

LAWS OF WAR.

The Code That Governs Hostilities Between Civilized Nations. The "laws of war" as at present formulated by the civilized nations forbid the use of poison against the enemy; murder by treachery, as, for example, assuming the uniform or displaying the flag of a foe; the murder of those who have surrendered, whether upon conditions or at discretion; declarations that no quarter will be given to an enemy; the use of such arms or projectiles as will cause unnecessary pain or suffering to an enemy; the abuse of a flag of truce to gain information concerning an enemy's positions; all unnecessary destruction of property, whether public or private. They also declare that only fortified places shall be besieged, open cities or villages not to be subject to siege or bombardment; that public buildings of whatever character, whether belonging to church or state, shall be spared; that plundering by private soldiers or their officers shall be considered inadmissible; that prisoners shall be treated with common humanity; that the personal effects and private property of prisoners, excepting their arms and ammunition, shall be respected; that the population of an enemy's country shall be considered exempt from participation in the war unless by hostile acts they provoke the ill will of the enemy. Personal and family honor and the religious convictions of an invaded people must be respected by the invaders and all pillage by regular troops or their followers strictly forbidden.

GOT HIS OMELET.

Why One Man Ceased Trying to Be Funny With Waiters. "I've never tried to be funny with a waiter," the traveler was saying. "Since the time when I had a little experience with one in California. It was several years ago, and I was rather 'fresh.' I stepped into a restaurant one morning and ordered an omelet. "What kind?" asked the waiter. "Why, are there more kinds than one?" I said. "Oh, yes, sir," he answered me; "there are several." "Well, bring me an ostrich egg omelet."

"All right, sir," he said, "but you'll have to wait quite awhile. It takes a long time to make an ostrich egg omelet." "I told him I had plenty of time. He went away and was gone fully an hour. Then he came back with a big covered dish. "There you are, sir," he said, placing it before me and uncovering it. "Well, it was an omelet, all right, and big enough for half a dozen men. Whether there was an ostrich farm in the neighborhood and he got a real ostrich egg or whether he made it from a couple of dozen hens' eggs I don't know, but I distinctly remember that it cost me \$2—and I learned a valuable lesson."—Youth's Companion.

An Old Joke.

My Lord Craven, in King James First's Reign, was very desirous to see Ben Jonson, which being told to Ben, he went to my Lord's House; but, being in a very tattered Condition, as Poets sometimes are, the Porter refused him Admittance, with some saucy Language, which the other did not fall to return. My Lord, happening to come out while they were wrangling, asked the occasion of it. Ben, who stood in need of no-body to speak for him, said, he understood his Lordship desired to see him; you, Friend, said my Lord, who are you? Ben Jonson, replied the other. No, no, quoth my Lord, you cannot be Ben Jonson who wrote the Silent Woman, you look as if you could not say Bo to a Goose. Bo, cry'd Ben. Very well, said my Lord, who was better pleas'd at the Joke than offended at the Affront, I am now convinced by your Wit, you are Ben Jonson.—"Joe Miller's Jest Book," 1789.

A Wide Distinction.

Barney Malloy and Mike Calrey were shingling a roof. "Barney," Mike asked, removing a bunch of shingle nails from his mouth and settling back comfortably, "what is the difference between satisfied and content?" "The difference? Sure, there's none," answered Barney. "If you're satisfied, you're content, and if you're content you're satisfied." "That was my opinion, too, Barney, me boy, up to now, but it struck me sudden-like as I put that last nail in that I am satisfied, all right, that Molly Calrey is my wife, but I am durned sure I am not content!"

Seated.

An English hostess was entertaining about 300 people at a reception and had provided only about seventy-five seats. In despair she said to a compatriot: "Oh, I am so distressed! Not three-fourths of these people can sit down!" "Bless my soul, madam!" he exclaimed. "What's the matter with them?"

The Martial Spirit.

"When you go into battle," said the human analyst, "do you feel your heart surge with hostility toward the foe or anything like that?" "Yes," answered the military expert. "In time of war we feel even more resentful toward the foe than we feel toward our rival associates in time of peace."—Washington Star.

A Study In Dimensions.

"Jimmy, how large a piece of cake do you want?" "I want a big piece, but don't gimme so much that I'll have to divide it with sister."

