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[NEW SERIAL.]

FONTENAY, THE SWORDSMAN.

OR FORTUNE DU BOISGOBEY.

'I wouldrather be slain. If I do not call out, marshal—I shall be dead.'

On this word Fontenay urged his horse forward and Tournesol followed. The problem was to find out the flaw in the natural obstacle to be overcome to take possession of the little town of Benavente. Fontenay instinct bade his seek this point by going down the river and he soon had the satisfaction of finding a gradual lowering of the bank. The slope conducted them to the water's edge, and they saw in the mud, gleaming with the fluid, where the hoofs of horses had trampled a road before they came.

'We've hit it, lieutenant,' said Tournesol,' and if you will believe my report—'

'Stop!' Fontenay interrupted, 'you are a brave fellow and I am pleased with your intention; but it is useless for you to risk the crossing. You were not detailed for the service. Stay here while I go over. If I go to the bottom go and tell the marshal.'

'How can you think of that, lieutenant! he would have me court-martialed for deserting my superior—and quite right, too! That is not what worries me, though, but if I let you go without me, I shall be a coward, and I will not have it said in Gascony that Jean Tournesol quailed. It will be told there for the marshal belongs to that part and he will tell the tale."

Under any other circumstances, Fontenay would have laughed at the soldier's simplicity, but he was not in the mood when danger was so great.

The Esla rolled its turbulent waters with dreadful impetuosity, the wind raged and showers fell at intervals which blinded the two soldiers. Yet there was no means of drawing back or of preventing Tournesol from sacrificing himself. Fontenay was still wavering about granting him leave to follow when he heard him hum the children's song of 'The Broken Bridge" (Pont Casse Les Canards l' ont passes, etc.)

"The ducks have gained the other beach,
Toora, loora, lay!"

Not to be outdone, Fontenay joined in on the same tune:

"And though no stones the bottom reach,
We will make our way!"

On, into the main channel.

'Well and good, lieutenant,' exclaimed the subordinate, 'we shall see if the water is pleasant. It does not have that effect on me, but pooh! we must take the rough with the smooth in war times."

'Is this the ford? queried Fontenay, speaking to himself.

'My idea is that we have alighted on it at the first plunge. Troops of horse have passed here, for the bank is churned into mire. It is the ford, for here our light horsemen crossed this morning.'

'The river must have swollen since they got over for the rain has not stopped falling.'

'Well, lieutenant, our horses must swim it. We will get through with a wetting up to the shoulders. That happened me more than once last year in Poland. It does not kill a man.'

Fontenay, although he had not had theexperience in the 1807 campaign, had swum a bayou and a tropical torrent on horseback, and being a good rider, he was pretty sure to come handsomely out of the transit.

'Look you, lieutenant,' said Tournesol, reading his thought, 'the main thing is to let the steed shift for himself by slackening the reins, so his action is not fettered. Steer with the knees, and one may hold on by the mane if there be any danger of being swept away. It is as easy as the telling. If you will listen to me, we should bear to the right, because, if the ford lies before us, as it seems to me, we had better strike above it than below; for, in the latter case, if we lose footing, we cannot go up against the current and it will carry us heaven knows where! I will take the lead anyway and you can do as I show you. This time you will be second, lieutenant, but you know that in the procession the priest walks last.'

So much courage and good humor removed Fontenay's hesitation and he did not protest against the arrangement proposed by the valiant Gascon. The latter urged on his horse, and, turning at the moment of riding into the water, said with comic gravity:

'To-morrow is the first of January, lieutenant! allow me to wish you a happy new year! 1809 has not yet commenced, but nobody knows what may happen before midnight, and I hasten to present my good wishes!'

'Thank you, old hero! to-morrow you shall have my gifts!'

'Oh, I crave no other than the pleasure of piloting you into a safe port and remaining in your service. Whereupon, I make the plunge. Take the pace from me, and ride steadily!"

