**50 Years Headache.**

Waterloo, Ind., R. R. 1, Sept. 1, 1910.
I had been suffering from nervous headache for 50 years, since I was 15 years old; the pain increased with my age. I could not go to any place without headaches. Have tried different medicines but since taking Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic the headaches ceased. I keep the Tonic always on hand, cannot praise it too highly. If anybody should doubt the genuineness of this letter, he can write to me.
Charles Erwin.

For several years was Mr. Joe Byrns, Litchfield, Ky., troubled with sleeplessness and nervousness, his memory and intellectual power were getting dull. He was benefited greatly through Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic, as it lessens the pain and quiets the nerves and gives him healthy sleep. He feel therefore thankful to the Lord for the wonderful remedy.

**FREE** A Valuable Book on Nervous Diseases and a Sample bottle to any address. Free postpaid. Also gives the medicine first Prepared by the Rev. Herman Koenig, of Fort Wayne, Ind., about 1875, and now by the

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## THE GOOD OLD DAYS.

**Even the World's Most Ancient Book Laments That They Have Fled.**

A priceless manuscript of eighteen pages, found in an Egyptian monument and published in facsimile in France about the year 1847, is thought to be the oldest book in the world.

Procured at Thebes by Prisse d'Avennes and presented by him to the national library at Paris, it is usually called the "Papyrus Prisse," from the name of the donor. As the manuscript was found in a monument of the eleventh dynasty, it must be anterior to the shepherd kings and therefore older by many centuries than the time of Moses—older even than the date usually assigned to Abraham—and so of all existing books it would be the most ancient. The words of every page, though believed to have been written 4,000 years ago, are intensely black to this day and in a bold, round hand.

By a curious irony this echo from the very childhood of the world laments the good old times that had passed away. The author, who was a prince of the royal blood, gives warning to the young and declares that the words of ancient wisdom should be the daily food of children and grown men alike. Humility and obedience he makes to be the foundation of all virtue.—Christian Science Monitor.

## PATTI STOOD PAT.

**The Diva Wouldn't Cut Her Rates, but Suggested an Alternative.**

Patti once was waited upon at her hotel by a famous minstrel magnate, Colonel J. H. Haverly, whose ambition had been aroused to secure the diva for a concert tour under his direction. Madame received him most graciously, and the two began discussing the details.

"May I ask your terms for fifty nights, Mme. Patti?" Haverly asked.

"For concert or for opera?" the diva asked.

"For concert," Haverly replied.

"Four thousand a night, or $200,000 for fifty nights, one-half to be deposited on signing the contract," was Patti's deliberate response.

Haverly tried to appear composed, but it was too much of an effort.

"Two hundred thousand for fifty nights! Heavens, madame, that is just four times as much as we pay our president of the United States!" he cried.

"Well," the divine one answered, "why don't you get the president to sing for you?"

Haverly fled.—Robert Grau in Musical America.

**Seeing Is Doubting.**

"Seeing is believing, eh?" said an oculist. "Well, no saw was ever more absurd than that. You see a horse's head and a flour barrel, and you believe the barrel is longer than the horse's head, don't you? Well, it isn't. The horse's head from the tips of his ears to the end of his nose is longer than the barrel by a considerable distance. Architects have to deceive the eye in order to make it appear that their buildings are symmetrical. They make walls lean in that they may appear vertical. They make windows wider at the top. They make columns thicker in the middle than at the summit or base. And the top lines of a building, in order to appear plumb to the silly eye of man, must be raised up quite a lot in the center.

"Seeing is believing, indeed!"—Cincinnati Enquirer.

**Apple Pie Without Apples.**

A guest at an old fashioned home dinner was eulogizing apple pie and her hostess when another guest, who had been a California pioneer, recalled the "apple" pie given the children of 1852 to appease their homesick cravings when apples were a dollar a pound. It was made by breaking four soda crackers into an earthern bowl and pouring over them a pint of cold water rendered very tart by citric acid. When soft the crackers were laid on a pie plate on the undercrust. Over them were sifted two tablespoonfuls of light brown sugar and a little allspice and cinnamon. A pretty perforated top crust was added, and in a few minutes a perfect apple pie was taken from the oven to delight young and old.—New York Sun.

