MC2398

POOR DOCUMENT

MAIWA'S REVENGE.

BY H. RIDER HAGGARD.

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[CONTINUED.]

"I glanced up, and there, sure enough, about half way down the mountain, nearing the first fortification, the long plumed double line of Nala's warriors were rushing down to battle, the bright light of the morning glancing on their spears. Afterwards we discovered that the reason of their delay was that they had been stopped by a river in flood, and could not reach the mountain crest by dawn. When they did reach it, however, they instantly saw that the fight was already going on—was 'in flower,' as they put it—and so advanced at once without waiting to light fires.

"Meanwhile they had been observed from the town, and parties of soldiers were charging up the steep side of the hill to occupy the schanses and the second line of fortifications behind them. The first line they did not now attempt to reach or defend, Nala pressed them too close. But they got to the schanses or pits protected with stone walls, and constructed to hold from a dozen to twenty men, and soon began to open fire from them and from isolated rocks. I turned my eyes to the gates of the town, which were placed to the north and south. Already they were crowded with hundreds of fugitive women and children flying to the rocks and caves for shelter from the foe. As for ourselves, the appearance of Nala's impi produced a wonderful change for the better in our position. The soldiers attacking us, realizing that the town was being assailed from the rear, simply turned, and, clambering down the kopple, streamed off to protect their homes against this new enemy. In five minutes there was not a man left except those who would move no more, or were too sorely wounded to escape. I felt inclined to ejaculate 'Saved!' like the gentleman in the play, but did not, because the occasion was too serious. What I did do was to muster all the men and reckon up our losses. They amounted to fifty-one killed and wounded, sixteen men having been killed outright. Then I sent men with the cooking pots to the stream for water, and we drank. This done, I set my bowers, as being the most useless part of the community from a fighting point of view, to the task of attending the injured, and turned to watch the fray.

"By this time Nala's Impi had climbed the first line of fortifications without opposition, and were advancing in a long line upon the schanses or pits which were scattered about between it and the second line, singing a war chant as they came. Presently puffs of smoke began to start from the schanses, and with my glasses I could see several of our men falling over. Then, as they came opposite a schanse, that portion of the long line of warriors would thicken up and charge it with a wild rush. I could clearly see them leap on to the walls and vanish into the depths beneath, some of their number falling backward on each occasion, shot or stabbed to death. Next would come another act in the tragedy. Out from the hither side of the schanse would pour such of its defenders as were left alive, perhaps three or four, and perhaps a dozen, running for dear life, with the war dogs on their tracks. One by one they would be caught, then up flashed the great spear, and down fell the pursued, dead. I saw ten of our men leap into one large schanse, but though I watched for some time, nobody came out. Afterwards we inspected the place, and found these all dead, together with twenty-three Matukus. Neither side would give in, and they had fought it out to the bitter end.

"At last they neared the second line of fortifications, behind which the whole remaining Matuku force, numbering some 2,000 men, was rapidly assembling. One little pause to get their breath, and they came at it with a rush and a long wild shout of 'Bulala Matuku!' (Kill the Matukus!) that went right through me. Then came an answering shout and the sounds of heavy firing, and presently I saw our men retreating, somewhat fewer in numbers than they had advanced. Their welcome had been a warm one, for the Matuku fight splendidly behind walls.

"This decided me that it was necessary to create a diversion. If we did not do so it seemed very probable that we should be worsted after all. I called to the captain of our little force and rapidly put the position before him. Seeing the urgency of the occasion he agreed with me that we must risk it, and in two minutes more we were, with the exception of my own men, whom I left to guard the wounded, trotting across the open space and through the deserted town toward the spot where the struggle was taking place, some 700 yards away. In seven or eight minutes we reached a group of huts—it was a headman's kraal, that was situated about 150 yards behind the fortified wall, and took possession of it unobserved. The enemy was too much engaged with the foe in front of them to notice us, and, besides, the broken ground rose in a hog back shape between. There we waited a minute or two and recovered our breath, while I gave my directions. So soon as we heard the Butiani impi begin to charge again we were to run in line to the brow of the hogback and pour our fire into the mass of defenders behind the wall. Then the guns were to be thrown down, and we must charge with the assegai. We had no shields, but that could not be helped; there would be no time to reload the guns, and it was absolutely necessary that the enemy should be disconcerted at the moment that the main attack was delivered.

