The Karoo Wanderjahr.

Charlie Jenkins had resolved to see life. He was tired of the monotony of his father's farm on the Great Karoo where for twenty years he had led a placid existence disturbed only by locusts and hailstorms, enlivened at times by visits from stolid Dutch farmers. Old Mr. Jenkins had come out from home and built up a competency after years of struggle in South Africa. He was content now to sit among his flocks to watch his ostriches and his angora goats, and to pass his old age in peace. And Mrs. Jenkins had no ideas about things beyond her own household. But Charlie wished to escape from the lethargy which hangs so heavy upon African farmers; he wanted to know something of the world. He was restless rather than ambitious, for his aspirations were vague.

And now he was bound to Kloofburg, and perhaps to places as great and wonderful as Port Elizabeth. He had been reading books that unsettled him, for curious waifs of literature penetrate to remote parts of Africa, and he had picked up some cant phrases about the necessity of a "Wanderjahr," for some people. He could no longer bear a life which was simple as that of the unthinking Hottentot herds on the farm. In Kloofburg he would meet men who knew the outer world.

It is curious that the mass of Afrikanders are so lazy and apathetic, for there is a mysterious influence in the scenery and the very atmosphere of their country that makes for restlessness. As Charlie cantered along the rough track he passed gaunt ironstone kopjes of fantastic shapes, fringed by clumps of prickly pear, whereon rock-rabbits basked impudently at the mouths of their holes; the noise of his horse's hoofs drove gay lizards scurrying into the low shrubs, and startled some stately secretary birds, who paced solemnly away in dignified security, conscious that they were under the protection of the law. Charlie rode on until, from a height, he saw the square tower of the Kloofburg Dutch Church enshrined in rows of Lombardy poplars. He was soon trotting down the dusty street past small iron-roofed houses. The place was lifeless enough. A few storekeepers in shirt sleeves lounged at the doors of their shops, and one or two drunken Hottentots were chattering round the well in the market square. He passed a square patch of sand, on which the ladies of the place, gorgeous in satin dresses, were playing croquet. A pompous little man, whom Charlie recognized as the postmaster, was strutting about for he had just got promotion, and as he had endeared himself to the local gossips by a habit of divulging telegrams, he was now being honored by a farewell tea at the hands of the Croquet Club. But Charlie rode on until he reached the principal hotel and, handing over his pony to a Kaffir groom, he passed on to the shady stoop, where one or two invalids were lying, languid, in deck chairs. The hotel was full, but Charlie found that he could share a bedroom with a young Englishman named Hickson. Hickson presently appeared; he was a tall, blase-looking man of about twenty-five ready enough to chat. He had seen several continents, and tried many trades. Like so many of the world's failures, he had come to South Africa, to try his luck afresh. Charlie's naivete seemed to amuse him, and he held forth to the young farmer on the unsatisfactoriness of life, telling him many new things, and nothing cheerful. He had seen life more thoroughly than Charlie could hope to see it, and the survey had, it seemed, brought him little pleasure.

After dinner most of the people went off to amateur theatricals, organized with the purpose of giving a new window to the diminutive English church. Jenkins would have gone to see this phase of life, but was disheartened by a ratlike man on the stoop, who was saying that he did not care to see people making asses of themselves. This was a storekeeper who disapproved of the drama because the stage manager had lately detected an inaccuracy in his account and had transferred his custom to another store. But, to Charlie, ignorant of these details, the man seemed to speak with a voice of authority.

And so he joined the knot of lounge men who considered the year wasted if they had not spent 365 evenings at a drinking bar. Now Charlie had always lived abstemiously, for his father, like many African farmers, kept no spirits in the house, thinking an occasional spree in Kloofburg more salutary than the presence of an insidious liquor in his dining-room. And soon he began to talk noisily with the others.

Hickson was holding forth upon suicide and praising prussic acid. Jenkins from a spirit of contradiction, advocated the superior merits of pistols. In such a jovial gathering the question seemed to be merely an academic one, and was soon dropped in favor of a discussion on sheep scab. As he had come to Kloofburg to escape from sheep and their ailments, Charlie was glad when men began to return from the theatricals.

