

RISE AND FALL OF THE MUSTACHE

BY ROBERT J. BURDETTE.

We open our eyes in this living world around us, in a wonder land, peopled with dreams, and haunted with wonderful shapes; and every day dawns upon us in a medley of new marvels. We are awakened from these dreams by contact with hard, stubborn facts, not rudely and harshly, but gradually and tenderly. So much that is bright and beautiful and full of romance and wonder, passes away with the earlier years of life, that by the time we are able to earn our first salary we hold in our hands only the crumpled, withered leaves of childhood's simple creeds and loving superstitions. Year after year, the incoercible hand of earnest, real life, tears from the lofty pedestals upon which our loving fancy had enshrined them, the gods of gold that crumble into worthless clay at our feet. We live to lose faith at last, in "Puss in Boots"; we cease to weep over the sad tragedy of "Cock Robin"; there comes a time when we can read "Arabian Nights" and then go to bed without a tremor; with one heart-breaking pang at last we give up darling "Jack the Giant Killer," and acknowledge that it is not long after that we learn to look upon William Tell as a national myth, and then we come to know, in spite of all that orthodox theology has taught us to the contrary, that Adam was not the first man—that raised a mustache. Adam was too old—when he was born—to care very much about what our grander and more gradually developed civilization considers the crowning facial ornament. And after his natural human idleness got him into perfectly natural human trouble he was kept too busy, raising something to put under his lip, to think much about what grew above it. If Adam wore a mustache he never raised it. It raised its itself. It developed itself out of its own inner consciousness, like a primordial germ. It grew, like the weeds on his farm, in spite of him, and to torment him. For Adam had hardly got his farm reduced to a kind of turbulent, weed producing, granger fighting, regular order of things—had scarcely settled down to the quiet, happy, care-free, independent life of a joucund farmer, with nothing under the canopy to molest or make him afraid, with everything on the plantation going smoothly and lovelily, with a little rust in the oats; army worm in the corn; Colorado beetles swarming up and down the potato patch; cut worms laying waste the cucumbers; curculio in the plums and borers in the apple trees; a new kind of bug that he didn't know the name of desolating the wheat fields; dry weather burning up the wheat, wet weather blighting the corn; too cold for the melons, too dreadfully hot for the strawberries; chickens dying from the pip; hogs being gathered to their fathers with cholera; sheep fading away with a complication of things that no man could remember; horses getting along as well as could be expected, with a little spavin, ringbone, wolf teeth, distemper, heaves, blind staggers, collar chafes, saddle galls, colic now and then, founder occasionally, epizootic when there was nothing else; cattle going wild with the horn ail; moth in the bee hives; snakes in the milk house; moles in the kitchen garden—Adam had just about got through breaking wild land with a crooked stick, and settled down comfortably, when the sound of the boy was heard in the land.

Did it ever occur to you that Adam was probably the most troubled and worried man that ever lived? We have always pictured Adam as a care-free, easy-going, contented, and happy-looking man; a puzzled looking granger who would sigh fifty times a day, and sit down on a log and run his irresolute fingers through his hair while he wondered what under the canopy he was going to do with those boys, and whatever was going to become of them. We have thought too, that as often as our esteemed parent asked himself this conundrum, he gave it up. They must have been a source of constant trouble and mystification to him. For you see they were the first boys that humanity ever had any experience with. And there was no one else in the neighborhood who had any boy, with whom Adam, in his moments of perplexity, could consult. There wasn't a boy in the country with whom Adam's boys were on speaking terms, and with whom they could play and fight. Adam, you see, labored under the most distressing disadvantages that ever opposed a married man and the father of a family. He had never been a boy himself, and what could he know about boy nature or boy troubles and pleasures? His perplexity began at an early date. Imagine, if you can, the celebrity with which he kicked off the leaves, and paced up and down in the moonlight the first time little Cain made the welkin ring when he had the colic. How should Adam know what ailed him? He couldn't tell Eve that she had been sticking the baby full of pins. He didn't even know enough to turn the vociferous infant over on his face and jolt him into serenity. If the fence corners on his farm had been overgrown with catnip, never an idea would Adam have had what to do with it. It is probable that after he got down on his knees and felt for thorns and snakes or rats in the bed, and thoroughly examined Cain for bites or scratches, he passed him over to Eve with the usual remark, "There, take him and hush him up, for heaven's sake," and then went off and sat down under a distant tree with his fingers in his ears, and perplexity in his brain. And young Cain just split the night with the most hideous howls the little world had ever listened to. It must have stirred the animals up to a degree that no menagerie has ever since attained. There was a sleep in the vicinity of Eden that night for anybody, baby, beast or Adam. It is more than probable that the weeds got a long start of Adam the next day, while he lay around in shabby slippers, and slept in troubled dozes.

