THE THREAD OF LIFE;

OR,

SUNSHINE AND SHADE.

CHAPTER II.—DOWN STREAM.

Tide served next morning at eleven; and punctual to the minute—for, besides being a poet, he prided himself on his qualities as a man of business—Hugh Massinger surrendered himself in due course by previous appointment on board the *Mud-Turtle* at the Pool by the Tower. But his eyes were heavier and redder than they had seemed last night; and his languid manner showed at once, by a hundred little signs, that he had devoted but small time since Relf left him to what Mr. Herbert Spencer periphrastically describes as "reparative processes."

The painter, attired for the sea like a common sailor in jersey and trousers and knitted woollen cap, rose up from the deck to greet him hospitably. His whole appearance betokened serious business. It was evident that Warren Relf did not mean to play at yachting.

"You've been making a night of it, I'm afraid, Massinger," he said as their eyes met. "Bad preparation, you know, for a day down the river. We shall have a loppy sea, if this wind holds, when we pass the Nore. You ought to have gone straight to bed when you left the club with me last evening."

"I know I ought," the poet responded with affected cheerfulness. "The path of duty's as plain as a pikestaff; but the things I ought to do I mostly leave undone; and the things I ought not to do, I find, on the contrary, vastly attractive. I may as well make a clean breast of it. I strolled round to Pallavicini's after you vacated the Row last night, and found them having a turn or two at lansquenet. Now, lansquenet's an amusement I never can resist. The consequence was, in three hours I was pretty well cleaned out of ready cash, and shall have to keep my nose to the grindstone accordingly all through what ought by rights to have been my summer holiday. This conclusively shows the evils of high play, and the moral superiority of the wise man who goes home to bed and is sound asleep when the clock strikes eleven."

Relf's face fell several tones. "I wish, Massinger," he said very gravely, "you'd make up your mind never to touch those hateful cards again. You'll ruin your health, your mind, and your pocket with them. If you spent the time you spend upon play in writing some really great book now, you'd make in the end ten times as much by it."

The poet smiled a calm smile of superior wisdom. "Good boy!" he cried, patting Relf on the back in mock approbation of his moral advice. "You talk for all the world like a Sunday-school prize-book. Honest industry has its reward; while pitch-and-toss and wicked improper games land one at last in prison or the workhouse. My dear Relf, how on earth can you, who are a sensible man, believe all that antiquated nursery rubbish? As a matter of fact, is it always good boys who pull the plums with self-appreciative smile out of the world's pudding? Far from it: quite the other way. I have seen the wicked flourishing in my time like a green bay-tree. Honest industry breaks stones on the road, while successful robbery or successful gambling rolls by at its ease, cigar in mouth, lolling on the cushion of its luxurious carriage. If you stick to honest industry all your life long, you may go on breaking stones contentedly for the whole term of your natural existence. But if you speculate boldly on your week's earnings and land a haul, you may in time set another fellow to break stones for you, and then you become at once a respectable man, a capitalist, and a baronet. All the great fortunes we see in the world have been piled up in the last resort, if you'll only believe it, by successful gambling."

"Every man has a right to his own opinion," Warren Relf answered with a more serious air, as he turned aside to look after the rigging. "I admit there is a good deal of gambling in business; but anyhow, honest industry's a simple necessary on board the *Mud-Turtle*.—Come aft, here, will you, from your topsy-turvy moral philosophy, and help me out with this sheet and the mainsail."

