JOHN HENRY

ON SANSCRIT STORIES

BY GEO. V. HOBART, ("HUGH M'HUGH.")

Dear Bud: I'm going to pull something on you in this letter that will make you get up and leave the room.

Just to kill time, I've been dabbling in literature.

(P. S.—Time died a violent death, all right, all right!)

I want you to read these little stories from the Sanscrit, and scold me when we meet.

Once more, go to it, Bunch!

The Finish of Billdad.

And it came to pass that Billdad the son of Jimdad was worried within himself, and he communed with himself, saying: "Behold! I must join the Brethren of the Long Thirst in secret session this night, but what good thing shall I say unto my wife when she chides me with having no great purpose in going forth?"

And Billdad the son of Jimdad

"What Talk Have Ye, Billdad? Quit Your Joshing."

glanced disconsolately at his favorite newspaper, and his heart was like lead within him.

And even as he read a smile broke forth from the gloom that overshadowed his face, and this smile was like unto the first faint flush of the waxening East, and he arose with gurgle-some glee as does one whose mind is relieved of a mighty burden.

And he communed with himself softly, saying: "Politics! 'Tis a pipe!"

And Billdad the son of Jimdad called his wife to his side, and he spake unto her, saying: "Maud, the soft whiteness of thy cheek is fairer than the bloom that loves to linger on the lilies of the Nile! Thine eyes are twin thieves, which by some sorcery have ta'en the light from yon poor, weeping star, and now that light must lurk forever in those languorously limpid depths! Thy smile, O Maud, is like the scintillating sweetness of a summer's sky!"

And Maud, the wife of Billdad the son of Jimdad, made answer, and said: "What talk have ye, Billdad? Quit your joshing, or I'll baste you with the broom. Got to go out again to-night, I suppose. What is it this time? The Inner Circle of the Royal Sons of a Krupp Gun? Oh is it the Ancient Order of the Accidental Dollar Bill?"

And Billdad the son of Jimdad answered and said: "Nay, sweet wife of my weary heart, 'tis none of these. 'Tis politics that beckons me forth into the noisome night. Knowest thou not that the two Great Parties will soon have to grapple in the final death-struggle, and my uncertain vote still wavers in the winds of indecision? Therefore, this night, O wife of my weary heart, I go forth to join a gar-rulous group of statisticians, astrologists, soothsayers, and seers to the end that my eyes may clearly see the light and my vote may count upon the side of Right. Be thou of good cheer, beloved, for I shall sit at the feet of the wise men of Egypt and imbibe much wisdom. Wherefore, thou need'st not wait up for me, for politics is like unto an owl-train for lateness, and the soothsayers say not neither do they sooth until the world is in the dead of night!"

And Billdad the son of Jimdad went forth to sit at the feet of the wise men of Egypt. And it came to pass that full soon his heaving bosom rested on the onyx trimmings of the bar, and his right foot was in tender touch with the brass rail at the base thereof.

And a great joy shone forth from his eyes as he murmured: "Six beers—what are you going to have?"

And when the night was far spent, Billdad the son of Jimdad drew sig-zaggingly nigh unto his habitation, and his knees were prone to wobble with much uncertainty of purpose.

And Maud, the wife of Billdad the son of Jimdad, stood in the open door, and she made scornful conjecture, saying: "Ha! Ha! Thou did'st sit at the feet of the wise men of Egypt, eh? Thou look'st the part, for, methinks, the wise men of Egypt used you for a door-mat. Thou did'st also imbibe wisdom—from a stein! Bah, Billdad! Speak not to me of politics! Come, now, stand before me, Billdad, and with straightforward voice say after me these words: 'I simply stood and heard those speakers shout!'"

And Billdad the son of Jimdad swayed gently to and fro in the light of the breaking morn, and he spake, saying: "I shimply sh'ood an' h'er zoash sheekers spout!"

And of the fretful finish of Billdad the son of Jimdad let there be no cruel chronicle made.

Pebbleonthebeach.