"The men, who were as plucky a set of fellows as ever I saw, and whose blood was now thoroughly up, consented to this scheme, though I could see that they thought it rather a large order, as indeed I did myself. But I knew that if the impi was driven back a second time the game would be up, and for me, at any rate, it would be a case of the 'Thing that bites,' and this sure and certain knowledge filled my breast with valor.

"We had not long to wait. Presently we heard the Butiana war song swelling loud and long. They had commenced their attack. I made a sign, and the 150 men, headed by myself, poured out of the kraal, and, getting into a rough line, ran up the fifty or sixty yards of slope that intervened between ourselves and the crest of the hog backed ridge. In thirty seconds we were there, and immediately beyond us was the main body of the Matuku host waiting the onslaught of the enemy with guns and spears. Even now they did not see us, so intent were they upon the coming attack. I signed to my men to take careful aim, and suddenly called out to them to fire, which they did with a wil, dropping thirty or forty Matukus.

"'Charge!' I shouted again, throwing down my smoking rifle, and drawing my revolver, an example which they followed, snatching up their spears from the ground where they had placed them while they fired. The men set up a savage whoop, and we started. I saw the Matuku soldiers wheel round in hundreds, utterly taken aback at this new development of the situation. And looking over them, before we had gone twenty yards, I saw something else. For of a sudden, as though they had risen from the earth, there appeared above the wall hundreds of great spears followed by hundreds of savage faces shadowed with drooping plumes. With a yell they sprang upon the wall shaking their broad shields, and with a yell they bounded from it straight into our astonished foes.

"Crash! we were in them now, and fighting like demons. Crash! from the other side, Nala's impi was at its work, and still the spears and plumes appeared for a moment against the brown background of the mountain, and then sprang down and rushed like a storm upon the foe. The great mob of men turned this way and turned that way, astonished, bewildered, overborne by doubt and terror. Meanwhile the slayers stayed not their hands, and on every side spears flashed, and the fierce shout of triumph went up to heaven. There too, on the wall, stood Maiwa, a white garment streaming from her shoulders, an assegai in her hand, her breast heaving, her eyes flashing. Above all the din of battle I could catch the tones of her clear voice as she urged the soldiers on to victory. But victory was not yet. Wambe's soldiers gathered themselves together and bore our men back by the sheer weight of numbers. They began to give, then once more they rallied and the fight hung doubtfully.

"'Slay, you war whelps!' cried Maiwa, from the wall. 'Are you afraid, you women, you chicken hearted women? What! you give way? Follow me, children of Nala.' And with one wild, long cry, she leaped from the wall as leaps a stricken antelope, and, holding the spear poised on high, rushed right into the thickest of the fray. The warriors saw her, and raised such a shout that it echoed like thunder against the mountains. They massed together, and following the flutter of her white robe, crashed into the dense heart of the foe. Down went the Matuku before them like trees before a whirlwind. Nothing could stand before such a rush as that. It was as the rush of a torrent bursting its banks. All along their line swept the wild, desperate charge, and there, straight in the forefront of the battle, still waved the white robe of Maiwa.

"Then they broke, and, stricken with utter panic, Wambe's soldiers streamed away, a scattered crowd of fugitives, while after them thundered the footfall of the victors.

"The fight was over; we had won the day; and for my part I sat down upon a stone and wiped my forehead, thanking Providence that I had lived to see the end of it. Twenty minutes later Nala's warriors began to return, panting. 'Wambe's soldiers had taken to the bush and the caves,' they said, 'where they had not thought it safe to follow them,' adding, significantly, that many had stopped on the way.

