

PARRIED A CHALLENGE.

How a Clever Young Lawyer Got Out of Fighting a Duel.

A good story is told of a young lawyer in this city. One of his first cases was a claim against a creole gentleman, who agreed to pay a certain amount each month. The first of the first month after the agreement came and went, the creole gentleman forgetting to remit. The young lawyer waited several days, and then wrote a letter. It had one virtue—it was emphatic. It was not so polite as it was emphatic, however, and within an hour of its delivery to the creole gentleman two of his friends called upon the young lawyer with a message, which, freely translated, meant "You have the privilege of naming the weapons."

For a moment the young lawyer was genuinely alarmed. He had heard that the creole gentleman was a dead shot and equally fatal with the sword. He wanted to avoid trouble, but did not feel that the circumstances justified him in pleading professional privilege when he had virtually called a man a beat. Then there came to his mind that he had somewhere read that a gentleman could not grant a duel to any one who owed him money, and he haughtily said so to his callers.

They instantly withdrew. An hour passed. It was an hour of anguish to the young lawyer. Then there came again the cards of the two friends of the offended creole gentleman. A minute later they were in the lawyer's office, and he had written out a receipt for the full amount of the claim against the creole gentleman.

"And now, sir," said the chief second of the creole gentleman to the young lawyer, "what is your answer to our principal's demand?"

"My answer, gentlemen, is this: I formed the hasty conclusion that your principal did not intend to pay what I considered a just debt, and I so expressed myself. He has paid the debt. I recognize the seriousness of my misjudgment of him as a gentleman, and I beg to assure him, through you, that I will willingly offer him any apology which a gentleman may see fit to require of a gentleman."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

One of Muller's Anecdotes.

Froude and Kingsley were special favorites of Professor Max Muller, according to his recently published memoirs. Kingsley's refusal to pray for rain—or, as his friend expresses it, to degrade his sacred office to that of a rainmaker or a medicine man—reminds the professor of a story told to Kingsley by an American:

In America we manage these things better. A clergyman in a village on the frontier between two of our states prayed for rain. The rain came, and it soaked the ground to such an extent that the young lambs in the neighboring state caught cold and died. An action was brought against the clergyman for the mischief he had done, and he and his parishioners were condemned to pay damages to the sheep farmers. They never prayed for rain after that.—London News.

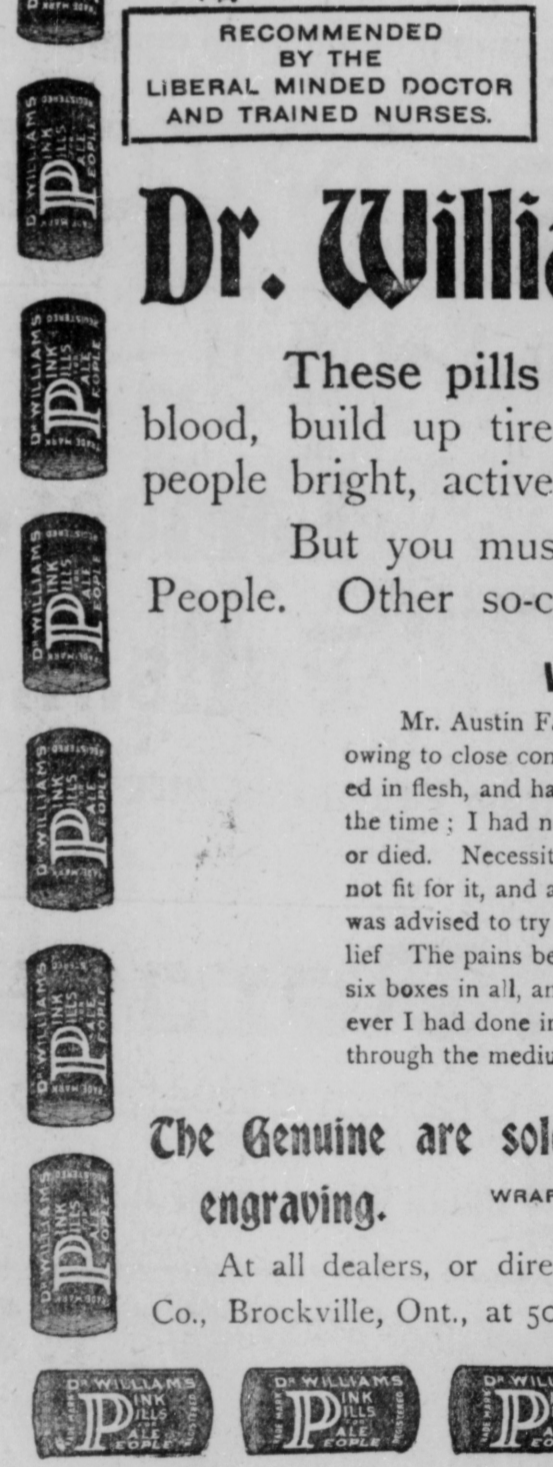
One of His "Whist Days."

