

THE BOOK OF THE WARS.

When the book of the wars of men is done... And the story is truly penned...

Will the Book of the Wars of Men tell truth?... Will it mingle the songs and cheers...

Who Was Sylvia

Sylvia sat in the long meadow with the buttercups that matched her hair...

"My Dear Captain Burton—Your letter surprised me very much, for, though I can't help feeling flattered by your offer...

Drawing a small mirror from her pocket she contemplated her reflection in it attentively...

With a thoughtful air the captain considered the letter to his pocket...

"Oh, Archie, what a plague you are! I declare one is never safe. But, Archie, before we go in, I wish you'd tell me something...

"Rather a nice looking girl," he thought; "forget who she is; nothing of the garrison hack about her, I should say!"

"Well, it seems so strange; you know I get plenty of partners, and all that, but—a soft carmine dyed her cheeks...

"Can you tell me that young lady's name?" he interrupted Miss Turner's smart talk to ask.

"My word! Girls are funny!" he cried. "If that isn't the best thing I ever heard!"

"You were very kind, but I fear there has been some mistake; I have received none, or should have sent a reply."

"And so he is. The best chap in the regiment, though he does keep us at it so jolly hard. Miss Turner had better say 'yes' next time she gets the chance he chuckled.

"I am so sorry," she said, as she looked around at him in surprise. "I thought you did not care to talk—to ladies!"

"You're very kind," she rose from her nest among the buttercups, and drew herself up severely...

"I don't know," her soft eyes sparkled mischievously, "that I care to converse as an aid to Captain Burton's digestion. And I am afraid," she added meditatively...

"the incident is quite safe with me." They had been left behind at the picnic, to which Burton had reluctantly consented to go...

"We must see if there is any other conveyance to be had," he said. "We are only fifteen miles from home as the crow flies. They may let us have a trap at the hotel...

"I'm very hungry. But can I dine there—alone with you?" "Starvation excuses anything," he said. He felt curiously light hearted.

She flushed, her eyes cast down, so that their long lashes swept her cheek. "He was silly. I sent him on alone."

"I refused no one. Oh, how can I explain? There was no one ever except Archie today. It was all—oh—how silly it seems, nothing but a play!"

"The French law treats the frog as if it were a fish, and declares all fishing for it by night to be poaching."

"The 'Who's Who' for 1907 is such a bulky volume that The London World says the question now does not seem so much who's who as who isn't."

"After an interval of 367 years, the Franciscans have returned to Oxford. The friars were driven out in the reign of Henry VIII. The order has opened a training college."

"The weatherwise brother. How does you like dis warm weather in November?" "Hit's a dispensary or Providence," replied Br'er Williams.

The Can Age

THE opening chapters of ancient history devote considerable space to the Paleolithic or Old Stone age, and the Neolithic or New Stone age...

Man is of comparatively little account to posterity. He does not linger long enough. But the things he discovered and the implements he used shed their benefits upon posterity as it appears.

Foodstuffs are now classified in condensed form. When we go to the grocery we see nothing in bulk. Everything is canned, from corned beef to cucumbers...

"Fill the cup and fill the can. Have a rouse before the morn." That was in the days before canning things became so popular and he undoubtedly had no idea at that time...

Anent Recent Disclosures

THE good citizen and square dealer falls back, however, upon two points of comfort; first, that there was a prodigal amount of rascality in the days when there was vastly less publicity...

In a private discussion not long ago of one of the most pathetic cases of ruined reputation that recent events have illustrated, the fact came out that this man—so widely honored and beloved, and still so sympathetically regarded—had long realized the misfortune of his situation...

Vitality of Scarlet Fever Germs

IN a farmhouse in one of the New England states a case of scarlet fever unexpectedly developed not long ago. On seeking for its origin the physician found that some old cotton quilts, laid away in the garret for years, had recently been taken down and aired and put to use by the family...

A Most Valuable Agent

The glycerine employed in Dr. Pierce's medicines greatly enhances the medicinal properties which it extracts from native medicinal roots and holds in solution much better than alcohol would...

In all cases where there is a wasting away of flesh, loss of appetite, with weak stomach, as in the early stages of consumption, there can be no doubt that glycerine acts as a valuable nutritive and aids the Golden Seal root, Stone root, Queen's root and Black Cherrybark in promoting digestion and building up the flesh and strength...

"Golden Medical Discoveries" enriches and purifies the blood, curing blotches, pimples, eruptions, scrofulous swellings and old sores, or ulcers.

William P. Letchworth, whose gift of 1,000 acres of Portage Falls, on the Genesee river for a public park has been accepted by the State of New York, is an adopted member of the Seneca tribe of Indians, and bears the tribal name, Hal-wa-te-i-tah...

With LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease, Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surface...

It may seem a trifle incongruous that in a land where the masses are at the starvation point all the time, and often on the fatal side of that point, the wearers of the richest raiment should be found, but such seems to be the case...

"For over fifteen years," writes a patient, hopeful little illis. woman, "while a coffee drinker, I suffered from Spinal Irritation and Nervous trouble. I was treated by good physicians, but did not get much relief."

"I never suspected that coffee might be aggravating my condition. I was down-hearted and discouraged, but prayed daily that I might find something to help me."

"My appetite is good, I sleep well and find life is worth living, indeed. A lady of my acquaintance (said she did not like Postum, it was so weak and tasteless. "I explained to her the difference when it is made right—boiled according to directions. She was glad to know this because coffee did not agree with her. Now her folks say they expect to use Postum the rest of their lives." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a reason."