"I was utterly dazed, and now that the fight was over, my energy seemed to have left me, and I did not pay much attention, till presently I was aroused by somebody calling me by name. I looked up, and saw that it was the chief Nala himself, who was bleeding from a flesh wound in his arm. By his side stood Maiwa, panting but unhurt, and wearing the same proud and terrifying air.

"'They are gone, Macumazahn,' said the chief; 'there is little to fear from them; their heart is broken. But where is Wambe the chief, and where is the white man thou camest to save?

"'I know not,' I answered.

"'Close to where we stood lay a Matuku, a young man who had been shot through the fleshy part of the calf. It was a trifling wound, but it prevented him from running away.

"'Say, thou dog,' said Nala, stalking up to him and shaking his red spear in his face—'say, where is Wambe! Speak, or I slay thee. Was he with the soldiers?

"'Nay, lord, I know not,' groaned the terrified man. 'He fought not with us. Wambe has no stomach for fighting. Perchance he is in his kraal yonder, or in the cave behind the kraal;' and he pointed to a small inclosure on the hill side about 400 yards to the right of where we were.

"'Let us go and see,' said Nala, summoning his soldiers.

CHAPTER VIII.

MAIWA IS AVENGED.

"The impi formed up. Alas! an hour before it had been stronger by a third than it was now. Then Nala detached two hundred men to collect and attend to the injured, and at my suggestion issued a stringent order that none of the enemy's wounded, and above all no women and children, were to be killed, as is the savage custom among African natives. On the contrary, they were to be allowed to send word to their women that they might come in to nurse them, and fear nothing, for Nala made war upon Wambe the tyrant, and not on the Matuku tribe. Then we started with some four hundred men for the chief's kraal. Very soon we were there. It was, as I have said, placed against the mountain side, but within the fortified lines, and did not cover more than an acre and a half of ground altogether. Outside was a tidy reed fence, within which, neatly arranged in a semicircular line, stood the huts of the chief's principal wives. Maiwa, of course, knew every inch of the kraal, for she had lived in it, and led us straight to the entrance. We peeped through the gateway. Not a soul was to be seen. There were the huts, and there was the clear open space, floored with a concrete of lime, on which the sun beat fiercely, but nobody could we see or hear.

"'The jackal has gone to earth,' said Maiwa. 'He will be in the cave behind his hut,' and she pointed with her spear towards another small and semicircular enclosure, over which a large hut was visible, that had the cliff itself for a background. I stared at this fence. By George, it was true! it was entirely made of tusks of ivory planted in the ground, with their points bending outward. The smaller ones, though none were small, were placed nearest to the cliff on either side, but they gradually increased in size till they culminated in two enormous tusks, which set up so that their points met something in the shape of an inverted V, forming the gateway to the hut. I was dumfounded with delight, and, indeed, where is the elephant hunter who would not be if he suddenly saw five or six hundred picked tusks set up in a row, and only waiting for him to take them away? Of course the stuff was what is known as 'black' ivory; that is, the exterior of the tusks had become black from years or perhaps centuries of exposure to wind and weather; but I was certain that it would be none the worse for that. Forgetting the danger of the proceeding, I actually ran, in my excitement, right across the open space, and, drawing my knife, scratched vigorously at one of the great tusks to see how deep the damage was. As I thought, it was nothing; there beneath the black covering gleamed the pure white ivory. I could have capered for joy, for I fear that I am very mercenary at heart, when suddenly I heard the faint echo of a cry for assistance. 'Help!' screamed a voice in the Sisutu dialect from somewhere beyond the hut—'help! they are murdering me.'

"'I knew the voice. It was John Every's. Oh, what a selfish brute was I! for the moment that miserable ivory had driven the recollection of him out of my head, and now perhaps it was too late.

"'Nala, Maiwa and the soldiers had now come up. They, too, had heard the voice, and interpreted its tone, though they had not caught the words.