Fontenay was absent in thought. Fancy had carried him far from this inglorious river. The mention of New Year's Day by Tournesol recalled that of 1808, passed in the Tuileries amid the dazzling luxury of the imperial court. Marguerite de Gavre was there and they had begun to love one another without telling of their love.

What a contrast!

Now it was black night, and if he succeeded in crossing the tide, death might be awaiting him on the other side.

Paul also recollected that he wore on his heart the sachet embroidered by his betrothed and given by Georgeda Pergoy; [illegible] put two emblematic [illegible] signify:—'Forget not Marguerite' and he hoped again that this amulet would shield him from all harm.

He had placed himself behind his man and entered the water. It rose to the horses' chest but their hoofs touched the bottom. Undoubtedly this was the ford. The difficulty was not to deviate from it, and following Tournesol's advice, they marched obliquely to the right to cope with the current. They had hard work to resist, but they advanced to the middle without losing foothold. Already they saw the seemingly steep bank confusedly, and so near that they did not doubt they could reach it without accident.

CHAPTER XIV.

FORGET NOT MARGUERITE!

At this very moment a voice from the right bank challenged in French: 'Who goes there?'

'France! the Emperor's staff!' responded Tournesol. 'That,' said he to his superior, 'that is one of our chasseurs who has stayed on the farther side after our engagement this morning. So much the better, for he can tell us if there are any English about.'

'You there!' resumed the voice, 'you are not in the right road. There is a hole before you and you will fall into it. Take a course a little more to the right.'

For a man facing the horsemen 'the right' was their left, exactly the contrary direction to that Tournesol was following, but the obliging soldier who cautioned them ought to know what to say as he had crossed the Esla before them. They hastened to perform the evolution indicated.

All went wrong. The ground suddenly failed under their horses' hoofs, which sank and struck out for the shore. Surprised by this mishap, Fontenay embraced his steed's neck, the shock having made him lose his stirrups. He uselessly tried to recover his seat and his strangled horse sank lower and lower. He would have gone under with it when Tournesol, who had scarcely kept his own saddle, caught him by the cloak collar, shouting:

'Let go the neck, lieutenant! cling to me and try to tread water!'

Fontenay undertook to do this. It to itself, the horse wrenched himself away like a feather, but the rider kept afloat. Tournesol had finally and the current hurled them against the bank, not far, and, by a concurrence of good fortune, not very steep at this place.

After reaching land, the lieutenant drew a long breath like a man hauled up out of a chasm and thought only of thanking heaven for the succor in a hopeless case; but Tournesol swore like a pagan at the evil giver of advice.

'Oh, the villain! fie, the brute!' he roared. We should have reached land without wetting our knees but for him! I want to know what he meddled for? We were going on in the right road and he amused himself by telling us the wrong one?'

'He mistook, with a good intention,' muttered Fontenay.

'Unless he did it expressly. Oh, I could shake him! he has put us in a nice position; only one horse between two! and not yours either! that's on the way to Portugal, whither I heard that rascally river runs, and we can hardly wade after! But the scurvy soldier who played us the trick cannot be far, and he shall pay for the joke. Come, lieutenant!'

Dragging his horse by the bridle and followed by his master, he reached the ridge of the bank but he saw nobody.

'Where has the scamp gone?' he queried.

'He perceived the folly he committed and took to his heels for safety, of course. It is not worth while to pursue him, for you would not overtake him, and before all we must advise the marshal that his cavalry can cross.'

'Yes, provided they go over by two without deporting from the ford. It will not be easy to explain that across the stream with the roar of the wind and the rushing of the water.'

'Let us try, though!'

'Try it is, lieutenant—but if ever I catch that idiot who—hallo, here I am nearly breaking my neck now! Upon what the [illegible] have I stepped?'

'On a dead body,' muttered Fontenay through his clinched teeth.

'That is true. One of our mamelukes—and many another, too. There has been hot fighting here—see the Chasseurs de la Garde—red coats [illegible] and horses—what a mountain of horses!'