Massinger turned to do as he was directed, and to inspect the temporary floating hotel in which he was to make his way contentedly down to the coast of Suffolk. The *Mud-Turtle* was indeed as odd-looking and original a little craft as her owner and skipper had proclaimed her to be. A centre-board yawl, of seventeen tons registered burden, she ranked as a yacht only by courtesy, on the general principle of what the logicians call excluded middle. If she wasn't that, why, then, pray, what in the world was she? The *Mud-Turtle* measured almost as broad across the beam as she reckoned feet in length from stem to stern; and her skipper maintained with profound pride that she couldn't capsize—even if she tried—in the worst storm that ever blew out of an English sky. She drew no more than three feet of water at a pinch; she could go anywhere that a man could wade up to his knees without fear of wetting his tucked-up breeches. This made her a capital boat for a marine artist to go about sketching in; for Relf could lay her alongside a wreck on shallow sands, and run her up a narrow creek after picturesque waterfowl, or approach the riskiest shore to the very edge of the cliffs, without any reference to the state of the tide, or the probable depth of the surrounding channel.

"If she grounds," the artist said enthusiastically, expatiating on her merits to his new passenger, "you see it doesn't really matter twopence; for the next high tide 'll set her afloat again within six hours. She's a great opportunist: she knows well that all things come in time to him who can wait. The *Mud Turtle* positively revels in mud; she lies flat on it as on her native heath, and stays patiently without one word of reproach for the moon's attraction to come in its round to her ultimate rescue."

The yawl's accommodation was opportunist too: though excellent in kind, it was limited in quantity, and by no means unduly luxurious in quality. She was a working-man's yacht, and she meant business. Her deck was calculated on the most utilitarian principles—just big enough for two persons to sketch abreast; her cabin contained three wooden bunks, with their appropriate complement of rugs and blankets: and a small and primitive open stove devoted to the service of the ship's cookery, took up almost all the vacant space in the centre of the well, leaving hardly room for the self-sacrificing volunteer who undertook the functions of purveyor and bottle-washer to turn about in. But the lockers were amply stored with fresh bread, tinned meats, and other simple necessaries for a week's cruise. Thus equipped and accoutred, Warren Relf was accustomed to live an outdoor life for weeks together with his one like-minded chum and companion.

As for Hugh Massinger, a confirmed landsman, the first few hours' sail down the crowded Thames appeared to him at the outset a perfect phantasmagoria of ever varying perils and assorted terrors. He composed his soul to instant death from the very beginning; not, indeed, that he minded one bit for that: the poet dearly loved danger, as he loved all other forms of sensation and excitement: they were food for the Muse; and the Muse, like Blanche Amory, is apt to exclaim, "'Il me faut des emotions!" But the manifold novel forms of enterprise as the lumbering little yawl made her way clumsily among the great East-Indiamen and big ocean-going steamers, darting boldly now athwart the very bows of a huge Monarch-liner, insinuating herself now with delicate precision between the broadsides of two heavy Rochester barges, and just escaping collision now with some laden collier from Cardiff or Newcastle, were too complicated and too ever-pressing at the first flush for Massinger fully to take in their meaning at a single glance. Hugh Massinger was at once amused and bewildered by the careless confidence with which his sea-faring friend dashed boldly in and out among brigs and schooners, smacks and steamships, on port or starboard tack, in endless confusion, backing the little *Mud-Turtle* to hold her own in the unequal contest against the biggest and swiftest craft that sailed the river. His opinion of Relf rose rapidly many degrees in mental register as he watched him tacking and luffing and scudding and darting with cool unconcern in his toy tub among so many huge and swiftly moving monsters.

"Port your helm!" Relf cried to him hastily once, as they crossed the channel just abreast of Greenwich Hospital. "Here's another sudden death down upon us round the Reach yonder!" And even as he spoke, a big coal-steamer, with a black diamond painted allusively on her bulky funnel, turning the low point of land that closed their view, bore hastily down upon them from the opposite direction with menacing swiftness. Massinger, doing his best to obey orders, grew bewildered after a time by the glib rapidity of his friend's commands. He was perfectly ready to act as he was bid when once he understood his instructions; but the seafaring mind seems unable to comprehend that landsmen do not possess an intuitive knowledge of the strange names bestowed by technical souls upon ropes, booms, gaffs, and mizzen-masts; so that Massinger's attempts to carry out his orders in a prodigious hurry proved productive for the most part rather of blank confusion than of the effect intended by the master skipper. After passing Greenhithe, however, they began to find the channel somewhat clearer, and Relf ceased for a while to skip about the deck like the little hills of the Psalmist, while Massinger felt his life comparatively safe at times for three minutes together, without a single danger menacing him ahead in the immediate future from port to starboard, from bow to stern, from brig or steamer, from grounding or collision.

