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—BY—
B. LOVIERIN
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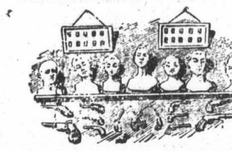
IN LONDON'S MUSEUM.

THE GREATEST COLLECTION OF GHASTLY RELICS KNOWN.

Letters of Jack the Ripper—A Row of Heads That Is Not a Pretty Sight—Relics of the Fenian Invasion of Canada.

The most greysome place in London is not some dark cellar where thugs and murderers plan the crimes they are to do; it is a light airy chamber where are preserved the relics of the crimes that have been done—the Black Museum, stowed away at the end of many winding passages beyond many doors hedged about by many regulations and restrictions in a little corner of the great Scotland Yard Police Headquarters. Its contents commemorate deeds so black that the fancy fails to guess how any human being could plan and do them. On entering your left shoulder will very likely strike against a swinging a plain oak frame which holds the only two mementoes, save the pickled bodies and blood-soaked victims' clothes



which the London police possess of the most daring and amazing murderer this century has produced. They are a letter and a post card written to the police by "Jack the Ripper," announcing the dates of two crimes, butcheries which he had in mind. Both are written in red, and the stains on the card indicate that when he wrote it his hand was still wet with the blood of one of his miserable sacrifices. The stains are not red ink spilled—they are blood.

As one turns from contemplation of this strange leaf out of the history of crime, he is confronted by a shelf which changes the current of his thought; which quite reverses its direction. There, against a side wall, is a row of plaster heads—ghastly counterfeit presentments of criminals who have not escaped, but who, having wickedly done murder, were, in turn, themselves justly done to death. That row of heads is not a pretty sight. Spotlessly white is the plaster from which they were cast, but they are horribly fit subjects for exhibition in the Black Museum.

Seven death heads there are in the grisly garden of this pine shelf—seven death heads, each tipped slightly to the right, as if they had been listening intently to the striking of some clock when petrified—an attitude in reality attributed to Jack Ketch's fashion of knotting his neckties under the left ears of the gentlemen to whom he acts as valet on one occasion only. A closer glance reveals on each cast a little dent just where that fatal knot pressed into the necktie wearer's flesh, and running from this indentation around the neck, a horrible little furrow, well ridged above, shows how tightly the necktie noose was drawn when its wearer went dancing in its loop into the gates of eternity.

An example of the wonderful detail with which detectives sometimes work out a case is shown in the model of a room prepared for use in the trial of a man charged with murdering a friend who dined with him. When the body was discovered the room was in a state of inconceivable disorder. Massive pieces of furniture were broken and overturned and strewn about in a way that might suggest a scene of the dying Hercules' last struggles. A fight which would have so completely wrecked the room seemed impossible between only two combatants, and no one believed that the confusion came from such a source. It was the general theory that for some reason not known the murderer had wrought the havoc carefully and methodically. Every stick and splinter in that wildly wrecked room, every flower in the carpet, the pattern of the wall paper, even the one little broken pane in one of the windows, is reproduced in miniature in a box two feet by two, which was prepared for exhibition to the jury, and is now in the Black Museum.

Many relics there be in the Black Museum of Fenians in England, of the Fenian invasion of Canada and of the Fenian headquarters in New York. About one of the square pillars which support the roof a stand of Fenian rifles helps a lot of murderers' shotguns to fill a big gun rack, while at the end of the room a Fenian uniform hangs limp at one end of the table, guarded on the other end by the uniform of a London policeman of many years ago. A frame near by holds a Fenian muster roll, issued from headquarters at No. 10 West Fourth Street, New York city.

Great Life, Railroading.

A gentleman was standing at a Grand Trunk crossing the other day when his attention was drawn to four men, who from their dress and appearance were plainly railroad men, although they all sported heavy canes, and one had two.

"How many legs do you think there are among the crowd?" a railroad friend asked.

"Eight," he answered promptly.

"Wrong."

"Seven, then."

"Wrong again."

"Six," was ventured.

"Guess once more."

"Five?"

"No; guess again."

He looked at the men closely before answering. Surely they had one apiece, he thought, and hazarded "four."

