

# The Daily Examiner

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## THE WEEKLY EXAMINER

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## THE DAILY EXAMINER

OCTOBER 9, 1897.

### FOOLING THE FORCE.

Only a General Alarm From Headquarters Checked the Game.

Five wicked students were in a barber's shop getting hair cut and parted in the middle. All this took until quite late in the night, and then one of them said:

"Barber, what will you take for your sign job?"

"Ten dollars," replied the artist, smiling.

"Here's the money," said the student, who was a member of the winning football team that season, and had only to write home for a check. "Sign this," and he drew up a bill of sale. "Boys assist me home with my load." And the little cavalcade went down the dimly lighted street with the singular burden upon their shoulders.

"Ho, there!" yelled a policeman, whom they had tried to pass slyly; "what are you doing with that barber's pole?"

"That's our business," grimly replied the football player.

"It is also mine," rejoined the policeman. "Come with me to the station and bring that pole with you."

"We cannot afford to carry it away from its proper destination," said one of the students.

"Never mind," growled the policeman. "I'll get it there," and he summoned help and conducted the whole procession to the police station.

"Boys," said the sergeant, after they had ranged themselves in front of him, "I'm sorry, but this bit of fun will cost you \$5 apiece."

"Perhaps before we are fined you would like to look at this strip of paper?" inquired the football kicker.

"Why," exclaimed the sergeant, reading the bill of sale, "here is an awkward mistake. This is your pole."

"We had thought so," meekly replied the student.

"Young man," said the sergeant, "you are charged. Officer, go back to your beat."

"Will you kindly instruct him to take the pole where he got it?" inquired the student.

"Certainly," replied the sergeant, "that is your right," and the striped stick of timber was tugged back again by the disgruntled myriarch of the law.

The students again shouldered their tapering load and started down another street. Soon they met another policeman. This time they did not attempt any evasion.

"What're you doin' with that beam o' wood?" shouted the officer.

"Our business," sang the boys.

"Your business seems to be the chief business," said the officer. "Come with me to the station."

"We will not carry the pole," said the student, "but if you want to we'll swear not to run for it."

## Our I's and.... ....Other Eyes.

Our I's are just as strong as they were fifty years ago, when we have cause to use them. But we have less and less cause to praise ourselves, since others do the praising, and we are more than willing for you to see us through other eyes. This is how we look to S. F. Boyce, wholesale and retail druggist, Duluth, Minn., who after a quarter of a century of observation writes:

"I have sold Ayer's Sarsaparilla for more than 25 years, both at wholesale and retail, and have never heard anything but words of praise from my customers; not a single complaint has ever reached me. I believe Ayer's Sarsaparilla to be the best blood purifier, that has been introduced to the general public." This, from a man who has sold thousands of dozens of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, is strong testimony. But it only echoes popular sentiment the world over, which has, "Nothing but words of praise for Ayer's Sarsaparilla."

Any doubt about it? Send for "Curebook" It kills doubts and cures doubters. Address J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.

The officer believed them after they had repeated it in Latin, and, being a large, strong man from the Tipperary regions, just about managed it. He was soon before the same sergeant mentioned above.

"It's their pole," shouted the sergeant as soon as he saw them. "Take it back where you got it."

"Why didn't you tell me?" grunted the officer, between breaths, on the way back.

"You said we were thieves, and how could you believe thieves on a question of property?" replied the students. And they started once more for home.

Again and again they were escorted to headquarters until they began to feel quite well acquainted with the sergeant.

The sixth or seventh policeman they met was a smallish man, and they took particular pains with him. They yelled, whistled sang "Good-night, Ladies," and marched four times around him in solemn procession. He simply thanked them for the entertainment. "Why don't you arrest us?" one of them cried.

"There's been a general alarm sent all over the city," replied the peace preserver, "to the effect that if we met five men with a pole, don't molest 'em, as they're harmless lunatics on de way to de asylum, to start a barber shop there."—Everywhere.

### THEOSOPHY.

The main feature of the October Theosophy (published at 144 Madison Avenue New York City, price 20 cents), is the great prominence given to the subject of education as it is, and as it should be. Professor James L. Hughes, Inspector of Schools, Toronto, contributes a striking prophecy on the nature of "The Twentieth Century School"; and "Pentaur," who is understood to be another prominent educator, puts forward some valuable "Neglected Factors in the Educational Problem."

