

The Blood-Drinkers of Paris.

There are nearly 1,000 men and boys employed in the laboratories, and they begin their work as early as 3 or 4 o'clock in the morning, and are usually through for the day about 11 or 12 o'clock (noon). Their method of killing is to stam the ox and cut the throats of the sheep. The ox is led to the place of execution often against his will, for it seems almost as though instinct, or more probably the smell of the blood of the preceding victims, tells him that death is at hand. But his struggles are in vain. Twenty or thirty men with ropes and progs are too much for even a frightened bull, and he stands quivering in every limb before his executioner.

Before he has been taken from his stall the black cap has been put over his head so that he cannot see his surroundings, else would he be still more desperate in his fight. There he stands, with scores of carcasses all around him, and the very ground crimson with blood, of which the very odor causes him to tremble. For a moment he pauses in his struggling, bewildered by the rough handling he has received from the combined strength of so many men, and by the strangeness of the blind-folding cap. That pause is fatal. "Whiff" goes the executioner's stam hammer as it crashes through the bull's skull, and instantly all of his limbs completely relax. The legs have no more strength, and the great fat beast drops "with a dull thud" to the ground.

One more blow between the horns quickly follows. The ox is struck half an inch in diameter in the throat through the first hole in the skull to a depth of fourteen or sixteen inches; a rope is quickly looped over the upper fore leg as the animal lies struggling, on its side, and the leg is held firmly against the body to protect the neck, and who now bounces upon the neck as David did the fallen Goliath, and thrusts his keen blade through the main arteries of the throat.

See the dark crimson blood gushing forth in a stream six or eight inches wide and two inches thick! See the blood-suckers, these vulture consumptives, rush up with their cups of silver or glass to catch the precious blood as eagerly as though sinners plunged beneath that flood lose all their guilty stains! It is a sight once seen never to be forgotten. I once witnessed the execution of a 20-year-old boy when the rope broke and the condemned had to be carried, half dead, again to the scaffold and held up while another rope was adjusted to his neck; and I have heard the shrieks of a mother who, on the morning of the execution, was refused a last farewell of her son; but, cruel as brutal as did these incidents seem at the time, they were not so horrible as the sight of these blood-drinkers crowding and struggling about their helpless prey, and almost quarreling with each other in their attempt to get the heart's last blood ere the heart had hardly ceased to throb.

Oh, noble humanity! Here in this motley crowd of some twenty or thirty consumptives are old men who, though feeble, come every day for their favorite beverage. Here are younger men, of 15 years who have hacking coughs, or whose systems are delicate. They stand there in pools of blood and drink their medicine with a will. Here is a richly clad mother who, I am told, has hardly ever failed during the last year to come every morning with her baby, now 4 years old, and both mother and child drink the blood. At the very thought of it makes them sick, but soon the appetite grows on them like the appetite for opium or strong drink. They seem to think of its pulpiness, and then they themselves become repulsive.

Philosophy of Burial. When men began to bury their dead they did so in the firm belief in another life, which life was regarded as the exact counterpart of the present one. The unphilosophical savage, holding that in that equal sky his faithful dog would bear him company, naturally enough had the dog in question killed and buried with him in order that it might follow him to the happy hunting ground. Clearly, you can't hunt with out your arrows or your tomahawk; so the faint weapons and the trusty bow accompanied their owner to his new dwelling place. The wooden shaft, the deer-skin bowstring, the perishable art of food and drink have long since decayed within the damp tomb; but the harder stone and earthenware articles have survived till now, to tell the story of that crude and simple early faith. It was, however, for it is quite clear that the actual body of the dead man was thought of as persisting to live a sort of underground life within the barrow. A stone hut was constructed for its use; real weapons and implements were left by its side, and slaves and wives were ruthlessly massacred, as still in Achanthe, in order that their bodies might accompany the corpse of the buried master in his subterranean dwelling. In all this, we have clear evidence of a very inconsistent, savage, materialistic belief, not indeed in the immortality of the soul, but in the continued underground life of the dead body.

A reliable trade mark—Hardenec brand. "Fak you must be an early riser. I always find you at work the first thing in the morning." "Indeed, and O'm an' sorr. It's a family trait O' de thinkin'." "Then your father is an early riser, too, eh?" "No feyther, is it? Fak and he roises that early if he'd go to bed a little later he'd make himself gartin' up in the mornin'."—Richmond Dispatch.