"Still wrong. Try again."

He leaned up against the fence and gasped out "three."

"Right. You see that man with two canes. He has not any. Watches a crossing in Chatham now. Used to be on Talbot street. The other three have one apiece. Great life railroading. Look out for that engine!"—London Advertiser.

This Fakir's Geography at Fault.

In regard to the alleged cable dispatch from Colon that "Eastern Nicaragua is arming to the teeth, as the British cruiser Royal Arthur is expected to visit the Atlantic coast shortly," naval officers point out the fact that the Royal Arthur left Corinto a few days ago, and that she is now 12,000 nautical miles from the Caribbean Sea. Her shortest route would be via the Straits of Magellan, and if she could make the voyage at her highest speed it would take her sixty days, including stoppages for coal, to reach her alleged destination.

INSANITY.

ITS TREATMENT IS NOW BETTER UNDERSTOOD.

But to Wipe Off the Scourge from the Face of the Earth We Must Deal with Drink and Improper Marriages—Overwork a Cause of Insanity.

The future of the race depends on the future of its brains. There can be no gainsaying that. So the men who are and have been studying that branch of science which deals especially with the brain are important men. The most important of them are in England, Germany and France and of them all Dr. Forbes Winslow, of London, is probably the most justly celebrated. What he thinks is worth knowing. This is what he thinks:

"There is not, I think, a greater proportion of insanity to the population than heretofore, but what insanity there is is better understood and more generally under treatment. There are fewer cases of insanity which utterly escape the observation of medical men, and thus fail to be recorded among the statistics of the malady."

It is only fair to state that if there has been an improvement in the care and treatment of the insane the name of Winslow has been, perhaps, more closely associated with it than any other. Dr. Winslow's father before him was the leader in the work until his son forged his way into prominence, and there have been few reforms in the asylums of Great Britain, or few advances in the science of treatment in which either the father or son has not had his influence. The father, also, was the first to force criminal law to take the mental condition of a man accused of a crime into consideration.

Despite Dr. Winslow's confident statements of belief in improvement, it is not true, however, that he thinks science has at all approached the mastery of insanity. In the first place he has little confidence in brain surgery—that new development in which so many American physicians place such great hope. He believes that if improvement comes it will come less through treatment of insanity than through its prevention, and in order to help bring about its prevention he has made a deep and careful study of its

DR. FORBES WINSLOW.

causes. There are many of these, of course, but to two he attributes the greatest danger. The first of these is improper marriage; the second is drink.

A slight hereditary taint of insanity on one side may be overlooked, but if there is a slight taint on both sides the danger of transmission is great. A careful study of the original cause of the taint should be made before the parties are permitted to marry. For instance, if on one side there was but a slight taint of insanity and on the other perfect health for several generations, the union might with safety be permitted. But if, on the other hand the slight insane taint on the one side should be offset by a tendency toward eccentricity or any neurotic symptom, epilepsy, paralysis, consumption or cancer, the union should be absolutely forbidden.

"The influence which is manufacturing hereditary taints," the doctor went on, "is liquor. The drink habit is constantly and rapidly growing in ominous importance. If you casually examine the statistics of hospitals you will find that the number of men treated for chronic dipsomania, or drunkenness, is much greater than the number of women. But if you refer to the reports of private cases you will find that the number of women treated thus is much greater than is the number of men. Dr. Winslow lays down the following rules for improving the race:

"First, reform the marriage system and call for certain health requirements before a license be granted.

"Second, restrict the liquor traffic and establish new and rational institutions for the treatment of chronic drunkenness.

"Then, after I had done these things, I would see to it that the public better understood certain things that have a serious effect on the insanity rate. Chief among these is the fact that parents and friends make no especial effort to surround those who are under their care with the influences which will be most beneficial to them. Next to improper marriage and drink, overwork, worry, shock and religious and political excitement are the most fertile causes of insanity. When a child is of nervous or neurotic temperament its parents should make every effort to save it from any of these influences. A thousand cases of insanity are developed every year which might have been escaped had the victim been spared excitements, worries or other unfortunate influences which were really unnecessary."

