PUBLIC ARCHIVES OF NOVA SCOTIA

THE THREAD OF LIFE

OR

SUNSHINE AND SHADE.

The village of Whitestrand, on the Suffolk coast—an oasis in a stretch of treeless desert—was and is one of the remotest and most primitive spots to be found anywhere on the shores of England. The railways, running inland away to the west, have left it for ages far in the lurch; and even the two or three belated roads that converge upon it from surrounding villages lead nowhere. It is, so to speak, an absolute terminus. The World's End is the whimsical title of the last house at Whitestrand. The little river Char that debouches into the sea just below the church, with its broad estuary from the low stretch of reclaimed and sluice drained pasture land of wiry grass that rolls away to the southward. The very name Whitestrand, as old as the days of the Danish invasion of the East Anglian plain, at once describes the one striking and noteworthy feature of the entire district. It has absolutely no salient point of its own of any sort, except the hard and firm floor of pure white sand that extends for miles and miles on either side of the village.

All Whitestrand—what there was left of it—belonged to Mr. Wyville Meysey. His family had bought the manor and estate a hundred years before, when the banking firm of Meysey's in the Strand was in the first heyday of its financial glory. Unhappily for him, his particular ancestor, a collateral member of the great house, had preferred the respectable position of a country gentleman to an active share in the big concern in London. From that day forth, the sea had been steadily eating away the Meysey estate, till very little was left of it now but salt, marsh and sandhills and swampy pasture-lands.

It was Tuesday when Hugh Massinger and Warren Relf set sail from the Tower on their voyage in the *Mud Turtle* down the crowded tidal Thames; on Thursday morning, two pretty girls sat together on the roots of an old gnarled poplar that overhung the exact point where the Char empties itself into the German Ocean. The Whitestrand poplar, indeed, had formed for three centuries a famous landmark to seafaring men who coast round the inlets of the Eastern Counties.

The elder of the two girls who sat together picturesquely on this natural rustic seat was dark and handsome, and so like Hugh Massinger himself in face and feature, that no one would have had much difficulty in recognizing her for the second cousin of whom he had spoken, Elsie Challoner. Her expression was more earnest and serious, to be sure, than the London poet's; her type of beauty was more tender and true; but she had the same large melting pathetic eyes, the same melancholy and chiselled mouth, the same long black wiry hair, and the same innate grace of bearing and manner in every movement as her distinguished relative. The younger girl, her pupil, was fairer and shorter, a prettier and delicate blonde of eighteen, with clear blue eyes and wistful mouth, and a slender but dainty girlish figure. They sat hand in hand on the roots of the tree, half overarched by its hollow funnel, looking out together over the low flat sea, whose fresh breeze blew hard in their faces, with the delicious bracing coolness and airiness peculiar to the shore of the German Ocean. There is no other air in all England to equal that strong air of Suffolk; it seems to blow right through and through one, and to brush away the dust and smoke of town from all one's pores with a single whiff of its clear bright purity.

"How do you think your cousin'll come, Elsie?" the younger girl asked, twining her straw hat by its strings carelessly in her hands. "I expect he'll drive over in a carriage from Daw's from the Almundham Arms."

"I'm sure I don't know, dear," the elder and darker answered with a smile. "But how awfully interested you seem to be, Winifred, in this celebrated cousin of mine! What a thing it is for a man to be a poet! You've talked of nothing else the whole morning."

Winifred laughed. "Cousins are so very rare in this part of the country, you see," she said apologetically. "We don't get sight of a cousin, you know—or, for the matter of that, of any other male human being, erect upon two legs, and with a beard on his face—twice in a twelve month. A live young man in a tourist suit is quite a rarity, I declare, nowadays.—And then a poet too! I never in my life set eyes yet upon a genuine, all-wool, unadulterated poet. And you say he's handsome, extremely handsome?"

"Winifred! Winifred! you naughty, bad girl!" Elsie laugh out, half in jest and half in earnest; "moderate your transports. You've got no sense of propriety in you, I do believe—and no respect for your instructress's dignity either. I ought'n't to let you talk on like that.—But as it's only Hugh, Winnie, like my own brother."