The landlord of the inn, a jovial looking man, came into the bar with a banjo in his hand, and was greeted with cries of "Give us a tune, Jacky!" "Let's go and cheer up poor old Gordon," said a voice, and everyone assented. Gordon, Charlie learned, was an invalid in an advanced stage of consumption, whose cheerfulness had made him popular, and who had, pathetically enough, expressed a hope that his last night on earth would be a merry one. The whole gathering trooped into the little smoking room where Gordon ensconced in an arm chair. Jacky, the landlord, broke into a childish song with a banjo obligato. He had in his eventful career once been a public entertainer, but little talent remained except an air of assurance and an adroit handling of his instrument. Song succeeded song until at last a burly doctor, in the corner cried: "Won't you give someone else a chance Jacky?" The artistic temperament was wounded; the landlord rose, picked up his instrument, and bolted. Hickson volunteered a hunting song. Then there were cries for "Potgieter," and the ratlike storekeeper stood up, smirking and said: "I'm afraid I can't only give you a recitation, gentlemen, and I hope you'll tell me when you've had enough." So saying he started one of those melodramatic pieces endeared to the suburban drawing-room by spasmodic lady reciters. He had just come to the description of the cherubic child, which is inevitable in this kind of literature, when a sepulchral voice from the doctor's corner whispered: "That's enough!" But Potgieter was not to be daunted, and led his yawning audience to the point where the infant is run over by his mother on a bicycle. He sat down amid a storm of applause, broken by a proposal from the doctor, that they should all toss for drinks.

The room grew noisier. Charlie found himself beside a dilapidated soldier, who began to tell him thrilling tales of his Indian adventures, emphasizing the points with a shaky forefinger.

The room was full of smoke. Three men were singing at once, and their voices were hardly audible above the clink of glasses.

In the corner Gordon lay in his chair, pallid, fighting for breath.

Suddenly a report, as of some firearm, was heard, "What's that?" said the doctor. "Oh, I expect it's old Isaacs," some one replied, "trying to shoot an owl. There's an owl that comes round his house, but he always sees two owls, and he's sworn to shoot them both."

The revelry went on. Charlie's head began to ache, and the soldier's stories, which were steadily growing in strength, somewhat disgusted him. He rose and made his way to the bedroom. Hickson had for some time vanished from the smoking room, and Charlie called his name as he struck a match.

There was no answer, but the spluttering match revealed Hickson lying on his bed with his face to the wall. Charlie approached him, when he suddenly saw that the sleeping man's hand held a revolver. He bent to take the weapon away, but as he touched the hand a shiver passed over him. Hastily Charlie raised his candle to look at Hickson's face, but when he saw it he cried aloud and staggered back.

Two or three of the revelers came into the room. "Are you two fellows fighting?" one of them asked. But a look at the figure on the bed told him the truth. "My God!" he cried: "that was the shot we heard!"

The landlord came grumbling in. Such an event was bad for his house, he said. He seemed to be more annoyed than shocked. Charlie broke away from the crowd, now sobered and soon left the hotel behind. As he passed he heard Gordon's racking cough. Soon he was on the open veld. The distant kopjes looked grim and threatening in the moonlight. The harsh note of the night-locust jarred on his ear, and far away a jackal was howling. The splendor of the southern cross over his head seemed to him an irony of the heavens.

At early done Charlie rode home. His Wanderjahr was over.

SOME HOSPITAL STORIES.

Told by a Nurse in One of London's Larg Hospitals.

Extremely friendly and pleasing were were gypsies, and had been tramping the relations of one couple. They the country, sleeping anywhere they could, many a night beneath the open sky. The wife had broken her leg and had been brought to the hospital. A wiry little body she was, full of energy, and brown as a berry. Her dress was of the usual tramp order, gathered from many a source and presenting a somewhat travel-stained appearance.

On visiting day her husband came to see her. I told him which was her bed, and sent him over to her and paid no more attention to him. A minute or so afterwards he was back at my elbow.

"Well, what do you want? Why aren't you trying to comfort your wife?"

"She ain't here. nurse; leastways, I can't see her." I pointed to her bed, but he shook his head and looked round for her. I gazed at the man in blank amazement, and then suddenly it all dawned upon me, and I had much ado not to laugh aloud. The gypsy tramp did not recognize his tanned and weather-beaten fellow-wayfarer in the bonnie clean woman with neatly brushed hair who looked so bright and cheery in her scarlet bed-jacket; and his face was a perfect picture when I led him up to her bed. She recognized him, however, and, appreciating the transformation we had made in her appearance, entered heartily into the joke.

The daily care and good food had wrought a change in the woman which we, seeing her constantly, had not marked, but which seemed to disguise her to her husband.