Tournesol did not exaggerate; the ground was strewn with corpses. The fiercest part of the conflict had happened here, but after the English had badly beaten the French and hurled them across the Esla, they abandoned the battle-field and none were visible but the dead.

'Not one to bar our crossing, lieutenant. This is the time to call the comrades over."

[illegible] horse, which had [illegible] Tournesol planted [illegible] edge of the bank, made [illegible] trumpet [illegible] hands held together and set to bellowing with all the strength of his lungs:

'There is a ford, and the right bank is not guarded!'

No doubt the summons was lost in the noise of the river and the rumbling of the storm, for no one made answer.

'I foresaw this,' grumbled Tournesol, 'and the marshal might have thought of it, too. But the fault is done and the only means of repairing it is to go over and tell them the story—all the more because they cannot pass through without me. Now that I know the way, I can serve as a guide for the crossing.'

'What! do you purpose crossing the river again where we both nearly went under?'

'Again, and again, since I shall come back at the head of the column. You may do some fine talking, lieutenant, but you cannot act like me from your horse being gone, and you have had enough of a bath! if you try it again you will catch [illegible] cold! But I have a tough hide and go through water as I [illegible] time to warm your—if mine I recover over the friends. The marshal will gladly give you a horse to ride the Emperor's arrival and [illegible] bring up the [illegible] The case of [illegible] bay Arab—but they will carry you all the same.'

Upon this consoling perspiration, he got into the saddle and headed for the river. Though it went against Fontenay's grain to let him go, he was obliged to do it for want of any objections to the brave soldier's reasons for renewing the perilous passage alone. The younger man felt wholly out of condition to undertake swimming it again; before ten strokes he would have gone to the bottom, so exhausted was he. It would be uselessly throwing away his life. But on the other hand, at any price it was imperative to inform the marshal that the right bank was not occupied by the enemy, or in operation of war would miscarry on which the Emperor placed made importance. Without news from the staff officer, the general [illegible] that he had [illegible] and [illegible] reinforcements [illegible] engaging against superior forces in an affair likely to turn out as a defeat like the morning's one.'

Paul had nothing to reproach himself for. It was not until after almost mortal wrestling that he let the heroic Tournesol go. He was not left on a bed of roses. Indeed, soaked from head to foot, Paul shivered in the chilly night, while drawing his cloak tightly around around him as a poor protection against the blast, and stamping to try to warm himself without success.

At first he tried to catch Tournesol cleaving the Esla's tempestuous tide, but the gloom was so thick that he soon lost sight of him. He drew back from the edge to trace a ring in which he tramped round and round in the hope of restoring the circulation of congealed blood. A lugubrious course, as it lay among heaps of the dead. He had to make circuits to avoid treading on them and in spite of the care he took, often tumbled over a corpse stretched on the ensanguined ground.

It was war beheld again in its most sinister aspect, and the field of carnage sickened his heart.

How many oh-cure heroes had fallen here, the victims of military duty, far from their native land, and some for a cause not their own; these Mamelukes, for example, who had attached themselves to Napoleon Bonaparte's fortunes and followed him into Spain, as Cæsar's legions followed him of old unto the confines of the Roman Empire.

The simile is a little strained and to tell the truth did not present himself to the American's mind, having no time to carry his classic studies very far; but he felt keenly how little a sub-lieutenant's life weighed in this giant's struggle between three nations.

No cowardly thought mingled with the bitterness of his reflections, and, shaking off the ideas besieging him he resumed consideration of the dangers threatening him on the bank where he stood alone.

What would become of him if the marshal did not think proper to attempt the crossing, and more than that, if Tournesol did not come back? He ran great risk of dying from cold and hunger, or attack from the camp-followers who roamed through the night to strip the dead—human hyenas of the battle-field with whom Spain was infested in this atrocious strife.

The incident marking the close of his passing over the Esla, returned to memory. Who was the man whose perfidious advice had nearly cost him his life? No doubt a Frenchman, as he had hailed them in their language, and, certainly, a traitor who had endeavored to lead them to their loss by changing their course.

