

# A Head

that throbs, pains and aches, or feels heavy, stuffy, dull or dizzy, is a poor head to do business with. It irritates the temper, upsets the stomach, interferes with digestion and wears out the brain and nerves. Make the nerves strong, the brain clear and your head will be right.

I suffered a great deal from excessive nervousness and head trouble. Would have dizzy spells so bad that I have fallen on the street unconscious. After trying many remedies I was completely cured by Dr. Miles' Nervine."

E. D. WELLS,  
95 Brinckerhoff Ave., Utica, N.Y.

## Dr. Miles' Nervine

quiets the irritation, stimulates digestion and builds up nervous health and strength. Try a bottle.

Sold by druggists on guarantee.  
Dr. Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind.

**A Noiseless Ring Game.**  
The small rubber rings that are used in every household with which to seal preserve jars may be made the means of much amusement when a lively game is desired for the amusement of friends. First obtain a smooth head of a flour or sugar barrel and set the pieces are all fastened together, forming a circular board, or any smooth board about a square foot in size will serve the purpose.

Procure ten coat hooks of medium size and secure them into the board and mark above each hook its number, ranging from No. 1 to No. 10. A hole may be made in the upper end of the board or a screw eye inserted by which to hang it upon a nail in the wall.

No. 10 is a sort of a "bullseye," and each player, having three of the rubber rings, takes turns in throwing them from a position about ten feet away, endeavoring to "hook" as many on the board as possible. A score is kept of the points gained by each player, the one first getting 100 points being the winner. However, exactly 100 points must be made. For instance, if a player has 99 he has to work for "hook No. 1," as any other hook would carry him over the mark. This difficulty adds to the interest of the game.

An advantage of the game is that no noise is made nor damage done by the rings, and it may be improvised by any boy or girl.—New York Sun.

You can't afford to risk your life by allowing a cough or a cold to develop into pneumonia or consumption. One Minute Cough Cure will cure throat and lung troubles quicker than any other preparation known. Many doctors use it as a specific for grippe. It is an infallible remedy for croup. Children like it, and mothers endorse it. Grover's City drug store.

### A Misunderstanding.

Mr. G. W. Steevens in his book, "In India," says that the first sight of that country is amazing and stupefying, because everything is so noticeable that you notice nothing. The common crows are blue, the oxen have humps. It is a new life in a new world. In describing the native life he gives this story of their indifference to punishment:

A simple ryo the other day had said goodby to his relatives and was pinioned, when suddenly he was asked to speak again to his brother.

"Recollect," he said, "it's 20 kawas of barley that man owes me, not dawa sura," which are smaller. Then he turned and was hanged without moving a muscle.

Another man, a Pathan, was being hanged, when the rope broke. The warden bade him go up on to the scaffold again, but he objected.

"No," he said; "I was sentenced to be hanged, and hanged I've been!"

"Not so, friend," argued the warden. "You were sentenced to be hanged until you were dead, and you're not dead!"

It was a new view to the Pathan, and he turned to the superintendent, "Is that right, sahib?"

"Yes; that's right."

"Very well. I didn't understand." And he went composedly up the steps and was hanged again.

**Kodoi**  
**Dyspepsia Cure**  
Digests what you eat.

It artificially digests the food and aids Nature in strengthening and reconstructing the exhausted digestive organs. It is the latest discovered digestant and tonic. No other preparation can approach it in efficiency. It instantly relieves and permanently cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Heartburn, Flatulence, Sour Stomach, Nausea, Sick Headache, Gastralgia, Cramps and all other results of imperfect digestion. Price 50c. and \$1. Large size contains 2½ times small size. Book all about dyspepsia mailed free. Prepared by E. C. DeWITT & CO. Chelmsford.

Grover's City Drug Store.

### IN THE FORUM OF JUSTICE.

Pass, pass, pass! Thou hast had thine hour To sow in and reap. Is it thistle for flower? The seed is at fault, though Jove's hand staid the shower. Make way for thy comrade with double thy dower.

Halt, halt, halt! There was given them grace To begin with the best and their records efface Had thy talons been winged. Step down from the race!