And it came to pass that a certain City Man looked upon the sun when it was red, and he communed with himself, saying: "Behold! the summer approacheth on rubber shoes, and the mercury will soon be up against the roof of its habitation; therefore, it behooveth me to journey quickly unto the Land of Pebbleonthebeach, lest peradventure, a great humidity shall rise up over the city and transform me into a state of meltedness."

And the City Man spake unto his wife and his wife's nearest kinswoman; and unto all the diminutive members of his own individual tribe, saying: "Behold, the bow-wow days will soon be upon us; therefore let us pull down the blinds, place our worldly possessions in the frapped depths of the safety-vault, and hie us to that balmy peacefulness which the gentle-voiced advertisements say abounds with a joyous plentitude in the Land of Pebbleonthebeach forever and ever."

And the wife of the City Man and her nearest kinswoman and all the diminutive members of his own individual tribe, made swift answer, and spake, saying: "Let's!"

And it came to pass that they journeyed into the Land of Pebbleonthebeach, and their hearts were glad within them, for the scene was fair to look upon, and the ocean was full of cold water.

And lo! even as they looked a hot wave arrived on a fast train from the City and enveloped all the Land of Pebbleonthebeach, and humidity also arrived in perspiratious quantities, and made the Land of Pebbleonthebeach look and feel like the innermost recesses of a Japanese warship during a battle in the newspapers.

And the City Man and the City Man's wife and his wife's nearest kinswoman, and all the diminutive members of his own individual tribe, forsook their raiment and rushed into the ocean, which was full of cold water, saying to one another: "Ha! ha! the humidity cannot touch us here!"

And behold! the waves put on their white caps and communed one with another, saying: "The Cityites are in our midst; let us make merry with them!"

And straightway the little waves collaborated in a successful effort to land on the City Man's solar plexus, and what they did to his was a plentiful plentitude. And unto the wife of the City Man the little waves did likewise, until she was fain to scream sufficiency.

And the undertow grabbed the City Man's wife's kinswoman and stood her on her head, and rendered her unfit for speechification.

And the members of the life-saving station worked overtime hauling from the cavernous depths of the ocean the diminutive members of the City Man's own individual tribe; and trouble was their portion.

And when the Cityites were come back from the bosom of the mighty

Until She Was Fain to Scream Sufficiency.

deep, the Mosquito and the Landlord presented their bills, and yet; unto this very hour the City Man knoweth not which bill penetrated with the most terrifying penetrativeness.

And it came to pass that the City Man knew no peace in the Land of Pebbleonthebeach, and he communed with himself, saying: "Lo! the gentle-voiced advertisement is a delusion and a snare; for the wild waves are even an automobile chauffeur for rudeness; the humidity followeth unceasingly, and the Mosquito stingeth like an adder. Therefore will I gather the remnants of my tribe about me and flee for the City whence I came, lest, peradventure, the Landlord shall take my wearing apparel, even as he hath taken my purse and the contents thereof."

And straightway he got up and gat.

And even as he gat he communed with himself, saying: "Stang!"

Cheer up, Bunch; the wurst is yet to come, as the man said when the waiter didn't bring the sausage.

Yours as heretofore,

J. H.

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Leads to "Open Sunday."

French communication seems to be corrupting the British Sabbath. The Sunday society has pleaded the increasing number of visitors—"entente cordialists"—from across the channel unaccustomed to such severe observance, as a reason for opening more galleries and museums on Sundays. The request has been granted with a special view probably to the French invasion which is expected during the Franco-British exhibition this summer. A distinguished French journalist expresses a hope that other places be thrown open—restaurants, for instance.

BIG SNAKE FLAGGED TRAIN.

And in Doing So Saved the Life of Section Foreman.

Reports that the snake crop in Clark county, West Virginia, is a failure this year were found to be correct through smoking car information, says an Indianapolis dispatch. A traveling representative of a Cincinnati Bible house while in Indianapolis recently told of delayed trains on the Baltimore & Ohio Southwestern road. He said that three miles east of Charles Town there is a heavy grade. Small snakes, and some large ones, have formed such a habit of sunning themselves on the warm rails at that particular place that trains can't run for slippery wheels until section men with clubs clear the track.

