

CAREFUL AUTHORS.

Campbell Was a Stickler on the Most Trifling Points.

It is surprising how punctilious some authors have been with respect even to the smallest detail of their manuscripts. Dickens was perfect in this respect, and would make enough fuss over an error of punctuation to drive a poor "comp." out of his wits. Tennyson, too, was most particular that not a comma should be omitted or misplaced, whilst his revisions were never finished. Perhaps the greatest terror of the compositor was Thomas Carlyle, for he would cover every square inch of vacant space both in the margin and between the lines with minute additions and emendations—and not once, but a dozen times.

Victor Hugo was equally difficult to please and satisfy. Of one of his famous works he made the printers supply no fewer than eleven successive revised proofs, and the last half dozen were furnished in order to make quite sure that the commas were in their right places.

But perhaps Thomas Campbell, the famous poet who wrote such stirring masterpieces as "Hohenlinden," "The Battle of the Baltic," and "Ye Mariners of England," takes the cake in this respect. He was so particular as to degree, which fact probably accounts for the small quantity and perfect quality of his literary output. It is said that he once walked six miles to his printers, and six miles back in order to have a comma changed into a semicolon!

Its first line reads:

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day;

but when Gray sent it to the press his manuscript read:

The curfew tolls, the knell of parting day.

The thoughtful compositor did not understand the word "tolls" as an intransitive verb, so dropped the comma, thinking the poet had put it in by mistake, and when Gray read the line his sensitive ear at once caught its new, sustained melody, and he adopted the compositor's correction.

Probably the most fastidious living writer is the poet William Watson. His work bears the impress of extreme care, and, like Tennyson, his revision seems never to be done.

Woolwich Arsenal.

Britishers owe the present arsenal at Woolwich to an accident. The Government had a gun foundry in Moorfields, where, upon one occasion, in the year 1716, a distinguished party were gathered together to witness the operation of casting a large cannon.

A young foreigner, named Schiach, who seems to have been almost an entire stranger, but who was well acquainted with the details of casting, noticed that one of the moulds had been insufficiently dried, and warned the moulders against using it. They disregarded his advice, and when he saw that he could not prevail upon them to desist, he immediately put himself well out of harm's way before the cannon was cast. A terrible explosion occurred when the molten metal rushed into the wet mould, owing to the sudden generation of steam that could find no outlet, and several persons were killed and a large number injured.

It is said that search was made for the man whose predictions had been so painfully verified, and that the Government employed him to advise about the best mode of preventing such accidents in future. The result was that Moorfields was given up as a site of a gun foundry altogether, and upon his advice the establishment was removed to the Warren at Woolwich.

Sir Herbert's Bargains.

Sir Herbert Maxwell tells two stories of valuable books which were sold cheaply. After the death of Mr. Alexander Oswald several thousand volumes belonging to him were sold by his brother, George, for a shilling each. Among them was a Kilmarnock edition of Burns' poems, 1787, which has since realized \$2,500.

"Some years ago," added Sir Herbert Maxwell, "I wanted to get the 'Encyclopaedia Britannica,' ninth edition, at a cost of \$150. I was short of cash, and though I would sell some books, I chose a sporting magazine, of which I had a complete set, but two numbers, from its beginning in 1790 to its demise in 1870. I got my 'Encyclopaedia,' but you may judge of my chagrin when I read that last year the series of sporting magazines was sold in London for \$4,500."

A Mystery.

A good story is told in which Mr. Maurice Hewlett is the central figure. At a certain dinner party a well-known author was asked his opinion of Mr. Hewlett's novel "The Queen's Quair." "Don't you think the author was a little—er—indelicate in 'The Queen's Quair'?" The gentleman to whom the question was put, declared that the manners and morals of the time justified the line which Mr. Hewlett took.

At the conclusion of the dinner a benevolent looking, and somewhat dead old gentleman whispered to a neighbor, "I beg your pardon Mr. —, but what did Mr. Hewlett do to Queen's square?"

Wettest Spot on Earth.

There is much interest for English people at the moment—though, perhaps, no particular comfort—in the announcement that the rainfall of a village among the hills of Assam during the ten weeks from May 1st to July 9th this year was 250 inches. The village is Cherrapunji, the rainiest spot in Asia, and presumably in the world. Its annual rainfall is something over 450 inches—say fifteen times as much as London. Cherrapunji stands on a plateau, overlooking the plain of Sylhet, and it is 4,455 feet above sea level.

Dr. de Van's Female Pills
A reliable French remedy; never fails. These pills are exceedingly powerful in regulating the generative portion of the female system. Refuse all cheap imitations. Dr. de Van's are in a box, or three for \$10. Mailed to any address. See Footnote Drug Co., St. Catharines, Ont.

ON BOARD THE FLIER

The Little Story That Was Going on Right Under Their Noses.