Dr. Forbes Winslow announces that in the autumn of 1895 he will pay the United States an extended visit. It is a peculiarity of his broad and liberal scientific mind that he is unsatisfied with knowing European conditions only. He proposes to make a careful and exhaustive study, not only of the methods and theories of American scientists on their own ground, but of the two or three peculiar varieties of mental diseases which have developed in the United States, and which do not exist elsewhere.

Toole's Latest.

The other day Mr. Toole entered a dairy, and in his most solemn manner addressed himself to the man as follows:

"I will take a boy," looking around at the shelves.

"A boy, sir?" asked the dairyman, fairly puzzled.

"Yes, or a girl," answered the actor.

The man, thinking him some lunatic, said: "Pardon me, this is a milk shop."

"Come outside," said Mr. Toole, and taking the man by the arm he led him to the door and pointed to the sign.

"I'll take a boy and a girl," repeated the humorist, with not a ghost of a smile. "Read what your notice states, 'Families supplied in any quantity.'"

GORY HEADS IN THE STREETS.

Horrible Spectacle in the Market Place of Fusan, in Corea.

Corea has been brought prominently to the attention of the civilized world by means of the Japano-Chinese war.

Many will be glad to know something of the country which was ostensible cause of that interesting conflict, Mrs. Bishop, who is one of the very few persons who have had much experience of it, writes this vivid account of Corean scenes:

"Six weeks spent in Corea after six months' absence present one with a series of dissolving views, of which three follow. No. 1. Scene: The busiest part of the Peking road, a bustling market outside the 'Little West Gate.' There in the crowded street, from a rude frame of three sticks, arranged like a camp-kettle stand, hung the head of the pseudo Tonghak King, severed in Chullado and sent to the King of Corea as a present from a loyal governor. Below it hung the head of a Tonghak leader. Both faces wore a calm, almost dignified expression. Not far off two heads of Tonghak leaders had been exposed in a similar frame; but it has given way, and they lay in the dust of the roadway, one of them much gnawed by dogs at the back. The last agony was stiffened upon the features; a turnip lay beside them, and some small children cut pieces from it and presented them mockingly to the blackened mouths. This brutalizing spectacle had existed for a week.

"No. 2. Scene: A lonely road, passing through agricultural country, a fair valley among pine-clothed ranges and knolls, outside the southeast gate of Seoul. Complete solitude; snow on the ground; a grim sky, threatening a further storm. As I rode through this valley I observed three coolies, in summer cotton clothing, lying by the roadside, as I supposed, asleep. On coming up to them I found that, though their attitudes were of easy repose, the bodies were without heads, nor had the headman's axe been merciful or sharp. In the middle of the path were two great frozen crimson splashes. These were the bodies of the Tonghak leaders, who had been led out to die there; criminals in Corea as in old Jerusalem, suffering 'without the gate.' A few days later an order appeared in the Gazette abolishing beheading and 'slicing to death,' and substituting strangulation for civil and shooting for military capital crimes. This order makes an end practically of the power of life and death, hitherto one of the prerogatives of the Corean sovereigns.

"No. 3. A dark man in a handsome Corean costume, riding a dark donkey, on an English saddle, attended, whether

A PRESENT TO THE KING OF COREA FROM A LOYAL GOVERNOR.

in a royal procession or elsewhere and everywhere, by four dapper, trim, Japanese policemen, also mounted. This is Pak, one of the leading conspirators and so-called assassins at the treacherous outbreak at the Post Office banquet and the palace in 1884, when several generals and leading statesmen, kinsmen of the Queen, and belonging to the party in power, were deceived and murdered. After this Pak fled to Japan, where he has remained for some years an outcast, his ancestors and his family being degraded by royal decree. Not long ago he and his fellow-conspirator So, who fled to America, were recalled at the instigation of the Japanese advisers and forced upon the King—Pak as Home Minister, and So to administer law and justice with blood-stained hands. A certain number of Koreans have taken a Corean vow of vengeance "to chew the livers" of these men. A decree in the Gazette a few days ago restored Pak to his rank and to the lands which were the dowry of the Princess his wife, and commands that a house be bought for him out of moneys furnished by the Treasury. Meanwhile the Tonghak leaders, less guilty than Pak and So—for they rose not to place themselves in power by treacherous assassinations, but to right grievous wrongs by fair fight—have suffered the death penalty.