"'This way!' cried Maiwa; and we started at a run, passing round the hut of Wambe. Behind was the narrow entrance to a cave. We rushed through it, heedless of the danger of an ambush, and this was what we saw, though very confusedly at first, owing to the gloom:

"In the center of the cave and with either end secured to the floor by strong stakes, was a huge double springed lion trap fringed with sharp and grinning teeth. It was set, and beyond the trap, indeed almost over it, a terrible struggle was in progress. A naked, or

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almost naked white man, with a great beard hanging down over his breast, was, in spite of his furious struggles, being slowly forced and dragged toward the trap by six or eight women. Only one man was present, a fat, cruel looking man, with small eyes and a hanging lip. It was the chief Wambe, and he stood by the trap ready to force the victim down upon it as soon as the women had dragged him into the necessary position.

"At this instant they caught sight of us, and there was a moment's pause; and then, before I knew what she was going to do, Maiwa lifted the assegai she still held, and whirled it at Wambe's head. I saw the flash of light speed towards him, and so did he, for he stepped backward to avoid it—stepped backward right into the trap. He yelled with pain as the iron teeth of the 'Thing that bites' sprang up like living things and fastened into him—such a yell I have not often heard. Now, at last, he tasted of the torture which he had inflicted upon so many, and though I trust I am a Christian, I cannot say that I felt sorry for him.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A Big Mistake.

There are a class of ignorant people who imagine a bank is a place where money is thrown about in careless profusion, and that any one inside the railing can help himself, where every one about the place is rich and have their pockets bulging with gold. Every boy thinks that way until he learns otherwise, but you can't make the beggars believe it.

A MAN IN THE KITCHEN.

DIFFERENCE BETWEEN A "BETTY" AND THE OTHER KIND.

Potato Peelers of the Masculine Gender Can Sometimes Make Themselves Very Useful—The Genuine "Betty," However, Is a Regular Bull in a China Shop.

Most women heartily despise a "Betty," by which is usually meant a man who pokes his nose into the details of household affairs, dabbles in the work of the kitchen and irritates the housewife by assuming, regularly or occasionally, functions which she deems exclusive to herself. The dislike of women for this kind of man is in the main well grounded. The average man is, unfortunately, unable to make himself useful in household work without making himself, also, more or less a nuisance. A good deal of this kind has, however, many sides.

THE WOMEN ARE RESPONSIBLE.

The women who are most jealous of their prerogatives in the kitchen are not always possessed of the best capacity for maintaining them; and some of the most perfect housekeepers the writer has ever known, easy mistresses of the arts and systems that make up the various departments of household management and industry, have been most indulgent and appreciative of the efforts of husband, son or brother to help about the house, even encouraging original experiment along the lines which have brought into being the scornful epithet above quoted.

In their households the men were never spitefully ordered to "Let things alone," told to "Keep out of my way," or requested to "mind their own business," because, in the first place, the housewife respected herself too much to use such expressions or their equivalents, and because, in the second place, the men had acquired such familiarity with the ins and outs of the kitchen that they were not likely to hinder rather than help when they had occasion to turn their hand to this, that or the other matter of housework. This touches the secret of the whole matter, and a little thinking along this line will suggest a query whether women are not, generally speaking, to blame for the fact that the average man is a nuisance in the kitchen.

A mother carefully taught her sons many details of work usually considered the sole province of girls and concerning which boys generally grow up in utter ignorance. They washed and wiped dishes, learned to prepare plain meals, had practice in sweeping and dusting and putting to rights, and were taught to patch and darn neatly and to sew on buttons. Some of them learned something of the "higher branches." When they went out into the world they had frequent occasion to bless the mother for these useful accomplishments; and when they became heads of households, they had an intelligent practical knowledge of the details of the work of which their wives had charge and were able to make the burden easy in many ways where another man would have made it heavier.

THE REALLY GOOD HUSBAND.