About two o'clock, after a hot run, they cast anchor awhile out of the main channel, where traders ply their flow of intercourse, and stood by to eat their lunch in peace and quietness under the lee of a projecting point near Gravesend.

"If wind and tide serve like this," Relf observed philosophically, as he poured out a glassful of beer into a tin mug—the *Mud Turtle's* appointments were all of the homeliest—"We ought to get down to Whitestrand before an easy breeze with two days' sail, sleeping the nights in the quiet creeks at Leigh and Orfordness."

"That would exactly suit me," Massinger answered, draining off the mugful at a gulp after his unusual exertion. "I wrote a hasty line to my cousin in Suffolk this morning telling her I should probably reach Whitestrand the day after to-morrow, wind and weather permitting—I approve of your ship, Relf, and of your tinned lobster too. It's fun coming down to the great deep in this unconventional way. The regulation yacht, with sailors and a cook and a floating drawing room, my soul wouldn't care for. You can get drawing rooms galore any day in Belgravia; but picnicking like this, with a spice of adventure in it, falls in precisely with my own view of the ends of existence."

"It's a cousin you're going down to Suffolk to see, then?"

"Well, yes; a cousin—a sort of a cousin: a Girton girl: the newest thing out in women. I call her a cousin for convenience's sake. Not too nearly related, if it comes to that; a surfeit of family's a thing to be avoided. But we're a decadent tribe, the tribe of Massinger; hardly any others of us left alive; when I put on my hat I cover all that remains of us; and cousinhood's a capital thing in its way to keep up under certain conditions. It enables a man to pay a pretty girl a great deal of respectful attention, without necessarily binding himself down in the end to anything definite in the matrimonial direction"

"That's rather a cruel way of regarding it, isn't it?"

"Well, my dear boy, what's a man to do in these jammed and crushed and overcrowded days of ours? Nature demands the safety-value of a harmless flirtation. If one can't afford to marry, the natural affections *will* find an outlet, on a cousin or somebody. But it's quite impossible, as things go nowadays, for a penniless man to dream of taking to wife a penniless woman, and living on the sum of their joint properties. According to Cocker, nought and nought make nothing. When a man has no patrimony, he must obviously make it up in matrimony. Only, the great point to avoid is letting the penniless girl meanwhile get too deep a hold upon your personal feelings. The wisest men—like me, for example—are downright fools when it comes to high play or the domestic instincts. Even Achilles had a vulnerable point, you know. So has every wise man. With Achilles, it was the heel; with us it's the heart. The heart will wreck the profoundest and most deliberate philosopher living. I ackhowledge it myself. I ought to wait, of course, till I catch the eminent alderman's richly endowed daughter. Instead of that, I shall doubtless fling myself away like a born fool upon the pretty cousin or some other equally unprofitable investment."

"Well, I hope you will," Relf answered, cutting himself a huge chunk of bread with his pocket clasp-knife. "I'm awfully glad to hear you say so. For your own sake I hope you'll keep your word. I hope you won't stifle everything you have got that's best within you for the sake of money and position and success.—Have a bit of this corned beef, will you?—A woman who sells herself for money is bad enough, though it's woman's way—they've all been trained to it for generations. But a man who sells himself for money—who takes himself to market for the highest bidder—who makes capital out of his face and his manners and his conversation—is absolutely contemptible, and nothing short of it.—I could never go on knowing you, if I thought you capable of it. But I don't think you so. I'm sure you do yourself a gross injustice. You're a great deal better than you pretend yourself. If the occasion ever actually arose, you'd follow your better and not your worse nature.—I'll trouble you for the mustard."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Considered at a Farmer's Institute.