THE MAXIM GUN.

Curious Origin of This Terrible Engine of Destruction. The origin of the Maxim gun was somewhat curious. Mr. Maxim (Sir Hiram) after the close of the great civil war in America was visiting one of the southern battlefields. He picked up a Springfield rifle and began firing at a target. He soon discovered, to his amazement, that his shoulder was all black and blue with the recoil. This set him thinking, and he soon conceived the idea of utilizing this force in a gun which would fire automatically. He went to London, full of his idea but no one would listen to him. In Birmingham the chief man in a factory refused to make a bolt gun. In despair Mr. Maxim packed up his trunks and went to Paris. In two weeks the work was done. This gun Mr. Maxim exhibited in London in 1885. He spoke of it then as the gun of the future. It is now the gun of the present. It is a wonderful gun and a deadly one. By adjusting the indicator it will fire bullets at any rate from one per minute to 600. This terrible weapon is started by the firing of the first shot. After that it works itself and will keep going as long as cartridges can be fed into the machine. When one belt of 333 is exhausted, all that is necessary is to hook on another. When the British government gave an order for the gun they stipulated that it should not weigh more than a hundred pounds and should be capable of firing a thousand rounds in four minutes. Mr. Maxim produced a gun which weighed thirty-five pounds and fired 2,000 rounds in three minutes.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

AN IRREGULAR VERB.

One That Made a Frenchman Despair of Learning English. "What does 'Beat it!' mean?" asked the man of an inquiring frame of mind of his well informed friend. "Why," was the reply, "that means to go, depart, be off, take your leave, and don't be slow about it. I don't know what it came from unless it is a bit of policeman's slang for 'Get off my beat!' or 'Clear out unless you want me to beat you!' "I am reminded of a line in one of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes' amusing poems, scattered through the pages of his delightful 'Autocrat of the Breakfast Table.' It runs: "Depart! Be off! Exceed! Evade! Evampe!" But it takes a Latin scholar to discover the derivations of all his verbs of motion. "There is a story of a Frenchman who on his way to England was made the victim of a practical joke in regard to the verb 'go,' whose 'went,' 'going,' 'gone,' are irregular enough, goodness knows. He was found to be struggling with this variation: 'I go; thou departest; he clears out; we cut stick; you make tracks; they squatulate,' and as he read it he exclaimed: 'Mercy! What irregular verbs you have in your English language!'—New York Tribune.

Getting His Own Back.

An ironworker, having had the worst of an argument with a friend, decided to get even with him. Waiting, therefore, until his enemy had retired to rest one night, he approached his street door and knocked loudly in order to wake him. Opening the bedroom window, the other hurriedly inquired what the noise was all about. "Why," replied the outside one, "one of your windows is wide open." "Which one?" "Why, the one you have your head through," chuckled the other as he went away satisfied with the success of his plot.—Illustrated Bits.

Must Charge to Get Crowd.

The ladies' guild of an uptown church had planned an evening entertainment and reception and asked the rector to make announcement of it on the Sunday preceding. "This is all right," he said, "but you must charge admission." "Why, this is just a social evening," they protested. "We are inviting people." "They won't come," said the rector, "because they will think it is not worth while. But charge a small admission and you will have a good crowd." So the women gave in, and subsequent events proved the rector was right.—New York Press.

They Made Her.

A grandmother was reproving her little grandchildren for making so much noise. "Dear me, children, you are so noisy today! Can't you be a little more quiet?" "Now, grandma, you mustn't scold us. You see, it wasn't for us, you wouldn't be a grandma at all."—Harper's Weekly.

One For Each Life.

"I want a good revolver," began the determined looking man. "Yes, sir," said the salesman. "Six chambers?" "Why—er—you'd better make it a nine chamber. I want to use it on a cat next door."—London Express.

A Poor Corner.

When a girl puts a man off by saying she will keep a little place in a corner of her heart for him he may be sure that it is a corner for which she doesn't expect to have much use.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Youth holds no society with grief.—Eripiides.

FINE PRINTS.