By MARION BENTON.

"We'll take those three seats. I suppose it's the best you can do. Lawrence, you sit there. No, no—on this side. There's a draft on that side."

"But I want to see the river," said the elderly man querulously and with a gesture akin to throwing aside a detaining hand, though his stolid and over-dressed wife had not laid so much as a finger tip on his arm.

"I tell you there's a draft on that side," she said sharply.

"Well, you don't want to sit in a draft either," persisted her husband.

"No; Emily can sit there. She is young. Drafts won't hurt her."

David Marston raised his paper suddenly to hide the smile that would come. He was sitting on the drafty side, too, right behind the chair in the parlor car which had raised the discussion.

"Where is Emily?" asked the husband, now settled unwillingly in the chair selected for him.

"She's making sure that there's a nice man in the baggage car to look after the dogs. She'll be along in a minute."

By this time David Marston was not the only passenger interested in the domestic drama. Every man and woman in the car had laid aside paper or book, roused to attention by the piercing tones and dominating bearing of the woman. The shrill speech might have been forgiven on the plea that the husband was evidently very deaf. The manner was less forgivable. Newly acquired riches were stamped all over the tightly laced, middle aged figure. The characteristic face, due to much electric massaging, spoke of hours spent with beauty experts. Her frock, wrap and hat shrieked "Paris!"

Evidently the couple were going back to New York after a brief stay at their lodge in the Catskills, for the limited had stopped at the small town close to fashionable mountain fastnesses on special orders.

"You don't think anything will happen to Emily trying to cross the platform?" asked the man anxiously.

"It's a vestibuled train!" shrieked his wife. "I told her to stay until all three of the dogs had been properly chained. You remember the time we came—Oh, there she is!"

There was much weeping of necks as the third member of this interesting party came through the narrow passageway around the drawing room. Her advent promised further entertainment to travel bored passengers.

Only one of the latter did not crane his neck. He simply sat staring at the girl, his hands gripped hard on the arms of the chair.

She was a slender, refined looking girl, dressed in black from her dull calfskin ties to her stiffly tailored traveling hat. At her throat and wrists were the gleaming lines of diamonds. She tilted them in the corner beside the elderly man she said something to him which he seemed to hear, though she did not follow his wife's example and raise her voice. He settled back with a contented air.

"There's your chair, Emily," said the woman, waving her hand across the aisle. The girl turned, stepped across the aisle, looked at Marston, caught her breath sharply and sank into her chair, which she wheeled so that her back was turned squarely upon him.

By this time David had recovered thought and speech. He rose, deliberately walked in front of the girl and extended his hand.

"Don't tell me that a mere trifle like a beard makes me unrecognizable, Emily. I should have known you even if you had dyed your hair."

The girl's hand lay limply in his; then she pulled herself together and withdrew it.

"Oh, I knew you at once. But the shock—"

"Precisely. It was a shock to me to find you with them."

The gesture was slight, but Emily Hunt knew what he meant, and her cheeks crimsoned.

"I can explain."

"Let me turn your chair around so we can talk," Marston suggested, and a moment later they sat side by side, facing the river bank, their backs to Miss Emily's employer, who sniffed in baffled curiosity and gazed their way through a jeweled lorgnon.

"Oh, the story is short enough," said Emily bitterly. "Selling drugs and teaching youngsters in a Colorado town and making good with your brush in New York city are entirely different propositions. I saw it was starvation or real work and so—"

"Being companion to a woman of her caliber is real work, eh?"

"She is really very kind at heart, and Mr. Maguire is just lovely to meet."

At this juncture Mr. Maguire was shaken with a violent coughing spell.

"Emily," exclaimed Mrs. Maguire sharply, "where's the cough medicine?"

But Emily Hunt was already digging into her employer's bag.

Deftly she poured the medicine and turned to bring a glass of water. Marston was at her heels, his own drinking cup filled to the brim.

"Thanks, Mr. Maguire took such a dreadful cold while we were at Grotton lodge."

The invalid was recovering from the phthisis and there was nothing for Emily to do but introduce David to her employers.

Mr. Maguire extended a trembling hand. Mrs. Maguire raised her lorgnon. "From Chicago? In pork, I suppose?"

David's eyes twinkled even as Emily Hunt's cheeks colored.

"No, not exactly—in the law for pork men."

Emily bit her lips and, returning to her chair, stared hard at the dying scenery.

"Forgive me, Emily, but I simply had to do it. She is impossible."

"But you are in the law?"

"And for men in pork. I am going to Europe on my first big commission."

"I am so glad you have found success," said Emily in a calm voice, though her heart beat tumultuously. She might have helped him to find it, but now he was going to Europe for a mighty corporation, and she was a companion, the most despised and inadequately paid personage in the Maguire retinue.