disruption, per... possible twins and more colic. When the other boy came along, and the boys got old enough to creep in a bed by themselves, they had no pillows to fight with, and it is a moral impossibility for two brothers to go to bed without a fracas. What comfort could two boys get out of pelting each other with fragments of moss or bundles of brush. What dismal views of future humanity Adam must have received from the glimpses of original sin which began to develop itself in his boys. How he must have wondered what put into their heads the thousand and one questions with which they pined their parents day after day. We wonder what he thought when they first began to string buckeyes on the cat's tail. And when night came, there was no hired girl to keep the boys quiet by telling them ghost stories, and Adam didn't know even so much as an anecdote.

Cain, when he made his appearance, was the first and only boy in the fair young world. All his education depended on his inexperienced parents, who had never in their lives seen a boy until they saw Cain. And there wasn't an educational help in the market. There wasn't an alphabet block in the country, not even an illustrated handkerchief. There were no other boys in the republic, to teach young Cain to lie, and steal, and smoke, and drink, fight, and wear and thus develop the boy's dormant statesmanship and prepare him for the sterner political duties of his maturer years. There wasn't a pocket knife in the universe that he could borrow—and lose, and when he wanted to cut his finger, as all boys must do, now and then, he had to cut it with a clam shell. There were no country relations upon whom little Cain could be inflicted for two or three weeks at a time, when his wearied parents wanted a little rest. There was nothing for him to play with. Adam couldn't show him how to make a kite. He had a much better idea of angel's wings than he had of a kite. If little Cain had even asked for such a simple bit of mechanism as a shiny club, Adam would have gone out into the depths of the primeval forest and wept in sheer mortification and helplessness, confessed ignorance. I don't wonder that Cain turned out bad. I always said he would. For his entire education depended upon a most ignorant man, a man in the very palmiest days of his ignorance, who couldn't have known less if he had tried all his life on a high salary and had a man to help him. And the boy's education had to be conducted entirely upon the catechetical system; only, in this instance, the boy pupil asked the questions and parent teachers, heaven help them, tried to answer them. They had to answer them. For they could not take refuge from the steady stream of questions that poured in upon them day after day, by interpolating a fairy story, as you do when your boy asks questions about something of which you never heard. For how could Adam begin, "Once upon a time," when with one quick, incisive question, Cain would pin him right back against the dead wall of creation, and make him either specify exactly what time, or acknowledge the fraud. How could Eve tell him about "Jack and the bean stalk," when Cain, fairly crazy for some one to play with, never perfectly well there was one on the plantation? As day by day Cain brought home things in his hands about which to ask questions that no mortal could answer, how grateful his bewildered parents must have been that he had no pockets in which to transport his collections. For many generations came into the fair young world, got into no end of trouble, and died out of it, before a boy's pocket solved the problem how to make the thing contained seven times greater than the container. The only thing that saved Adam and Eve from interrogational insanity was the paucity of language. If little Cain had possessed the verbal abundance of the language in which men are to-day talked to death, his father's bald head would have come down in shining flight to the ends of the earth to escape him, leaving Eve to look after the stock, save the crop, and raise her boy as best she could. Which would have been 6,000 years ago, as to-day, just like a man.