Why had he disappeared as they set foot on the bank where he stood? was he hiding to rush, in an unguarded moment, upon the isolated officer? If the villain took advantage of the murkiness to attack him, what resistance could Fontenay oppose—exhausted, almost weaponless as his pistols had remained in the holsters and would be useless from this priming being wet, if he had them.

His saber hung from his belt, but it was not a very dreadful weapon when wielded by his now frozen arm; he had barely the strength to draw it from the scabbard. In case of having to defend himself Paul could only trust to the arrival of the vanguard, guided by the intrepid Tournesol, who would not require goading to run to his rescue. As yet there was no stir on the left bank, whence he expected comfort; at least, he heard no sound indicating a forward move of the marshal's cavalry. Nothing save the full rushing of the river and the bellowing of the wind blowing off the other shore without bringing that clanking of the [illegible] against the stirrups [illegible] from afar the march of a body of cavalry.

To listen Fontenay stopped beside a mound of the dead; here had been a hand-to-hand combat of French light horse and English dragoons. Men had fallen with cleft skull or perforated breast, and two horses lay there, shot dead with small arms. Laying upon one another they formed a breastwork behind which a stubborn soldier might have sheltered himself to maintain firing, in imitation of the American hunters who make their ponies lie down, and kneel themselves to shoot over them, resting the rifle-barrel on the side of the animal trained to be a living rampart.

With outstretched neck and attentive ear, Fontenay turned his back on this cadaveric pile. He was so near it that his cloak hem brushed the helmet of a dragoon extended across a horse opened by a shell. He did not think of turning as, since a few seconds, he seemed to hear at a distance bugle-calls, sounded in a low tone—short notes repeated at regular intervals.

'Tournesol has got across,' said Paul to himself, 'he has made his report—the marshal has issued the order for all to mount—and as my man will take the head of the first troop, our men cannot miss the ford and they will not require more than a quarter of an hour to cross. I hope I shall not be frozen stiff before then,' he mentally added; 'I feel the chill rising to my heart, and I have not my spirit flask! I fancy a sup of brandy would set me right. I hope Tournesol has not drunk all his, and when he comes he will save my life a second time—'out by the strong waters!'

He resumed stamping where he stood from inability to run up and down to keep warm. He still listened with attentiveness, and soon very distinctly heard splashes as from a heavy body falling about in the water.

'There they are!' he muttered.

Then a horse neighed. No farther doubt was possible; a detachment had ridden into the stream and would soon be over unless some accident supervened.

The sub-lieutenant felt like going to meet the horsemen so impatiently awaited; but he reflected that they would land rather pell-mell and tumultonsly race over the level land toward Benavente, which they would hope to take by surprise. If he were in their road, they might trample upon him, taking him for a marauder, from knowing no better, or cut him down without warning. This is why Fontenay deemed it more prudent not to stir from his stopping-place a little aside on a knoll.

At this emergency other sounds attracted his attention—not coming from the river-side and inexplicable at the first. It was like a rumbling on the far edge of the plain, perhaps from heavily laden vehicles on a paved road. He quickly guessed that it was the enemy's artillery galloping off with the rear-guard evacuating the town. Had the English been advised that the French cavalry were coming to attack them or had they received orders from their head-quarters to fall back on their main body, beating the retreat? It little mattered which if they were retiring. The French horsemen had still ample time to pursue them, if on the point of landing. At any instant Fontenay at their head.

He was not deceived, for almost instantly burst forth hurrahs and bugles sounding the 'Forward!'

Fontenay had been for the past in the looking toward Benavente. On these warlike sounds heralding his comrades he was turning to see them when a man sprung up abruptly from behind the rampart of corpses, threw himself on him with a dagger in his hand and struck at him, yelling in Spanish:

'Die, devil!' (Muere Demonio.)

Paul received the stab full in the chest, and so violent was the shock that he fell backward. In falling, he could hear Tournesol's call:

'Lieutenant! Where are you, lieutenant?'