"Emily, ring for the porter and order clam broth for us all from the buffet car."

"I don't care for any, if you will excuse me, Mrs. Maguire, I'll order for two."

"Nonsense!" said the domineering Mrs. Maguire. "A cup of hot broth will do you good. You're looking a bit white this afternoon, and we can't afford to have you sick on our hands now, with Maguire on the edge of pneumonia."

The piercing tones ran the length of the car, and there was a smothered laughter up and down the lines. With crimson cheeks, Emily touched the button, but when the waiter arrived it was Marston who took the matter in hand and ordered a dainty luncheon.

Mrs. Maguire admitted that for a man "in pork" he knew how to order. It annoyed her that she could not communicate this discovery to her husband. Later she said something of the sort to Emily, who had brought Mr. Maguire an evening paper picked up at Poughkeepsie.

Emily did not seem to hear the patronizing remark of her employer. Her mind had leaped forward to that moment when the train should pull into the Grand Central depot. Then she and the Maguires would enter the carriage held in waiting by liveried servants, and Marston would go his self made independent way. When she returned to her chair the dull foggy dusk was settling down on the river. Pretty soon on the broad six track way trains loaded with suburbanites would be shooting past them, suburbanites going home to their cottages and firesides all their own, where women who had never dreamed of artistic careers waited for them.

The porter received Mrs. Maguire's curt comment on poor gas with abject apologies.

"Such'n's sure wrong, but we can't locate it in trouble, but we'll soon be in town," he said and hurried on. He knew the Maguire type.

Emily started. Marston's hand was on her arm, not gently or as a reminder that he deserved her attention, but in a mastery, determined clasp.

"Emily, do you think for one minute I am going abroad and leave you to that—that sort of a woman? I've got to sail in the morning. There is not much time, but you can get frills and frocks in Paris, and when we come home, if visiting art centers abroad has roused your ambitions once more, I'll have you study with the best!"

"I don't want to study; I have no ambitions; I just want—"

Marston bent very close to catch the last word—"you."

"Emily, get a rug for Mr. Maguire," exclaimed Mrs. Maguire so sharply that the dining passengers all were up. Then as the girl leaped over to pick up the fallen rug Mrs. Maguire whispered harshly:

"I guess you forget where you are!"

"No," replied Emily happily. "I've only just found out where I belong. Marston and I are going to be married tonight and sail for London in the morning."

Mrs. Maguire gave vent to an exclamation that roused her husband to frightened wonder and made several men in the car laugh aloud.

The little bride in chair 11 leaned over and touched her husband's hand.

"Billy, dear, I believe there's a little story going on right under our noses."

Her husband patted her hand tenderly under cover of the friendly dusk.

"Wouldn't be surprised, sweetheart, and all I've got to say is I hope the young man is the sort who will not consign Emily to a drafty seat."

"I hope he is just as dear and good as you are."

And down in the front of the car Marston and Emily Hunt sat gazing into the night, too happy for words.

Generous.

Weedon Grossmith, who is known as an artist as well as an actor, was once assailed by a fair autograph hunter in London, who thrust her album under his nose. "Please give me your name, Mr. Grossmith," she gushed. "If you will leave the book at my address with your address and telephone for the actor's benevolent fund," replied the actor, "I shall do so tomorrow with pleasure." The girl objected. An actress, she declared, "who was far better known than he, had signed her book for existence." She pointed at Mr. Grossmith's obduracy. But suddenly she brightened. "I know," she exclaimed. "You shall have the ninepence if you'll do me a picture as well."—New York Sun.

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TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY Take LAXATIVE BROMO Quinine Tablets. Druggists refund money if it fails to cure. E. W. GROVES' signature is on each box. 25c.

WHEN AILING ASK YOUR NEIGHBORS

That's How Magnus Johnson Got Relief From Kidney Troubles

They told him to use Dodd's Kidney Pills.—He did and his Backache and other sickness speedily vanished.

LAC LA NONNE, Alta., Feb. 17. (Special).—If you have Kidney trouble of any kind, from Backache to Bright's Disease, and don't know how to cure it, ask your neighbors. They'll tell you to use Dodd's Kidney Pills. Such is the experience of Magnus Johnson, a well known farmer residing near here. In an interview, Mr. Johnson says:

"In the year 1909 I took a pain in my back, due to a strain and hard work. I kept getting worse. In the fall of 1908 I was unable to do any hard work and began to suffer a great deal. I did not know what to do, and told one of my neighbors. He handed me a Dodd's Almanac. After reading it I concluded to try Dodd's Kidney Pills and after using five boxes I feel fine and able to do any kind of hard work. Dodd's Kidney Pills cured my Kidneys, and I cannot praise them too much."

You don't experiment when you use Dodd's Kidney Pills. They have cured my Kidneys and I cannot praise them too much."

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