"What a jolly name—Hugh!" Winifred cried enthusiastically. "It goes so awfully well together, too, Hugh Massinger. There's a great deal in names going well together. I wouldn't marry a man called Adair, now, Elsie, or O'Dowd, either, not if you were to pay me for it (though why you should pay me, I'm sure I don't know), for Winnifred Adair doesn't sound a bit nice; and yet Elsie Adair goes just beautifully. Winifred Challoner—that's not bad, either. Three syllables, with the accent on the first. Winifred Massinger—that sounds very well too; best of all, perhaps. I shouldn't mind marrying a man named Massinger."

"Other things equal," Elsie put in laughing.

"Oh, of course he must have a moustache," Winifred went on in quite a serious voice. "Even if a man was a poet, and was called Massinger, and had lovely eyes, and could sing like a nightingale, but hadn't a moustache—a beautiful, long, wiry, black moustache, like the curate's at Snade—I wouldn't for the world so much as look at him. No close-shaven young man need apply. I insist upon a moustache as absolutely indispensable. Not red: red is quite inadmissible. If ever I marry—and I suppose I shall have to, some day, to please papa—I shall lay it down as a fixed point in the settlements, or whatever you call them, that my husband must have a black moustache, and must bind himself down by contract beforehand as long as I live never to shave it."

Elsie shaded her eyes with her hand and looked out seaward. "I shan't let you talk so any more, Winnie," said she, with a vigorous effort to be sternly authoritative. "It isn't right; and you know it isn't. The instructress of youth must exert her authority. We ought to be as grave as a couple of church owls.—What a funny small sailing-boat that is on the sea out yonder! A regular little tub! So flat and broad! She's the roundest boat I ever saw in my life. How she dances about like a walnut-shell on top of the water!"

"Oh, that's the *Mud-Turtle!*" Winifred cried eagerly, anxious to display her nautical knowledge to the full extent before Elsie, the town-bred governess. "She's a painter's yawl, you know. I've seen her often. She belongs to an artist, a marine artist, who comes this way every summer to sketch and paint mud-banks."

"She's coming in here now, I think," Elsie murmured, half aloud.—"O no; she's not; she's gone beyond it, towards the point at Walberwick."

"That's only to tack," Winifred answered, with conscious pride in her superior knowledge. "She's got to tack because of the wind, you know. She'll come up the creek as soon as she catches the breeze. She'll luff soon.—Look there, now; they're luffing her. Then in a minute they'll put her about a bit, and tack again for the creek's mouth.—There you are, you see; she's tacking, as I told you.—That's the artist, the shorter man in the sailor's jersey." He looks like a common A.B. when he's not up so in his seafaring clothes; but when you hear him speak, you can tell at once by his voice he's really a gentleman. I don't know who the second man is, though, the tall man in the tweed suit—he's not the one we generally come—that's Mr. Potts. But, oh, isn't he handsome? I wonder if they're going to sail close alongside. I do hope they are. The water's awfully deep right in by the poplar here. If they turn up the creek, they'll run under the roots just below us.—They seem to be making signs to us now.—Why, Elsie, the man in the tweed suit's waving his hand to you!"

Elsie's face was crimson to look upon. As the instructress of youth, she felt herself distinctly discomposed. "It's my cousin," she cried, jumping up in a terror of excitement and waving back to him eagerly with her tiny handkerchief. "It's Hugh Massinger! How very delightful! He must have come down by sea with the painter."

"They're going to run in just close by the tree," Winifred exclaimed, quite excited also at the sudden apparition of the real live poet. "O, Elsie dearest, he just look poetical! A man with a face and eyes like that couldn't help writing poetry, even if he didn't want to. He must be a friend of Mr. Relf's I suppose. What a lovely, romantic, poetical way to come down from London—tossing about at sea in a glorious breeze on a wee bit of a tub like that funny little *Mud Turtle!*"

By this time, the yawl, with the breeze in her sails, had run rapidly before the wind for the mouth of the river, and was close upon them by the roots of the poplar. As it neared the tree, Hugh stood up on the deck, bronzed and ruddy with his three days' yachting, and called out cheerily in a loud voice: "Hillo, Elsie, this is something like a welcome! We arrive at the port, after a stormy passage on the high seas, and are met at its mouth by a deputation of the leading inhabitants. Shall we take you on board with your friend at once, and carry you up the rest of the way to Whitestrand?"

