

THE HUMAN BODY.

Composition of the House in Which Man's Spirit Abides.

The foundation of the human body is composed of 208 bones, covered by 522 voluntary muscles. The smaller blood vessels are so numerous as to be beyond the telling, but we have no fewer than about 1,000 arteries through which the blood is always flowing under the government of the heart.

The blood is composed of two constituents, termed by physiologists red and white corpuscles, numbering some thousands of millions.

Our house has something like 600 tiny telegraph wires, called nerves, connected with the brain and spinal cord, and these little wires are always throbbing with messages which they telegraph to the main office—the brain. Besides these there are the sympathetic wires, or nerves, numbered by thousands, which help the former.

The front of our house, the skin, has been measured up and found, if spread out, to cover fifteen square feet.

The ventilation scheme by which we get our fresh air is built of such fine porous stuff that, if spread out, it would be found to cover a stretch of land big enough to contain a fifteen roomed house. We refer to the lungs which have hundreds of millions of air cells.

To every square inch of the palm of the hand are 2,500 pores, while the number of sweat glands in the skin generally is 2,500,000. Their function is to deposit secretions upon the skin; hence the necessity of a daily tub to wash this stuff away, otherwise it clogs the sweat glands and prevents their proper working.

SUNSTROKE.

Properly Speaking, It Should Be Called Heat Apoplexy.

What is called "sunstroke," the effect of great heat, should be "heat apoplexy." The misnomer leads the multitude to suppose that death from it is caused through being struck down by exposure to a special malevolence of the sun's rays. This is not so, for patients are with equal frequency found in houses and barracks and tents and at night as well as day and, whether in sun or shade, are generally those whose health is debilitated by dissipation, disease and overfatigue, and the evidences from all parts of the world show that exposure to intense sun rays is less to be feared in dry countries than in countries where the temperature is much lower, but the atmosphere is moist, and perspiration is consequently retarded.

People suffer more from a temperature of 87 degrees F. at Brussels than at 122 degrees F. at Cairo, owing to the moist air of the first and the extreme dryness of the air in the latter city.

The inhabitants of the eastern coasts of the United States bear with amazement of temperatures from 118 to 128 degrees F. being tolerated in the dry regions of Arizona and South Colorado without harm and that the ordinary avocations of farm and factory are pursued without inconvenience. This is due to the cooling effect of rapid evaporation from the surface of the body, and hence the sun's malignancy is unknown.—London Mail.

Family Crests in England.

She had discovered the family crest and was having a die made for her letter paper.

"You'd have to pay \$5 a year to use this crest on your stationery if you were English," said the stationer. "There is in England a tax of \$5 a year on all who sport a crest."

"So few people are entitled to a crest, though," she said, "I shouldn't think such a tax would bring in the English government much money."

"The tax brings in \$250,000 a year," replied the stationer. "There are 50,000 English with crests on their stationery."

The Marriage Knot.

A good deal is heard of the "marriage knot," but very few of us realize that the knot was ever anything more than a figure of speech. Among the Babylonians tying the knot was part of the marriage ceremony, says Home Chat. The priest took a thread from the garment of the bride and another from that of the bridegroom and tied them into a knot, which he gave to the bride, thus symbolizing the binding nature of the union which now existed between herself and her husband.

Highland Deaths.

Pennant in his "Tour of Scotland" tells that on the death of a highlander, the corpse being stretched on a board and covered with a coarse linen wrapper, the friends placed a wooden platter on the breast of the deceased containing a small quantity of salt and earth, separate and unmixed—the earth an emblem of the corruptible body, the salt an emblem of the immortal spirit.

The Speculator's Progress.

Graball—So you sent your boy around the globe for a little trip, eh? I heard he was dabbling some in stocks? Ritchie—Dabbling? He probably was—at first, but when I discovered his predicament he was floundering in them—Puck.

A Man of Ability.

Tomson—Johnson has no ability of any kind. Jackson—No ability? Nonsense. Why, he can ask you for a loan in such a way that you thank your lucky stars for the opportunity to accommodate him.—London Tit-Bits.

Used to It.

Mrs. Knicker—Weren't you frightened when the bull bellowed at you on account of your new dress? Mrs. Bocker—No. It was exactly the way Henry behaved when he got the bill.

FREE TO CHILDREN ONLY.

A pretty little Xmas book entitled, "A Wonder Book," 10 pages of reading matter, with illustrated colored pictures. It's sure to please the little ones, so bring them with you and they will be given one.

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ROWE'S DEPARTMENT STORE, HAMPTON, VA.

THE AMERICAN PERIL:

How Older Countries View the Rise of the United States.

The American peril?

Is the great American nation one of those mighty empires which have risen in the world now and then, dwarfing all other organizations of society?

This question is of immense import to Europe. Within the last few years an enormous literature has grown up around the subject. Among modern sociologists none speaks with greater authority than Guglielmo Ferrero. Long and scientifically he has studied our country; his opinion of the present, his forecast of the future, represent the best European thought upon the destinies of the United States. To many it will seem an exaggeration of our greatness; to others it will show an undue distrust of democracy; but, in any case, it is the word of a scientific historian—of a man who is looking for the truth. Neither wealth nor science can change the laws that govern the growth of nations. For Signor Ferrero the United States stands today in the position of the Roman Empire in the days of Augustus. He pictures an America which is bound to go the Roman way, increasing in power, draining incalculable wealth from that orient which enriched Rome, forced in spite of hereditary democratic ideals to make itself strong by land and sea in order to hold its own and guard its world wide trading flag, overshadowing the huge modern world as Rome did the little civilization of the Mediterranean.