Another episode, I remember, would have been amusing if the humor hadn't been so close to tragedy. One of our patients, a woman, was about to be discharged as recovered. She was an actress, and had been "made up" a good deal when she was first admitted to the hospital. Her hair was dyed, and the blush on her cleeks was not due to youth and health. Of course during her stay with us, she had been without any such artificial aids to youthful appearance. She had been handsome, but Time had long been her enemy, and there were inevitable wrinkles about the eyes and mouth. Just before leaving us she seemed very depressed, and one day she confided in me. She would have to seek an engagement, immediately she left the hospital. "But look at me," she said. "My face is an old woman's; no one would engage me as I am" And then her trouble came out. "I must 'make up,' if I am to get on at all, and I have no money to get the preparations." I couldn't feel it in my heart to scoff at the poor woman. Few of us can face the onslaughts of old age unmoved, and some of us cannot afford to suffer the ravages of time to betray themselves.

The woman's story got to the ears of some of the medical students, and it caught their sympathies. With characteristic kindliness they took the matter up, and the result of a "whip round" among doctors and students enabled the woman to leave the hospital with enough money, not only to procure her desired youth, but to equip her in a more substantial manner for renewing life's battle. In fact, she did make up before leaving our hospital care, and not a few of us have since had the delight of seeing her on the boards, as bright and vivacious as if she knew only half her tale of years.

DANGEROUS HEADACHE POWDERS.

It Is Necessary to Handle Them With Great Care.

A few weeks ago Dr. J. A. Harris, the Medical Officer of Chorley, England, had the police of that city procure some two dozen samples of "headache powders" from different chemists in that city, and had them submitted to a thorough analysis.

The results of the analysis, published in the last number of the British Medical Journal, show that in every case the quantity of the active ingredient was largely in excess of the maximum dose of the drug permitted by the British Pharmacopoeia.

These remedies belong to the class of the analgesics, the members of the group in common use for the purpose being acetanalid or phenylacetanide, phenazone and phenacetine or paraacet-phenetidin. The "headache powders" sold in this country are exactly similar to those sold in England.

Now, all these are drugs that it is necessary to handle with great care. A slight error of judgment with regard to dosage on the part of the clerk who mixes them or the consumption of too large a quantity of the "powders" by the person with a headache is sure to result in disastrous consequences.

These substances depress the action of the heart and have a tendency to diminish the force of respiration. The person will likely fail to detect himself the injury the drug causes him, for in getting rid of his headache he is apt to overlook the fatigue which is sure to come upon him after taking the powder. This he may attribute to "the last kick of the headache," when it is really the greater injury of his system by the deadly poison.

Legislation is necessary to put an end to this practice of selling poisons to the public under fanciful names. If nothing else can be done about it at present, a regulation should be made that no druggist should be allowed to sell "headache powders" unless he has previously labelled them "poison," just as carbolic acid is labelled.

A BAD MOVE.

Don't you speak to Miss Sharply any more, Miss Elderly?

Indeed I do not, and what's more, I never will again. She had the impudence to send me thirty-six roses on my thirty-fifth birthday.

THE FUTURE OF AFRICA.

WHAT THE ANGLO-SAXON RACE IS DOING THERE.

Another Continent Soon to Be Controlled By Them—How England Is Securing All That Is Good of Africa—The Railroad From Egypt to the Lake.

It seems only yesterday that public attention was centered on Cuba. Then it shifted to China. Now it is fixed on Africa. Gen. Kitchener has swept all before him at Omdurman. Gordon is avenged. With the masterly hand of a genius, Kitchener has moved persistently forward. After Omdurman, he advances without delay and challenges the French claims in the Lower Soudan. He orders Marchand and Liotard to evacuate Fashoda, bringing the Anglo-French dispute to a crisis. In the south, Cecil Rhodes makes the wonderful claim that he will build a railroad from Cairo to Cape Town. For the next fifty years nation building promises to center in "Darkest Africa," says a London letter.

The story of Africa as she is to-day is the oft-repeated story of British brains, and British sand; the story of that greatest element in he Anglo-Saxon character, its colonizing faculty. The fight for territory here is between England and France—and England wins, as she has always won. Look at the map of Africa. In actual area France holds the most. Her flag flies over 3,000,000 square miles, while England's control covers only 2,000,000. But England makes up in quality her lack in quantity. Roughly speaking, the continent is divided into three parts: 1. A great low area in the north; 2, an immense table-land extending from the Sahara Desert, southward through the continent; 3, the mountainous region along the coast, the passageway to this table land. The first, Desert of Sahara, is for France; the second,

THE MEAT OF THE CONTINENT,

is for England; the third—a sort of rind—belongs for the most part to Portugal and Germany.

The principal rivers, lakes and harbors belong mostly to England. The only first-class harbor not under English control is Delagoa Bay, and on this the British lion has fixed a gaze which means that he will not be denied. France has the Upper Niger; Leopold of Belgium holds a part of the Congo River. England holds the rest of the navigable waterways. English gunboats patrol the lakes. The Congo Free State and Germany jointly hold Lake Tanganyika. But Lake Nyassa — the lakes of the Zambese—the lakes of the Upper Nile and Lake Tchad—are controlled by the government at London.