Sim Bruce, section foreman at Charles Town, has had some exciting experiences contesting the right-of-way with some of the larger and more valiant specimens. A few days ago he killed a cow snake nine feet long and dispatched a number of calf snakes a few minutes later with a scythe.

A day or two after that Bruce came upon a big black snake on the right-of-way which showed fight. He had heard that a good way to tame a snake was to throw a cloth over its head. He pulled a red bandanna handkerchief from his pocket and succeeded in throwing it over the snake's head, but the reptile with a sudden leap wrapped its coils about his leg, and then darted under the rail between the two crossties. Bruce was horrified to find himself pinned down on the inside of the rail by the snake's unexpected maneuver. He struggled and shouted for help, but none of his section men was in sight. He knew a train was about due, and just as the terrible thought flashed through his mind he heard it whistle. He was so frightened he swooned.

When he came to he found himself surrounded by a group of trainmen and passengers, one of whom was offering him a drink from a flask.

When the salesman related the yarn he was asked:

"Where was the snake that had pinned down the section foreman?"

"Oh, it flagged the train with Bruce's bandanna, and then got away," he replied.

HELPLESS IN ENGINE CAB.

Frightful Accident Narrowly Averted on English Railroad.

A most miraculous escape from a fearful railroad accident occurred on the Midland railroad near Nottingham, England, recently. The driver of a densely-crowded market train to Mansfield, who had resumed duty for the first time after illness, was seized with paralysis, and the train dashed through the Radford station at a high rate of speed against all the signals, and was switched down a branch colliery line just as the express from Bradford to London flew by. The fireman brought the engine to a standstill, and the driver was found lying speechless on the footplate. Robert Goodman, the engine driver, has given an account of his sensations on realizing that he was running past danger-signals, and was powerless to act on the knowledge. Goodman said that a short time ago he had influenza, but had been at work a week or two until the day before the accident, when he felt too ill to go on duty. He recovered next day and resumed his duties, but approaching Radford something seemed to suddenly go wrong with his head. He saw signals were against him, but felt very ill and strange and helpless. As the train passed the station he recovered a little, and realizing what was happening managed to apply the brakes and reverse the engine. Meantime, the automatic system at the junction had switched the train off on the branch line. Otherwise the train would have met the Bradford to London express at the junction, and a terrible disaster would have resulted. The train stopped a quarter of a mile beyond Bradford and officials who hurried after it found Goodman had lost the power of speech. Two days afterwards he said he felt almost well again. His doctor said Goodman's attack was the result of the after effects of influenza.

Special Made Fast Time.

A "Big Four" special train bearing the Marion Marching club, Indianapolis to Cincinnati, a distance of 110 miles, made the run in the record-breaking time of one hour and 44 minutes, that is 110 miles in 104 minutes.

The train left Indianapolis at 1:42 p. m. with engine No. 6950 with three coaches and combination baggage, left Shelbyville at 2:11 p. m., Greensburg at 2:30 p. m., Lawrenceburg Junction at 3:05 p. m., Valley Junction at 3:05 p. m., arriving at Cincinnati at 3:26 p. m.

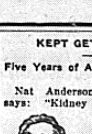
The marching club was so well pleased with the fine run that they gave three rousing cheers for Engineer Matt Dean and Fireman John Sefton.

English Road Electrified.

The electrified line of the Midland railroad is the first single phase line in Great Britain. It consists of the double-track road between Heysham and Morecambe, and Morecambe and Lancaster Green Ayre, and the single-track line from Lancaster Green Ayre to Lancaster Castle station, the total length of single track being about 21 miles. The line passes under many bridges, mostly arches. The overhead construction is the Siemens type, similar to that adopted for the electrification of the Hamburg-Altona railroad, the chief difference being the new type of suspension of the catenary wire.—Railway Age.

KEPT GETTING WORSE.

Five Years of Awful Kidney Disease.



Nat Anderson, Greenwood, S. C., says: "Kidney trouble began about five years ago with dull backache, which got so severe in time that I could not get around. The kidney secretions became badly disordered, and at times there was almost a complete stop of the flow. I was examined again and again and treated to no avail, and kept getting worse. I have to praise Doan's Kidney Pills for my final relief and cure. Since using them I have gained in strength and flesh and have no sign of kidney trouble."

Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Unusually Severe Drought.

The water in Lake Champlain during the recent drought reached the lowest point recorded in local history, nine feet below high water mark. Steamers were obliged to abandon many of their trips on account of the impossibility of making landings at the docks. The mountain brooks became almost dry, and the beds of some of the largest rivers were mere threads of water. The drought and forest fires were ruinous to agricultural interests.—New York Sun.

$100 Reward, $100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by all Druggists, 75c.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Savagery in Civilization.

It is no time to say that man cannot, in civilized society, be guilty of cannabilism. I tell you there are more cannibals in New York than in the isles of the Pacific; and if to-day you were suddenly to take away the support that comes from eating men, there would be thousands and thousands of empty maws to-morrow in that city.—Henry Ward Beecher.

Lewis' Single Binder straight 5c. Many smokers prefer them to 10c cigars. Your dealer or Lewis' Factory, Peoria, Ill.

There are two sides to every story—and some have four and a ceiling.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.

For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

You don't have to go to a rink to see a lot of cheap skates.

It Cures While You Walk

Allen's Foot-Ease for swollen, sore, aching feet. Sold everywhere. 25c. All Druggists.

Stealing time from sleep is a poor way to beat it.

Put new shoes on the youngster.
Look at them in a week.
They're usually battered, scraped, almost shapeless. Get a pair of Buster Brown Shoes.
Scuffing, scraping, kicking doesn't mar them—they thrive on knocks. They wear.

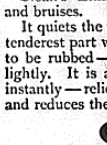
BUSTER BROWN Blue Ribbon SHOES
For youngsters, $1.50 to $2.50
BROWN'S ★5★ HIGH MEANS QUALITY
White House Shoes for grown-ups.
Ask your dealer for them.
THE BROWN SHOE CO., Makers
ST. LOUIS, U. S. A.

For Sprains

Sloan's Liniment is the best remedy for sprains and bruises.

It quiets the pain at once, and can be applied to the tenderest part without hurting because it doesn't need to be rubbed—all you have to do is to lay it on lightly. It is a powerful preparation and penetrates instantly—relieves any inflammation and congestion, and reduces the swelling.

Sloan's Liniment

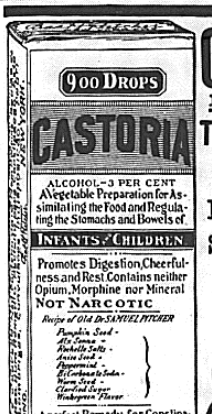


is an excellent antiseptic and germ killer—heals cuts, burns, wounds and contusions, and will draw the poison from sting of poisonous insects.

Price, 25c., 50c., and $1.00.

Dr. Earl S. Sloan, Boston, Mass., U.S.A.

Sloan's book on horses, cattle, sheep and poultry sent free.



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For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

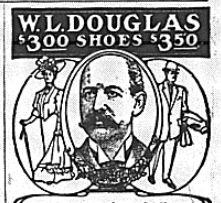
Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher.

In Use For Over Thirty Years

CASTORIA

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

W. L. DOUGLAS $3.00 SHOES $3.50



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Fast Color Eyelets used throughout.

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Seven per cent. city improvement bonds, payable one to ten years. A gilt edge investment. Write at once.

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FREE HERMAN REEL, Milwaukee, Wis. SEND address of two fur trappers and we will send you free a mink stretching machine. Also prices on RAW FURS AND FUR COATS.

FURS SEND 25c for trial size "Betterbait." Best in the world for catching Mink, Fox, etc. Send for Price List of Raw Furs. Mention this paper. HERMAN REEL, Milwaukee, Wis.

BAIT

GUNS $3.95 Stevens Pocket Rifles $6.75 Sportsmen's Supplies. WE SAVE YOU MONEY. Catalog for 5c. stamp. POWELL & CLEMENT CO. 635 Main St., Cincinnati, O.

PILES CURED ABSOLUTELY SURE with wintergreen and lard. Guaranteed, one box or 4 boxes for money. Send two dimes. C. BROWN, 244 Long Street, Columbus, Ohio

PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

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