Young Curate (on a parochial visit): "You go to Sunday-school, little girl? Little Girl—Yes, this." Y. C.—I hope that the little girls and boys among you meet those never to see anything more than a little girl and boy yesterday that Billy Thomas was a lame fool, but then he, you know, & Truth.

IT WAS A SUCCESS.

A Tacoma Dramatic Critic indulges in Sarcastic of "Cutting" Kind. About 2 o'clock yesterday afternoon a large load of soft, symmetrical saw dust was delivered at the back door of the Tacoma theatre by a local sawmill man, says a writer in the Ledger of this town. Whether or not this has anything to do with the improved appearance of the girls in the performance of "The Queen's Mate" last night cannot be definitely stated. At any rate, the girls in the chorus seem to be wearing their limbs upside down, so that they were bigger at the bottom than at the top, a condition of things so fully apparent the previous evening.

The central manager has also persuaded four of the girls to wear gaiter patches buttoned on their elbows to avoid scratching the paint of the new scenery. Of course, this innovation makes it rather unpleasant for the girls at first, but they will get used to it.

This climate is not at all favorable for chorus girls. The constant drizzle and fog necessitate the wearing of rubber boots on their feet, and their voices while traveling to and from the theatre. This is very annoying to the girls, and the girls in the chorus seem to be wearing their limbs upside down, so that they were bigger at the bottom than at the top, a condition of things so fully apparent the previous evening.

Another change which Mr. Hanna was compelled to make in the chorus was in regard to cheek painting and graining. On the opening night the brilliant sulphurine in the proscenium valance did not glisten with all the glitter of which it was capable under favorable circumstances. Last night, however, the girls were requested to tone down their facial tints and leave off the graining coat. It was done and the sulphurine blazed forth with all the splendor of an Italian sunset. No proscenium arch, no matter how gorgeous it may be, can compete with the head end of a bunched chorus which looks like an exploded vermilion factory.

Anger. A bad temper is a curse to the possessor, and its influence is most readily wherever it is found. However, there are times when an outbreak of temper is inevitable. "Needn't tell me dumb man didn't say nuffin dat night he fell ober de wheelbarrow," observes Opie Reed.

Anger, in its common aspects is one of the most passions of ignoble mind. Strive to keep your temper and your liver will keep you out of much trouble. In natural people who aspire to loftier things, the ordinary man of mankind should ponder over the remark of Bulwer: "Nothing can constitute good breeding that has not good nature for its foundation."

As we have already intimated, there are times and occasions when anger is entirely justifiable. One of these occasions is when a woman has a right to make everybody in the neighborhood limp a trifle in thus described by a rural poet: "The wind it blows and feet the dust up from the road, then man she kuss, Kuss d'rop her new shirt was on the line, And scatched the dirt as it were fire."

A Stab at History. The historical theory that Frankfort-on-the-Main was founded by the Franks is now being shaken up by the recent discovery there of several relics of the Romans of the time of Christ. Stone work and glass of the old Roman style has been unearthed under the city. A sewer of Roman construction was found fourteen feet under ground. A tile bearing the inscription, L. M. XIII, gave the best clue to the presence and work of the Romans, since it is known that the Fourteenth Legion came back to Germany from the north in the year 70 after Christ and made its headquarters at Mayence. Another proof that the Romans had a settlement at Frankfort was furnished a short time ago by the finding of a Roman altar at the ruins of the Eschenheimer Landstrasse.

A Primitive Costume. One of Bishop Taylor's African missionaries declares that while apparel does not make the man, the want of it renders the work of the missionaries very embarrassing, when you come across a man, "he says," wearing only a stove-pipe hat and a Congo Free State smile, it is hard to preach him without a smattering of self-consciousness. But we would think it would be much harder to preach him if he didn't wear a smile. Missionaries should look on the bright side of their work.

Patent medicines differ—

One has reasonableness, another has not. One has reputation—another has not. One has confidence, born of success—another has only "hopes." Don't take it for granted that all patent medicines are alike. They are not. Let the years of uninterrupted success and the tens of thousands of cured and happy men and women, place Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription on the side of the comparison they belong.