Andrew Lang once called at the house of the late James Payn to inquire about his health. The servant informed him in a broad accent that it was one of the novelist's "whist days." Mr. Lang imagined that the servant referred to Mr. Payn being worse and expressed his regret and walked away. But the woman meant to say that it was the day on which Mr. Payn was wont to receive three old friends, who made a four at whist. Both gentlemen were amused at the mistake which deprived each of the pleasure of meeting. At the Reform club in years gone by there was a certain group of well known whist players, among whom James Payn was certain to be found enjoying "the rigor of the game."

Substance-Shadow

Advertisement for DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS. Includes a circular logo with the text 'DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS' and 'CURE FOR ALL KIDNEY'. Below the logo, text reads: 'If you want a horse worth \$100, you'd be silly to pay \$100 for his photo only. If you need DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS you'd be silly to buy an imitation. DODD'S ARE SOLD IN BOXES LIKE THIS. TAKE ONLY D-O-D-D-S'.

D-O-D-D-S. DODD'S ARE SOLD IN BOXES LIKE THIS. TAKE ONLY D-O-D-D-S. DODD'S ARE SOLD IN BOXES LIKE THIS. TAKE ONLY D-O-D-D-S.



Weak and Depressed.

Weak and depressed expresses the condition of thousands of people at this season. It is one of nature's signs that humanity cannot undergo months of indoor life in badly ventilated buildings with impunity.

Breathing daily the poisonous gases arising from impure air, your blood has become poor and watery, your nerves unstrung, your appetite fickle. The least exercise tires you and you feel depressed and "out of sorts."

Do not use a purgative in the hope that it will put you right. Any doctor will tell you that purgatives weaken; that they impair the action of the liver and create chronic constipation—the bane of millions of lives. What is needed is a tonic to help nature fight your battle for health. There is only one always reliable tonic and that is

RECOMMENDED BY THE LIBERAL MINDED DOCTOR AND TRAINED NURSES.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People

These pills have no purgative action. They make rich, red blood, build up tired and jaded nerves, and make weak, depressed, tired people bright, active and strong.

But you must get the genuine Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Other so-called tonics are but imitations of this great medicine.

WEAK AND DEPRESSED.

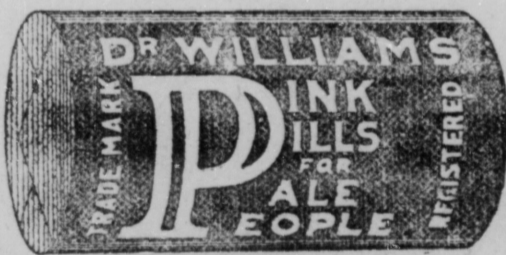
Mr. Austin Fancy, who lives at Baker Settlement, N. S., says: "During the last winter, owing to close confinement and hard work, my blood became impure. I was very much reduced in flesh, and had severe pains in the muscles all over my body. I felt tired and depressed all the time; I had no appetite and was frequently so low spirited that I did not care whether I lived or died. Necessity compelled me to undertake a little work in my blacksmith shop, but I was not fit for it, and after doing a job would have to lie down—indeed I often felt like fainting. I was advised to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and after using a couple of boxes felt a decided relief. The pains began to abate, my appetite improved, and day by day I grew stronger. I used six boxes in all, and before I finished them I was able to do as hard a day's work at the forge as ever I had done in my life. Those who are not well will make no mistake in looking for health through the medium of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People."

The Genuine are sold only in packages like the engraving.

WRAPPER PRINTED IN RED.



At all dealers, or direct from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50.



An English Dozen. I was in a well known lampshop with a friend the other day. He was seeking some of those stubby candles of generous diameter which are used as night lights in sickrooms. The price was 50 cents a box. "A dozen in a box?" he asked. "No, 11." "But why not a dozen?" "Box isn't big enough," said the shopkeeper. "But why don't they make the box big enough?" asked my friend. "Because they're English." That was all.—Time and the Hour.

MANNING THE YARDS. A Naval Ceremony That Is Not What It Used to Be. In the old navy, when United States ships were actually shipped with yards, the bos'n's mate's call, "All hands cheer ship!" was followed by a much more picturesque ceremony than is possible now, when the vessels of the navy are fitted with but a single yard and that only used for signaling. At the word of command "Man the yards!" there was an amount of acrobatic scurrying on the main decks of the old ships that was calculated to make the ship's visitor hold his breath, the thing looked so dangerous. The men forward in bluejacket uniform would fairly leap up the rope ladders, and almost by the time the echoes of the command had died away every yard on each mast would support scores of men and boys, all standing erect, most of them only held up by the crossed arms of the men beside them. This representation of a cross was held by all of the men, and it was their business to stand thus with absolute statures. Then the command "Cheer ship!" would be bawled out on deck by the chief bos'n's mate, and there would be a yell from cathead to mizzen that couldn't help but warm the blood of everybody within hearing of it. When the men manned the yards with all sail except topsails and stunsails, such a picture was really beautiful.