But England has the fertile valley of the Nile, which, after frightful mismanagement by the Egyptians and years of recuperation by the English, is now holding its own. She has the rich country of the Uganda and the surrounding provinces of British East Africa. She has Cape Colony, with its farming lands and its ranches. And lastly, she has the richest part of that Golconda of the world, the diamond and gold fields of South Africa.

There is one more fact about England's territory, and an important one, because its bears directly on the real road of Cecil Rhodes' imagination. The sweeping victory of Kitchener will now warrant us in calling the Soudan Egyptian—and therefore British territory. A glance at the map will show a straight line of England's territory from Cairo to Cape Town, with but one break. The waving of the Union Jack through all those 5000 miles of territory is prevented only by a narrow strip of 540 miles. That land was taken by an Englishman, but unfortunately, acting under the Belgian flag. Had Englaand stood back of Stanley, had she listened to his pleadings, and not driven him to Leopold, of Belgium, there would have been

AN UNBROKEN LINE

of English territory to-day through the centre of Africa, from the Mediterranean to the Cape of Good Hope. The Congo Free State makes the single break. Stanley found it. Belgium has established a protectorate. Still the obstacle can be overcome. Leopold is working in entire accord with England's policy of "the open door" in all trade matters. He will place no obstruction to any plans that will lead to development and civilization.

The value of Egypt commercially lies in the Nile. The rising of the river and the consequent fertilization of the land renders two and sometimes three crops a year possible. This gives an immense agricultural output. The Soudan is immensely fertile, and when once under control will play an important part in the world's wheat supply.

South of the Soudan, extending in a south-east direction to the coast, is British East Africa. It includes Uganda, high, fertile land, with a superb climate, the lakes of the Upper Nile and the Island of Zanzibar and Pemba. The exports are the usual ones — ivory, gems, rubber, etc.

South of British East Africa lies the Congo Free State and German East Africa. Below these comes British Central Africa. This tract of land is situated along the west shore of Lake Nyassa. The area is 300,000 square miles, in which the process of development is just starting. Roads have been built, farming has been carried on, yet the grea tbulk of the territory is little known.

IN WEST AFRICA.

England holds control of the Lower Niger, and four small provinces. The total extent of the domain is 600,000 square miles. Nigoria is run by the Royal Niger Company, whose power there is almost sovereign. The products are all tropical in character, and amounted to $26,000,000 in 1897. The west boundary line of this province has been for six years a disputed question between the English and the French, and was determined in August of this year by an arbitration. The result was a compromise, but England got the better of the bargain.

South Africa will probably be developed faster than other portions of the Dark Continent, because it already has such a splendid start. The district includes Cape Colony, Natal, Bechuanaland, Matabele, Hashomaland, and other smaller provinces. Cape Colony has been known for centuries. Originally settled by the Dutch, and afterwards occupied by the English, there exists in the colony a strong element of political friction, which sometimes takes the form of an outbreak. The temporary setback to Cecil Rhodes in the elections of last month is but another example of the mere pertinacity of the Dutch. Further north the English are pushing into the vast territory of Rhodesia.

What progress has Cecil Rhodes made with his railroads and does that progress warrant his claim of a railroad from Cairo to Cape Town? Here is another map showing the existing railroads in Africa to-day. In Egypt the railroad has followed the British advance. In 1896 it reached Wady Halfa, a distance of 800 miles from Cairo. In 1891 it was pushed forward to Berber, 300 miles more. The capture of Omdurman means the immediate continuation of the railroad to that point. The necessities of a big army, the immediate need of occupying in force the whole of the district, call for rapid construction. The present railroad in Egypt has been built almost entirely for

MILITARY PURPOSES,

and its chief characteristic is military utility. After the war has closed, the branches of commercial value will be advanced on the foundation already laid down by the army.

In British East Africa a line has been planned to run from Mombosa, on the coast to Lake Victoria. Already the first 100 miles have been opened, and trains are running. The whole distance to be built is 656 miles, and it is estimated that less than five years will be necessary for finishing the work. Some of the details in the running of the trains are interesting. They start and return on alternate days. The journey inland is up grade, and the speed is twelve miles an hour. The prices are in three classes, the first being 38 rupees, the second 19, and the third 3 rupees, 3 annas. A feature that may appeal to Americans is the names of the stations, Chaugamwe, Samburu, Maji Chumoi. What possibilities for the intelligent brakeman!