And there isn't a state or territory, no—not hardly a country in the world, whether its people realize it or not, but have men and women in them that're happier because of their discovery and their effects.

Think of it in sickness. And then think whether you can afford to make the trial if the makers can afford to take the risk to give your money back as they do if they do not benefit or cure you.

JOHNSON'S LINIMENT. For Internal and External Use. Sore Throat, Croup, Inflammation of the Larynx, Hoarseness, Whooping Cough, Sore Eyes, Stomachic, Rheumatism, Sprains, Bruises, Burns, Scalds, Frost-bites, Itch, and all other skin diseases. Price, 25 cents per bottle. L. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass.

FOR FIFTY YEARS! MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP. Has been used by mothers for their children, who suffer from Colic, Wind, Flatulency, and all other ailments of the stomach and bowels. It is the best remedy for all these ailments, and is the only one that is both safe and effective. Price, 25 cents per bottle.

FRAZER AXLE GREASE. BEST IN THE WORLD. Its wonderful qualities are unsurpassed, and it is the only grease that is both safe and effective. It is the best remedy for all ailments of the axle, and is the only one that is both safe and effective. Price, 25 cents per tin.

ED. L. HUNTLEY'S SOFT READY RELIEF FOR MEN. This is the best remedy for all ailments of the male sex, and is the only one that is both safe and effective. It is the best remedy for all ailments of the male sex, and is the only one that is both safe and effective. Price, 25 cents per bottle.

ASTHMA AND BRONCHITIS CURED. A NEW REMEDY. This is the best remedy for all ailments of the chest, and is the only one that is both safe and effective. It is the best remedy for all ailments of the chest, and is the only one that is both safe and effective. Price, 25 cents per bottle.

DENISON JOHN W. MORRIS. Successfully Prosecutes Claims. In the last year, 15 applications claimed, and 10 were granted. Price, 25 cents per copy.

When So Many People

Are taking and praising Hood's Sarsaparilla as their Spring Medicine, having been convinced that it is by far the best, the question arises Why Don't You Take It Yourself. Possessing just those blood purifying, building-up appetite giving qualities which are so important in a Spring Medicine It is certainly worthy a trial. A single bottle taken according to directions will convince you of the merit in, and make you a warm friend of Hood's Sarsaparilla.

It lacks point—A circle. An empty pepper box is out of season. The mane part of a horse is the back of his neck. An echo is like a woman, always determined to have the last word.

California pedestrians are all right when they strike the G. I. den. "I've gone through a great deal," remarked the saw as it emerged from the log. The man who tried before measures found they were several sizes too large for him.

"Thank fortune," as the man said when his money opened to him the doors of society. NOT IMPROVED BY BLENDING—"Your omelet would be a perfect gem, my dear Ethel, but for one thing." "What is that?" "You have mixed at least one eighteenth-century lay with the other eggs, which are essentially modern."

A FAVORITE ROUTE TO HEAVEN.—Mr. Chugwater—"Sarantha, who is that out there in the kitchen singing, I want to be an angel." "Mrs. Chugwater—"That's the new hired girl." "Put the kerosene can where she can't find it in the morning."

HE HAD RETIRED.—Jennie (who is not pretentious)—"Clara, I heard you tell Mr. De Smyth last night that papa was a retired tea merchant; how could you?" Clara—"Well, he was a retired merchant when Mr. De Smyth called—he'd been snoring for two hours."

SHE MENT DOWNERS, NOT HUSBANDS.—Mrs. Bleeker (of New York)—"The law gives a widow her third in Illinois, I believe?" "Oh, no, I did for my first and second. One can't expect to have a husband given to one."

HIS VIEW OF IT.—Sulvely—"I hear that Jayson might forgive your name for \$100." Snodgrass—"Yes." Sulvely—"Are you going to prosecute him?" Snodgrass—"No, I regard it as a compliment that he got the money."

A man was thanked for giving up his seat in a New York street car to a lady. He advertised the fact and was immediately secured at a handsome salary by a New York dime museum. The country editor who takes all his advertisements out in trade will be gratified to learn that a new bill, just passed by the House, will be used to make him happy is a liver syrup that will make one suit of clothes last him seventy-five years.

BEWARE OF THEM.

