

HIS ANTIPATHY.

The Major came slowly down the steps of the Veteran Club house and turned homeward. The day was a warm one and the Major's wounds were apt to worry him a good deal in hot weather, but he held his handsome old head none the less high. Markham, one of the founders of the club itself, watched for a moment, and then turned to Altman, who sat near him.

"One man in a hundred, is the Major," said he, "one man in a hundred."

"Yes," agreed the other, "but what has been saying this afternoon?"

"Nothing out of the ordinary," replied Markham, "I was only thinking of his past generally. I believe that he was the best all-round soldier that I ever knew. He has the greatest antipathy for anything bordering on frivolity in military affairs, as you probably know, and he declares these boys do nothing but 'play soldier' as it were fifteen years younger than they really are."

"But doesn't he see the good side of the question?" asked Altman.

"I suppose he does, but he thinks the Guards should be composed of more capable men—workmen who can stand a great deal, and not aristocrats."

"But—"

"Fray don't think I am supporting the Major's views, my dear Altman. When I remarked that he was the best all-round soldier that I ever knew, I meant that he was a good man, and not that he was a good soldier. I feel sorry for the young men themselves, but more sorry for the State. It ought to send experienced men to such places if they ever hope to enforce the law rigidly and quickly. Very firm in his beliefs is the Major, and the strongest one he has, however wrong it may seem to us, is that the Governor's Guards in its present state is a useless organization."

"For a stranger's opinion that might pass," said Altman, "but the Major ought to know better. And I'm told, too, that the officers are all excellent swordsmen."

"Yes," said Markham, "so I've heard, and all of which I pointed out to him. But you can't shake the Major, as I said."

"Well," returned Altman, picking up his paper again, "it gives him something to talk about anyway."

But neither he nor the Major's old comrade knew the real reason of his last outburst against the Guards in question; for that reason, in the form of a square sheet of rote paper, lay in the Major's inside pocket, and it consisted of a hastily written but entirely earnest offer for his daughter's hand in marriage. And the young man who took the liberty was none other than the First Lieutenant of the Governor's Guards.

Lieutenant Holloway was not a disagreeable young man; in fact, he was quite the opposite. He came from the South and of a soldiering family, his father having lost his life at Cold Harbor during the civil war; he was interested in a well established business situated in the heart of the city; his family pedigree was a long one, and his own character and record spotless.

"He doesn't want my answer for a week, doesn't he?" muttered the old soldier, as he marched on homeward. "Well, he shan't get it! I'll think it over, as he asks me to, and not make a hasty decision, but I can tell him right now what it will be. No, emphatically!"

Had the Major's good little wife been living herself, she would have pointed out long ago the possibility of this contingency arising, and would have prepared him for the blow which must fall some day, and leave him childless, while some enterprising young man gained a wife; but Mrs. Major had died many years ago, and left the Major with the pretty child to bring up alone.

From a vivacious, headstrong, pretty little girl, Dorothy had grown up into a beautiful young woman, with her mother's sweet face and her father's will and determination.

So to-day, when he found the letter waiting for him at the club, the Major was surprised and troubled, and to be forgiven for railing against anything, especially the Guards, when it was remembered that one of them was the vanguard, bent upon robbing the old soldier of his daughter. Entering the open door of his handsome house, he called as cheerfully as he could:

"Dorothy, daughter!"

"Yes, daddy," came the answer from somewhere upstairs, and the next moment the face he loved peeped over the banister and a small forefinger was shaken warningly at him.

"Ten minutes late, sir," she cried, trying to be very severe; "what does it mean?" Then she ran down the stairs, her pretty face dimpling with happy smiles.

"It means, little girl," replied the Major slowly, taking her bright face between his two kindly old hands, "it means that my daughter has gone—"

"Gone where, daddy?" said she, after one glance at him, for she felt what was coming.

"Over to the enemy," returned the Major. Then, as they went arm in arm into the library, he added, "Dorothy, Dorothy, to think of you deserting at this time!"