That was all.

Tournesol had passed over the swallows at the head of the file and was first to land on the right bank. He had done his duty in guiding his comrades, but he was not bound to dash in chase of the foe retiring from Benavente. While the light-cavalry were forming for the ride, Tournesol dismounted and came in search of his officer, loudly calling him. He knew pretty nearly where he had left him and was not long finding him lying on the frozen ground, speechless, and without movement.

He believed him dead; he rushed forward to lift him up and on taking him in his arms, felt that Fontenay's heart still throbbed. A thin thread of blood trickled over the stabbed officer's uniform coat, and Tournesol, an expert in such matters, saw immediately that a bullet had not inflicted that wound. Was it the cut of a sword or a bayonet? Who could have delivered it? None was here but the dead, and the wounded man was in no state to furnish explanations to Tournesol, who remained in despair unable to help him or carry him away.

Only the cavalry laggards passed by, thinking but of joining their squadron. The infantry would not come up till the following day when a bridge of boats would be constructed, and with them the munition and hospital corps. Would there be time to save Fontenay? Would he live long enough. Tournesol feared not, but he did all he could to revive him. His canteen, which he never laid by, was still half full of brandy. He poured a mouthful between the wounded man's lips, whose eyes opened. He heaved a deep sigh and tried to sit up. Surprised and delighted by this miraculous resurrection, the orderly aided and supported him and received the alcoholic remedy—his only one available. Evidently Paul was not death-stricken, since he could drink. It was through cold that he had lost consciousness rather than the stab.

'I feel better,' he stammered.

'It will be nothing,' said the orderly. 'But, lieutenant, who treated you in this manner?'

'I hardly know—I was freezing—I fancy I fell asleep.'

'But this?' went on Tournesol, unbuttoning the officer's coat, 'it looks like the stab of a fencing foil. Yet you have not been fighting a small-sword duel?'

Paul drew his hand across his chest and removed it smeared with blood. Memory returned to him and he muttered:

'Yes, I remember now—a man rushed at me and stabbed me—I thought it was a blow with the fist, but it was so heavy that I felt.'

'It was a knife cut—in the right place—just over the heart. Luckily the point did not penetrate deeply, for you would have been killed outright. Your cape seems to have been doubled there, so that you owe your life perhaps to your tailor.'

Fontenay felt over his shirt and found ensanguined the talisman he always wore next his skin—the sachet embroidered by Marguerite de Gavre. This was wadded and had broken the blow so that the knife had only gashed the flesh.

'I had a forewarning that it would save me,' thought Paul, raising his eyes in gratitude to heaven which had protected him.

'What a piece of luck that the ruffian did not finish you,' observed Tournesol. 'What was he like? did you see his face?'

'Scarcely—yet it seems to me it was not unknown—I believe Spanish.'

'Well my idea is that it is the scoundrel who tried to lure us into that hole! he spoke French in calling out for us to oblique instead of keeping straight on'

'I have it! exclaimed Fontenay, beating his brow; 'It's that wretch Diego.'

'Who's Diego?'

'The guide given me at Chamartin to conduct me to the Escurial. I did not recognize him at the moment when he assailed me but I am now sure. He speaks French as well as you or I.'

'Only to think that you might have had him shot at Chamartin when you learned he betrayed you! he rewards you richly for letting him off!'

'Awhile ago when he had away after giving us the false advice, he did not know he had to deal with me, and when he stabbed me he could not see my face.'

'What! are you taking up his defense? Oh, lieutenant, you do not know what a people these are! they make less bone over slaying a Frenchman than a dog.'

Fontenay did not argue: the can de vie had revived him for a space, but he felt weakening again. The cold spread and his eyes closed in spite of himself so that Tournesol who had seen soldiers die in the icy bogs of Poland, doubted 'not that his officer would never wake if he slumbered now. He caught him up in his arms, forced him to stand erect and with incredible efforts contrived to hoist him upon his horse which he had led along by the bridle.