No man worthy of the name permits his wife or any woman in his house to perform the heavy drudgery of carrying coal and wood, caring for furnaces and stoves, moving stoves or heavy furniture, beating carpets, and so on. But this need not be the limit of a man's usefulness about the house. There is no reasonable reason why a man should not be able to broil a steak, boil or bake potatoes, which set up so that their points meet something in the shape of an inverted V, forming the gateway to the hut. I was dumfounded with delight, and, indeed, where is the elephant hunter who would not be if he suddenly saw five or six hundred picked tusks set up in a row, and only waiting for him to take them away! Of course the stuff was what is known as 'black' ivory; that is, the exterior of the tusks had become black from years or perhaps centuries of exposure to wind and weather; but I was certain that it would be none the worse for that. Forgetting the danger of the proceeding, I actually ran, in my excitement, right across the open space, and, drawing my knife, scratched vigorously at one of the great tusks to see how deep the damage was. As I thought, it was nothing; there beneath the black covering gleamed the pure white ivory. I could have capered for joy, for I fear that I am very mercenary at heart, when suddenly I heard the faint echo of a cry for assistance. 'Help!' screamed a voice in the Sisutu dialect from somewhere beyond the hut—'help! they are murdering me.'

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THE SWALLOW.

O, to feel the wild thrill of the swallow,
The wonder of the wing!
On the soft blue billows of air to follow
The summer, to soar and sing!

To drink blue air and to feel it flowing
Through every dainty plume,
Uplifting, pillowing, bearing, blowing,
And the earth below in bloom!

"Is it far to heaven, O swallow, swallow!"
The heavy hearted sings;
"For I watch your flight, and long to follow,
The while I wait for wings."

—Anna Boynton Averill.

Kate Castleton at Home.

One would not think it probable, after witnessing pretty Kate Castleton dance about the stage, kick up her heels and smile in such a saucy way, that her pet hobby is to arise in the morning at her charming home, Castleton manor, near Oakland, Cal., cook the breakfast, and then tramp all over the place. But she does. After breakfast she takes a peep in the stables to see that her horses are being properly fed and cared for, meanders around to the hennery to feed the poultry, then to the garden to water the flowers, and last, but not least, to the kennels, where she has the finest selection of dogs on the Pacific coast. In fact, there are very few kennels in the world that can equal it, every one of the dogs being a prize winner.

She frequently spends hours in their company, and it really seems as though they expected her visits as a part of their daily routine. Big Ned, the dog for whom she would not take a fortune, once saved her life. She was taking her morning canter one summer two years ago, and was about to alight from the horse, when her dress caught in the saddle. The horse became frightened, gave a sudden start and dragged the fair actress along the ground. Big Ned jumped to the rescue, seized the bridle rein and held the animal still until she was rescued from her perilous position. Nothing is too good for Ned. Miss Castleton is also a great lover of old bric-a-brac, and her summer home is filled with rare and costly specimens.—Chicago Herald.

A Sad State of Affairs.

An evil which threatens women is the bad literature of the day. Ninety-nine novels out of a hundred are injurious. A woman should never read a fictitious story which misrepresents life; she should know of the sensational books and any book that influences the mind by its passion. Obscene pictures which are passing through our postoffices every day should be anathematized in every possible way. I am sometimes inclined to believe that amateur photography is a curse.

In modern society one-half of the society men are wondering how in the world they can get the wives of the other half. This may bring smiles to some faces, but it will bring tears to the eyes of others in this city. Clubs and hotels are becoming dens of corruption. I know a man in New Haven whose hand one-half the people of this city would be proud to grasp. Yet I know that this man has two families living in different parts of this country. There may be others of the same sort whom I do not know.—Rev. A. W. Wheeler, of New Haven.

Clothing of British Clergymen.

Can anything more absurd and less impressive be imagined than the hat, clothes and boots worn by the British clergymen who throng to London in May? A nondescript seedy hat, generally of the wideawake description, a long coat cut like a sack, a pair of baggy trousers, very much "knee'd," a huge pair of square toed bulgy boots and a gingham umbrella make up a costume which is at once grotesque and disreputable. The old fashioned clergyman used at least to dress like a gentleman, and the Roman Catholic priest has a peculiar and unmistakable style of his own. I quite fall to see, therefore, why the modern curate should array himself like a cross between a broken down undertaker and a cafe waiter out of work.—Labouchere in London Truth.

Discounting Fickle Cupid.