Because, it was no off hand, absent-minded work answering questions about things in those spacious old days, when there was crowds of room, and everything grew by the acre. When a placid, but exceedingly unanimous looking animal went by, producing the general effect of an eclipse, and Cain would shout, "Oh, look, pa! What's that?" the patient Adam, trying to see enough kitchen wood to last over Sunday, with a piece of flint, would have to pause and gather up words enough to say:— "That, my son? That is only a mastodon giganteus; he has a bad look, but a Christian temper." And then, presently:— "Oh, pop! pop! What's that over von?"

"It's only a paleotherium, mammalia pachydermata." "Oh, yes, thelicomeasterus. Oh, look, look at this 'un!" "Where, Cainny? Oh, that in the mud? That's only an acephala lamelli branchiata. It won't bite you, but you mustn't eat it. It's poison as politics." "Whee! See there! see, see, see! What's him?" "Oh, that? Looks like a plesiosaurus; keep out of his way; he has a jaw like your mother." "Oh, yes; a plesiosaurus. And what's that fellow, poppy?" "That's a slirus malaperus. Don't go near him, for he has the disposition of a Georgia mule." "Oh, yes; a slapterus. And what's that little one?" "Oh, it's nothing but an aristolochi rid. Where did you get it? There now, quit throwing stones at that acanthoperyglan; do you want to be kicked? Keep away from the nothodentrichomanoidea. My stars, Eve! where did we get that anonaco-hydrocharideo-nymphaeoid? Do you never look after him at all? Here, you Cain, get right down from there, and chase that megalosarius out of the melon patch, or I'll set the monopleuru branchian on you."

Just think of it, Christian man with a family to support, with last year's stock on your shelves, and a draft as long as a clothes-line to pay to-morrow! Think of it, woman, with all a woman's love and constancy, and a mother's sympathetic nature, with three meals a day 365 times a year to think of, and the flies to chase out of the sitting-room; think if your cherub boy was the only boy in the wide, wide world, and all his questions which now radiate in a thousand directions among other boys, who tell him lies and help him to cut his eye teeth, were focused upon you! Adam had only one consolation that has been denied his more remote descendants. His boy never belonged to a baseball club, and never teased his father from the first of November till the last of March for a pair of skates.

Well, you have no time to pity Adam. You have your own boy to look after. Or, your neighbor has a boy, whom you can look after much more closely than his mother does, and much more to your own satisfaction than to the boy's comfort. Your boy is, as Adams boy was, an animal that asks questions. If there is any truth in the old theory of the transmigration of souls,

when a boy died he would pass into an interrogation point and he'd stay there. He'd never get out of it; for he never gets through asking questions. The older he grows the more he asks, and the more perplexing the questions are, and the more unreasonable he is about wanting them answered it suit himself. Why, the oldest boy I ever knew—he was fifty-seven years old and I went to school to him—could and did ask the longest, hardest, crookedest questions, that no fellow, who used to trade off all his books for a pair of skates and a knife with a corkscrew in it, could answer. And when his questions were not answered to suit him, it was his custom—a custom more honored in the breeches, we used to think, than in the observance—to take up a long slender but exceedingly tenacious red which lay ever near the big dictionary, and smite with it the boy whose naturally derived Adamite ignorance was made manifest. Ah me, if the boy could only do as he is done by, and forgive the man or woman, who fails to reply to his inquiries, as he himself corrected for similar shortcomings, what a vale of tears, what a literally howling wilderness he could and would make of this world.

Your boy, asking to-day pretty much the same questions, with heaven knows how many additions; ones, that Adam's boy did, is told, every time he asks one that you don't know any thing about, just as Adam told Cain fifty times a day, that he will know all about it when he is a man. So from the days of Cain down to the present wicked generation of boys, the boy ever looks forward to the time when he will be a man and know everything. That happy, far away, omniscient, unattainable manhood, which never comes to your boy; which would never come to him if he lived a thousand years; manhood, that like boyhood, ever looks forward from day to day to the morrow; still peering into the future for brighter light and broader knowledge; day after day, as its world opens before it, stumbling upon ever new and unsolved mysteries; manhood, whose wisdom is folly and whose light is often darkness, and whose knowledge is self-ignorance; manhood, that so often looks over its shoulder and glances back toward boyhood, when its knowledge was at least always equal to its day; manhood, that after groping for years through tangled labyrinths of falling human theories and tottering human wisdom, at last only rises to sublimity of childhood, only reaches the grandeur of boyhood and accepts the grandest, eternal