In Portuguese East Africa a line has been built from Beira, on the coast, to Umtalia, and is in running order. This is ultimately intended to connect at Salisbury with the road from Cape Town, through Bulwayo.

Before speaking of the railroads of British South Africa, it may be well to say a word about the telegraph lines, because the railroads will follow in their track. The telegraph is the scout of the railroad system in America—its advance agent. Along with the iron rail from Cairo to Cape Town runs Rhodes' plan of a wire line. And it will be finished in a few years. Last Christmas the line had been carried from Buluwayo to Zumbo, on the Zambesi River. The natives now telegraph to each other.

IN THEIR OWN TONGUE.

The last reports place the terminus of the line at Patakata, on the western shore of Lake Nyassa, and the advance men are half way up to Lake Tanganyika. Here they reach the break in English territory. But King Leopold realizes the immense value of the line and has agreed to continue the work to Wadelai, on the Nile. Here it will be ultimately met by the wires of Kitchener, and one of the most important industrial enterprises of recent years will be accomplished.

The railroads of South Africa have been in operation for a number of years. From Cape Town, from Durban, in Natal, and from Delagoa Bay, lines have been built to meet the demands of the Transvaal industries. The end of 1897 marked the first real step in Cecil Rhodes' plan, when the railroad was extended northward as far as Buluwayo. The financial success of this enterprise has so encouraged Rhodes that he has petitioned the English Government to guarantee the interest on the next section, the line from Buluwayo to Lake Tanganyika. This line will proceed northeasterly to Zumbo, then passing through the Sanga coal fields. Crossing the Zambesi on a ferry, it will pass through Northern Rhodesia, opening up a new territory peculiarly fitted by its altitude for white colonization. Finally it will strike the lower end of Lake Tanganyika. This new portion will cover a distance of 800 miles, and the expense of building will be £2,500,000. The guarantee of the government would enable the company to obtain the loan at 3 per cent. instead of 5 per cent. As the line to Buluwayo was a paying one from the start, there are good reasons to believe that the government will not lose money by such a guarantee.

Granting the building of the Lake Tanganyika branch and the extension of Kitchener's line to Fashoda, both to be accomplished within a period of five years, England will then have covered,

MEASURING IN AN AIR LINE,

1700 miles southward, Cairo to Fashoda, and 1900 miles northward, Cape Town to Lake Tanganyika. This will leave unfinished only 1400 miles, as the crow flies, in Congo Free State and British East Africa. Leopold is in favor of developing Congo, that, therefore, he is building the road through his territory. The rich lands of British East Africa, and the necessity of joining the north and the south would be ample reason for building the link from Lake Victoria to Fashoda, yet, at some where between 1915 and 1925 we may expect to see one "trunk" line of railroad from Cairo to Cape Town, branches tapping it at intervals and connecting it with all the important cities along the eastern coast. It will really be a great backbone of civilization extending through the center of the Dark Continent, and bringing all the wonderful resources of the interior into intimate touch with all the world.

One other great factor will shortly contribute to the development of Africa. This is a long-distance transmission of electric power. Already the waterfalls of the Nile at Assuan have been harnessed, and power is being transmitted overland to various points. Alexandria is being lighted by transmitted electric power. Prof. George Forbes, the English engineer, has returned lately from an extended visit to the interior of the continent. He has decided that Victoria Falls, in the center of Africa, can be harnessed and made to transmit thousands of horsepower over hundreds of miles of undeveloped territory, where it can be used at a comparatively trifling cost to develop at the natural resources. It is estimated that this capacity to deliver thousands of horse-power in the wilderness without the need of coal will hasten the development of Africa 100 per cent. It is suggested that even the railroads may be able to utilize this power in the interior.

A Canadian Medicine.

WHICH HAS MADE A WONDERFUL REPUTATION THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.

Every Cure Published is Investigated by a Responsible Newspaper—The Advertiser Has Looked Into and Gives Below the Particulars of One of These Cures.

From the Advertiser, Hartland, N. B.