"Kim Okiun, who with Pak and So organized and carried out the conspiracy of 1884, after living for ten years in Japan, went over to Shanghai a few months ago, where he was promptly murdered by a Corean. Kim's body was sent to Corea, where it was quartered and treated with horrible indignities, while the remaining members of his family were grievously maltreated—the murderer at the same time receiving rewards an honors."

The Frost of '59.

When anything exceptional occurs in weather experience, one is apt to conclude that it is unprecendented. Such opinions prevail in reference to the terribly destructive frost recently, but older residents recall those of June, 1859, when fruit and vegetation was much more advanced than now, and the loss very great. The season was very early. On the last of May wheat was heading, apples were as large as walnuts, and clover in bloom. A frost on the nights of the 5th and 6th of June, and another on the 11th and 12th, blighted everything. Fields of waving grain were in a few days as if newly ploughed, the wheat never matured, and the ground was strewn with frozen fruit. It may afford some consolation to add that spring grain partially recovered and yielded a fair crop.

An Antarctic iceberg has been seen that was twenty miles wide, forty miles in length, and 400 feet in height.

The Worst That Could Befall.

The following is a story of an incident that actually took place at the marine barracks at the Charlestown Navy-Yard:

A soldier was one morning brought before the commanding officer, charged with the offense of telling a lie to one of the other officers. After the Major had heard the evidence he said to the culprit: "Do you know what will become of you if you tell lies to your officers?"

The soldier quickly replied: "Yes, sir; I shall go to hell."

"Worse than that, sir; worse than that," said the commanding officer. "You will be tried by a naval court martial."—Boston Globe.

The Advance in Africa.

Far off the burning kraal was marked in flame against the sky.

"Ah!"

The chief of the panic-stricken Senegambians turned and gazed back apprehensively—

"I always said"—

He shuddered as he spoke. "The coming woman boded us no good." And, as he fled, the bloodthirsty yells of the fierce Amazons of Dahomey in pursuit gave confirmation to his words.

COMPARATIVE VALUE OF MILLETS.

Common is the Earliest, While German is the Best for Thin Soils.

Common and German millet withstand dry weather better than Hungarian grass, and are more largely grown in the west, while Hungarian is generally preferred in the east. Common millet is the earliest of the three and may be recognized by its green, slender, nodding head, which is open or ragged at the base, while the dark-purple head of Hungarian is compact and nearly upright. German millet has a large, rough head, with coarse stems, generally, but one from each root. The seeds from Hungarian are easily recognized by their mixed color; many of the grains—the more the better—are dark purple, while there are always present more or less yellow seeds, but the seed of first class southern-grown German millet is smaller and plumper than that of common millet and generally has a coppery tinge which has sometimes given it the name of "golden" millet. When this southern seed is planted in the north and west it often fails to ripen thoroughly, and tends to become oval in shape instead of round, so that it much resembles common millet. On this account some have supposed all common millet to be degenerated German millet, and it is getting to be a practice with some seedsmen to substitute, intentionally or otherwise, the cheaper and generally less desirable common millet for the German variety. Out of twenty-one samples obtained this year under the name "German millet" five were pure common millet and four mixed with that variety. The latter variety is the best for thin soils, or late sowing, or for early sowing to be followed by fall crops, but on good land where the full season can be given it, by far the largest yield of hay will be produced by the German millet. Common millet sown last year, June 22d, and cut for hay August 3rd, yielded 1¼ tons per acre. German millet sown the same time was not ready to cut until September 19, and averaged nearly 2½ tons per acre.

WITTY WILHELMINA.

HER GIRL MAJESTY LEFT ENGLAND WITH ONLY ONE REGRET.

One Monument Wanting—Could Find No Statue of Blake, Who Was Once Defeated by the Dutch Admiral Van Tromp.

The girl Queen of Holland has been visiting Queen Victoria in England. She has just left England, leaving the echoes of a casual remark of hers that must have made even Queen Victoria smile grimly.