A society has been organized in Denmark under the name of the "Celibacy Assurance society," its object being to provide for those women who cannot or will not provide themselves with a husband. The premiums, which are on various scales, begin at the age of 13 and end at 40, a period at which it is supposed most of the members will have abandoned any thought of marriage. Such being the case, the woman receives an annuity for life. If, however, she marries at any time after or before 40 she forfeits all her claims. With the profits thus accruing by chance or purpose the society hopes to provide for its members "doomed to single blessedness."—Providence Journal.

His Bride Came From Castle Garden.

The wife of Hieronymus Kirchner, of Cranberry township, died leaving him a wealthy widower of 70 odd years, with a longing for a new wife. He wasted a month in vainly looking around. Then he concluded to advertise. Mary Galow, a recent arrival at Castle Garden, heard of him and came right on to Butler. A meeting took place, which was perfectly satisfactory, and the aged groom and the blushing 20-year-old bride became one.—Butler (Pa.) Cor. Pittsburg Commercial.

A Diphtheria Scare.

There is no doubt but that diphtheria in its worst form is very prevalent in many cities and small towns. At the same time that fact is no reason for frightening people out of their wits, with every new case of sore throat. Even ulcerated sore throat is bad enough, and no person would have that for fun; yet hundreds of persons are said to have had diphtheria who only had a severe sore throat. The form of sore throat which often passes for diphtheretic is what old people call quinsy. "Putrid sore throat," known long before diphtheria was probably a form of diphtheretic and very dangerous. An old hospital nurse in Boston says "It ain't the clear cold of winter that lays people up with colds, catarrh, and sore throat and lays the children low with diphtheria; it's the soft, pleasant alternating with the wet shishy days." This is very true and explains why those troubles are so prevalent this unusally soft and rainy winter; the air in fact is laden with poisonous vapors. The first symptoms of true diphtheria are much like those of a heavy cold on the lungs. There is fever some stupor and difficulty in breathing. Very sharp pains are felt in the neck glands just below the ear. The tongue is coated the throat and tonsils inflamed, little white spots which increase and turn to a dirty yellow or brown color, next appear, and a peculiar odor totally unlike ulcerated sore throat is noticeable. If the disease is of the black or malignant type nothing but a miracle can restore the patients to their former good health. Very many reliable pelple claim to have cured severe cases of diphtheria with Johnson's Anodyne Liniment. Be that as it may it is worth trying because so easily used internally dropped on sugar or used as a gargle, and bathing for external use. We know from experience that it will cure a common sore throat in one night, and thousands of peopleclaim that noremedyknown will relieve colds, catarrh, bronchitis, croup etc., as promptly as the good old Johnson's Liniment. If it cures them why not diphtheria? It was an old family physician's prescription. I S Johnson&Co Boston will send free to any person an illustrated pamphlet about its use. Send them your name.

Rufus Cook's Good Advice.

Rufus Cook, a civil and sanitary engineer, has addressed an open letter to the city council of Minneapolis, in which he makes some pertinent and valuable suggestions on the subject of city sanitation. He states that with the growth of cities there is a constant tendency to the accumulation of unsanitary conditions. Sanitary work consists in the application of preventive measures rather than curative, the latter being the province of the physician. To insure this sanitary work being fully carried out, ample funds should be appropriated to the health department.

People need to be taught that what they eat, drink and breathe has an important relation to their health and happiness, and to maintain human existence in its highest state requires pure air, pure water and pure food, and these supplemented by a pure soil. As purity of air is first in importance, the best system of heating and ventilation should be applied to all public and private buildings. A good plumbing law is one of the most effective steps in sanitary progress that the city can possibly have. Mr. Cook quotes from the New Jersey board of health: "Most of our cities are still far behind in the details of approved sanitary administration, and in those financial provisions, therefore, which are necessary for the health of the people. In the work of sanitary inspection and advice, and in the general oversight of the people, we find a field of operation which might be largely extended to the great advantage of our citizens."—The Sanitary News.

An Implied Compliment.

"What are you doing now, Jinks?"

"Raising chickens."