"But I'm not deserting, dear, I'm not!" she cried. Then she asked slowly: "What—what did he say?"

"Nothing," replied the Major, shortly; he wasn't soldier enough for that, so he wrote it.

"It was not because he wasn't soldier enough, papa, but because he didn't have time. And now you call him a coward—and— and he's up to where those wicked miners are, and he may be killed—"

But the rest was unfinished, for the tears had welled up into the pretty eyes, and the next minute the contrite Major was doing his best to stop their flow by abject apologies and declarations of better behavior in future.

"He isn't a coward, daddy," murmured Dorothy from the depths of the Major's shoulder, where she had taken refuge again. "and—"

"My dear child, I didn't say he was," remonstrated the harassed old soldier; "and you mustn't cry any more."

But all through supper, though she chattered and laughed so brightly, the Major's old heart was still a trifle sore, for he kept saying to himself: "Only half her love is mine, and the rest belongs to a Governor's Guard!"

That night, after the evening had worn away and the daughter of the house had gone to bed, the Major climbed the stairs, when he heard a patter of small bare feet coming along the entry, and the next mo-

ment's white-robed little figure stood beside him.

"You aren't angry with me, are you, daddy dear?" she asked, hugging him lovingly, "and you won't feel badly about it, will you?"

"Of course I won't," replied the Major, laughing, "but run back to bed, my dear girl, or you'll catch cold. Of course, you couldn't expect me to feel very gay," he added again, "when I am about to lose a daughter—now could you?"

"But you aren't," she answered quickly; "you're going to find a son—Tom says so himself."

Two days later the Guards were in the city again. The night they reached the mines an attack had been made upon them by the desperate strikers, and though they were taken by surprise, their officers had not lost their heads. Using a row of salt barrels as breastworks, they received the charge and repulsed the enemy. Then the Guard had captured fifteen of their principal men, driven the rest back to their homes, and waited until the Second Regiment arrived on the scene to relieve them. The latter having appeared at last, the Guards were ordered home with their prisoners. The papers were, of course, full of the story of the fight, and the fact that Lieutenant Holloway was mentioned as one of the most efficient and collected officers there, did not intend to harden the Major against his would-be son-in-law. He had also received a painful, though not serious wound, in his left arm from the knife of a murderously inclined miner, which necessitated his carrying the arm in a sling.

Later in the day all sorts of rumors began to fly about the town concerning the injured feelings of the miners in regard to the imprisonment of their ringleaders, and as night came on, the report that they would come to the city in force and endeavor to take their men from the jail was gaining ground every minute.

"That is nonsense, plain and simple," said the captain of the Guards when approached by a newspaper man on the subject. The miners have had a dose they will not soon forget. The only danger the city now stands in is from men out of work, who are more desperate by hunger and want, and who will take to robbing if they cannot find any other way to live.

And that very night the captain's words were proven.

The Major and Dorothy had been to the theater and were returning home. The night was warm and soft, and the moon shone so bright and clear that the old soldier and his pretty daughter walked on another square before going in to enjoy the night. The Major was about to say something about the stillness of it all, when from behind them there came a light tread, and the next moment, without the slightest warning, the kindly old soldier was staggering forward from a stunning blow on his head.

With a little cry of terror Dorothy caught at him as he fell, but she was quickly grasped from behind, and a hoarse voice whispered in her ear: "Scream, and I'll choke this life out of you."

"Go through his pockets, Jim," continued the fellow, who was now binding Dorothy's arms to her sides; "he won't come to right away, but we've got no time to lose." As he spoke, he picked up the short, heavy stick he had used with such murderous effect a moment before, and as he stooped to do so Dorothy sprang away from him and dashed toward the corner. With a muttered oath the miner rushed after her.

Despite her clinging skirts and imprisoned arms, the brave girl had gained the corner and was just turning down it, however, while her pursuer was still several yards away, when she ran plump into a tall, soldierly young man, who was coming up the street with a long easy stride.