Care With Which They Are Treasured by Amateurs and Collectors. How careful collectors and amateurs of fine engravings are of their treasures is illustrated by a written agreement that a local firm of dealers in such things had to sign recently when they wanted to borrow several particularly rare engravings for an exhibition they were to have in their galleries. The owner of the prints insisted that the prints were sent to the dealers was opened in the shop no hands but those of the junior partner of the firm were to touch them. The owner stipulated expressly that the member of the firm was to take them out of the box, frame them himself, hang them on the walls and when the show was over follow the prints back through these various stages until a porter was ready to screw the cover of the packing box on again. The prints were so rare and fine that the junior partner cheerfully agreed to all of these conditions for the sake of showing the engravings. That the prints were extremely rare may be appreciated from the fact that before two of them in particular came into the private collector's possession he made a special journey to Stuttgart, Germany, to see them, and when he looked at them he left an open order to a dealer in that city to buy them, no matter what they cost. He got them, but he paid the highest price ever known for such engravings to bring.—New York Press.

CRANKY METAL.

Moods and Mystery That Are Embodied in a Piece of Steel. A cutlery company will make a hundred razors from the same piece of steel by the same process, and part of the razors will be good and part of them bad. It may be fifty of one kind or seventy-five or twenty-five—nobody knows. The maker doesn't know; the buyer doesn't know. Barbers say that even the price doesn't seem to make much difference. You may get a good razor for a quarter or a bad one for \$5. And the same razor will get a contrary edge today, so that you can hardly shave with it, and tomorrow, without additional sharpening, it will work like a charm. One tap will go on a bolt easily and stay there. Another tap will hardly go on at all. A third may be screwed on tight and snug and yet keep coming off in spite of all that can be done. Sometimes men that work with machines have a premonition of coming disaster, as do the men that sail on the seas or thread the winding paths of the big woods. Nature as well as pieces of mechanism seems able to communicate to man why they are in a calamitous and threatening mood.—Chicago Tribune.

Madrid and Its Climate.

Along the Mediterranean shore Spain presents a narrow ribbon of fertile, delightful country. The region is often called "the garden of Spain." It is a great contrast to pass from these tropical shores to the wind swept plains of Interior Spain. The level country inclosed by the Guadarrama and the Cantabrian mountains forms in the west an extensive wheat growing region. Toward the east as the rainfall decreases pasturage encroaches upon arable culture. In New Castle, on the south of the Guadarrama and in about the center of Spain, the political capital has been placed. The level country in which it has been dropped, as if by accident, is for the most part a waterless plain, swept in winter by the piercing winds from the naked mountains of the north, sweeter in summer under the effect of the sun's rays on bare rock and soil. The climate of Madrid has been tersely described by its inhabitants as "three months of winter and nine of hades."

Honey Ants.

Certain Mexican ants are selected by their kindred as storehouses of honey. They are fed with honey until the abdomen speedily becomes smooth and round and so filled with honey that the skin is transparent. These ants are doomed to pass the remainder of their lives as mere honey cells, from which their kindred extract the honey when it is required. There are several species.

Medicine That Is Medicine.

"I have suffered a good deal with malaria and stomach complaints, but I have now found a remedy that keeps me well, and that remedy is Electric Bitters; a medicine that is medicine for stomach and liver troubles, and for run down conditions," says W. C. Kiestler of Halliday, Ark. Electric Bitters purify and enrich the blood, tone up the nerves and impart vigor and energy to the weak. Your money will be refunded if it fails to help you. 50c at May & Gorham's drug store.

means of these ants in the British museum with the honey still within their transparent bodies. The Mexicans raid the nests of these ants for the sake of the honey that their bodies contain, and the ants are eaten raw as sweetmeats.

The Full Particulars.

The other day a lady who lives in our town entered a grocery store and asked to be shown a good kind of breakfast cereal. The clerk took down a package and said: "Madam, this is a predigested food." "Oh, is that so?" she returned. "And by whom?"—Woman's Home Companion.

Good For an Appetite.

"You must have a good appetite," remarked the thin man enviously. "What do you take for it?" "In all my experience," replied the plump one, "I have found nothing more suitable than food."—Philadelphia Press.

Easily Settled.

Nurse—Doctor, a sponge is missing. Possibly you sewed it up inside the patient. Eminent Surgeon—Thank you. Remind me to add \$10 to the bill for material.—Puck.

Talk is cheap, but silence costs you a great deal less.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

THE DRAGON FLY.