Fontenay helped him slightly and could hold up in the saddle though feebly. Their goal was Benavente where they might find a house, if not a hospital to shelter the wounded man, and a bed to lay him on.

They reached it with pains but without impediment, without any idea that it was the last stage in this unfortunate expedition. Fontenay lived and his wound was not serious, but one of those fearful fevers seized him next day, which decimate armies, and attack soldiers exhausted by fatigue and privations. The doctors who saw him did not conceal from Tournesol that they had scant hope of saving him. This was known among the staff, who believed him lost, so that not one brother officer came to bid him farewell, although the Emperor stopped many days in Benavente, previous to resuming pursuit of the English.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A Father—Well, Tommy, how do you think you will like this little fellow for a brother? Tommy (inspecting the new infant rather doubtfully)—Have you got to keep him, papa, or is he only a sample?

Mrs. Laverty's Wrath.

Mrs. Laverty, an Irish lady, who lived 30 miles from the American Richmond, was in the provident habit of laying in a store of groceries to last an entire quarter, since she could not repair to Richmond oftener than four times a year. On one of these provisioning expeditions she laid in a store of matches—a disastrous investment, since not a match would strike. Wild was her fury, which was kept alight and aglow by her recurring daily trouble to get her fire alight and aglow without a match. Her wrath, thus kept at boiling point for three months gave the storekeeper a hot quarter of an hour, when she burst at last into his store and thundered down the parcel of match boxes upon the counter. Having waited with deferential patience till the storm had spent itself, he said suavely, "Allow me, madame." Taking a match box from the parcel, and a match from the box, he struck it after the manner of men, upon his trousers. "See, madame!" he exclaimed in smug triumph, holding up the kindled match. "The devil fly away wid ye!" shrieked Mrs. Laverty. "Do ye think that iviry time I've a fire to light I'll travel 30 miles to strike a match on the sate of yere breeches?"

Specimens of Brag.

Coming through on the Pennsylvania limited, recently, a traveller overheard part of a conversation between a couple of typical advance agents, a class of men evidently intended to raise lying to a place among the fine arts. "How is business doing?" asked one. "Glossal!" answered the other. "Why, we have given up counting tickets altogether; we just weigh them, and any odd measure we just dump back to the local treasurer to be spent with the gang. But how about 'Fantasma?'"

"Ah!" rejoined the first speaker, "We are on the economic plan this season, and only count out tickets to save the price of scales; cutting down expenses everywhere; don't pay any more transfer bills even." "How's that?" was the query. "Well," was the reply, "this is our ninth season on the road, and the scenery and baggage have got so used to being carried from depot to theatre and back that this year, after a little persuasion, they have consented to walk." "So long!" said one. "Ta ta!" said the other, and one of them left the train.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

"Despise not the day of small things," as the tiny pill (taken from a vial of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pelle's) said to the 300-pound man, suffering from indigestion. As a gentle, thorough laxative, these Pellets resemble Nature more closely in their action than anything before discovered. Business and professional men, whose habits are sedentary, need something of this kind to ward off sick headache, billousness and dyspepsia, but which will not strain and rack the digestive organs as did the old fashioned pills. 25 cents per vial, at all druggists.

BE CONSISTENT.

You believe in prohibition;
You occupy a strange position;
If you are so anxious to promote it,
Why don't you come right up and vote it?
You pray for it in public places;
You say you think it a disgrace is
That drunkards through our street go reeling,
And show such sympathetic feeling
For all the suffering and the woe
That comes from drink! It grieves you so
To see so many in our town
Before the curse are going down.
You put your name to temperance pledges
You worked quite hard—around the edges,
But when it comes to real hard work,
Then brother, is the time you shirk;
And after all you have professed
Of love for temperance and the rest,
Your zeal and earnest agitation,
And fervent prayer for men's salvation,
You turn and go straight to the polls
And vote for rum to damn men's souls.

THE WATERMILL.