Elsie's heart came up into her mouth. She would have given the world to be able to cry out cordially: "O Hugh, that'd be just lovely;" but propriety and a sense of the duties of her position compelled her instead to answer in a set voice: "Well, thank you! I never so kind for you, Hugh; but we're here in our own grounds, you know already.—This is Miss Meysey, Winnifred Meysey; Winnie, this is my cousin Hugh, dear. Now you know one another.—Hugh, I'm so awfully glad to see you!"

Warren Relf turned the bow toward the tree, and ran the yawl close alongside till her tiny taffrail almost touched the roots of the big poplar. "That's better," he said.—"Now, Massinger, introduce us. You do it like a Lord Chamberlain, I know."

"You women come up with us, then, Miss Challoner?" asked Hugh. Elsie shook her head. "We mustn't," she said candidly, "though I own I should like it. It's so very long since I've seen you, Hugh. Where are you going to stop in the village? You must come up this very afternoon to see me."

Hugh bowed a bow of profound acquiescence. "If you say so," he answered with less languor than his wont, "your will is law. We shall certainly come up.—I suppose I may bring my old friend with me—the owner and skipper of this magnificent and luxurious vessel?—We've had the most delightful passage down, Elsie. I never in my life felt anything like it. The blood of the old Sea-kings comes up in my veins, and I've been rhyming "viking" and "liking," and "striking" and "diking" ever since we got well clear of the London Bridge, till this present moment.—I shall write a volume of Sonnets of the Sea, and dedicate them duly to you.—And Miss Meysey."

Over all her face, she said nothing; but twirling her hat still in her hand, she gazed and gazed open-eyed, and almost open-mouthed—except that an open mouth is so very unbecoming—upon the wonderful stranger with the big dark eyes, who had thus dropped down from the clouds upon the manor of Whitestrand.

"I'll put her in nearer," Warren Relf said quietly, after a few minutes, glancing with mute admiration at Elsie's beautiful face and slim figure.—We'll lie by here for half an hour, Hugh, and if you prefer it, I'll put you ashore, and you can walk up through the grounds of the Hall, while I navigate the ship to the *Fisherman's Rest*, up yonder at Whitestrand."

As he spoke, he put over the boom for a moment, to lay her in nearer to the roots of the tree. It was an unlucky movement. Winifred was sitting close to the water edge with her hat in her hand, dangling over the side. The boom, flapping suddenly in the wind with an unexpected twirl, struck her wrist a smart blow, and made her drop the hat with a cry of pain into the river. Tide was on the ebb; and almost before they had time to see what had happened, the hat had floated on the swift stream far out of reach, and was nearing hastily in circling eddies on its way seaward.

Hugh Massinger was too good an actor, and too good a swimmer into the bargain, to let slip such a splendid opportunity for a bit of cheap and effective theatrical display. The eyes of Europe and of Elsie were upon him—not to mention the unknown young lady, who, for aught he knew to the contrary, might perhaps turn out to be a veritable heiress to the manor of Whitestrand. In a second he had taken off his coat and boots—sprung lightly to the further deck of the *Mud Turtle*, and taken a header in his knickerbockers and stockings and flannel shirt into the muddy water. In nothing does a handsome man look handsomer than in knickerbockers and flannels. The tide was setting strong in a fierce stream round the corner of the tree, and a few stout strokes, made all the stouter by the consciousness of an admiring trio of spectators, brought the eager swimmer fairly abreast of the truant hat immid-current. He grasped it hastily in his outstretched hand, waved it with a flourish high above his head, and gave it a twist or two of playful triumph, all wet and dripping, in his graceful fingers, before he turned. An act of daring is nothing if not gracefully or masterfully performed. And then he wheeled round to swim back to the yawl again.

In that, however, he had reckoned clearly without his host. The water proved, in fact, a most inhospitable entertainer. Hand over hand, he battled hard against the rapid current, tying the recovered hat loosely around his neck by its ribbon strings, and striking out vigorously with his cramped and trammelled legs in the vain effort to stem and breast the rushing water. After thirty or forty strokes, he looked in front of him casually, and saw, to his surprise, not to say discomfiture, that he was farther away from the yawl than ever. This was distressing—this was even ignominious; to any other man than Hugh Massinger, it would indeed have been actually alarming. He only thought to himself how ridiculous and futile he must needs look to that pair of womankind in having attempted with so light a heart a feat that was utterly beyond his utmost powers.