After calm reflection and in a cold, scientific way, the thinkers and statesmen of old Europe predict for the new world this visionary future, and brooding over it they seem to be in the very shadow of the peril. The practical American, as he drops from the tail end of a street car and goes about his business, may not realize that Europe sees in him the terrible fellow who is to go swaggering down the way of the world, taking the wall of every one, in the good old Roman fashion; but so it is. He is—even when he wheels the baby abroad—an eighty-millionth part of the great American peril, in which fact he may find a certain measure of satisfaction.—Vance Thompson in Munsey's.

SAINT OF THE COOKS.

A Queen of the Culinary Art Who Lived in Genoa.

Santa Zita, as the patron saint of the cooks is named, lived, it appears at Genoa and was there canonized. She could, so runs the legend, cook better than any chef within 300 miles of the town, which, we all know, is noted for its wonderful soups and dumplings though of course in the latter indigestible article of food outrivaled by Vienna, since it is one of the chief articles in the religion of gastronomy that it is only in the kaiserstadt that the "globe" is in perfection. Santa Zita was, it seems, not less famous for her piety than for cooking and was a constant attendant at the cathedral during high mass.

One day, however, she fell into a trance, so called—though, in plain English, a good, sound sleep—and quite forgot that she had to produce an exceptionally fine dinner for a large company. On awakening she hurried forth from the sacred edifice in a way which was far indeed from her wont, but on reaching the kitchen what was her surprise and delight to find a party of cherub celestials busy cooking the required dinner. She did not interfere, but was at first not unwilling to accept the praise which was lavished on her culinary success. She soon repented, however, and told the world the truth about the spiritual and miraculous help she had received, and it was agreed of all sides that she deserved to be canonized. Accordingly she became Santa Zita.—London Queen.

Avoiding the Doctor.

Dr. Sanderson, an old Scotch physician, was a queer character, but a clever doctor.

So roughly did he handle his patients that the ignorant were chiefly anxious to escape him. The story goes that as he was passing along the street one day a sweep rolled from the top to the bottom of a staircase outside one of the houses.

"Are you hurt?" called the doctor, running forward.

"Not a bit, doctor—not a bit," replied the man in haste. "Indeed, I feel a' the better."

Messenger at Home.

Jones declined to visit the zoo with his friend, says London Health. "I don't have to go to the zoo," he said, "because my eldest daughter does the kangaroo walk, my second daughter talks like a parrot, my son laughs like a hyena, my cook is as cross as a bear and my mother-in-law says I'm an old gopilla."

FORGET YOURSELF.

No One Can Grow While His Thoughts Are Self-Centered.

Forget yourself. You will never do anything great until you do. Self-consciousness is a disease with many. No matter what they do, they can never get away from themselves. They become warped upon the subject of self analysis, wondering how they look, how they appear, what others will think of them and how they can enhance their own interests. In other words, every thought and every effort seems to focus upon self; nothing radiates from them.

No one can grow while his thoughts are self centered. The sympathies of the man who thinks only of himself are soon dried up. Self-consciousness acts as a paralysis to all expansion, strangles enlargement, kills aspiration, cripples executive ability. The mind which accomplishes things looks out, not in; it is focused upon its object, not upon itself.

The immortal acts have been unconsciously performed. The greatest prayers have been the silent longings, the secret yearnings of the heart, not those which have been delivered facing a critical audience. The daily desire is the perpetual prayer, the prayer that is heard and answered.—Success.

What the Blind See.

"I can always tell when people are looking at me," said a blind man. "Indeed, nearly all blind persons can tell when people are looking at them. I have always about me a soft golden glow of light. When people whom I like come into my presence this glow becomes paler, lovelier. When those I dislike are about the glow is darkened and besmirched. I can tell what kind of characters people have by the touch of their hands. There is individuality in the touch. A man's touch shows me whether he is alert or sluggish, cool or passionate kind or cruel."

The Prim Dutch Girl.

The etiquette of Holland is exceedingly strict in all classes. The young girl is most carefully chaperoned, and she never goes anywhere, even to church, unless accompanied by her parents, some male relative or other equally trusted attendant. At a dance the parents sit round the walls sipping their coffee or wine, and the young men must make the best of their chances in the opportunities afforded by the dance, for when it pleases the guardians to depart there is no help for it, the girls must go too. An unmarried girl always takes the right arm of her escort, while the matron takes the left, perhaps because it is nearer the heart.

Wood Stoves to Close at greatly reduced prices at RANSONE HARDWARE CO.

The tramp is faced this winter at every turn by men, offering him employment. He considers this the worst winter he has ever known.—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Guns from \$3.75 up at RANSONE HARDWARE CO.

The progress of the age is shown by the fact that no first class highway man now thinks of working without an automobile.—Washington Star.

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"Living Picture of Christmas Gifts"

We established the reputation for low prices several years ago and right here let us again remind you that a dollar will always go a little further at Tignor's than at any store on the Virginia peninsula at Christmas times.

Some Good Gifts Here

Dolls—the Handwerck—they almost talk to you and even are so saucy that they flirt with the children by winking their eyes.

Automobile wagons, the rubber tire wagons, the usual runabout wagons, and they range in price from 25c to \$7.50.

- Velocipedes, Hobby-horses, Mechanical Engines,
- Soldier Suits, Trains—all kinds, Children's Desks,
- Wheelbarrows, Steam Engines, Magic Lanterns,
- Drums—in every grade, Baby Go-Carts—from 25c to \$5
- Games—in every conceivable character.

Toy furniture, including everything to fit out the child's house.

Air rifles—from the highest to the cheapest.

Doll Beds, Pictures, Tables, Toilet Articles, Picture Cards, Books, Pencils, Crayons.

There are so many attractive articles here for the older folks that in our limited space we cannot mention.

You will receive a cordial welcome in our store at all times and you can have the gifts laid aside now to be delivered at your pleasure.

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