taken by him in a year. The total he
finds to be 26,740 per day, or 9,760,
000 for the year. To discount this
a newspaper writer comes forward
with the number of words he has
written within the same period. He
managed to turn out 840,000. An
ordinary book contains some 40,000
words; hence the labor of the news-
paper man for the twelve months was
equivalent to the writing of twenty
books.—Chicago Times-Herald.

A Ten-Inch Vermiform Appendix.

Recent anatomical investigations
prove that the gorilla has a ten-inch
vermiform appendix, but no mention
is made as to whether that animal
suffers from the fashionable complaint
of appendicitis or not. The great
length of the appendix would tend to
disprove the supposition that in man
it is an outcome of civilization and in-
creasing in size with each generation.
The opposite theory, that the useless
appendage is breeding out, receives
support.—New Orleans Picayune.

SYRUP OF FIGS



ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when
Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant
and refreshing to the taste, and acts
gently yet promptly on the Kidneys,
Liver and Bowels, cleanses the sys-
tem effectually, dispels cold