

Half Hours Off Duty.

A STORY OF THE WAR OF 1812.

By James Hannay.—From *The Empire*.
(Continued from Page 240.)

WHILE Mrs. Wright was in this dreadful situation two horsemen were seen rapidly approaching. As they drew near Mary recognized them as her brother and her lover, and with a cry of joy she sprang to their arms. Even Mrs. Wright felt her heart comforted by their presence. Very tenderly and carefully they carried the sick woman to the house of a farmer who resided some two miles from Newark, and there they left her to the tender care of her daughter.

"Now for vengeance," said Sutherland, as he turned away from the humble cottage which sheltered the dying mother and her heart-broken child.

"Amen to that," replied Samuel Wright. It was with such thoughts as these in their hearts that they returned to the camp.

Eight days after the burning of Newark five hundred and fifty resolute men, under the command of Colonel Murray, crossed the river in the darkness and attacked Fort Niagara in the early morning hours. Sutherland and Samuel Wright accompanied the assaulting party as volunteers, and took part in the conflict which in a few minutes put the British in possession of the American stronghold. Squire Wright was found a close prisoner and in a state of great mental distress, for he knew nothing of the fate of his wife and daughter when Newark was destroyed. The news which was communicated by his son, that they were in a place of safety, almost restored him to cheerfulness. He lost no time in making his way to the farm house where they were sheltered.

As he approached the door it was opened by his daughter; her eyes were streaming with tears. She pressed his hand in hers and led him into an inner room. As he approached the bedside he gave a bitter cry and fell upon his knees, sobbing violently; his wife was dead.

She was buried on Christmas day in the little churchyard at Newark, and the father and son and daughter, who were the last to gaze on her dead face, felt and knew that she was the victim of the barbarous orders of the Washington government and of the inhuman McClure.

Chapter IV.

To Squire Wright the death of his wife was a dreadful blow, yet its very violence seemed to restore him from the state of mental hopelessness into which he had fallen in consequence of his long term of imprisonment. He became again a man of resources and a capable adviser to all who needed his counsel. His old neighbours came to him for advice as to their future.

"Shall we abandon Newark?" they would ask.

"No," was his reply. "We will rebuild it."

"But if it is captured again, what then?" they would suggest.

"No matter," said the Squire, "they cannot hold this frontier unless they have the command of the lake, and I don't think they will undertake to burn Newark again after what they have experienced of our ability to retaliate in kind. The smoking ruins of Lewiston and Buffalo will serve as a warning."

Squire Wright's neighbours adopted his advice and began in an humble way to rebuild their nice beautiful town. He himself was the first to set the example, and during the winter and spring of 1814 a new house, which was almost a duplicate of the old one, was erected.

The invasion of Canada by Major-General Brown in the summer of 1814 was the most formidable attack that the Niagara frontier had to sustain during the whole war. The troops under his command had learned something of discipline and formed a valuable fighting force, so that their discomfiture reflects the greater credit on the British regulars and Canadian militia which defeated them.

William Sutherland was early in the field with his regiment when the campaign opened and missed none of the glory won by the Lincoln militia in that memorable year. At the battle of Chippewa he was with the militia and light troops under Colonel Pearson which routed General Porter's brigade of volunteers and Indians, and received a slight wound, but not one sufficient to disable him. He distinguished himself greatly and won the high commendation of his commanding officer.

But it was at the battle of Lundy's Lane that Sutherland crowned his military career with glory. In that desperate night struggle, the full details of which can never be told, but which resulted in a glorious victory for Canada, he fought as only men can fight who are defending their homes and loved ones, but almost at the close of the battle a bullet struck him in the breast, and stretched him bleeding on the field.

(To be continued.)

The Bridge of Death.

An Alpine Guide's Sad Fate.—Dangers to be avoided.

ONE day in August, in the summer of 1864, two Austrian noblemen were crossing the Grand Plateau in their descent of one of the loftiest mountains of Switzerland. They had crossed the Grand Crevasse in the morning by a snow-bridge which, though apparently insecure, carried them safely over. They reached it again on their return late in the afternoon. The leading guide had advanced to the middle of the bridge, when, to the consternation of his fellow travellers, he suddenly disappeared from their sight. The bridge had fallen beneath his weight; he had proceeded with too little caution, and had disappeared forever in the abyss below. They tied together ropes and let them down into the crevasse, but no hand seized them, no voice arose from the darkness.