Vanity is a mighty ruler of men. If Hugh Massinger had stopped there till he died, he would never have called aloud for help. Better peace with honour, on the damp bed of a muddy stream, than the shame and sin of confessing one's self openly beaten in fair fight by a mere insignificant tidal river. It was Elsie who first recognised the straits he was in—for though love is blind, yet love is sharp eyed—and cried out to Warren Relf in an agony of fear: "He can't get back! The stream's too much for him!—Quick! quick! You've not a moment to lose! Put about the boat at once and save him!"

With a hasty glance, Relf saw she was right, and that Hugh was unable to battle successfully with the rapid current. He turned the yawl's head with all speed outward, and took a quick tack to get behind the baffled swimmer and intercept him, if possible, on his way toward the sea, whither he was now so quickly and helplessly drifting.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The War Scare in England.

Quite a storm has been raised in England by some criticisms made by Lord Wolseley, and echoed by the Duke of Cambridge, on the state of the army and navy and the defences of the empire. According to certain critics the services have been in a bad way for years, but it was hardly to be expected that authorities so high in office would voice what others have only dared to write. The result of the course taken by the Commander-in-Chief and the assistant General has been that Lord Salisbury from his place in the House of Lords has severely condemned the action of Lord Wolseley in particular, and the latter, while maintaining that his criticisms were just, has declared that he did not mean to attack the administration. Anyway it is a sign of the times where the commanders of the army openly rebel against the policy of the government. To say the least of it, it is a bad example to set the soldiers, who may also be tempted to address public meetings and reveal their grievances, of which they undoubtedly have a stock.

The incident created quite a stir, in fact, almost a panic. Reading the cablegrams one would almost think some powerful nation was standing by and at any moment might gobble the sea girt isle with the ease that an ordinary individual would devour a penny roll. Things, however, are not quite so bad as that. The most noteworthy feature of the interesting little quarrel is that Lord Charles Beresford, who resigned his position as a lord of the Admiralty because the navy was seemingly no more than a paper creation, now says that in the two years and a half since he retired much has been done towards improvement. Perhaps the same beneficial effect would follow the resignation of Lord Wolseley, but, as a truce has apparently been reached, that is not likely to happen.

In view of the fact that the War Office spends about £20,000,000 annually, there must be, unless enormous misappropriation and waste prevail throughout, some pretty tangible results achieved somewhere. Lord Salisbury's guarded observation that there had been a considerable increase in preparations within recent years, means, no doubt, a good deal. Meanwhile all this excitement is producing its effect at home and abroad. The Duke of Cambridge denies that the country is in imminent danger, though even the modified form of his denial is adapted to intensify rather than allay the public disquiet. When it is announced that modern 30 guns are being mounted at Sheerness, that other measures of defence are being adopted on the Thames, that the first and second army corps are to be placed on a war footing, magazine rifles issued to all the regular troops, etc., it is no wonder that the people begin to ask what it all means. Nor is the news from abroad reassuring. The Prussian military leaders are said to be counting confidently on a summer campaign, and the din of warlike preparations still resounds in Austria and in Russia. It seems incredible, however, that the Governments, or any one but a military officer, can suppose England to be in any much danger of invasion, as would seem to be foreshadowed by great activity in strengthening coast and river armaments. Either the Island must be suffering from one of its unaccountable but periodical panics, or the real danger must be threatening some quarter other than that indicated. Gen. Boulanger is yet far from having reached the head, either of the French Government or the French War Office, and, even if he were in either place, the menace to English homes could not be very terrible. It is not easy to conceive of any other Power as likely to carry the war into the Thames.

A Russian Railway.