"Ah! I see. I'll have to get a lock for my hen house."—Nebraska State Journal.

Just Like Pork.

A friend of mine who used to have a house in Paris under the empire, and was well acquainted with all the artists of imperial France, told me apropos of the picture by Gerome, exhibited in the American galleries, a story that is worth repeating here. Every one who loves art must know the picture (or the engraving from the picture) representing "Moliere Breakfasting with Louis Quatorze." My friend happened to run into Gerome's studio just after the canvas was completed. It was in its frame and on the easel, and Gerome was chuckling in his saturnine way as he entered. "What do you think?" said the painter, "I have just received the visit of an American richard, who has made me what he considers a great offer for my 'Moliere.' He has offered me a thousand francs a head for it. I have refused, as I would if there had been a flock of courtiers. I cannot fancy selling a picture as one would pork." The picture was sold for 30,000 francs.—Town Topics.

Perfumery.

A perfumer says that there is more downright fraud perpetrated in the manufacture of attar of roses than in the making of any other perfume. Connecticut is a prominent place for the production of attar of roses. Heliotrope, one of the most popular of perfumes, is made by combining violet and vanilla in certain proportions.—Chicago Times.

There are explosives which have seventy times more power than gunpowder, and yet it is only now and then that a man seats himself on a keg of powder to enjoy a quiet smoke.

An Ohio farmer mortgaged his farm to get his wife some diamond earrings, and she lost one of them in the suds the very first wash day and attempted to hang herself in the barn.

Common Croup.

Is often fatal when not remedied in time. Leslie B Nicholson, 19 Welleley Ave., Toronto, says: 'As a quick cure for croup, colds, sore throat, chillblains, etc., I can recommend Hagyard's Yellow Oil.' It is a sure cure. Directions accompany each bottle.

They say the expression "by hook or by crook" orginated in an old custom in regard to gathering wood in faggots. The wood gatherer was permitted to have all the wood fallen on the ground and all that he could reach with his crook from branches of trees.

Partly Gave Up.

"In the year 1885 I coughed for six months, and having unsuccessfully tried many remedies, I partly gave up thinking I had the consumption. At last I tried Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam, less than one bottle of which cured me, leaving me as well as ever I was,' Henry W Carus, Wabash, Ont.

Tenderfoot (in new Kansas town)—"Where is the post-office? Resident—"Over there.' "Where?" "Up yonder that man sawing wood? He's the postmaster.' "Yes but I don't see the post-office.' "Of course you don't. It's in his hat.

A fact that all men with gray and many shaded whiskers should know, that Buckingham's Dye always colors an even brown or black at will.

"Not Negotiable!" —Impecunious lodger —"Jemima, did you ask Mrs. Maggle whether she would take my I. O. U. for this quarter's rent as I'm rather ——" Maid of all work—"Yes sir and she says she won't, sir, not if you was to hoffer 'er the 'ole halphabit!"

Remember that Ayer's Cherry Pectoral has no equal as a specific for colds, coughs, and all affections of the throat and lungs. For nearly half a century it has been in greater demand than any other remedy for pulmonary complaints. All druggists have it for sale.

Polite Lady—Do you take sugar in your tea? Boston Tramp—Madam, I am in no position to dictate the details of the menu for my coming luncheon, but—Polite Lady— Coffee and baked beans.

Avoid Appearances. — A worthy gentlemen having an unusually red nose was long suspected of being a tippler on the sly, by those not well acquainted with his strictly temperance habits. His unfortunate disfigurment was readily cured by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

The British Medical Journal emits a well justified howl against the practice of cigarette smoking by boys. The young gentlemen ought to be soundly birched, the little cigarette-ches!

A Dreadful Doom

To be unable to satisfy hunger without being distressed by heartburn, indigestion, sick stomach, dizziness or faintness seems a dreadful doom. All who suffer from it will find prompt relief and permanent cure in Burdock Blood Bitters. B B B. positively cures dyspepsia in anyform.

The question of female physicians has been settled in Russia in the affirmative with the stipulation that ladies shall only attend on adults of their own sex and on children of both sexes.