Mrs. Katharine A. Tingley, the Leader of the Theosophy Movement throughout the world, gives a thrilling account of the "recent crusade American Theosophists around the globe."

The teachings of "Daute" are most delightfully dealt with by Miss Katharine Hillard, who is universally recognized as one of the greatest living authorities on this subject.

"Richard Wagner's Music Dramas" are further expounded by Mr. Basil Crump, of London; Dr. Franz Hartmann continues his series on "The Three Objects of the Theosophical Society;" and Dr. A. Keithley, of Cambridge University, England, concludes his remarkable article on "The power of the Imagination;" G. Hijo's, "Why I believe in Reincarnation," treats this subject in an exceedingly witty and amusing manner, giving the usual experience of those who hear of Reincarnation for the first time.

Address Editor Theosophy, 144 Madison Avenue, New York.

### WHAT HE MADE.

The Man Told, and Yet the Professor Was Not Satisfied.

Professor B—, who conducts the clinic of nervous diseases at — Medical college of Chicago, is himself a very nervous and easily irritated man. Recently at the close of a long clinic, when teacher and students were well tired out, the assistant rushed in and asked to have exhibited a very interesting case which had just arrived.

"Well, be quick about it," said the doctor, and he proceeded to emphasize some previous remarks concerning the influence of occupation upon nervous conditions, which point he proposed to illustrate in the case to be presented.

The patient, an awkward Swede, having been hustled into a chair, was now confronted by Professor B—, with the admonition to be brief and accurate in his replies, as time was limited.

"Now, sir, what do you do?" he commenced.

"Aw am not vera well."

"No, I say, what do you do?"

"Oh, yas! Aw verk."

"Yes, I know, but what kind of work?"

"Oh, eet es hard verk."

"Yes, but do you shovel" (illustrating with gesture) "or drive a car or work at a machine, or do?"

"Oh, yas! Aw verk at a masheen."

"Ahl! What kind of a machine?"

"Oh, eet es a big masheen!"

By this time the students were grinding broadly and whispering pleasantries, all of which caused the professor to redder and break into a volley at the poor Swede.

"Now look here, sir! I want no more of this. You answer the questions I ask you or go home. What do you make on this machine?"

A ray of intelligence lit up the face of the Swede and, with a confident smile, he said: "Oh, now aw understan yo! Yo want to know vat aw mak' on the masheer, cesn't et?"

"Yes, sir, that is it. What do you make?"

"Aw mak' 17 cents an hour." And he and the class were dismissed.—Larper's Magazine.

Apoplexy has increased in England in a very remarkable degree since 1850. In the 16 years ending with 1866 there were 457 deaths from apoplexy per 1,000,000 inhabitants. Last year the ratio was 577 per 1,000,000.

The eruption of Etna has entirely destroyed the chestnut woods on the mountain slopes, the trees being devastated by the lava.

100 styles of new aprons on sale tomorrow at special prices.—Beer Bros.

### NOT USED TO HOTEL WAYS.

A Young Woman After Registering Gives the Clerks a Surprise.

She drifted into an uptown hotel by way of the women's entrance. She was plainly but neatly clad and did not look like a girl who was used to the system in operation at a big hotel. She had a bright, pretty face and looked fresh and charming. The two clerks on duty eyed her curiously and exchanged comments about the girl. She hesitated a moment when she reached the office, but after some little display of embarrassment walked up to the desk and picked up a pen in a diffident manner. The clerk wheeled the book around so that the place for signatures was in the proper position and waited. She chewed nervously at the end of the pen, then dipped it slowly in the ink, and with a great deal of pains wrote:

"Miss Mary McClosky, 372 West Ninety-third street."

Then she eyed her effort approvingly and carefully laid the pen down. The clerk, who had been watching the operation with a good deal of curiosity, said:

"Room, miss?"

A flush mantled her face, but she said sweetly, "Yes, if you please."

"Would you like a room with a bath?" asked the clerk in a puzzled tone.

Again she seemed embarrassed and hesitated, but finally said in a low tone:

"Yes, if you please. That would be very nice and I would thank you very much."

