



A BILL POSTER'S TRICK

"Of course we used to put up small bills wherever they'd catch the eye," said a bill poster who traveled with a circus making one day stands, "and one thing we used to do that always pleased folks was to hang a bill from a ceiling. You had to have a wooden ceiling, to start with, and then all you wanted, besides the bills, was a tack and a silver dollar. It took practice to do it, but when you'd got the knack it was very simple and easy.

"You attached two bills together, one at the foot of the other so that it would hang down when the first one was attached to the ceiling. Then you folded the bills up, with a tack, thrust point upward through the top fold of the upper bill, with a silver dollar under it, up against its head and between it and the other folds of paper under it.

"Then, some time when the room was full of people—this might be a hotel office or perhaps a barroom—you tossed the bills up, and there was weight enough in the dollar to drive the tack into the ceiling far enough to hold. Then the weight of the paper itself and of the dollar would open the bills out, and the coin would drop and you'd catch it as it fell, and the chances are that not one man in five would see it fall. The bills would be seen, fastened up there somehow, most of the people wouldn't know how, and opening out with the lower bill, hanging so you could read it.

"This was not the greatest thing in bill posting ever was, but, as I said before, always pleased folks."—New York Sun.

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Charlottetown Driving Park
—AND—
Provincial Exhibition Association.

The Annual General Meeting of this Association, will be held in the Masonic Temple Building, on Thursday evening, the 28th December, inst, 1899 at the hour of 8 o'clock.

The transfer books of the Association will be closed on the 18th inst. By order of the directors. CRSMALLWOOD Secretary.

Very Curious Weather.
At Alto Cruceiro water freezes every night of the year and the thermometer frequently falls to 6, 8 and 10 degrees below zero. There are no facilities for artificial heat—not even a fireplace—and people keep themselves warm by putting on ponchos and other extra wraps.

At noonday the sun is intensely hot, because of the elevation and the rarity of the atmosphere, and blisters the flesh of those who are not accustomed to it. There is a difference of 20 and sometimes 20 degrees in the temperature of the shade and the sunshine. Water will freeze in the shade while 20 feet away men may be working in their shirt sleeves.

The natives seem to be entirely untroubled by cold and go about barefooted and barelegged over the ice and the stones indifferently without regard to the temperature; but they have a way of heaping the blankets on their heads and wrapping up their faces to keep the pure air out of their throats and nostrils. The women who herd the flocks are often out on the mountains for weeks at a time without shelter or anything to eat except parched corn, strips of dried meat and coca leaves, which are the most powerful of nerve stimulants.

Board For His Poems.
"Yes, I find it extremely difficult to make my living by my pen," said the poet.

"Difficult!" exclaimed his friend. "You mean impossible, I presume."

"No, I do not," replied the poet. "I am in the habit of saying precisely what I mean, and when I say difficult I mean just that and nothing more."

"You don't mean to say that you have ever earned anything by your literary work?"

"Indeed I do," answered the poet.

The well known poem, "Curfew Shall Not Ring Tonight," in which a young woman by hanging to the curfew bell saves the life of her lover condemned to be executed at the ringing of the curfew, is only one of a thousand striking instances of how a woman will dare everything for love.

Women are readier to make heroic sacrifices than they are to take the commonplace, everyday precautions which insure their greatest happiness. Most women are careless about their health. They forget that physical weakness and disease will wreck the fairest chance in life and shut them out completely from happy womanhood and wifehood.

Weak, bilious, dyspeptic women are robbed of their natural attractiveness and capacity. They lose healthy color and energy and ambition. The blood becomes poor and thin and laden with disease germs. The true antidote for this condition is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It acts directly upon the digestive powers and the liver, creating pure, red, healthy blood free from bilious impurities; it renovates every organ and tissue of the body, building up hard, elastic flesh and muscular strength and imparting nerve power and permanent vitality, which malt extracts do not give.

Mrs. Ella Howell, of Derby, Perry Co., Ind., writes: "In the year of 1891 I was taken with stomach trouble—nervous dyspepsia. There was coldness in my stomach, and a weight which seemed like a rock. Everything that I ate gave me great pain; I had a bearing down sensation; was swollen across my stomach; had a ridge around my right side, and in a short time I was bloated. I was treated by three of our best physicians but got no relief. I was so weak I could not walk across the room without assistance. Then Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery was recommended to me and I got it, and commenced the use of it. I began to improve very fast after the use of a few bottles. The physicians said my disease was leading into pulmonary consumption, and gave me up to die. I thank God that my cure is permanent."

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"I once got six months' board for some poems."

"Who did you sell them to?"

"My landlady."

"What on earth did she want with a lot of poems?"

"I don't know that she wanted them particularly, but I left them in my box when I went away, and there was nothing else in sight. They were good poems, too, but I couldn't sell them."