"What—why, Dorothy—you!" he exclaimed, as he looked down into her face; but he got no further, for the man was upon them. With another fierce exclamation of disgust and anger, for he recognized the Lieutenant as he turned the corner, an utterly desperate as to the consequences, he threw himself at the young officer. Holloway stepped quietly aside as he saw him coming; then, as the footpad missed his aim and hurled himself past the Lieutenant, the latter struck him a sharp, hard, scientific blow just below the ear, and doubling up like an empty sack he fell to the pavement without a sound.

Then the young soldier sprang to Dorothy's side and tore the gag from her mouth.

"What is Heaven's name is the meaning of this?" he cried, freeing her arms.

"There are two of them—he struck papa—back there!" she answered, pointing to the spot where the other highwayman was still bending over the Major. Without stopping to question her further, her lover ran quickly up the dark street, and made out the prostrate form of the Major and the kneeling one of his assailant. As he came upon them, the latter sprang to his feet, and seizing his own club he struck at the Lieutenant viciously, but the soldier was too quick for him.

Like a flash of light, the slender, tough sword leaped from his scabbard and as the miner's blow fell it was parried neatly by the officer's only weapon. Again the stick was raised and swung about his head, and as the man moved his face came into the single patch of moonlight that shone through the thick boughs above, and Holloway laughed grimly as he recognized his antagonist—the man who had wounded him at the mine.

"So it is you, is it, Sissy?" said the officer.

There was no reply to Holloway's remark, but faster and faster rained the blows of the fiercest miner.

At the first clash of wood and metal the Major had opened his eyes, and struggling to his feet he leaned against one of the trees near by and watched the little battle going on before him.

"I am sorry to hurt you, my friend," said Lieutenant Holloway, coolly, "but I really think you've done enough to-night; and in order to render you harmless I'll have to—"

He did not finish the sentence in words, but before the other could recover from his last misdirected stroke he was reeling backward with a stinging blow from the flat of the Lieutenant's sword.

The Major, though still dazed, held out his hand to Tom, and wrung it heartily. "I hope that villain did not hurt you badly, Major," said he, "and as soon as I find a policeman and give these two pleasing individuals in the hands of the

law before they come to themselves, I'll be back to help you home, if you need it."

And without waiting for an answer, he hurried down the street, some returning with a city officer whom he met remembering leisurely along in their direction.

Then he and Dorothy and the Major went home. Though the Lieutenant's sword had kept back her tears all along, there was a suspicious moisture in her pretty eyes as they passed into the hall, but she was smiling bravely, nevertheless. As the old house-keeper bustled off to get something to put on the Major's wound—which luckily was not a serious one—the three stood looking at each other beneath the chandelier for a minute. Then the Major took the Lieutenant's hand once again, and put Dorothy's little one into it, with a kindly smile.

"It was one of the finest bits of fencing I ever saw, my boy!" he said, with only a slight tremor in his pleasant old voice, "and a man who can handle a sword as you can in these degenerate days, deserves anything another can give him. So take her, Tom, and God bless you both!"

And this is how the Major's antipathy was overcome at last.

MACHINERY INVENTIONS.
Some Introduced Since 1889 Have Gained to an Enormous Extent.

"Right here in the patent office you may watch the forward rush of civilization and realize how happy it is," said chief Examiner Greely. "Probably it has never occurred to you to consider how many arts and industries that are of importance were unknown in 1880. Their creation has given employment to tens of thousands of people and to billions of dollars of capital. If we were thrown back only so far as a decade and a half we should find ourselves deprived of numerous comforts, and even necessities, as we now regard them, which were not obtainable at all fifteen years ago."

"The self-binding harvester is new since 1880, commercially speaking. It renders possible the gathering of certain cereal crops with a rapidity unapproachable by hand labor. Hundreds of thousands of men would be required to reap the harvest of the great Northwest without the aid of this machine. It has made practicable the raising of crops far larger than could be produced and gathered otherwise. Incidentally, food has been cheapened."