How few of us realize the importance of trifles, or that incidents which in themselves seem wholly insignificant lead oftentimes to most momentous results. A single grain of sand holds in a vise-like grip the delicate mechanism of your most reliable time-piece.

The business man tied down to his absorbing cares, goes home at night with a throbbing brow and a lame back. This continues a day or two and he remarks to his wife that he is so overworked he thinks he had better take something to brace him up a little. He tries a tonic and for a few days feels better. He flatters himself he is well. Poor man, how little he realizes that the trifling indisposition was a voice warning him that the tired and overworked kidneys, the most important primary organs of the system, had ceased to perform their proper functions. They no longer eliminate properly the waste matter of the system, and uric acid accumulates.

That means disease. The body cannot be healthy unless it be free from this poison. If the blood channels become vitiated with it, as they must be unless it is carried out of the system, the man is liable to disappear from the walks of life almost as suddenly as the guide who went down with the insecure but unsuspected bridge. So many of the ordinary diseases, so called, are the direct results of the action of this poison that it is difficult to tell how one will be carried off.

This was precisely the experience of Herman Urban of the celebrated firm of safe manufacturers, McNeale & Urban, of Cincinnati, O. He has always been a very active business man, had overcome many commercial difficulties, but about five years ago he began to run down with a sort of general debility, headache, want of spirit, and nervousness. "There seemed to be no life in my blood, no vigor in my muscles, no marrow in my bones," he says. He tried physicians in vain. Four years after this sad experience he reports that he used Warner's safe cure at that time and his prostrated condition was completely cured and had remained so to date. "I am," he remarks, "more than anxious that other business men, worn down and likely to be overcome by kidney disease whose manifestations are so mysterious that they cannot positively identify the disease, should try the magnificent remedy that did so much good to me."

The opening article in the *American Magazine* for February is by the well-known naturalist C. F. Holder. He takes his readers into "The Heart of the Sierra Madre," leading them through dense forests and gloomy canons, to climb steep precipices by narrow ledges where a misstep means instant death. Here are the resorts of a variety of game, and the favorite haunt of the mountain lion—presumably the king of American beasts. J. Macdonald Oxley contributes an interesting and valuable resumé of the results obtained by expeditions which the Canadian Government has recently sent to explore Hudson's Bay. The object of the explorations is to determine the feasibility of a north-west passage to the North-West itself. Mr. Oxley adds an entertaining account of the natives dwelling on the margin of "The Inland Ocean of the North." Hafis Behran Aga, chief eunuch to the Sultan of Turkey, who died a few months ago at Constantinople, is said to have carried more secrets to the grave than any other man. Rose Eyttinge, in her travels around the world, met this personage, and she relates an incident that came under her observation, which shows the character of the secrets the chief eunuch carried.

A revolt occurred, Nov. 9th, among some infantry recruits, at Buda Pesth, owing to the brutality of a drill sergeant. The men attacked the sergeant with their bayonets and seriously wounded him and also another officer who had come to the sergeant's assistance. The guard was summoned and the recruits were disarmed and placed under arrest.

The Czar has refused to comply with energetic requests of the Pan Slavist Party to assist Abyssinia against Italy and England. It is reported at St. Petersburg that a ukase is about to be issued reserving commissions in the artillery and engineer branches of the service solely to cadets belonging to the nobility. This is an extension of the policy of Count Tolstoi, who refused to confer posts in the civil service on representatives of the untitled classes.

The old soldiers of the Hotel des Invalides, Paris, cannot complain that they are overlooked by the Government. Tenders will be received next week for a two years' supply of crutches, leg and arm pieces, and "timber toes" for the old warriors who have lost their limbs on the field of battle. The contractors chosen will have to work in the Hotel des Invalides from wooden models, and will receive 18 francs for legs, and about 5 francs for crutches.

When Gambetta went up in a balloon during the siege of Paris he alighted in the wood of Favières, not far from Clermont. The grappling hooks which he and his faithful secretary, Spuller, threw out took hold on a venerable oak tree, and since then the tree has been called Gambetta's tree, and held sacred by all the republican inhabitants of the department. But the wood belongs to a monarchist, who, being no admirer of Gambetta, is about to have it cut down. Thereafter a movement has been set on foot to persuade the said monarchist to spare the identical tree, which it is proposed to rail round and preserve as a historical monument.

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