The black knot on cherry and plum trees was shown to be a fungus disease penetrating the bark. The only safe remedy is to cut it off and then rub the spot affected with turpentine. The tomato rot was also declared to be a fungus, the preventive being sulphur powder.

Col. F. D. Curtiss spoke upon pigs as a dairy and fruit farm necessity, and how to feed them lean. He advocated a radical change, and said it was a mistake to think it impossible to keep pigs without corn. Corn is the farmer's ideal of everything, and it is all wrong. Pigs ought to be fed but twice a day, to give time for rest and an opportunity for digestion. The food should be strongly impregnated with phosphate nitrogen. Feed them with meals, turn them into rye fields, put them in clover fields and apple orchards—that is nitrogenous food. Follow up with sweet cornstalks and sorghum. The best quality of pork is made out of apples alone. He pictured the difference between the effects of carbonaceous and nitrogenous food, and such a pig could be fed so long on corn as to be starved to death.

Dr. J. S. Woodward addressed the farmers upon "Nitrogen, Potash and Phosphoric Acid." He said the air was the great storehouse of nitrogen; another source was the coal fields. He described the ammoniacal liquor of the gas factories, and said it was one of the best forms of nitrogenous manure. Potash is found in plants in the mines of Germany. Phosphoric acid builds up the frames of animals, and is found in the bones of animals. It also exists in the slag of iron furnaces, in natural deposits in the south, along the St. Lawrence and in the Canadas.

Mistress (to applicant)—Yes; I have advertized for a nurse. Are you competent to take charge of young children? Applicant—Oh, yis, mum. Mistress—You never give them paregoric to quiet them? Applicant—Niver, mum. I allers prefers laudanum.

THE DOCTOR'S SHADOW.

An Incident of the Cholera Outbreak.

During the outbreak of cholera in Naples, three years ago, the hostility of the lower classes towards the doctors was violent. They insisted that the spread, if not the origin, of the disease was due to them, and called them poisoners and murderers. Physicians who made visits at night to the poor's quarters carried revolvers, or were accompanied by policemen.

A French physician, who had volunteered his aid, used to go about unarmed and without a guard, at all hours of the night, for, as he said to a friend, "Don Salvatore Trapanese was watching over him."

Wherever he went, at night, a man, with a long cloak thrown over his shoulder, carrying a stick in his hand, followed him, as a detective follows the man he is "shadowing." Even in the heart of the thieves' quarter this physician was as safe as in the public square at midday. For the man was one of the chief thieves, and his business was to see that no harm came to the doctor.

It happened in this way. Late one afternoon the doctor happened to be in a church frequented by the poor of the city. The doors were about to be closed, as a man entered and fell upon his knees. His lips moved hastily, and repeatedly he struck the ground with his forehead. As the sexton came up to lock the door, the man threw his cloak over his shoulder and hurriedly left the church.

As the doctor passed the spot where the man had knelt, his foot stumbled against a long Calabrian dagger which lay upon the floor. Catching up with the man outside, the doctor handed him the knife, and noticed his pale face and agitated manner.

"I feel sorry for you," said the doctor.

"Cholera in the house," the man muttered through his clenched teeth.

The doctor announced himself a physician from Paris, and offered his services. The man shook his head, walked away, and then returned.

"Are you a stranger?" said he, curtly.

"Yes."

"You have nothing to do with the municipal authorities?"

"Nothing at all."

"Will you come with me?"

They went down into a narrow street, walked a long way in the darkness, through a vaulted passage, into a narrow alley, and halted before a tumble-down house. A man came out, and all three went down a pitch-dark passage, crossed a yard, and stopped before a miserable hovel. The man who had come from the house, raised a lantern and scrutinized the doctor's face, and then they entered the hovel.

A mother lay upon the floor wringing her hands in despair. Three women were on their knees praying. A old woman, a cripple, sat all in a heap before the fire, muttering to herself.