**The Difference in Speed.**

The professor of shorthand in a local business college adduced this unanswerable argument in an address to a new class the other day:

"We are told that it took Gray, author of the well known 'Elegy in a Country Churchyard,' seven years to write that famous poem. If he had known stenography he could have done it in seven minutes. We have graduates who have done that same poem in that length of time."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

**He Would Indeed.**

"What's this word, pa?" asked Willie, pointing it out in his book.

"Phenomenon," replied pa.

"Well, what is that?"

"That, my son, is exactly what you would be if you never disturbed your father with questions."—Catholic Standard and Times.

**Disappointed.**

Mr. X.—Oh, I've been doing quite a round of calls, and I've been so unfortunate! Mrs. X.—What, everybody out? Mr. X.—No; everybody in!—London Opinion.

Indigestion causes more aches and pains than all other ailments.—Babcock.

## PAINTED HIS PORTRAIT.

**His Wife Was the Artist, and the Result Wasn't Flattering.**

A suburbanite but lately married went out to post a letter, and as the lamps had not been lit in the road in which he dwelt he could only dimly see his way. A short distance up the road he met, as he thought, his wife, who had been out to tea, and as he went past he just whispered:

"All right, my dear; I shall be with you in a minute."

Immediately after he had said these words he saw the lady turn a startled look upon him and then hurry away, and the horrible idea occurred to him that it was not his wife at all and that in the darkness he had made a mistake. He decided to say nothing about the matter and quickly disappeared.

When he returned home he found his wife waiting for him, and she at once greeted him with the words:

"Oh, George, I have had such a frightful experience! I was just coming down the road when a man tried to stop me and said, 'All right, dear; I shall be with you in a minute.' I ran home, found you out, and I've been so much alarmed."

George was just about to explain when an idea came to him.

"What sort of man was it?" he asked.

"Oh," replied the young wife, "I saw him quite plainly, and a more villainous face I never beheld in my life. He was a perfect monster, with crime stamped upon every feature."

George decided it was best to say nothing after all.—London Tit-Bits.

## FIGHT SHY OF A RAT.

**Let the Rodent Escape Rather Than Run the Risk of a Bite.**

"Never attack a rat in a closed room," says an old warehouseman who has had a world of experience in dealing with rodents. "Open a door or window and give it a chance to get away. Even if you've got a dog to help you, you may be bitten if you don't. Rat bites are very dangerous. A rat eats all sorts of carrion and filth and then puts his dirty whiskers into anything else he wants to sample.

"Here's another idiosyncrasy of rats. They logically carry out the principle of the survival of the fittest. And they are not merely suffragettes or suffragists, but the females absolutely boss the rat tribe. The slightest token of physical weakness in the baby rat is the signal for death at the teeth of its mother. About five rats survive from a nest of ten or fifteen. The male rat will fight to save the little ones, but is invariably driven off by the ferocity of the mother. You never saw a rat yet that wasn't a perfect specimen. If the mothers did not have this trait the earth would be overrun with rats.

"Rats live and travel in colonies. The head of the group is always an old female rat. When I start to clean up a settlement of rats I lay for the head female rat. If I catch and kill her the others disappear."—New York Times.

**The Bear He Missed.**

Telling in his book of some hunting experiences near the north pole, Captain Sverdrup wrote: "Walruses and seals were harpooned and shot and also the large arctic hare, which seems to have contracted the peculiar habit of frequently running long distances on its hind legs. Hunting was not always easy, the atmosphere playing strange tricks with the eyesight, as witness the following account of the stalking of a bear: 'With the utmost caution, with his gun ready and his eye fixed inexorably on the bear, Bjelke advanced to the spot. Meanwhile the bear sat wagging its head, but keeping a good lookout, it appeared, for when Sehlel had come some twenty steps nearer it rose and flew away. It flew as well as any bird, which, after all, was not remarkable, for it was a glaucous gull.'"