The description of a railway in the Ural Mountains is taken from George Kennan's illustrated account of his trip across the Russian frontier, in the May *Century*. It will be read with surprise and peculiar interest by many in America, the railway country: "We were greatly surprised to find in this wild mining region of the Ural, and on the very remotest frontier of European Russia, a railroad so well built, perfectly equipped, and luxuriously appointed, as the road over which we were traveling from Perm to Ekaterinburg. The stations were the very best we had seen in Russia; the roadbed was solid and well ballasted; the rolling stock would not have suffered in comparison with that of the best lines in the empire; and the whole railroad property seemed to be in the most perfect possible order. Unusual attention evidently had been paid to the ornamentation of the grounds lying adjacent to the stations and the track. Even the vesret posts were set in neatly fitted mosaics three or four feet in diameter of colored Ural stones. The station of Nizhni Tagil, on the Asiatic slope of the mountains, where we stopped half an hour for dinner, would have been in the highest degree creditable to the best railroad in the United States. The substantial station building, which was a mere shanty not more than a year ago, covered platform twenty feet wide extending along the whole front, was tastefully painted in shades of brown and had a red sheet-iron roof. It stood in the middle of a large, artistically planned park or garden, where smooth, velvety greensward was broken by beds of blossoming flowers and shaded by feathery foliage of graceful white-stemmed birches; whose winding walks were bordered by neatly trimmed hedges; and whose air was filled with the perfume of wild roses and the murmuring plash of falling water from the slender jet of a sparkling fountain. The dining-room of the station had a floor of polished oak inlaid in geometrical patterns, a high dado of dark carved wood, walls covered with oak-grain paper, and a stucco cornice in relief. Down the center of the room ran a long dining table, beautifully set with tasteful china, snowy napkins, high glass epergnes, and crystal candelabra, and ornamented with potted plants, little cedar trees in green tubs, bouquets of cutflowers, artistic pyramids of polished wine-bottles, decanters of colored water, and an aquarium full of fish, plants, and rockwork. The chairs around the table were of a dark hard wood elaborately turned and carved; at one end of the room was a costly clock as large as an American jeweler's "regulator," and at the other end stood a huge bronzed urn by which the apartment was warmed in winter. The waiters were all in evening dress, wi h low-cut waistcoats, spotless shirt-fronts, and white ties; and the cooks, who filled the waiter's orders as in an English grill-room, were dressed from head to foot in white linen and wore square white caps. It is not an exaggeration to say that this was one of the neatest, most tastefully furnished, and most attractive public dining rooms that I ever entered in any part of the world; and as I sat there eating a well-cooked and well served dinner of four courses, I found it utterly impossible to realize that I was in the unheard-of mining settlement of Nizhni Tagil, on the Asiatic side of the mountains of the Ural. This, however, was our last glimpse of civilized luxury for many long, weary months, and after that day we did not see a railway station for almost a year."

Col. Ingersoll's Logic Assailed

In the current number of the *North American Review* Mr. Gladstone replies to the heavy assertions of the distinguished American infidel, Col. Robert Ingersoll. Mr. Gladstone takes the ground that the Darwinian theory of evolution, so far from invalidating the truth of revelation as given in the Scriptures, is entirely in harmony with it. He, moreover, defends the ethics of the Old Testament and the actions and teaching of the early prophets. He assails the logic of Col. Ingersoll, and claims that it is not a sufficient objection to the truths of spiritual phenomena we cannot put to the test of individual experience to say "I do not know." The whole subject is treated by the ex-Premier of England in a suggestive and most reverential manner.

A BIRD OF GOOD AND EVIL OMEN.

Legends of the Crow in all Lands.

"Thou hast ravens' knowledge—*tha Fios Fithichagad*," is said in the Highlands to a child who is wise beyond his years; and all over the world we find the same supernatural wisdom attributed to ravens and crows. Not only so, but the raven in many mythologies closely connected with the gods. Thus among the Greeks he was the messenger of Apollo, even as in early Christian legend we find him the messenger of St Oswald.

But the god who must ever be most intimately associated with the raven is the Norse Odin, who in the earliest legends is wont to take the form of a raven at will. Afterwards, when his worship became purer, he had still two attendant ravens, "Mind" and "Memory," who told him all things. The old Scandinavian myth of the raven emblazoned on their standard, and Asser, in his Life of Alfred the Great, tells how in a victory gained by that King over the Danes he took the raven banner: "for they say the three sisters of Hindwal and Hubba wove that flag, and got it ready in one day," and that in "every battle whenever that flag went before them, if they were to gain the victory, a live crow would appear flying in the middle of the flag," but if they were to be defeated it hung motionless.