On the bed was a little girl, half cold and unconscious. No one stood beside the bed, for the lowest class Neapolitans are afraid to touch a dying person.

Surreptitiously, under the blanket, the doctor administered an ether-injection. She rallied, opened her eyes and moaned softly, thereby softening the suspicious eyes around the physician.

The mother rose from the floor and began helping the physician rub the girl with the blanket. The rubbing was useless; the child was sinking fast.

The doctor prepared to give an intravenous injection. As he cut open the vein all the women shrieked. The child collapsed; the mother cried:

"She is dying! she is dying!"

The doctor held the child in his arms. Savage eyes followed his movements, and amid prayers to the Virgin and threats hurled at him, the night wore on.

A reaction set in toward morning, and warmth returned to the body. She moaned, "Mamma! mamma!" The mother's faced glowed with hope. The child was returning to life.

When the doctor left the house he was guided through the labyrinth of lanes and alleys by the father, whose look of gratitude more than compensated the physician for the sleepless night.

Several nights, for they preferred to receive his visits after dark, the doctor visited the hovel. On the night of the last visit, the mother stood on the doorstep, as the doctor departed, praying, "May the peace which you desire be granted unto you!"

As the doctor took leave of the father he asked his name. "Salvatore Trapanese,' the man answered, and added, "If ever you want me, excellency, my life and my knife will be at your disposal."

Pointing to where a ragged old cobbler was seated repairing a boot, he said, "Address yourself to that man if you want me."

For months the physician did not see Salvatore. The papers teemed with accounts of nightly attacks, and the dreadful Camorra—the association of thieves and beggars which once ruled half of Naples—appeared to be renewing its sway. But whenever the doctor went out at night, he saw that he was followed by a suspicious-looking character. Subsequently the doctor found out that the man overshadowing him was Salvatore's brother, who had been ordered by the Camorra to watch over him.

The doctor lost a valuable dog. He informed the old cobbler. That night a man called, whose appearance was not such as to beget a sense of security. He came as a friend of Salvatore.

"You shall have the dog back to-morrow evening, if he be not dead!" said the man.

The next night the dog rushed into the room dragging Salvatore after him.

The doctor thanked him and shook him by the hand.

"I am a bad man," said Salvatore looking confused, "and not worthy of touching your hand."

The doctor handed the reward he had promised for the dog's return, two hundred francs. The man put it back on the table, saying: "You saved the little girl. I found the dog—it is all right now."

Railroad Flyers in England.

"You don't know what fast traveling means in this country."

An Englishman who had recently made a trip throughout the New England states and the west, was discussing our railroad system with a friend at a cafe.

"Now listen and I'll give you some news. In England third class passengers ride from forty to forty-five miles an hour and nobody pays extra fare on account of the speed. From New York to Albany it is 142 miles by a splendid track. There are ten express trains daily between these cities, and their average speed is twenty-nine miles an hour. Between London and Sheffield, 162 miles, the Great Northern runs nine trains daily, with an average speed of forty-five miles an hour. Between New York and Boston the average speed is thirty miles an hour, and the fastest, a train composed exclusively of sleeping cars, makes thirty-nine miles an hour. Between London and Manchester, 203 miles, there are twenty trains daily, with an average speed of forty-one miles an hour, and some trains making fifty. Between London and Glasgow, 440 miles, there are thirteen daily expresses, and their average speed is almost forty miles an hour, one train being much faster than this."

"Yes, but that is only on favored lines."

"Not at all. All over England and Scotland express trains, composed of first, second and third class carriages, make from thirty-five to fifty miles an hour, while in America a thirty-five mile train is called a stroke of lightning. The fastest regular train in America, so I am told, is on the Baltimore and Ohio, which makes the forty miles between Washington and Baltimore in fifty minutes. There are three or four fast trains between New York and Philadelphia covering forty-six miles an hour. Between Liverpool and Manchester there are fifty-two trains daily, none of them slower than forty-five miles an hour and four of them making fifty-one and a third miles an hour."

Starvation in London.