"The typewriter was not put on the market until 1883. It seems wonderful that we have had along at all without it. In eleven years from \$25,000,000 to \$50,000,000 worth of typewriters have been sold. This machine has opened a new field for woman's work. It has increased the demand for writers of short-hand very greatly. The quantity of matter actually written has been enormously increased by this invention. It has rendered letter so easy that many people now maintain a large correspondence who would write very few letters by longhand. Merchants who write more than twice as many letters as they used to, and the volume of the mails has been proportionately augmented."

"Who, in 1880, had ever heard of a 'grip' or a 'motorcar'?" The cable and electric roads are new since then. The cost of constructing and equipping them is mainly for labor, and in this way employment has been given to great numbers of men. These novel systems of traction have given work to regiments of horses and to thousands of men. When horse cars are superseded by electricity or the cable the number of passengers carried is always increased and more cars are run, requiring a larger number of employees. The labor at the power-houses is better paid than at the stables."

"The last fifteen years have witnessed the creation of the electric light, the electric railway, and telephone, and a large variety of industries depending on electricity. The inventions on which they are based have deprived nobody of employment. On the contrary, they have opened entirely new fields and fresh demands for labor. Without the aid of our patent system, which holds out to the inventor the prospect of reward, how many of these ideas, which represent the forward steps of civilization, would remain without fruit, if not unthought of."

"The two most important of the very recent inventions are the typetting machine and the cash register. The latter has already put on the market \$15,000,000 or \$20,000,000 worth of the material, the cost of which is mainly labor. Let us not forget to mention in the list of novel industries the manufacture of the bicycle, which is new, commercially, since 1880."—Washington Star.

FRENCH LOSSES IN WAR.
Six Million Men Said to Have Perished in Wars of the Last Century.

Dr. Lageneau of the French Academy of Medicine has been making an estimate of the deaths by the wars of France for the past century. He finds that the civil wars of the end of the eighteenth century and of the republic up to and including the year 1800 cost the lives of more than 2,120,000 Frenchmen. From the year 1801 to Waterloo, when France was fighting Europe in arms, more than 3,150,000 Frenchmen were engaged and nearly 2,000,000 perished. Under the restoration, Louis Philippe, and the second republic, when there were campaigns in Spain, Greece and Algeria, the army included less than 215,000 men, and the loss in battle was only twenty-two per thousand. Even in the brilliant African campaigns the mean annual loss was less than 150 men.

Next came an era of frequent and bloody wars, the war in the Crimea, the war in China, the war in Mexico, and finally the war with Prussia. Out of rather less than 310,000 French soldiers sent to the Crimea 95,315 perished. Of the 500,000 that took part in the Italian war nearly 19,000 perished. Nearly 1,000 perished in the expedition to China. The medical statistics of the French in the war of 1870 have not been published, nor have those of the Mexican undertaking. The effective strength of the French in 1870-71 was 1,400,000 men. The number loss is not positively

known, but it is believed that the war of the second empire cost 1,600,000 lives. Dr. Lageneau estimates that the small wars of the third republic have been fought at comparatively small cost of human life. He estimates the total loss for the century to have been 6,000,000 of men, mostly young.

WHAT EMPEROR WAS THIS?

He was one of the greatest monarchs that ever ruled in Europe. He was always at war, yet—let us wait; let us take one thing at a time.

He was an enormous eater. He breakfasted at five on a bowl scalded in milk and dressed with sugar and spices. After this he went to sleep again. He dined at twelve, always partaking of twenty dishes. He supped twice; first early in the evening and again about one o'clock—the latter the most solid meal of the four. After meat he ate a great quantity of pastry and sweets, washing them down with vast draughts of beer and wine. Then he would gorge himself on savories—lettuce, fried sausages, eel pies, pickled partridges, fat capons, &c., &c.