**Helping Her Out.**

A young lady boarder in a country household lamented the absence of letters. Catching little Melba, the pet of the household, up in her arms, she said:

"Precious, nobody loves me; I guess I'll go out in the garden and eat worms."

The next day Miss Alice was interrupted by a low knocking at the door. In answer to her summons Melba entered, grasping a large chip carefully in both hands. The child said:

"Miss Alice, dad postman not bring you any letter; here's free big worms. Now you won't have to go out in the garden.—Los Angeles Times.

**A Splurge Anyhow.**

"So you employed the most expensive soloists you could find for your musical!"

"Yes," replied Mr. Cumrox. "Mother and the girls insisted on it. I don't know whether their idea was to show that we do care for art or that we don't care for money."—Washington Star.

**Important.**

"You seem anxious lately, in love?"

"You've guessed it."

"Trying to get up nerve enough to propose?"

"No; trying to get up nerve enough to ask my boss for a salary raise."—Washington Herald.

**But He Probably Did.**

"Father," said the youth according to a writer in the Boston Transcript, "I have decided to become an artist. Have you any objection?"

"No, provided you don't draw on me."

**Frequently the Inquiry Is Made**

as to why the spelling tsar, to designate the emperor of all the Russias, should be preferred to czar. The most natural and obvious answer is that the spelling indicates the Russian pronunciation of the word, which czar does not. The title comes from an old Slavonic word, which some authorities are agreed is not derived from the Latin caesar, but the more authorities who hold that the ultimate derivation is from the Roman. The origin of the common spelling is supposed to be the writings of Herberstein, about 1530. The letter "s" in Roman-Slavonic has the sound of "s." The letter was copied, but the sound was not. The letter "z" never belonged in the word. The spelling czar is now regarded by many as old fashioned. With some Germans the spelling is zar, which is pronounced tsar. Many of the French have adopted tsar as the spelling, and that form is increasing in English. The London Times, a most careful authority, employs it, and so does the Encyclopedia Britannica in its supplementary volumes.—Chicago Record-Herald.

**The Green Constable.**

A new constable on duty in a provincial town handed to a sergeant a shilling which he said he had found. The man with the three stripes told him he was quite right in acting as he had done. Proceeding on his round the sergeant met a brother sergeant and, with a grin, told him the tale of the shilling. They both agreed the new recruit was very green, and at the conclusion of their duties they went to the nearest inn, and the possessor of the coin called for two drinks. On receiving them he threw down the shilling to pay for them, but the landlord refused it, saying it was a bad one. The sergeant, gloriously mean, had to supply the requisite amount out of his own pocket and also to put up with the laugh against himself. On his telling the constable his find was a bad one the man answered: "Yes, of course it was. Do you think I would have been silly enough to give it to you if it hadn't been?"—Pearson's.

**An Honor to Allison.**

"Do you know," inquired Wilbur Ramey, the New York portrait painter, "that when my painting of Senator Allison was hung in the lobby of the senate the precedent of forty years was broken?"

Surprise being expressed, Mr. Ramey explained:

"It is a fact that since the beginning of constitutional government the senate had bought only nine portraits for the lobby. The first was Washington's and the eighth was Charles Sumner's. For almost forty years nobody was considered worthy to follow in the distinguished line. It was generally thought that no other portrait would ever be added to the group, but when Senator Allison died, after serving longer in the senate than any other man in the history of the government, the rule was broken, and his picture became the ninth."—Washington Times.