One of the most active charities in London is that which provides food for the unemployed, and also for laborers who are not allowed to leave the docks, where they are busy, during working hours, and who can pay only the smallest possible sum for what they eat. Those who have work are expected to give one penny for an amount of food which the unemployed can obtain for a half-penny, and it is estimated that the first sum covers the actual cost of the bowl of nourishing soup of which a dock-dinner consists. This is supplemented by a slice of pudding when the applicant can afford an extra half-penny.

A visitor at the place where the food is distributed says, that on a cold spring day nine hundred and sixty men were served from the food trucks in less than an hour. This took place after the worst distress of winter was over. Said the attendant in charge, "We are daily implored to give food to men who have had none for twenty-four or forty-eight hours."

"Please, I've no money to-day," said one poor fellow. "I know you don't *give* the food quite, because there'd be such a lot of us if you did; but will you take my matches, and let me have a little for them?"

In the midst of such bitter want, a great deal of brotherly kindness is shown by men who feel that a starving comrade's need is greater than their own.

A poorly dressed man one day gave a penny to two others, telling them to buy soup and pudding for themselves. One of them came to the truck, and asked for two slices of pudding.

"Why didn't you get some soup, instead of two pieces of pudding?" asked the one to whom he had been indebted.

"Oh," was the answer, as he handed one slice to another man, "Here's a chum of mine who can get along with a piece of this."

And the man who was thus helped was seen, a few minutes after, dividing his share with a neighbour more needy than himself.

Last October an elderly man, looking very white and thin, stood for three days outside the gate, watching the others as they ate their hot stew. On the first day a friend lent him a penny, but on the second no one could afford to repeat the loan, and on the third the man fell to the ground exhausted. He had been reduced by starvation to the lowest point of human endurance, and actually died on the spot where he hoped to be fed.

Punctually at noon two wretched-looking cats appear, and wait until some one takes pity on them. Some of the men leave a little food in their basins for the poor animals, besides breaking off a bit of pudding for anxiously watching children.

One day the attendant was, as usual, collecting two basins of scrapings, one for the black cat, and one for the white, when he saw a lean, starved human creature peering at him through the railings. The two cats finished their meal and retired, and then the watcher, springing toward the basin, ravenously devoured the rest of the food.

The amount of good done by this system of food distribution is almost incalculable.

Royal Intermarriages.

A grave national crisis seemed about to arise recently in Germany as the result of a proposed marriage between a daughter of the reigning Emperor and Prince Alexander of Battenberg. Alexander was formerly Prince of Bulgaria, and while occupying that throne gave such offence to the Russian Czar that he was abducted, and was afterward forced to give up his Bulgarian throne.

Obnoxious, therefore, as Alexander is to the Czar, Prince Bismarck declared that his marriage into the Emperor's family was likely to bring about unpleasant relations—and perhaps worse—between Germany and Russia, and therefore Bismarck strenuously resisted the arrangement which was dear to the heart both of the young princess herself and of her mother, the Empress Victoria.

This occurrence strikingly illustrates the fact that marriages among the European reigning families may still have a large influence upon the course of political events.

It is quite true that such ties do not prevent, and never have prevented, the different nations from quarrelling with and fighting each other. Royal fathers-in-law and brothers-in-law have often, all through European history, confronted each other on the battle field, and allied themselves with each other's enemies.

Napolean the First warred upon Francis of Austria, his father-in-law, and a few years ago England and Russia were on the very point of coming to blows, though the second son of Queen Victoria was the husband of the Czar's sister.

Yet the reigning families, or their ministers, have always arranged marriages between their members for "dynastic" and political reasons, and not seldom the fact that marriage ties existed between them has turned the scale in favor of or against wars and other important political events.

In the monarchies, indeed, either absolute law or immemorial custom has established the rule that royalty can only wed royalty, and that if the heir, near or remote to a throne, marries beneath the royal rank, he shall forfeit his right of succession.