Finally he abdicated, did this omnivorous Emperor, and a wondrous counter thus occurred of the power that compelled him to do it. "This most truculent executioner," said the orator; "it invades the whole body from head to foot. It contracts the nerves with anguish, it freezes the marrow, it converts the fluids of the joints into chalk, and causes not until it has exhausted the body and conquered the mind by immense torture."

He was crippled in the neck, arms, knees, and hands, and covered with chronic eruptions; while his stomach occasioned him not even a moment's suffering. He was a wreck at an age when he should still have been active and vigorous.

This is not fiction, it is history; without a syllable of exaggeration. How many of our readers will write and tell us what man this was? A thousand, no doubt.

At last—say I however. Not kings and Emperors alone are thus afflicted. Great hosts of us travel the same road. We are not usually gluttons—as this royal gentleman was, but people who eat sparingly often have the same malady. Commonly they inherit a tendency to it. On the level of this dreadful disease the rich and the poor, the great and the small, meet together.

Speaking of an experience of her own, a woman says: "My hands became stiff and numb. There seemed to be no feeling in them. I was so crippled that I could not even cut a round of bread. A little later it attacked my legs and feet, the soles of the latter being very tender and sore. The pain was so severe that I often sat down and cried on account of my sufferings and helplessness. I used rubbing oils and embrocations, but got no relief. In this way I went on month after month, never expecting to be well again. I felt the first signs of illness in February, 1889. At first I had merely a bad taste in the mouth, no appetite, and was tired, listless and languid. Following this came the agonies of rheumatism, as I have said. I owe my recovery to a suggestion of my husband's. He advised me to try Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup, and got me a bottle from Mr. W. Simpson's, in North Street. After taking it for a fortnight my hands got their right feeling, and I suffered no more from rheumatism. From that time to this I have been in the best of health. (Signed) (Mrs.) Elizabeth Ann Cook, Southwell Lane, North Street, Horncastle, Lincolnshire, February 1st, 1893."

"In the year 1879," writes another, "rheumatism attacked me, although the weather was in one knee. For two years I suffered with it—the doctor's medicines doing no good. In 1881 I read in a little book that rheumatism was caused by indigestion and dyspepsia, and that the true cure for it is Mother Seigel's Syrup. This proved to be true, as after taking three bottles I knew no more of stomach disorder nor rheumatism. I have since recommended this wonderful remedy to hundreds of persons. (Signed) (Mrs.) E. Schofield, 10, West Hill, Southampton Street, Reading, October 26, 1892."

The great Emperor was driven to abdication by rheumatism and gout, caused by his ruined digestive powers. His outraged stomach filled him with poison from top to toe. Yet he never lost his appetite, which was all the worse for him. Not long afterwards he died having asthma and gravel, with the other consequences of dyspepsia. But one needs not to be a gourmand to have dyspepsia, with its trailing troubles. Any one of fifty causes may provoke it. Watch out for the earliest symptoms and arrest them at once by using the Syrup. It stops the mischief on the spot where it begins, and then purifies the blood.

By the aid of common sense and Mother Seigel the Emperor might have stayed on his throne, might he not?

Yes, but unluckily she wasn't born, in time to help him.

Marriage of The Dead.
A strange custom prevails among a certain tribe in the Caucasus. When a single young man dies, someone calls upon the bereaved parents who have carried to the grave a marriageable daughter in the course of the year and says:

"Your son is sure to want a wife; I'll give you my daughter and you shall deliver to me the marriage portion in return." A friendly offer of this description is never rejected, and the two parties soon come to terms as to the amount of the dowry, which varies according to the advantages possessed by the girl in her life time. Cases have been known where the young man's father has given as much as thirty cows to secure a wife for his dead son.

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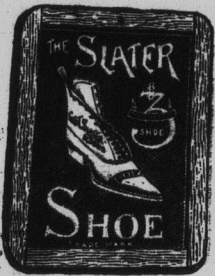
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