Cheap imitations should be avoided. They never cure and are often dangerous. S. S. S. WILL CURE. My daughter had a case of chronic Eczema, which for over five years had baffled the skill of the best physicians. As she was daily growing worse, I quit all other treatment and commenced using S. S. S. Before finishing the second bottle the scaly incrustations had nearly disappeared. I continued using S. S. S. until she was entirely cured. I waited before reporting the case to see if the cure was permanent. Being satisfied that she is freed from this annoying disease for all time to come, I send you this, mying disease for all time to come. I send you this, mying disease for all time to come. I send you this, mying disease for all time to come.

BOOKS ON BLOOD AND SKIN DISEASES FREE. THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga. Elys Cream Balm For CATARRH THE POSITIVE CURE. BEY BROTHERS, 66 Warren St., New York. Price 50 cts.

Shoot the Spy. A cough or cold is a spy which has stealthily come inside the lines of health and is there to discover some vulnerable point in the fortification of the constitution which is guarding your well-being. That point discovered the spy reports it to the enemy on the outside. The enemy is the changeable winter climate. If the cold gets in, look out for an attack at the weak point. To avoid this, shoot the spy, kill the cold, using SCOTT'S EMULSION of pure Norwegian Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda as the weapon. It is an expert cold slayer, and fortifies the system against Consumption, Scrofula, General Debility, and all Anæmic and Wasting Diseases (especially in Children). Especially helpful for Children to prevent their taking cold. Palatable as Milk.

SCOTT'S EMULSION is non-secret, and is prescribed by the Medical Profession all over the world, because its ingredients are scientifically combined in such a manner as to greatly increase their remedial value. CAUTION—Scott's Emulsion is put up in salmon-colored wrappers. Be sure and get the genuine. Prepared only by Scott & Downes, Manufacturing Chemists, New York. Sold by all Druggists.

PISON'S REMEDY FOR CATARRH—Best. Has to be used in the most judicious manner. It is an Ointment, of which a small particle is applied to the nostrils. Price, 50 cts. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

PENNYROYL PILLS. THE ORIGINAL AND GENUINE. The only safe, pure, and reliable pills for sale. Laxative, purgative, and cathartic. It is the best remedy for all ailments of the bowels, and is the only one that is both safe and effective. Price, 25 cents per box.

DO YOU WANT A NEW PIANO? Don't say you cannot get it till you know how we will furnish you. Ask by postal card and we will send you FREE, a CATALOGUE, tell you our prices, explain our plan of EASY PAYMENTS, and generally post you on the PIANO QUESTION. You may save \$50.00 by writing us a POSTAL CARD. IVERS & POND PIANO CO., 183 TREMONT STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

BETTER OUT OF THE WORLD THAN OUR OWN FASHION. It is IN FASHION to use SAPOLIO for house-cleaning. It is a solid cake of scouring soap. It is Cleanliness is always fashionable and the use of or the neglect to use SAPOLIO marks a wide difference in the social scale. The best classes are always the most scrupulous in matters of cleanliness—and the best classes use SAPOLIO.

VASELINE. \$5.00, \$4.00, \$3.50, \$2.50, \$2.25, \$2.00. W. L. DOUGLAS \$3 SHOE FOR GENTLEMEN. \$5.00, \$4.00, \$3.50, \$2.50, \$2.25, \$2.00. PROF. LOISETTE'S NEW MEMORY BOOKS. FLAVEL'S NERVOUS NERVE TONIC. BAGGY KNEES. GET WELL. IT'S STOPPED FREE.

When So Many People

Are taking and praising Hood's Sarsaparilla as their Spring Medicine, having been convinced that it is by far the best, the question arises Why Don't You Take It Yourself. Possessing just those blood purifying, building-up appetite giving qualities which are so important in a Spring Medicine It is certainly worthy a trial. A single bottle taken according to directions will convince you of the merit in, and make you a warm friend of Hood's Sarsaparilla.

It lacks point—A circle. An empty pepper box is out of season. The mane part of a horse is the back of his neck. An echo is like a woman, always determined to have the last word.

California pedestrians are all right when they strike the G. I. den. "I've gone through a great deal," remarked the saw as it emerged from the log. The man who tried before measures found they were several sizes too large for him.