The Stumbling Block.
A member of the Mug House club who had failed to win a fortune on the turf decided to go into Wall street to tackle easier game. "On the turf," he explained, "a man has exactly 27 chances against him in a field of ten horses. In other words, he has one chance in 28 to hit a winner. Now, in Wall street stocks go one of two ways—either up or down—giving a man one chance in two. It looks like a dead open and shut. I'm going to make it pay. There's nothing against you except bad judgment."

"Oh, yes, there is," said a New street operator, nodding his head sagely. "And that is"—we all asked. "Your broker and his commission."—New York Press.

Clothed With Power.
He was a little uncouth, but was a great traveler. He had just returned from the wilds of central Africa, where he had hobnobbed with all the royalties of that savage region, and was being lionized in the swagger drawing rooms of Belgravia.

"Do tell us about the queen of Boorabooloo," said the Duchess of Loamshire. "Is she clothed with great power?"

"Your grace would think so," he replied, "if you were to see her six nigger maids of honor lacing her corsets."—Pick-Me-Up.

The Advantage In Gambling.
"In all gambling games," said an old time sport, "there is a percentage in favor of the 'house.' Anybody, except a born fool, knows that a man couldn't afford to equip an establishment, hire help, pay rent and defray all the hundred and one incidental expenses unless he derived a profit that was based on some fixed principle and not dependent on mere luck or chance. Just where the profit comes in, however, is something that very few people understand. Most of them imagine it is derived from some slight advantage in the arrangement of the game, such as the 'zero' numbers in roulette or the 'splits' in faro, but they are very much mistaken. It really depends on a principle that applies to all games alike and might be termed the 'percentage of capital.'

"Strange as it may seem, I could take a capital of \$1,000 and begin pitching nickels, in which the chances are perfectly even, letting the players guess either way they wanted to, and I would make a steady profit day in and day out. The secret is this: The average player has only a limited amount of money, and a slight run of bad luck wipes him out. He is obliged to quit, and somebody else takes his place, while the house keeps right on through good luck and bad, continually swelling its reserve with the cash of the broken players. That principle of the percentage of capital is at the bottom of the profits of every gaming house in the world from Monaco to Long Branch."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

He Scored on Lincoln.
In 1853 Abraham Lincoln and Stephen A. Douglas had a joint debate on the college grounds of Knox college, Galesburg. It was a great meeting, and I shall never forget the tremendous enthusiasm that was manifested by the respective partisans of each of these great men. Mr. Douglas had the opening and conclusion, and he got in one shot on Mr. Lincoln that was so pat that even the adherents of that gentleman had to join in the laughter.

Mr. Lincoln, in the course of his remarks, twitted his opponent with making only one speech—a set oration which he delivered to each new audience, the suggestion being that he was incapable of changing his stock address.

In reply Mr. Douglas said that he admitted the charge, and conceded that his rival knew in advance what he was going to say. He wished that he could foretell with the same exactness what Mr. Lincoln was going to say, but alas! that was impossible, since he changed his argument to suit his audiences, making a fierce abolition talk in communities where that sentiment was strongly entertained, as at Galesburg, but in southern Illinois ignoring abolition and standing up squarely as an old time Whig.

A Good Natured Dog.
A very ordinary looking farm horse harnessed to an old wagon stood by the curb, and on the board that served for a seat lay a small dog of such mixed blood that no guess could be made as to his breed.

As a delivery wagon passed on the opposite side of the street a large red apple fell off. Before it stopped rolling the dog bounded across the street, picked it up with his teeth and with tail wagging rushed back to the horse, in front of which he stood up on his hind legs while the apple was taken from his mouth.

As the horse munched the apple he

made the peculiar little noise that horses make when petted, and doggie replied with throaty little barks which plainly told what a pleasure it had been to go after that apple. Then he went back to his nap on the wagon seat.—Burlington Free Press.

How It Happened.
"Poor fellow! I fear he was badly hurt."

"He was."

"Well, I suppose he carried some accident insurance?"

"Not a bit of it. He wanted to take out a policy, but in view of his business the companies declined on the ground that he was an extra hazardous risk."

"What was his business?"

"He was a canvasser for an accident insurance company."—Chicago Post.

Death and the Doctor.
Death and the doctor met at the door.

"Well, I've got him!" exclaimed Death banteringly.

The doctor was furious, of course.

"Oh, yes," he cried, with much heat, "but you didn't dare make a square issue of it and get him with the disease I was treating him for!"

Hereupon Death laughed affectedly, saying nothing.—Detroit Journal.

Nerves...

Wasted and Shattered by Worry or Overwork are Revitalized by

Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Food

"Nerves"—what a world of meaning this word has to scores of thousands of women who, through the strains of social life and the worry of home cares, are fast approaching the grave.

Nervous headaches, dyspepsia, irritability by day, restlessness and sleeplessness by night. Pains and aches in the body, derangements of the organs peculiarly feminine, loss of energy and ambition, despondency and despair.

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What the King said to Christ at the Judgment.

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Cavendish in the Olden Time—Illustrated, by Walter Simpson.

Memories of the Past—Illustrated, by John P. Tanton.

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Nursing at Chickamauga Park—Illustrated, by Florence M. Kelly.

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