One swifter than thou art would run in thy place. Cease, cease, cease! Thou hast had thy chance. Must a Pallas attend thee to ward off mischance? Let fall thy vain weapon; a thousand advance To rush on and conquer with thy broken lance.

—Grace Deno Litchfield in Century.

### POLIFEMO.

A Story of a One Eyed Man.

BY ARMANDO PALACIO VALDES.

Colonel Toledo, unhappily named Polifemo, was a ferocious man, who wore long frock coat, checked trousers and a broad brimmed hat—gigantic stature, rigid gait, an imposing, enormous white mustache, a voice of thunder and a heart of bronze. But even more formidable than all this was the grim and awful effect of the terrible, bloodthirsty gaze of his single eye. In his other eye the colonel was blind. In the African war he had slaughtered many Moors and had taken delight in tearing out their pulsating entrails. At least this was the blind belief of all of us—we little boys who, after school, used to go to play in the park of San Francisco, in the very noble and heroic city of Oviedo.

This fearful man had a nephew 8 or 10 years old like ourselves. "Unhappy boy! We could not see him in the park without feeling an infinite pity for him. In the course of time I came to see a tamer of wild beasts put a lamb into the cage of a lion. It made a like impression upon me when I saw Gasparito Toledo walking with his uncle. We could not understand how it was that that unfortunate boy could keep up his vital functions, why he did not grow sick at heart or die consumed by a slow fever. Whenever a few days passed without his appearing in the park we all felt our hearts agitated by the same doubt. "He must have been devoured at last." And when finally in some place we came across him sound and well we all were both surprised and pleased. But we were certain that some day or other he would end in becoming a victim to some sanguinary caprice of Polifemo.

The strange thing about the case was that in his animated face Gasparito gave no token of those marks of terror and depression that should have been the only things visible therein. On the contrary, his eyes were always beaming with a cordial joy that left us stupefied. When he went with his uncle, he stepped with the greatest freedom, smiling, happy, skipping at times; at others either his audacity or his innocence reaching so far that he would make grimaces at us behind the colonel's back. It had the same agonizing effect upon us as if we had seen him dancing upon the vase of the cathedral tower.

"Gaspa-a-a!"

The air vibrated with the roar and transmitted it to the confines of the park. Not one of us could keep the color in our cheeks. Gasparito alone gave heed as were it the voice of a siren.

"What is it, uncle?"

And he ran to him, executing on the way some complicated dancing step.

Besides this nephew, the monster was the possessor of a dog that had to live in the same unhappy state, although he also gave no evidence of it. He was a beautiful Dane of a bluish color, big, light of movement, vigorous, and he answered to the name of Muley, doubtless in refection of some unlucky Moor sacrificed by his master. Muley, like Gasparito, lived subject to the power of Polifemo the same as if in the lap of an odalisque. Graceful, sportive, friendly, incapable of deceit, he was, while offending nobody, the least fearsome and the most affable dog of the many I have known in the course of my life.

With these attributes it is not to be wondered that all of us children should have been captivated by him. Always when it was possible for us to do it without danger of the colonel remarking we disputed with each other for the honor of treating him with bread, biscuit, cheese and other tidbits that our mammas gave us for luncheon. Muley accepted everything with undisguised pleasure and gave us unmistakable proofs of sympathy and recognition. But finally, that it may be seen to what degree of nobility and disinterestedness reached the sentiments of this memorable canine, and that he may serve as a lasting example for dogs and men. I will say that his greatest affection was not shown for those who gave him the most.

There used to play with us occasionally (in the provinces and in those days social classes did not exist among children) a poor little fellow from the hospice named Andres, who could not give him anything, for he had nothing to give. Very well; the preferences of Muley were for him. The liveliest tail wagging, the highest and most vehement gambolings, were dedicated to Andres in neglect of the others. What an example for any deputy of the majority party!

Did Muley divine that that destitute child, always silent and sad, had more need of his affection than ourselves? I do not know, but so it seemed to be.