Prince Oscar of Sweden, by marrying recently Miss Munck, one of the maids of honor at the Swedish court, was obliged to abandon all right to succeed to the throne, and to give up his rank as a royal prince.

In order to avoid such results, the princes of many European states are permitted to contract what are called "morganatic" marriages, with women not of royal blood. But the children of such marriages are not recognized as their father's heirs, or as being of the blood royal; nor does a morganatic marriage prevent the prince who makes it from also legally wedding a princess of royal blood.

Royal marriages for dynastic or political reasons often have two opposite results. They often unite in wedlock a prince and princess who know little of each other, and who do not love each other. On the other hand, the rule of dynastic marriages some times keeps apart a prince and princess who do love each other. The latter is said to be the case with the Prince Alexander and the Princess Victoria.

Sometimes, however, it happens that affection and political exigencies harmonize, and produce happy marriages. Of such a character, undoubtedly, were the marriages of Queen Victoria with Prince Albert; of her son, the Prince of Wales, with the Danish Princess Alexandria; of the present German Emperor with his Empress, and of the present Czar with the Princess Dagmar.

So long continued has been the custom of intermarriages between royal people, that the present reigning families of Europe are all more or less nearly related to each other; and, in many instances, are related to each other by numerous ties of blood and inheritance.

It cannot be said, however, that this fact materially lessens the probability of war. Indeed, as the case of Prince Alexander and the German Princess shows, adherence to the custom may bring the prospect of dissension and war nearer, rather than more remote.

The Song of a Flirt.

Oh, a dainty toy is the heart of man!
For all toys known since time began
Compare with this one what one can?
What rapture to watch it chill and burn
And burn and chill and tremble in turn—
Then with dainty shod feet to carelessly spurn!
Oh, 'tis rare, indeed, with a victim smitten—
This delicate game *a la* mouse and kitten—
To cajole, soothe, caress—then "give him the mitten."

Take all other toys, then, but leave me mine;
Take riches and pleasures and palaces fine;
Take all but my plaything—the heart masculine.

Seven Years

Of suffering relieved in as many days. Corns cause in the aggregate as much suffering as any single disease. It is the magic solvent power of Putnam's Corn Extractor that makes it speedily successful in removing corns. Take no substitute, however highly recommended. Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor is the best. Sure, safe, and painless.

RUSSIA'S PETROLEUM GEYSERS.

Wells that Alone Produce More Oil Than an Entire American Field.

Statistics of the oil business in Russia have just reached this country, and American oil men are studying them with a great deal of anxiety. They throw a new light on the business in Russia, and show too plainly that the Baku districts are a most dangerous rival of the American fields. The output of many of the Russian wells is prodigious, and far eclipses anything ever heard of in this country. American oil producers have claimed to have no fears of Russian competition, but with the new information on the industry they are taking another view of it.

There is no better way to bring this fact to them than by a few comparisons. Take a well at Baku called the "Wet Nurse." It has been yielding oil for twelve years, and in that time has averaged 32,000 gallons a day. These figures are amazing to an American oil producer. They mean that the well has produced 140,000,000, gallons of oil, or over 3,000,000 barrels. These figures are startling to the people of this section when they turn to the statistics of their own industry and find that this one well has produced three times as much as Pithole in a year of its wonderful business. It lacks less than 400,000 barrels of producing as much as the famous Oil Creek district produced in 1869, its most prolific year. The Washington district, among the richest ever discovered in America, in 1887, its banner year, produced but 3,500,000 barrels. This is but 500,000 barrels more than the output of this one well in Russia. The wonderful Thorn Creek pool, in Butler county, produced in its best twelve months but 268,000 barrels more than this one Russian gusher.

Such astounding facts as these bring the danger of Russian competition home to the people of the Pennsylvanian fields. This does not stand alone in this enormous production. The yearly output is given of a number of wells, many of them nearly as large as this one. The "Mirzoeff No. 5," also at Baku, has for six years produced 40,000 gallons a day. This is above 2,000 barrels, and the production of Cogley, Tarkill, and Red Valley, three prolific Venango county pools, produced but 1,965,000 barrels in 1886, their best year.