"How much do you care to pay for a room?" said the clerk as his eye swept the rack.

"Pay?" she said in sheer surprise.

"Pay? Why, I didn't expect to pay anything. I got a job here today as a chambermaid and I have just come down."—New York Tribune.

### A Miraculous Draft of Fishes.

The dwellers on the banks of the Neckar, near the good old German town of Heilbronn, had an experience the other day which must have reminded them of the miraculous draft of fishes. A few days ago, toward evening, the worthy Heilbronnians perceived that the Neckar was toward both its banks one moving mass of all sorts and conditions of fish, thronging landward in seeming anxiety to be caught. Nor was this tacit appeal at all disregarded, for every man, woman and child of the vicinity ran out with pots and pans, with spades and rakes, and pails and baskets to help himself or herself to a share of fish. The explanation of the miracle, which perchance might prove a hint to fisher folk, was that the river had become so muddy after recent heavy rains that the fish found it difficult to breathe in the "thick" water and had approached the banks for more air.—Westminster Gazette.

There are weeds in everybody's garden, and no garden was ever planted in which weeds did not insolently present themselves. They come without invitation and without a welcome. If you recognize them as weeds, and if you have sense enough to know that weeds choke flowers, and pull the weeds up, root and branch, you will save the flowers.

There are weeds in the health-garden of many a man and woman. The doctors call them disease germs. If you have sense enough to distinguish them from the flowers of health, and root them out, you will be robust, healthy and happy. The most dangerous of all the weeds in the flower garden of health is that deadly creeper consumption.

There has never been but one medicine that would choke out this weed, root and all. That medicine is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It acts directly on the lungs through the blood, driving out all impurities and disease germs, and building up new and healthy tissue. It restores the lost appetite, makes digestion and assimilation perfect, invigorates the liver, purifies the blood and fills it with the life-giving elements of the food and tones and builds up the nerves. It sustains the action of the heart and deepens the breathing, supplying the blood with life-giving oxygen. Medicine dealers sell it.

A doctor, who is considered an expert on lung troubles, told me I had consumption and could not live long," writes Mrs. James Gaffield, 77 Mary Street, Hamilton, Ont., Can. "Three bottles of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cured me completely."

Free. Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser. Send 31 one-cent stamps to cover customs and mailing only for paper-bound copy. Cloth-bound 50 cents. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

LONDON, October 6.—The latest returns from Maid-ton, Kent, where typhoid fever is raging, show 1,100 cases and 26 deaths. This is an increase of seventy cases since yesterday.

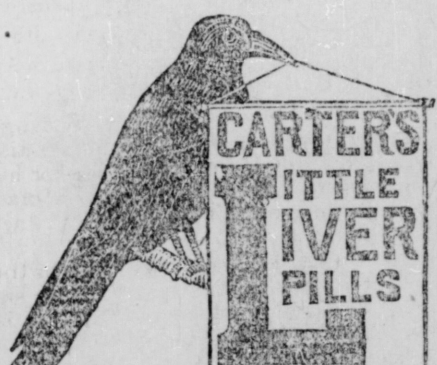
The Village Blacksmith's Song—Years of Pain—But South American Rheumatic Cure Welded the Link Which Blinds Him to Good Health Again.

This is what J. H. Gadbois, blacksmith, of Arr-prior, Ont., says: "I was a Great sufferer from acute rheumatism. I used many remedies without relief. I was induced to try South America Rheumatic Cure. The first dose helped me, and before I had used half the bottle I was greatly benefited. It has cured me, and I heartily Recommend it to all sufferers from rheumatism." Sold by Dr. S. W. Dodd and G. E. Hughes.

**Bees' Brains.**  
The brain of the honeybee has recently been studied by Dr. Kenyon of Clark university more thoroughly, it is said, than ever before. It is thought that the source of a bee's power to adapt itself intelligently to its surroundings has been discovered in certain peculiar objects in its brain called the "mushroom bodies."

The quantity of gas made in Germany last year, according to official returns, was 25,887,000 cubic feet, in the manufacture of which 2,750,000 tons of coal was employed. The number of flames in use was 5,735,000.

In ten years \$1,000,000 has been paid out by the casualty fund of the British Benevolent institution to injured railway men and their families.



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