Singularly Adapted to Its Life of Aerial Piracy. No one could fail to be struck with the singularly perfect adaptation of the dragon fly's structure to a life of aerial piracy. The four wings are large and in proportion to their weight enormously strong. Each is supported by a wonderfully arranged network of slender ribs, which give the necessary rigidity to the thin, transparent membrane forming its basis. The muscles by which the wings are moved are massive and powerful and are so arranged among themselves that the animal is capable of steering its course with an unerring accuracy which any bird might envy. In this power it is largely aided by a marvelous keenness of sight, for in addition to the two great, gorgeously colored compound eyes which make up so much of the head the insect possesses three smaller "simple" eyes, making five eyes in all. The prey when overtaken is seized and devoured by means of powerful, sharply toothed jaws.

An animal which lives such an active life naturally requires a very perfect breathing apparatus, and this is amply provided by a system of holes on the sides of the body which open into an elaborate network of air tubes, supplying every part of the system. The air in these tubes is constantly renewed by the regular compression and dilatation of the body by special muscles.—Chambers' Journal.

HIBERNATION.

How and Why Some Animals Exist All Winter Without Food. The philosophy or nature of hibernation and why and how it is that the hibernating creatures can go so long without food are interesting studies.

In the first place, the creature in order to enable it to sustain life throughout the long winter during which it hibernates is endowed with the capacity of accumulating within its body a large quantity of fat. This fat is to the animal what a well stocked coal cellar is to a fire, and until the whole of it has been consumed the tissue of the body proper remains untouched. It has been ascertained that animals can endure the waste of tissue until it amounts to 40 per cent of their normal weight. Should the weight be reduced beyond that point the result is death. But nature comes to the rescue of the hibernating creatures in another way. When the hibernation begins, respiration and digestion almost cease (in some cases they cease absolutely), and the circulation is only just active enough to sustain life. As a consequence of this the wear and tear is reduced to the minimum, and the creature is enabled to pull through.—New York American.

At times when you don't feel just right, when you have a bad stomach, take something right away that will assist digestion; not something that will stimulate for a time but something that will positively do the very work that the stomach performs under ordinary and normal conditions, something that will make the food digest. To do this you must take a natural digestant like Kodol For Dyspepsia. Kodol is a scientific preparation of vegetable acids with natural digestants and contains the same juices found in a healthy stomach. Each dose will digest more than 3,000 grains of good food. It is sure to afford prompt relief; it digests what you eat and is pleasant to take. Sold by May & Gorham.

THE NIGHT MAGNIFIES.

Something Worth Knowing For Those Who Lie Awake and Worry. "You have lain awake at night," said a physician, "and have heard a mouse gnawing at the woodwork somewhere down in a kitchen cupboard?" The listener nodded. "How loud did it sound to you—as loud as a burglar splintering the door jambs with a jimmy?" Another nod. "You have been awakened at 1:30 a. m. by the crying of a teething infant next door?" A shudder. "And it sounded like the hoarse murmurs of mingled ululations of a frenzied mob assembled outside to demand somebody's blood?" Partial collapse. "Along toward morning you have listened to the thin, small voice of a mosquito circulating above your head?" An involuntary slap. "Did it sound like the screech of a planing mill turning out clapboards for a barn?" Two nods. "Would you have minded any of those sounds in the daytime?" A shake of the head. "Now, I have no doubt you think that the seeming loudness of these sounds was due to the contrasting silence of the night. But take another test. You have been in love?" Um-um (without utterance). "And do you remember how much softer and warmer and more thrilling was the touch of your best girl's hand as you strolled with her on the way home from singing school at the witching hour of half past 9 p. m. than it was when you called in the forenoon to ask if you might escort her to the aforesaid vocal exercises?" An unspoken yum yum. "Was it the night silence that added the finishing touch?" "It was not," the physician replied to his own question, noting his listener's look of uncertainty. "Take another instance: You think you know how to write—a little?" A smile of gratification. "Well, you find yourself awake at night and thinking. A gem of an idea suddenly sparkles in the darkness. You surround it with epigrams, and while elaborating the setting you fall asleep. What does this jewel amount to in the morning?" A sigh. "There you are. You recall the idea and some of the epigrams and a little of the setting and all of it so commonplace that you wouldn't think of trying to make anything presentable out of it.