The record is given of a well drilled by the Nobel Brothers, called the "Droeja well." It cost $7 500 to drill. The record of the well is thus stated:

This well spouted for 115 days, the yield being 3,400 tons for thirty, and 600 tons for eleven days. The well was then plugged and the supply kept under ground for further wants. The amount of oil spouted by this well, according to the lowest estimate, was 22,000 tons, or 55,000,000 gallons: according to the highest estimate, 500,000 tons or 125,000,000 gallons."

The spray from one of these geysers was blown through the air for eight miles.

With these figures before them, coming as they do from official sources, American oil men realize that Russian petroleum deposits are too great for computation. Five hundred wells have been sunk in the Baku districts, 200 of which, irrespective of the enormous fountains, are now producing 560,000,000 gallons of oil every year. It is the opinion of American operators now in that field that this flow "could be increased tenfold or a hundredfold." A very significant fact to oil men is the interest which the Rothschilds have taken in the Russian field, controlling, as they do, a large percentage of the producing and refining business.

His Wife Saw the Point.

Jones had married the prettiest woman in town and Brown had married the homeliest and thought she was beautiful. One evening they were talking about their respective better halves, and Brown remarked:

"I say, Jones, I think you and I married the two prettiest women in town."

Jones looked at him in surprise a moment, but he saw he was serious.

"Well," he replied, cautiously, and with pride, "I guess you are about half right, old fellow."

Brown didn't see the point until he told his wife.—[Washington Critic.

Sedentary Habits.

In this age of push and worry, the business man and the professional man are alike unable to devote any adequate time to exercise. In the daily round of toil and pleasure, no suitable provision is made for that important function, and the result is that men of sedentary habits become subject to many forms of ailments arising from a torpid or sluggish liver. Constipation, sick headache, biliousness and dyspepsia are all due to the improper action of the liver. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets cure these troubles by restoring the liver to its normal condition.

Earl Derby has become leader of the Unionists in the House of Lords.

A Graveyard Cough.

The short, dry, hacking cough, which announces the approach of consumption, has been aptly termed a graveyard cough. The peril is great, and near at hand, but it can surely averted with Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, a botanic remedy, without a peer for pulmonary, throat and liver affections, and for all ailments which, like consumption, have a scrofulous origin, and also for eruptions and sores, indicating impurity of the blood. Druggists all sell it.

The Emin Bey relief committee are confident that Stanley is safe.

Chronic nasal catarrh—guaranteed cure—Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy.

If ever I am an instructress it will be to learn more than to teach.

Whenever your Stomach or Bowels get out of order, causing Biliousness, Dyspepsia, or Indigestion and their attendant evils, take at once a dose of Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters. Best family medicine. All Druggists. 50 cents.

Three thousand persons have been drowned by a flood in the Canton River.]

Consumption Surely Cured.

TO THE EDITOR:—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and P. O. address. Respectfully, Dr. T. A. SLOCUM, 37 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.

Irish photographer, to sitter: "You're sure the position you occupy now is the one you want?" Sitter: "Yes, positive." Photographer: "Just to make double sure, won't you come here and look in the camera and see?"

A Cure for Drunkenness.

The opium habit, dipsomania, the morphine habit, nervous prostration caused by the use of tobacco, wakefulness, mental depression, softening of the brain, etc., premature old age, loss of vitality caused by over-exertion of the brain, and loss of natural strength, from any cause whatever. Men—young, old or middle-aged—who are broken down from any of the above causes, or any cause not *mentioned above*, send your address and 10 cents in stamps for Lubon's Treatise, in book form, of *Diseases of Man*. Books sent sealed and secure from observation. Address M V LUBON 47 Wellington street East, Toronto Ont.

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HOP COUGH CURE cures in one minute.

A good many women who have married dry goods clerks have got two yards of illusion as a premium.

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