The Advertiser has come across still another instance of the remarkable curative powers of the famous Canadian remedy, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Mr. William Tedlie, of Lower Brighton, a prominent lumberman and farmer, came very near being a cripple from rheumatism, the dread disease so prevalent along the St. John River. Mr. Tedlie is now 65 years of age. Five years ago he was taken with the first symptoms of rheumatism—over exposure, the stream drives and the general hard life of the lumberman, paved the way for the lodgment of the excruciating disease. The symptoms first manifest were pains through the legs, arms and hands. Gradually conditions grew worse. At intervals there would be an abatement of the malady, but for months each year he was very nearly helpless. The pain was so agonizing that sleep was out of the question, and to work was impossible. The afflicted man had so often read of the wonderful efficacy of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in cases similar to his own, that he resolved to try them. He says, however, that he was not hopeful of receiving much benefit, as he had tried many medicines without any good result following. He began the use of the Pills and by the time a couple of boxes were used he found they were helping him. Thus encouraged he continued the use of the medicine and gradually the pains and soreness left him, he was able to sleep soundly, and enjoyed an excellent appetite. In fact after using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for less than two months Mr. Tedlie says he found himself in the best of health. He is now a warm friend of this great medicine and urges similar sufferers not to experiment with other medicines, but at once begin the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Rheumatism, sciatica, neuralgia, partial paralysis, locomotor ataxia, nervous headache, nervous prostration, and disease depending upon humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc., all disappear before a fair treatment with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They give a healthy glow to pale and sallow complexions. Sold by all dealers and post paid at 50c. a box or six boxes for $2.50 by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont; Do not be persuaded to take some substitute.

In the Fall

Your Health Should be Carefully Guarded.—Keep the Blood Pure.

There is danger of malaria, fevers, sudden colds and pneumonia. Make your blood rich and pure by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, and you need not fear these dangers. Hood's Sarsaparilla has wonderful power to strengthen and fortify the system. It is unequalled for purifying, enriching and vitalizing the blood. It gently tones the stomach, creates a good appetite and invigorates every organ. It is just what is needed at this season.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is Canada's Greatest Medicine. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Hood's Pills do not purge, pain or gripe. Druggists. 25c

ENGLISH DOCTOR'S EXPERIENCE.

Queer Ideas in the Medical Line are Met With Among the Chinese.

In an interview with Dr. Charles Wenyon, the famous medical missionary in China, we are told that medical science in China is not as advanced as it was in Rome 2,000 years ago. The so-called doctors cannot tie an artery, open an abscess, or reduce a dislocated limb.

Every Chinaman has got something real or imaginary the matter with him, and there was great curiosity to see the methods of the foreigners; therefore, when Dr. Wenyon arrived there was no lack of patients. They came daily by the hundred from far and near—from an area three or four times that of England. In seventeen years they numbered many thousands, and some of them, as Dr. Wenyon says, became the centre of an influence more or less favourable to western thought and western men. Dr. Wenyon has many curious stories to tell in connection with the medical work.

The literati, who are the great instigators of riot and murder in China, declared that they ought to open a rival hospital, and they did open one. A staff of native "doctors" was found and the building was called "The Hall of Ten Thousand Virtues." It was a splendid building, but somehow that did not assist the cures. Two afflicted friends came to Fatshan, and they decided one to go to Dr. Wenyon's hospital and the other to the rival place.

In three weeks Dr. Wenyon's patient was well, and on going for him he went to the other hospital found that he was dead. The doctor tried to console him by saying that they had buried him in a splendid coffin.

"In fact, coffins, were a great necessity at that hospital," says Dr. Wenyon. "When I went there I found that they had laid in a good stock. So the people came to us. It was a question of coming to our hospital for a cure or going to the 'Hall of Ten Thousand Virtues' for a coffin. One day there came a stately gentlemen, a learned man belonging to the upper classes, having a painful disorder needing surgical treatment. He hired a private room and I operated on him, and in a fortnight he was well. He had not told me who he was, but before he went away he said, 'You might like to know who I am, and I want to tell you, because I am so grateful for being cured of this terrible disease. I am the head doctor of the Hall of Ten Thousand Virtues.'"

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY.
Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All Druggists refund the money if it fails to Cure. 25c.

DOGS' LIKES AND DISLIKES.

Here Are Some Curious and Amusin Cases in Point.

Animals, like human beings, have been known to exhibit strange antipathies toward certain persons and things, dogs perhaps, more so than any other of our four-footed friends.

That famous canine, Oriel Bill, of Oxford, was for a time such a violent hater of postmen that it was not safe for any uniformed letter carrier to approach the Mitre, where Oriel Bill held undisputed sway. Accordingly arrangements had to be made for all missives, to be left at an adjoining house by the postmen in order to save their feelings —physical as well as mental—and the dog from venting his curious aversions upon them.

The same precaution had to be taken in the case of another but less famous canine. Until a postman was foolish enough to throw a stone at this animal without the least provocation, it was on good terms with all the letter carriers who called at the house. After that, however a furious hatred of her majesty's postal service took possession of this previously amiable cur, and when it had severely bitten one of the postmen they all refused with one accord to deliver letters at the house.

The owner of the dog complained to the British postoffice authorities, says Tit-Bits, but the latter supported their subordinates in the attitude they had taken up, and in the end the complainant arranged for his letters to be delivered at a place where there was no canine that delighted to bark and bite.