**German Bureaucracy.**

A good story is going the rounds of the French newspapers illustrating the beauties of bureaucratic government in Germany. We are told that in the postoffice department if a clerk wishes a new pencil he has to hand in the stump of the one that has become too short to work with. In the particular instance cited a clerk received his new pencil without returning the end. Before the omission was discovered the clerk was transferred to another office. Just after he had commenced his duties at his new post he received an official intimation that he had neglected to hand in his pencil end. By this time it had disappeared, but to prevent bother the clerk purchased a new pencil, cut off a piece about the length of the missing bit and dispatched it to the stationery department.

**Criticising Dad.**

"An old man in Missouri tried to commit suicide by hanging himself with a blind bridle," said Champ Clark. "His son cut him down just in time.

"When the son cut him down and brought him to the old man recovered feebly.

"'It ain't right, Henry, for you to cut your old father out of heaven.'

"'You'd cut a fine figure in heaven looking through a blind bridle, wouldn't you?' retorted the son."

**Doubtful Joke.**

"Didn't you think that was a severe fall she took on the ice?" inquired Arthur.

"What girl, my dearest?"

"Why, she was with us when you met us in front of the theater."

"Was there a girl there? I never didn't notice. I was looking at you. And then she loved you all the more."

**She Agreed.**

Spinks—What made him so mad?

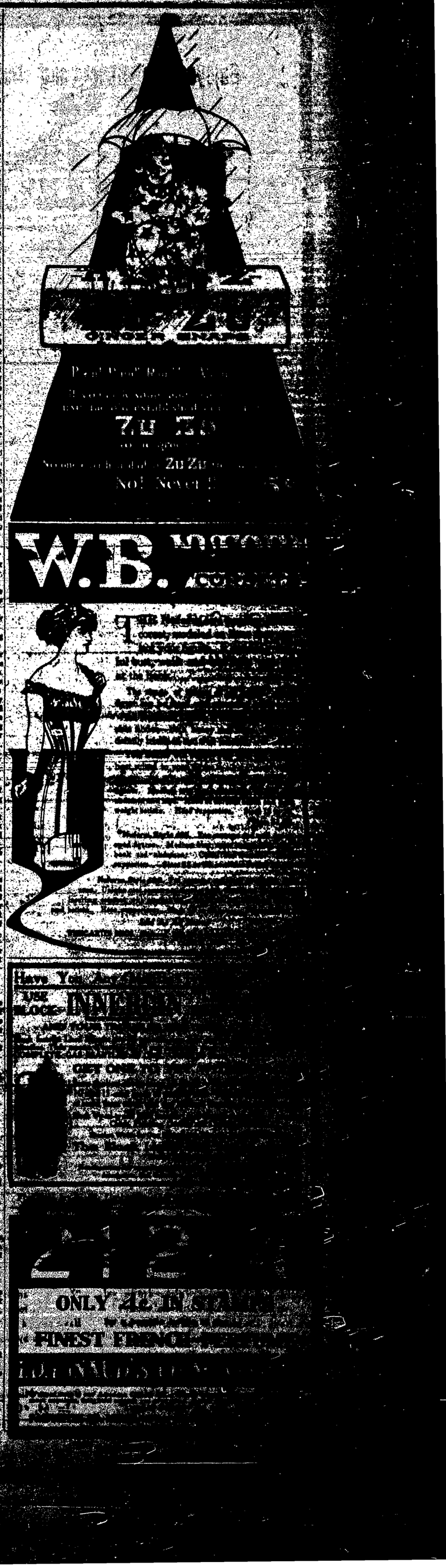
Winks—He told his wife she had no judgment, and she just looked him over critically from head to foot and said she was beginning to realize it.

**Knows Better Now.**

Teacher—Tommy, you should have known better than to fight with that Williams boy. Tommy—I know, ma'am, but I thought I could lick him.—Hearth and Home.

**Gave Her Proof.**

"Do you believe, sir, that the dead ever walk after death?"

"The dead? Of course. I have heard the dead march."

It is a misfortune to be born to wealth, but one's health is a personal matter, upon his arrival.—Louisville Courier-Journal.