Mr. Andrew Long, in his recent work on "Myth, Ritual, and Religion," when giving his theory as to the legends of the gods of savage races and their doings, says that probably many of these tales were told in answer to the questions men began to ask as they emerged from the lowest state of savagery. Amongst these great first questions as to the beginning of things which were asked all the world over is what seems to us the almost childish one—"Why is the crow black?" That this question as to the colour of crows was asked we find proof in the tales of many widely scattered races.

Apollo's raven was white until one day the god sent him to bring water for a sacrifice. On his way he found a fig tree with fruit almost ripe, and waited for its ripening. To excuse his delay he took the water snake from the fountain, put it in his pitcher and told Apollo that it had daily drank the waters dry. The god, not to be imposed upon by this tale, punished the raven by turning him black, and condemned him to be plagued with thirst as often as the season of his fault came round, and to give token of his punishment by his hoarse croaking.

The crow became proverbial for procrastination among the Greeks, on account of this fatal delay. St. Athanasius, however, gives as the reason for this character being attributed to him, his cry of "*cras*," the Latin for "to-morrow."

Among the Bushmen, the race lowest in the scale of humanity in Africa, there is a legend which accounts for the white patches on the breasts of their crows. Some men having carried long at their hunting, their wives went out crow-beak for food, but here again we find the crows playing the part of messengers. Round the neck of each bird they tied a piece of fat to serve as food on its journey, and ever since the crows have borne the marks left by this fat on their breasts.

Among the Hottentots, also, we find the belief that the crows were once white, for they tell how in old days the lion had the power of flight—a power which depended on the bones of his prey remaining unbroken. When he was a-hunting, he gave the charge of his bone heap to two white crows. The legend then goes on to tell how the bones were at last broken, and the lion was deprived of his wings by "the Great Frog."

The Australian blacks have a story in which the crow figures as a sort of supernatural being, though here there is no mention of his colour. The Pleiades, they say, were once a Queen and her six maidens. The crow fell in love with the Queen, but she refused to marry him. He changed himself into a grub, and hid in the bark of a tree. The Queen and her maidens went back women, but grubs, as the *gins*, or the grub-crow and the maidens first tried to pick him out, but he broke the point of all their wooden hooks. Then came the Queen with her bone hook, and succeeded where her maidens had failed; but no sooner was the crafty crow drawn out than he changed himself into a giant, and ran away with the Queen. Ever since there have been but six Pleiades.

It is not necessary to go to the Antipodes, however, to find man in the guise of the crow. In several of the West Highland tales collected by the late Mr. Campbell of Islay, the enchanted prince is spellbound in the shape of a raven or a hoodie. In one story the heroine marries the hoodie, wob after many marvellous adventures, eventually regains his human form.

Whenever the crow figures in these Highland tales it is as the friend of man. In the story of "The Battle of the Birds," the hare assists a raven to kill a snake, and it shows its gratitude by helping him afterwards in various encounters with giant and other foes. Similarly, in a Russian folk-tale Ivan Popyasloff and a raven together slay a twelve headed snake.

In Hindoo myth the crow personifies the souls of the dead, and when from the far East to the far Westwe go, we find the tulinkeets of Mexico constituting an aged raven as the incarnation of he soul of one of their "medicine men" or magicians. Similarly, too, we find in the "lloids" of Aristophanes the crow. It stood in the middle of a large, artistically planned park or garden, whose smooth, velvety greensward was broken by beds of blossoming flowers and shaded by feathery foliage of graceful white-stemmed birches; whose winding walks were bordered by neatly trimmed hedges; and whose air was filled with the perfume of wild roses and the murmuring plash of falling water from the slender jet of a sparkling fountain. The dining-room of the station had a floor of polished oak inlaid in geometrical patterns, a high dado of dark carved wood, walls covered with oak-grain paper, and a stucco cornice in relief. Down the center of the room ran a long dining table, beautifully set with tasteful china, snowy napkins, high glass epergnes, and crystal candelabra, and ornamented with potted plants, little cedar trees in green tubs, bouquets of cutflowers, artistic pyramids of polished wine-bottles, decanters of colored water, and an aquarium full of fish, plants, and rockwork. The chairs around the table were of a dark hard wood elaborately turned and carved; at one end of the room was a costly clock as large as an American jeweler's "regulator," and at the other end stood a huge bronzed urn by which the apartment was warmed in winter. The waiters were all in evening dress, wi h low-cut waistcoats, spotless shirt-fronts, and white ties; and the cooks, who filled the waiter's orders as in an English grill-room, were dressed from head to foot in white linen and wore square white caps. It is not an exaggeration to say that this was one of the neatest, most tastefully furnished, and most attractive public dining rooms that I ever entered in any part of the world; and as I sat there eating a well-cooked and well served dinner of four courses, I found it utterly impossible to realize that I was in the unheard-of mining settlement of Nizhni Tagil, on the Asiatic side of the mountains of the Ural. This, however, was our last glimpse of civilized luxury for many long, weary months, and after that day we did not see a railway station for almost a year."