At a hotel in a west of England town there is a dog which exhibits an intense dislike for soldiers. What are the why and wherefore of this feeling toward our gallant redcoats it is impossible to say, but the sight of one had the same effect on this eccentric canine as a red rag has on a bull. The consequence is that the dog has to be kept severely under restraint, so that soldiers can come and go without running the risk of losing a portion of their anatomy in the process. What makes his antipathy toward them all the more remarkable is the fact that the animal shows a decided partiality for policemen.

A terrier belonging to a friend of the writer will run a mile at the sight of a siphon. When it was considerably younger than it is now its owner deluged the dog with a siphon of soda water, and ever since it has exhibited a mortal dread of a siphon, full or empty. The remembrance of that unexpected bath is evidently responsible for this extraordinary aversion.

MUCH OUT OF PLACE.

Some of the Articles Found by Explorers in Africa.

Upon one of the dead dervishes found after the recent battle of Atbara was a monocle a single eyeglass of the most undoubted Piccadilly stamp; but quite a curious chapter might be written upon such subjects out of place.

One of the curiosities possessed by Mr. H. M. Stanley is a plated silver fork, bearing the name of one of the best old-fashioned restaurants in London. This same fork was found in Darkest Africa, in a region never trodden by any white man before, and it was being worn by its black owner, one of the strange tribe of pigmies, as an ornament when it first met the eye of the explorer. In the native fort at Chitral, when our troops captured it, was, among other out-of-place objects, an English money lender's circular of comparatively recent date, and Emin Pasha used to relate that one of the greatest glories of an Abyssinian chief he knew was a George III. wig that had been powdered and bore the name of a London firm inside.

TYPES OF FAST FLYERS.

THE TWO SPEEDIEST ENGINES IN THE WORLD.

Each Make Over 100 Miles Without a Stop—And Makes This Remarkable Rush on a Regular Schedule.

The two fastest regular runs of over 100 miles made by passenger trains in the world are those of the Empire State Express over the New York Central Road and the Cornish Express over the Great Western Railway, of England.

For years in England regular express trains have been running at a scheduled speed of 50 miles per hour, and of recent years during the summer months some of the English roads have had trains in service that made runs of over 400 miles, at an average speed of a mile a minute.

It was during the year of the World's Fair at Chicago that the Empire State Express set the mark in the United States for a long-distance run at a high rate of speed. Between New York and Albany a distance of 142.88 miles, the New York Central train, without making a stop, covered the distance at an average speed of 53.58 miles per hour.

The great run made regularly by the Cornish Express is between London and Exeter, a distance of 193.92 miles, at an average speed of 53.36 miles per hour. Like the run of the Empire State Express between New York and Albany, that of the Cornish Express between London and Exeter is made without a stop.

While the average speed maintained by the New York Central train is twenty-two one hundredths of a mile per hour greater than that of the English train, the distance covered by the latter between London and Exeter is in round numbers 50 miles more than that covered by the Empire State Express on its run between New York and Albany,

In considering the merits of the two performances there are several things to be considered in arriving at a conclusion as to

WHICH IS THE BETTER.

First, and probably the most important, is the roadways over which the runs are made. As to the physical condition in which both roadways are kept, there is probably no difference, but in the matter of grades the New York Central has a great advantage over the Great Western. With the exception of a few slight grades the Central's track is practically level, while that of the Great Western is up grade almost the entire distance, from London to Swindon, and from Taunton to Burlescombe the grade is a very sharp one.

In the matter of curves, however, the Great Western scores a point, as the curves on the New York Central are much more numerous and sharper, but, taken altogether, as far as the roadways over which the two runs are made, the American road has an advantage.

Another point that must be considered is the weight of the trains hauled. The Empire State Express is made up of a buffet car, two day coaches and a drawing-room car, the total weight of which is 376,000 pounds but frequently the car of the Vice President, which weighs 110,000 pounds, has been hauled in addition to the regular equipment, and the schedule has been maintained.

The "Cornish Relief," as the first section of the Cornish Express is called, has run just ahead of the regular train, and the number of cars in the train varies according to the travel. The heaviest train ever hauled is made up of five composite cars and three third-class cars, with a total weight of 203,000 pounds.

The English locomotive, while not as attractive in appearance as the one built on this side of the Atlantic, however, has

SPEED AND POWER

and does all that is asked of it in a satisfactory manner.

A comparison of the size and weight of the 999 and Worcester, which are the types of engines pulling the two trains, will prove of interest:

The 999 is a four-coupled locomotive, with 19 by 24 inch cylinders; diameter of drivers, 86 1-2 inches; weight on drivers, 84,000 pounds; total weight, 124,000 pounds; heating surface, 1,939 feet, and steam pressure, 190 pounds.