Listen to the watermill
Through the livelong day,
How the clanking of the wheels
Wears the hours away.
Languidly the autumn wind
Stirs the greenwood leaves;
From the fields the reapers sing,
Binding up the sheaves.
And a proverb haunts my mind,
As a spell is cast—
"The mill will never grind
With the water that is past.

Take the lesson to thyself,
Loving hearts and true;
Golden years are fleeting by,
Youth is passing too;
Learn to make the most of life,
Lose no happy day;
Time will never bring thee back
Chances swept away.
Leave no tender word unsaid;
Love while love shall last—
"The mill will never grind
With the water that has passed."

Work while the daylight shines
Man of strength and will;
Never does the streamlet glide
Unless by the mill.
Wait not till to-morrow's sun
Beams upon the way;
All that thou canst call thine own
Lies in thine to-day.
Power, intellect and health
May not, cannot last—
"The mill can never grind
With the water that has passed."

Oh, the wasted hours of life,
That have drifted by;
Oh, the good we might have done,
Lost without a sigh.
Love that we once might have saved
By a single word;
Thought conceived, but never penned,
Perishing unheard.
Take the proverb to thine heart
Take—oh, hold it fast—
"The mill will never grind
With the water that has passed."

He Was Converted.

Mr. and Mrs. S——, of St. Catharines, Ont., passed through the city a week ago Thursday last, en route to the Banff hot springs. Mr. S. has been a sufferer from rheumatism for many years, and after trying all the numerous remedies in the country, he decided, as a last resort to try the famous hot baths at Banff. They took a sleeper at Port Arthur, and when the train arrived at Rat Portage a slightly inebriated traveller got aboard and was put in a berth next to them by a porter. Shortly after Mr. S. awoke with a terrible pain in his side, and his wife arose and went to the lavatory to prepare a double distilled mustard plaster.

On her return she placed the plaster in the proper position but on the anatomy of the drunken drummer instead of Mr. S——. She then returned to the toilet room, washed her hands and returned to her berth, this time getting the right one, and finding her husband sleeping the sleep of the just. The train rolled on and so did the time, but in a few minutes there was enough racket in that car to not only stop the train but Father Time as well. It was the drummer. The plaster had been quietly doing its work and was making itself felt, and the drummer upon whom it had been working, was making himself heard. It was hard to keep track of all he said, but over and above the roar of the train could be heard distinctly these words:

'Oh, my stomach, my stomach.'

'Oh, L—.'

Followed by the pledge: 'I will never touch another drop as long as I live. I've taken my last drink of the accursed stuff. It's burning a hole in me.'

This was punctuated throughout with terrible groans and wound up with a prolonged 'Oh,' in several different keys. Before the man was half through, a head was thrust out of every berth and the porter had summoned all the train hands by yelling 'murder' from one end of the train to the other.

Of a sudden out came the clothes from the traveller's berth, followed by the awful mustard plaster, which he threw out with the exclamation:

'Oh, L—,' there's my stomach! Oh, I'm a dead gonner.'

By this time two of the brakesmen grabbed the drunken man and shook him until he was thoroughly awake During the time preceding sensibility he continually groaned and murmured: 'Oh, my stomach; oh, I'm dead, it's gone, it's gone, I'm dead.'—[Winnipeg Free Pree.

Pleasant as Syrup.

Mr. Douglas Ford, Toronto, Ont., states that Milburn's Cod Liver Oil Emulsion with Wild Cherry Bark is free from objectionable taste, being almost as pleasant as syrup, while for coughs and colds it gives complete satisfaction, acting promptly even in obstinate cases.

The rent of land in England 300 years ago was about a shilling an acre.

Burglar-Proof Glass.

Under the name of wire glass, a new invention has been brought out on the market in Dresden. The process of manufacture consists in furnishing glass in a hot plastic condition with a metallic layer, iron wire netting for instance, which is completely enclosed by the vitrous substance and effectively protected against exterior influences, as rust, etc. The new glass possesses much greater resisting power than the ordinary material, and is, it is claimed, indifferent to the most abrupt changes of temperature, and will even withstand open fire. The glass is specially adapted for skylights, the powerful resisting qualities of the material enabling the usual wire protectors to be dispensed with. As wire glass cannot be cute by the diamond except under the application of great force, and cannot be broken without creating considerable noise, the substance is claimed to be, in a measure, burglar proof.