He Lacked Enterprise. A candidate for a small office furnished a veteran voter with campaign funds. "Take this money," he said, "and go to work for me. It's for campaign expenses." The voter took it and went to work, but the day before election the candidate discovered his man working hard for his opponent. "What do you mean by that?" he asked. "Didn't you promise to see me through?" "Dat's whut I done, sah, as I got through wid you yesterday. I foun' out in de nick er time dat you ain't de man fer de office. You ain't enterprisin' enough. You give me \$20 ter work fer you, an de yuther faller come long an put up \$50. We wants enterprisin mens in office, we does."—Chicago Times-Herald.

Mrs. Smitherleigh's Compensation. "Wasn't it awfully hard for you to give your daughter up, Mrs. Smitherleigh?" "Yes, it was hard to think of it, but she's going to live in the east, and I have always wanted to spend a summer down there so much."—Chicago News.

The Clever Burglar. The burglar who does several "jobs" and eludes the officers of the law is a keen observer, a man of forethought, and one whose executive ability is unquestioned. Houses are not entered because they have brownstone fronts, nor are stores broken into by the professional thief without an investigation. When the skillful burglar is to do a "job," he studies the habits of the resident or proprietor. In a case in Troy a few years ago a jewelry store was robbed. Apparently there was not a clue. Detectives were placed on the case and named the thieves by the method employed in getting into the store, and subsequently the thieves were convicted. Certain burglars always enter a cellar and come up through stairs, floor or trapdoors. Others have skeleton keys. Others go above and come down stairs. Some break in rear and others front doors. In the robbery above referred to the two thieves had been in Troy three successive Saturday nights. They had fastened a silk thread on all entrances in such a way that if any one entered or left the store the thread would be broken. Thus the burglars learned that the proprietor and clerks did not visit the store after closing Saturday night until Sunday. The fourth Saturday night they "cracked" the safe. Except for their methodical way of entering (by the cellar) no suspicion would have attached itself to them.—Troy Times.

A Disgusted Hero. The story of Sergeant Walker, who was kept prisoner for six weeks by the Afriids and was court martialed for being "absent without leave," reminds me of an Indian tale of 1757, when a man-of-war's man, Strahan by name, captured almost single handed one of the torts on the Hoogy. The tort, which was strongly situated, was invested by the admiral, and Strahan, during the time of midday repose, wandered off "on his own" in its direction. Gaining the walls without discovery, he took it into his head to scale a breach made by the cannon of the ships, and on reaching the platform he flourished his cutlass and fired his pistol at "the niggers," shouting, "The place is mine!" The native soldiers attacked him, and he held his own with indomitable pluck till re-enforced by one or two other tars who had straggled out of camp and heard his buzzes. The enemy, unprepared from this ill timed attack and fearing further invaders, fled from the fort upon the opposite side, leaving 20 cannon and a large store of ammunition. Much to Strahan's surprise, he was lectured by the admiral for his breach of discipline, and he was dismissed with hints of future punishment. "Well," said Strahan, "if I'm flogged for this here action, I'm d—d if I ever takes another fort as long as I lives!"—London Sketch.

Horsepower. Watt, the great improver of the steam engine, introduced into the vocabulary of mechanics the term horsepower. When he first began the manufacture of steam engines, he experienced much difficulty in ascertaining from his distant customers what sized engine they required, and they were not less puzzled how to communicate to him the information. He was frequently guided, however, by their mentioning the number of horses which the engine ordered was designed to replace. Acting upon this hint, he ascertained by experiment that the very strongest of the London Hackney cabs (animals of wonderful strength) could exert a force equivalent to using 33,000 pounds of iron in a horse. This force he called one horsepower, and adopted it as the standard in regulating the size of steam engines. Now, not one horse in 100 is able to exert that degree of strength. A steam engine of ten horsepower can, in reality, do the work of about 20 horses.—New York Ledger.

Legend of the Tea Plant. Dharna, the ascetic priest, was the son of a king of India. He went into China, and for the space of nine years he remained in contemplation in a temple. Later he went to Japan, and he died on Mount Katavka. He is supposed upon himself, as the first rule of his life, privation from sleep. One day, indignant at falling asleep, he cut off his eyelids and threw them away as miserable sinners. From the spot where the eyelids had fallen sprang up a bush which is the tea plant, affording the perfumed beverage which chases away sleep.—Vick's Magazine.

Advertisement for Gillette's Safety Razor. Includes an illustration of the razor and the text: 'BEST IN THE MARKET. THE SHAVERS' IDEAL. BALANCED HANDLES. FAULTLESS GRINDING.'

SEEDS! Seed Oats—Ontario White Banner. Seed Wheat—Manitoba White Fife. Seed Wheat—Ontario White Fife. Seed Timothy—Island growth. CARVELL BROS. (Ch'own, 15 Mch, 2i guar. pat