"Thank fortune," as the man said when his money opened to him the doors of society. NOT IMPROVED BY BLENDING—"Your omelet would be a perfect gem, my dear Ethel, but for one thing." "What is that?" "You have mixed at least one eighteenth-century lay with the other eggs, which are essentially modern."

A FAVORITE ROUTE TO HEAVEN.—Mr. Chugwater—"Sarantha, who is that out there in the kitchen singing, I want to be an angel." "Mrs. Chugwater—"That's the new hired girl." "Put the kerosene can where she can't find it in the morning."

HE HAD RETIRED.—Jennie (who is not pretentious)—"Clara, I heard you tell Mr. De Smyth last night that papa was a retired tea merchant; how could you?" Clara—"Well, he was a retired merchant when Mr. De Smyth called—he'd been snoring for two hours."

SHE MENT DOWNERS, NOT HUSBANDS.—Mrs. Bleeker (of New York)—"The law gives a widow her third in Illinois, I believe?" "Oh, no, I did for my first and second. One can't expect to have a husband given to one."

HIS VIEW OF IT.—Sulvely—"I hear that Jayson might forgive your name for \$100." Snodgrass—"Yes." Sulvely—"Are you going to prosecute him?" Snodgrass—"No, I regard it as a compliment that he got the money."

A man was thanked for giving up his seat in a New York street car to a lady. He advertised the fact and was immediately secured at a handsome salary by a New York dime museum. The country editor who takes all his advertisements out in trade will be gratified to learn that a new bill, just passed by the House, will be used to make him happy is a liver syrup that will make one suit of clothes last him seventy-five years.

When So Many People

Are taking and praising Hood's Sarsaparilla as their Spring Medicine, having been convinced that it is by far the best, the question arises Why Don't You Take It Yourself. Possessing just those blood purifying, building-up appetite giving qualities which are so important in a Spring Medicine It is certainly worthy a trial. A single bottle taken according to directions will convince you of the merit in, and make you a warm friend of Hood's Sarsaparilla.

It lacks point—A circle. An empty pepper box is out of season. The mane part of a horse is the back of his neck. An echo is like a woman, always determined to have the last word.

California pedestrians are all right when they strike the G. I. den. "I've gone through a great deal," remarked the saw as it emerged from the log. The man who tried before measures found they were several sizes too large for him.

"Thank fortune," as the man said when his money opened to him the doors of society. NOT IMPROVED BY BLENDING—"Your omelet would be a perfect gem, my dear Ethel, but for one thing." "What is that?" "You have mixed at least one eighteenth-century lay with the other eggs, which are essentially modern."

A FAVORITE ROUTE TO HEAVEN.—Mr. Chugwater—"Sarantha, who is that out there in the kitchen singing, I want to be an angel." "Mrs. Chugwater—"That's the new hired girl." "Put the kerosene can where she can't find it in the morning."

HE HAD RETIRED.—Jennie (who is not pretentious)—"Clara, I heard you tell Mr. De Smyth last night that papa was a retired tea merchant; how could you?" Clara—"Well, he was a retired merchant when Mr. De Smyth called—he'd been snoring for two hours."

SHE MENT DOWNERS, NOT HUSBANDS.—Mrs. Bleeker (of New York)—"The law gives a widow her third in Illinois, I believe?" "Oh, no, I did for my first and second. One can't expect to have a husband given to one."

HIS VIEW OF IT.—Sulvely—"I hear that Jayson might forgive your name for \$100." Snodgrass—"Yes." Sulvely—"Are you going to prosecute him?" Snodgrass—"No, I regard it as a compliment that he got the money."

A man was thanked for giving up his seat in a New York street car to a lady. He advertised the fact and was immediately secured at a handsome salary by a New York dime museum. The country editor who takes all his advertisements out in trade will be gratified to learn that a new bill, just passed by the House, will be used to make him happy is a liver syrup that will make one suit of clothes last him seventy-five years.

When So Many People

Are taking and praising Hood's Sarsaparilla as their Spring Medicine, having been convinced that it is by far the best, the question arises Why Don't You Take It Yourself. Possessing just those blood purifying, building-up appetite giving qualities which are so important in a Spring Medicine It is certainly worthy a trial. A single bottle taken according to directions will convince you of the merit in, and make you a warm friend of Hood's Sarsaparilla.