For his part Andresito had come to conceive a genuine passion for the animal. When we found ourselves playing together in the most distant part of the park, pitching quoits or playing "chapas," and Muley happened to present himself unexpectedly, he would know at once how to call Andres aside and would stay with him for a long time, as if he had some secret to communicate. The colossal silhouette of Polifemo would be discernible afar among the trees.

But these fleeting interviews, full of apprehension, were all too insufficient for the founding. Like a genuine lover, he was anxious to rejoice in the presence of his idol protractedly and alone.

Therefore one afternoon with incredible intrepidity he bore the dog from our presence away to the hospice, which in Oviedo is called la inclusa, and did not return till an hour had passed. He came back radiant with happiness. Muley likewise looked superlatively pleased. By good fortune the colonel had not left the paseo and had not observed the desert of his dog.

These escapades repeated themselves from one afternoon to another. The

friendship of Andresito and Muley continued to cement itself.

But the founding was not satisfied even yet. There germinated in his mind the idea of carrying off Muley to sleep with him at the inclusa.

Being an aid to the cook, he slept in one of the corridors beside the chamber of that functionary on a bed of cornstalks. One afternoon he conducted the dog away to the hospice and did not come back. What a delicious night for the unhappy child! He had never in his life known other caresses than those of Muley. First the masters and then the cook had always talked to him with rod in hand. Boy and dog slept embraced like two lovers. Along toward daylight the child felt the smarting of a blow which the cook had given him on the back with a stick the evening before. He pulled down his shirt.

"Look, Muley," he said, in a low voice, showing the bruise.

The dog, more compassionate than the man, licked the livid flesh of the boy.

As soon as they opened the door Andres let the dog go. Muley ran to the house of his master, but in the afternoon he was back in the park again, disposed to follow Andresito. They slept together again that night and the next after and the next one also. But bliss is brief in this world. Andresito was happy on the brink of a precipice.

One afternoon when we were all together in a close group playing buttons we heard behind us two formidable stampings.

"Get up! Get up!"

Every head turned as if moved by one spring. Before us there loomed the cyclopean figure of Colonel Toledo.

"Which of you is the rogue who carries off my dog every night, I would like to know?"

Sepulchral silence in the assembly. Terror held us clamped, rigid, as if we were turned to sticks.

Once more sounded the trumpet of the last judgment.

"Who is the thief? Who is the bandit? Who is the miserable?"

The ardent eye of Polifemo devoured us one after the other. Muley, who had accompanied him, gazed upon us also with his own loyal, innocent eyes and nervously moved his tail in token of uneasiness.

Meanwhile Andresito, paler than wax, came forward a step and said:

"Do not blame anybody, señor. I am the one."

"How?"

"I am the one," repeated the little fellow in a louder voice.

"Oho! Thou art the one!" said the colonel, smiling furiously. "And thou knewest not who owned this dog?"

Andresito kept silent.

"Knowest thou not whose it is?" he asked again in his loudest tones.

"Yes, señor."

"How? Talk louder!"

And he put his hand to his ear to reinforce that pavilion.

"I said yes, señor."

"Who is the owner? I want to know."

"Señor Polifemo."

I shut my eyes. I believe my comrades must all have done the same. When I opened them, I believed that Andresito must then have been effaced from the book of the living. Fortunately it was not so. The colonel was gazing fixedly at him with more curiosity than anger.

"And why did you take him?"

"Because he is my friend and he loves me," said the child in a firm voice.

The colonel again gazed fixedly upon him.

"Very well," he said at last. "But take heed not to do it again. If you do, you may be sure I will pull your ears off."

And he wheeled majestically upon his foundations. But before taking a step he raised his hand to his waistcoat, pulled out a half dollar and said, turning round again:

"Here, take this! Keep it for candy! But take care not to carry off the dog again! Take care!" And he walked away. Four or five steps off it occurred to him to turn his head. Andresito had dropped the coin on the ground and was sobbing, his face hid in his hands. The colonel came back quickly.

"Art crying? What for? Don't cry, my son."

"Because I love him so much, because he is the only one in the world who loves me," moaned Andres.

"But whose son art thou?" asked the colonel in surprise.

"I am from the inclusa."

"How?" cried Polifemo.