Don't Read This.

The editor of the Lancaster (N. H.) Democrat in requesting delinquent subscribers to "pay up" incloses a pink tinted circular with the following agecting appeal:

LISTEN TO OUR TALE OF WOE.

We need Money.

The office "devil" is twelve weeks behind his wages, and kicks on soup three times a day. He may get mad and leave. The paper dealers won't trust any more. Our woodshed is empty and a cold winter coming. (The neighbors have all bought padlocks.) Our cow has dried up and the baby is living on lime water. The hens are on a strike, and the McKinley bill has boosted the price of codfish. Our summer pants are worn through the patches and the tailors are suspicious. The grocery boy said he had orders not to call any more. Our wife says something must be done. We have borrowed money to pay postage on this letter. If you can't send us the money please write us your ideas of the quickest and earliest method of suicide.

Liquor Arithmetic—Object Lessons

Boys at the head of the class what are we paying for liquor as a nation?

'$900,000,000 annually.'

Step to the blackboard, my boy. First take a rule and measure this silver dollar. How thick is it?

'Nearly an eighth of an inch.'

'Well, sir how many of these can you pile in an inch?

'Between eight and nine.'

'Give it the benefit of the doubt and call it nine, how many inches would it require to pile these $900,000,000 in?

'100,000,000 inches.'

How many feet would that be?

'9,333,333 feet.'

'How many rods is that?

'505,050 rods.'

'How many miles is that?

'1,578 miles.'

'Miles of what?'

'1,578 miles of silver dollars, laid down, packed closely together, our national liquor bill would make. That is only one year's grog bill.'

Reader, if you need facts about this temperance question, nail that to a post and read it occasionally. It would take ten men with scoops shovels to throw away money as fast as we are wasting it for grog.

Hope for the Drunkard.

In a recent article entitled "Hope for the Drunkard," the New York *Observer* says:—

A man may have ceased to realize the power of an old appetite. He may even have forgotten the very taste of the thing that once he loved, and yet he is safe only as he trusts a stronger power than his own. He is on terrible treacherous ground when he declares it impossible for him to be again enslaved.

We regret a tendency manifested in some quarters to treat drunkeness as a disease merely. It is a sin. Undoubtedly a disease and a sin. If any reasonable and successful remedy can be found or has been found for the disease, we should be glad to see it thoroughly tested. But the details of the treatment should invariably be made sufficiently public to prevent any appearance of trickery. And since it is a sin, men should be taught to seek divine forgiveness for the same and to implore divine power to resist the temptation. We have see numbers of drunkards hopefully reformed. We have rejoiced in the continued stand of very many. Those who have lived the happiest lives since their bonds were loosed, are those who have walked softly with their God, realizing the horrible nature of the pit from which they have been lifted and that nothing but the constant dependance on God can keep them from falling again therein. Such men have not only been kept themselves, but they have been useful in leading others out of bondage into liberty, even the liberty of the children of God.

The population of the United States increases by 1,000,000 persons yearly.

Cod Liver Oil has long been justly celebrated as a lung healer. Alone it is difficult to take, but combined with the Hypophosphites in Puttner's Emulsion, it is agreeable to the taste, and unequaled by any other medicine for weak lungs.

The are about four yards of very close sewing in lady's 10 button glove.

The Ladies Delighted.

The pleasant effect and the perfect safety with which ladies may use the liquid fruit laxative, Syrup of Figs, under all conditions make it their favorite remedy. It is pleasing to the eye and to the taste, gentle, yet effectual in acting on the kidneys, liver and bowels.

K. D. C. Restores the Stomach to HEALTHY Action

PUBLIC ARCHIVES OF NOVA SCOTIA