It lacks point—A circle. An empty pepper box is out of season. The mane part of a horse is the back of his neck. An echo is like a woman, always determined to have the last word.

California pedestrians are all right when they strike the G. I. den. "I've gone through a great deal," remarked the saw as it emerged from the log. The man who tried before measures found they were several sizes too large for him.

"Thank fortune," as the man said when his money opened to him the doors of society. NOT IMPROVED BY BLENDING—"Your omelet would be a perfect gem, my dear Ethel, but for one thing." "What is that?" "You have mixed at least one eighteenth-century lay with the other eggs, which are essentially modern."

A FAVORITE ROUTE TO HEAVEN.—Mr. Chugwater—"Sarantha, who is that out there in the kitchen singing, I want to be an angel." "Mrs. Chugwater—"That's the new hired girl." "Put the kerosene can where she can't find it in the morning."

HE HAD RETIRED.—Jennie (who is not pretentious)—"Clara, I heard you tell Mr. De Smyth last night that papa was a retired tea merchant; how could you?" Clara—"Well, he was a retired merchant when Mr. De Smyth called—he'd been snoring for two hours."

SHE MENT DOWNERS, NOT HUSBANDS.—Mrs. Bleeker (of New York)—"The law gives a widow her third in Illinois, I believe?" "Oh, no, I did for my first and second. One can't expect to have a husband given to one."

HIS VIEW OF IT.—Sulvely—"I hear that Jayson might forgive your name for \$100." Snodgrass—"Yes." Sulvely—"Are you going to prosecute him?" Snodgrass—"No, I regard it as a compliment that he got the money."

A man was thanked for giving up his seat in a New York street car to a lady. He advertised the fact and was immediately secured at a handsome salary by a New York dime museum. The country editor who takes all his advertisements out in trade will be gratified to learn that a new bill, just passed by the House, will be used to make him happy is a liver syrup that will make one suit of clothes last him seventy-five years.

When So Many People

Are taking and praising Hood's Sarsaparilla as their Spring Medicine, having been convinced that it is by far the best, the question arises Why Don't You Take It Yourself. Possessing just those blood purifying, building-up appetite giving qualities which are so important in a Spring Medicine It is certainly worthy a trial. A single bottle taken according to directions will convince you of the merit in, and make you a warm friend of Hood's Sarsaparilla.

It lacks point—A circle. An empty pepper box is out of season. The mane part of a horse is the back of his neck. An echo is like a woman, always determined to have the last word.

California pedestrians are all right when they strike the G. I. den. "I've gone through a great deal," remarked the saw as it emerged from the log. The man who tried before measures found they were several sizes too large for him.

"Thank fortune," as the man said when his money opened to him the doors of society. NOT IMPROVED BY BLENDING—"Your omelet would be a perfect gem, my dear Ethel, but for one thing." "What is that?" "You have mixed at least one eighteenth-century lay with the other eggs, which are essentially modern."

A FAVORITE ROUTE TO HEAVEN.—Mr. Chugwater—"Sarantha, who is that out there in the kitchen singing, I want to be an angel." "Mrs. Chugwater—"That's the new hired girl." "Put the kerosene can where she can't find it in the morning."

HE HAD RETIRED.—Jennie (who is not pretentious)—"Clara, I heard you tell Mr. De Smyth last night that papa was a retired tea merchant; how could you?" Clara—"Well, he was a retired merchant when Mr. De Smyth called—he'd been snoring for two hours."

SHE MENT DOWNERS, NOT HUSBANDS.—Mrs. Bleeker (of New York)—"The law gives a widow her third in Illinois, I believe?" "Oh, no, I did for my first and second. One can't expect to have a husband given to one."

HIS VIEW OF IT.—Sulvely—"I hear that Jayson might forgive your name for \$100." Snodgrass—"Yes." Sulvely—"Are you going to prosecute him?" Snodgrass—"No, I regard it as a compliment that he got the money."

A man was thanked for giving up his seat in a New York street car to a lady. He advertised the fact and was immediately secured at a handsome salary by a New York dime museum. The country editor who takes all his advertisements out in trade will be gratified to learn that a new bill, just passed by the House, will be used to make him happy is a liver syrup that will make one suit of clothes last him seventy-five years.