truth of the universe, truths that it does not comprehend, truths that it cannot by searching find out, accepting and believing them with the simple, unquestioning faith of childhood in Truth itself. And now, your boy, not entirely ceasing to ask questions, begins to answer them, until you stand amazed at the breadth and depth of his knowledge. He asks questions and gets answers of teachers that you and the school board know not of. Day by day, great unprinted books, upon the broad pages of which the hand of nature has traced characters that only a boy can read, are spread out before him. He knows now where the first snowdrop lifts its tiny head, a pearl on the bosom of the barren earth, in the spring; he knows where the last Indian pink lingers, a flame in the brown and rustling words in the autumn days. His pockets are cabinets, from which he frags curious fossils that he does not know the names of; monstrous and hideous beetles and bugs and things that you never saw before, and for which he has appropriate names of his own. He knows where there are three orioles' nests, and so far back as you can remember you never saw an orioles' nest in your life. He can tell you how to distinguish the good mushroom from the poisonous ones, and how he ever found out, except by eating both kinds, is a mystery to his mother. Every root, bud, leaf, berry or bark, that will make any bitter, horrible, semi-poisonous tea, reputed to have marvelous medicinal virtues, he knows where to find, and in the season he does find, and brings home, and all but sends the entire family to the cemetery by making practical tests of his tea.

(to be Continued.)

Seems as if consumption always picks out the brightest and best. Fully one-sixth of all the deaths that occur in the world are caused by consumption. Many things were once considered impossible. It would be strange if medical science did not make some progress. The telegraph and telephone, the phonograph, the electric light—all were once impossible, and once it was impossible to cure consumption. That was before the time of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. Taken according to directions, the standard remedy will cure 98 per cent. of all cases of consumption. Consumption is caused and fostered by impurity in the blood. It is cured by purity and richness in the blood—surely, certainly cured by the "Medical Discovery." It builds up solid healthy flesh and vigorous strength.

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An Old Woman's Cure For Dyspepsia.

"The most remarkable thing that has ever occurred to me in my earthly career," said Eugene McKelvey, "occurred some years ago when I was afflicted with dyspepsia. I had a bad case, I assure you. Oh, I was all broke up. Food was disgusting. I had no appetite, and I just walked around looking for some place to lay down and die. Some time passed, and I grew worse. I saw myself a physical wreck, and try as I might I simply couldn't revive appetite nor ambition. Finally I ran into an old woman, a kind of witch I guess—old women are always witches when they dress in faded garments and predict to you—who said that I would get well if I should go to a certain farm and three times a day cast an ear of corn to a white pig and then listen to it eat. I do not believe in such rites; but, dear me, I was so sick that I was willing to try anything.

"So I bought a white pig, secured a pen for it within the mentioned farm limits, and daily made three journeys with an ear of corn that I threw in and then watched the pig eat. Well, do you know the sound of that pig crunching and sucking those corn grains made me hungry. Oh, I enjoyed the sensation so much. It made me ravenous. When I returned from my walk I wanted to eat. So I continued visiting the white pig and eating three good meals a day until I was myself again and as healthy as I am now. I don't care to understand the whyness of it now. I am only too glad to be well."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Getting a Dead Man Out of a Hotel.

"I was stopping at the United States hotel in New York several years ago," said Mr. William I. Montague, "and while there formed a very pleasant acquaintance with the chief clerk. We were chatting one afternoon when a bellboy came to him and stated the man in No. 26 was dead. He had been ailing for some time and had probably died of what doctors now call heart failure. The hotel was full of guests, and how to remove the man without arousing their suspicions was a puzzling question. The deceased had a sister living on Thirty-first street, and it was decided to carry the body to her home. A hack was called, and two of the stoutest porters were called upon to dress the body in everyday costume, and with one on each side walk him down stairs as if he was in a rambling state of intoxication. Everything worked to perfection, and in a half hour the dead body had been seated in the hack and driven away, none of the guests being the wiser for what had happened."—St. Louis Republic.

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