The Worcester has cylinders 19 by 24 inches, the same as those of the 999; the driving wheels, of which there are but one pair, are 92 inches in diameter, or 5 1-2 inches more than those of the American engine. The weight on the trucks is 39,872 pounds on the drivers 39,984 pounds, and on the trailing wheels 27,664 pounds, making the total weight of the engine 107,520 pounds, or 16,480 pounds less than that of the 999. The total heating surface is 1,467 square feet, which is only about 75 per cent of that of the American engine.

The coal consumed by the 999 averaged 38.3 pounds per mile, while the Worcester averages 29 pounds per mile on its run.

These engines that haul the fastest trains in the world on long-distance runs without a stop are both splendid samples of the perfection that the locomotive builders have reached, both in the United States and England. While the two engines differ in many dimensions, and strikingly in appearance, they both do their work with neatness and dispatch. It would be difficult to say which type is most efficient.

THE NEW GIBRALTAR.

The Stronghold in British Columbia Has Been Called This Name.

The town of Esquimault, B. C., is to be razed and wiped out of existence, says the San Francisco Call. So the British government has ordered. Upon its site will arise one of the greatest fortresses of the world. This point is of particular interest to Californians, because this magnificently designed stronghold will be next door to us, in British Columbia, right above the Washington state line. Some idea of its proposed strength may be gained when it is known that the British engineers have already dubbed it "The New Gibraltar."

The plan contemplates the equipment of a store, repair, and supply station second to none in the empire; the building and manning of forts capable of defending this depot against any force that could be brought against it by sea or land; the providing of docks large enough to receive the best and biggest examples of marine architectural skill, and the establishment of barracks, a service prison, and other necessary buildings for the use and benefit of the numerous soldiers and sailors who will be required to hold the forts and man the ships of the station.

WARTS! WARTS!! WARTS!!!

The woods are full of people, who have warts and who foolishly believe that a remedy cannot be found which will painlessly remove them. Such people do not know what they are talking about. Our readers may be sure that three applications of Putnam's Corn Extractor, will knock them higher than a kite. We have tested it and know what we are talking about.

THE CORNFED PHILOSOPHER.

A woman, said the Cornfed Philosopher, gets mad at a man if he be awkward in making love, and gets madder if he makes love as if he had lots of experience.

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Ludella Ceylon Tea

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and comprises a variety of matter of unsurpassed freshness and charm. The present and prospective Fashions are exhaustively described, and the Literary and Household features are of the usual high degree of merit. Made on Earth, a story by Cornelia Atwood Pratt, typifies the love that women cherish for a home they can call their own. The College Stories, by Nancy Vincent McClelland, the scenes of which are laid at Vassar, reveal much of the significance of college spirit and student ties. In the series on The Common Ills of Life, by Dr. Grace Peckham Murray, appears a paper on Obesity that will prove of general as well as particular interest. The article in the popular series on Amateur Photography, by Sharlot M. Hall, deals specifically with Toning. Eleanor Georgen contributes another scholarly chapter of practical exercises for the Cultivation of the Voice. A Floral Hunting Party, by Katherine E. Maxwell, outlines a delightful indoor entertainment. The Woman's Press Associations of the country furnish material for the regular article on Club Woman and Club Life, by Helen M. Winslow. In Girls' Interests and Occupations, by Lafayette McLaws, will be found a number of attractive suggestions. An excellent group of Household Subjects is embodied in Rolls and Fancy Bread, A Thanksgiving Menu, Magic Salt, and Waste in the Kitchen; and the regular departments: Social Observances conducted by Mrs. Cadwalader Jones, The Tea-Table by Mrs. Witherspoon, Fancy Stitches and Embroidery by Emma Haywood, The Dressmaker, Millinery, Lace-Making, Crocheting, Knitting, Tatting, The Latest Books, etc., are as complete and varied as the most fastidious could desire.

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THE PASSING OF BORNRICH.

Returned Tourist—What has become of Bornrich? He was a prince of good fellows. Everybody liked him. So genial and generous!

Resident—Oh, he's got to be a regular nuisance. Here he comes now. Let's dodge into an alleyway.

Tourist—Spent all his money, eh?

ALBERTS THOMAS PHOSPHATE POWDER

SUBMERGENCE OF CEYLON.

Ceylon is said to be alarmed at the news that the world will end next year, and that the beginning will be the submergence of Ceylon. The villagers on the islands are trying to atone for their sins by acts of charity and by flocking to the temples.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease and therefore requires constitutional treatment.