"I am a foundling."

Then we saw the colonel transform himself. He seized the child, pulled his hands away from his face, wiped away the tears with his handkerchief, hugged him, kissed him, repeating in agitation:

"Pardon, my son; pardon! Take no heed of what I have said to thee. Take the dog with thee whenever thou wilt."

"May God pardon me, but I will swear to having seen a tear in the sanguine eye of Polifemo."

Andresito went away running, followed by his friend, who barked with delight.—Translated From the Spanish For Boston Herald.

—Webster Was Willing to Pay.

It is well known that Daniel Webster was a poor financier, and the great public believes that he didn't want to pay his debts, that he had no desire to do so. This letter, written from the senate chamber, shows conclusively that he was willing to sell anything to pay debts.

Meeting her one day some months after her marriage, a friend remarked:

"Hello, Bess! Yer look right bad! Has'e been a-thumping yer? I knowed what it would be, but yer would have 'em. Everybody said Bob 'ud mak' a fibbal of yer!"

Then everybody was wrong! snapped the ill used wife. "We've been married this eight months, and I ain't a-going to say we had no little shindies, but to give our Bob 'is due I will say as 'e ain't had to use 'is foot yet. So there!"—Exchange.

—Her Base Ingenuity.

When Duchenlos, the great French actress, died, some one met an old man who had been her intimate friend and who was apparently crushed with sorrow. Kindly meant profusions of sympathy and consolation failed to cheer him. "For," said he, "it is not so much her loss which troubles me as her base ingratitude.

Can you credit it? She left me nothing in her will, and yet I dined with her at her own house three times a week regularly for 30 years!"

—Little Interruptions.

"My boy," said the first proud papa, "has a bad habit of interrupting me when I'm talking. Your kid isn't old enough for that yet."

"No," replied the other. "My boy contents himself with interrupting me when I'm sleeping."—Philadelphia Press.

—The Road to Matrimony.

When an engagement is announced, the general comment is, "How did she do it?" She simply was nice to him and let him drift. Men will drift into anything, and the only snag in a girl's path in the way of an engagement is another girl.—Atchison Globe.

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### A Wife's Repartee.

A party of young men were taking dinner a few nights ago at a fashionable cafe, when one of them who is somewhat of a jester called the waiter and said:

"John, go and call Main — on the phone. If a woman answers, it will be my wife. Tell her that I instructed you to say that I am in the police station for a few hours and will not be at home for dinner. Say to her that the possibilities are that I shall not be at home tonight. Understand me, sir?"

John winked a couple of times, bowed deferentially and suggested:

"Supposin'—"

"Supposing nothing, sir! If she asks who is talking, tell her it is the turnkey at the Central station, and she'll never know who told her the lie."

The waiter shamblled away and was presently seen to be having a good deal of fun with himself. The jester inferred that it might have something to do with his case and called him over.

"What's amusing you, John?"

"Wouldn't like to tell you, sir; at least right here."

"I guess these fellows understand. Let 'er go!"

"Missus says to tell her husband she is glad he is so nicely located for the night. She knows where he is for once."—Cleveland Leader.

### Wonderful Courage.

That was a magnificent feat performed by a French regiment when they were fighting the Austrians. It happened a long time ago, but the incident was marked by such superlative valor that it will never be forgotten.

The regiment, under Colonel Walbert, was sent to take an intrenchment of the Austrians in the heights of the Simplon pass. Arriving at the point, they found the enemy solidly entrenched in what appeared to be an impregnable position. In front of their redoubts and quite separating them from the French was a deep chasm through which ran a mountain torrent.

How to get across was a problem seemingly impossible to solve. But the colonel was equal to it. He found a long, straight tree with a trunk almost a foot in thickness. This he ordered to be cut down, and the trunk was actually thrust across the chasm under a gallant fire. The colonel gave the word to pass over—one man at a time.

The first was shot and pitched down to death in the chasm. The second and third shared his fate, but presently a fourth succeeded in the desperate attempt. Then the colonel followed, formed the little party on the other side and charged. The enemy, dumfounded at such extraordinary bravery, left their position and fled.—Casella's.

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