They Speak for Themselves

Picton, Feb. 17.—This is to certify that, have used Paine's Celery Compound for rheumatism, and have found it a valuable remedy for a internal pain, and would greatly recommend it to the public.—N. T. KINGSLEY.

Lacon Colony, Jan. 9.—We are not in the habit of puffing patent medicines, but we cannot withhold our testimony as to the great value of Nerviline as a remedy for pain. We have pleasure in recommending it as a never-failing remedy.—Rev. H. J. ALLEN, BENJ DILLON, and many others.

F. A. Churchill states:—There seems to be no end to the success of Nerviline. I send you a few testimonials, and can send you plenty more if of use to you.

Sold everywhere.

Unimaginable Gulfs of Space.

The great Lick telescope, although not yet in full working order, has demonstrated its superior power by its clear presentation of objects located in the solar system, and its discoveries in the indefinitely more remote stellar universe. Its last performance is said to be the discovery of suns, infinitely remote, in that great gulf of the sky which, because it has proved to be so empty to all other telescopes, has been called, derisively, "the hole in the sky." Mr. Boutwell once wanted to see Andrew Johnson shot out through that "hole in the sky"—never dreaming the alleged hole was occupied by a universe of suns, many of which, very likely, are bigger than ours, and all of which probably have their own systems of attendant planets. Suns so remote that their light, flashing through the star-depths at the rate of 187,000,000 miles per second, takes a thousand years to reach our world, may well have remained hitherto unseen, buried in fathomless space. It takes a fraction over eight minutes for the sun's light to reach the earth, but the sun is only 92,000,000 miles distant. It is useless for our mind to try to grasp, in a "realizing sense," even such distances as ninety-two millions of miles. As to the shoreless depths of outer space, peopled as it may be by infinity with circling suns and systems, nothing less than eternity for all mental development would serve to qualify human minds even approximately to grasp the mighty reality.—[Hartford Times.

A Ship That Will Not Sink.

"One condition laid down in the contract by the company was that the new liner should be unsinkable." This is a brave guarantee on the part of the builders of a great ocean steamer, even in this extremely scientific age. The ship thus warranted is the City of New York, a new ocean boat of the huge capacity of 10,500 tons built by Messrs. Thomson, Clydebank, Glasgow, to the order of the Inman company.

A Woman's Charms

soon leave her, when she becomes a victim to any one of the various disorders and peculiar "weaknesses" that are peculiar to the fair sex. The condition of tens of thousands of women to-day is pitiable in the extreme; they are weak, bloodless creatures, a prey to mental anguish and bodily pain; in a word, "broken-down," from any one of numerous causes. To this unhappy multitude we strongly urge the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, an infallible, world famed remedy, for all "female" irregularities and "weaknesses," and which restores the worst sufferer to vigorous health, and reinvests her with all the charms of figure, face and complexion, that receive such willing homage from man.

We should be kerful how we encourage luxurys. It is but a step forard from hoecak to plum-puddin', but it is a mile and a half by the nearest rode when we have to go back again.—*Josh Billings.*

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Congress has enacted no law to restrain a person from selling what it is badly constipated condition, or with a distressing sick headache, rush of blood to the head, bad taste in the mouth, bilious complaint, or any kindred difficulty; but the laws of health and comfort will suggest to anyone suffering the wisdom of hastening to the nearest druggist for a 25-cent vial of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets—the most potent of remedies for all disorders of the liver, stomach and bowels. Purely vegetable, pleasant to take, and perfectly harmless.

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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*. You find in the "lloids" of Aristophanes the crow. It stood in the middle of a large, artistically planned park or garden, whose

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