Nothing like It.

"I was troubled with liver complaint for a good many years, but was cured by one bottle of Burdock Blood Bitters. I have never found any medicine to help me like B. B. B., in fact one bottle made a complete cure." W J West, Parkhill, Ont.

Quite Right!—"You can't put old heads on young shoulders," as the young man remarked when the elderly spinster endeavored to faint in his arms.

Health Failing Fast.

I was swollen from head to foot from dropsy of six months standing, and my health was failing fast but after taking one bottle of Burdock Blood Bitters, I am quite well and think there is no medicine equal to B. B. B. and to it I remained a true friend." Joseph Herrick Linwood, Ont.

Mr. Winks—"I see raising flowers for the manufacture of perfumery has become a new industry in Florida." Mr. Winks—(a perfumery manufacturer) "Flowers?" "Yes." "For the manufacture of perfumery?" "Yes." "Well, wonders will never cease."

A High Valuation

"If there was only one bottle of Hagyards Yellow Oil in Manitoba, I would give one hundred dollars for it," writes Philip H. Grant of Monteith, Manitoba, afthr having used it for a severe wound and for frozen fingers, with as he says, "astonishing good results."

"There's a queer roomer afloat," remarked the hotel porter, as he fished an insane suicide out of the bath-tub.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of cutting teeth? If so, send at once and get a bottle of MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP FOR CHILDREN TEETHING. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures dysentery and diarrhoea, regulates the stomach and bowels, cures wind colic, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP FOR CHILDREN TEETHING is pleasant to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female nurses and physicians in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price 25 cents a bottle.

THE KEY TO HEALTH.

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS

Unlocks all the clogged avenues of the Bowels, Kidneys and Liver, carrying off gradually without weakening the system, all the impurities and foul humors of the secretions; at the same time Correcting Acidity of the Stomach, curing Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Headaches, Dizziness, Heartburn, Constipation, Dryness of the Skin, Dropsy, Dimness of Vision, Jaundice, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Scrofula, Fluttering of the Heart, Nervousness, and General Debility; all these and many other similar Complaints yield to the happy influence of BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS.

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SPECIAL SALE,

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my stock of Good Ready Made Clothing and Gents Furnishing Goods have been remarked and are now offered during this Special Sale at prices that are startling, and must be cleaned out to make room for New Spring Goods.

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International Steamship Co.,

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TWO TRIPS —A— WEEK.

ON MONDAY, March 4th, the steamers of this Company will leave Saint John, MONDAY, and THURSDAY for Eastport, Portland and Boston at 8 a. m., local.

From March 12th to April 29th will leave Saint John, every TUESDAY and THURSDAY at 8 a. m.

And Boston every MONDAY and THURSDAY at 8.30 a. m., and Portland 5.30 p. m. same day, for Eastport and Saint John.

H. W. CHISHOLM, Agent.

tel. sun.

Tender for Steam Service.

St. John, Digby and Annapolis.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the Minister of Finance, Ottawa, and marked "Tender for Steam Service, St. John, Digby and Annapolis," will be received at the Finance Department, Ottawa, up to and including Monday the 1st day of April next, for the following services by Steamer between St. John, Digby and Annapolis, N. S., viz:—

1st. A daily service from 1st April to 31st October, and a tri-weekly service from 1st November to 31st March; or

2nd. A daily service from 1st May to 31st October, and a tri-weekly service from 1st November to 30th April; or

3rd. A tri-weekly service all the year round.

Tenders are requested to send in tenders for all of the above services.

Full particulars as to the terms and conditions thereof and specifications of the steamer required, may be obtained from the Post Office Inspectors at St. John and Halifax.

The Minister of Finance does not bind himself to accept the lowest or any tender.

J. M. COURTNEY,
Deputy Minister of Finance.

Finance Department,
Ottawa, 19th Feb., 1889.

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The New Brunswick Coffin and Casket Factory, 157 and 159 Brussels St.,

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We have been running extra time to supply the demand for this article.

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