"The fact is," the physician went on, "the night magnifies. At night our pleasures are more keen, our pains more distressing, our small successes are triumphs, our little failures are disasters, our faintly cherished hopes appear before us as things realized, our small worries as overwhelming calamities. "You find yourself awake in the

night, and your thoughts wander back to some time in your youth when in the presence of those older and wiser you—as you now see it—were guilty of some slight breach in department or of some little offense to good taste in speech, and you dwell upon the condemnation that must have fallen upon you. In the morning if what you were dwelling upon so seriously occurs to your mind at all you smile and say to yourself that if your fault was noticed by anybody at the time it was too trivial for any one but you to remember. "The night magnifies!" the physician repeated. "Such things as I have mentioned prove it. It is partly due to the silence, but more to ourselves. To account for the latter would keep me talking. "But take it for granted that whatever your cause for worry at night it will look smaller by daylight and refuse to dwell on it. If your anticipations are pleasant, nurse them, and you will fall asleep. In the morning you will not be downcast because your magnified hopes of the night seem unlikely to be realized."—Washington Post.

Prize Money in 1762.

To the English victors of Havana belonged the spoils, and very rich and important these were. Besides the nine Spanish men-of-war found intact in the harbor, which added to the three sunk at the entrance and to one or two others captured outside in the course of the operations formed about one-fifth of the naval power of Spain and seriously crippled her for the rest of the war, no less an amount than \$3,000,000 was realized in prize money by the capture of this wealthy city. Of this great sum we are told that Albemarle and Pocock as commanding respectively the land and sea forces received no less than \$122,697 each, while Commodore Keppel's share amounted to as much as \$24,539, and doubtless his brother, Major General Keppel, received an almost equal sum. Thus the Keppel family benefited by this expedition to the tune of considerably over \$150,000, and it is recorded that General Elliott with his share of the prize money purchased the estate of Heathfield, in Sussex, from which he afterward took his title. Such were the solid rewards obtainable in war in the eighteenth century, when the profession of arms was for the successful soldier considerably more lucrative than it is today.

Marital Dialogue.

She—The tried and loving husband is one who when his wife has the neuralgia suffers more than she does. He—And she generously sees to it that he does.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

The trouble with most cough remedies is that they constipate. Kennedy's Laxative Cough Syrup acts gently but promptly on the bowels and at the same time it stops the cough by soothing the throat and lung irritation. Children like it. Sold by May and Gorham.

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In addition to the Clock I have two other lovely presents which I will give you—two more handsome ornaments which anyone who loves a pretty home will be delighted with. One of these gifts I will send to you FREE AND PAID as soon as I receive the postal card with your name on it. The other one I will give to you just for being prompt in following my instructions. I will tell you all about the second extra gift, when I send the first one, which I will do as soon as I hear from you, so HURRY UP.

YOU TAKE NO CHANCES. I do not prove to be even better than I have described it, and if it does not delight you in every way, you may send it back and I will pay you handsomely in cash for your trouble. Also, if you get sick or for any other reason fail to collect all of the \$5, I will pay you well for what you do. So you see, YOU CAN'T LOSE, so sit right down and write to me as follows: "D. R. OSBORNE, Manager, Nashville, Tenn. Please send me the portraits of George Washington and complete outfit for earning the Glorious Golden Clock, with the understanding that this does not bind me to pay you one cent." Then put your name and address.

Home Treatment Wine of Cardui the well-known female tonic. For sale at all drug stores. You naturally would prefer to treat yourself at home, for any form of female trouble, wouldn't you? Well, it can be done. No reason why you should not be able to relieve or cure your suffering, as thousands of other women have done, by proper use of the Cardui Home Treatment. Begin by taking Wine of Cardui. Joe Moorhead, of Archibald, I. T., writes: "My wife had suffered for years from female trouble. On your advice, I gave her the Cardui Home Treatment, and now she hardly suffers at all." Sold by druggists. WRITE US A LETTER. Write today for a free copy of valuable 64-page Illustrated Book for Women. If you need Medical Advice, describe your symptoms, stating age, and reply will be sent in plain sealed envelope. Address: Ladies Advisory Dept., The Chattanooga Medicine Co., Chattanooga, Tenn.