She was untiring in sightseeing. She went everywhere, and finally, before she left, desired to witness a Drawing Room, and especially to see the Queen of England in her robes. Too young to be presented, her little gracious Majesty was taken to Buckingham Palace, so that her wish might be gratified, and saw, from a convenient point of view in the back ground, the brilliant court function. Although she and the Queen Regent visited England incognito, it was decided that she should leave London in semi-state, and so Queen Victoria sent a four horse landau to their hotel to convey them to Victoria station, whither they journeyed with full military escort, and four postilion outriders in scarlet costume. "Queen Wilhelmina took her seat in the carriage," says an official chronicler, "and sat for a few brief moments the observed of all observers. Her Majesty was simply and gracefully attired in a costume whose prevailing color was electric blue; while her straw hat bore upon it a cluster of light cornflowers. Slightly embarrassed, but evidently gratified by the warmth of the cheers that greeted her coming, the young Queen, who scarcely looked her

VAN TROMP SAILING UP THE THAMES.

fourteen summers, bowed repeatedly as the equipage moved away from the hotel and drove at a smart pace down Albemarle street. In St. James' street, too, and the Mall were very many who doffed their hats and gave a cordial farewell to the departing Queen and her mother as they passed.

The London newspapers sang the young Queen's praises day after day, and hopes were expressed that some day the girl Queen might select a British prince for her husband, instead of one of the many aspirants for her royal hand who are ready in continental countries. We are not told what impression was made, if any, upon her young heart in England; the principal thing allowed publicly so far is that the little lady had left England much disappointed because, though she had seen monuments galore of English admirals, especially of Nelson, she had looked in vain for one of Admiral Blake, so famous in the early half of the seventeenth century in English naval annals. "Surely," she said, "if you give Nelson such prominence Blake, who fought against my country so often, should have some recognition in marble." The English people were a little surprised to learn that the girl Queen was such a deep student of English history, but they doubtless laughed grimly when they recalled a story, often slurred over in English histories, to the effect that a certain Dutch Admiral Van Tromp had once defeated the British squadron in the Channel and had then sailed his flagship up the Thames with a broom at her masthead, symbolical of the fact that he had swept Admiral Blake's proud fleet from the seas.

THE LARGEST RAILROAD MAP.

An Oil Painting One Hundred and Twelve Feet Long and Fifteen Feet Wide.

A railroad map, which is said to be the largest in the world, was put in place a few days ago in the great main waiting room of the new passenger depot of the Pennsylvania Railroad, at Broad and Market streets, Philadelphia.

The map measures 112½ feet long by fifteen feet wide. It is painted beautifully upon canvas, which is stretched along the upper half of the side walls of the waiting room, and the work is done so neatly as to make it appear that the painting is upon the wall itself. The lower portion of the wall space is to be finished with handsome wainscoting.

The map represents, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, that portion of the country which the road and its allied systems traverse. It is all done upon so vast a scale that the railroad connections, the names of towns and cities, the State boundaries, rivers, mountains and valleys are all plainly visible to the waiting passenger, who studies them from a position twenty or thirty feet below.

The coloring is all done in oil, the various tints being skilfully employed in such a way as to indicate to the eye the general character of the country, so that the effect is rather that of a beautiful picture than a mere railroad map.

Forests Whittled Away.

A notable example of a big result produced by small means is found in the fact that lead pencil users have whittled away several big forests of clear cedar trees in Europe and the supply of wood suitable for lead pencils is practically exhausted in the Old World. An order has just been placed by a noted German firm of pencil makers with a California lumber company for a large quantity of sequoia wood, which is found to be the best wood now available for pencils. The sequoia is the big tree of California. It seems too bad that the grand old giants should be sacrificed, and especially that their end should be lead pencil shavings.—Paper Makers' Monthly Journal.

Funny Mistakes.

The other day a great, gaunt, colored man entered the express office, and, edging up to the man in charge, took off his hat and asked if there had been anything received for George Washington. The clerk looked at the man searchingly, and then with a knowing air remarked: "Ah, what game are you trying to work on me now? He's been dead long ago." This story is much the same as the story about the Congressman who declared in an address to the House: "As Daniel Webster says in his great dictionary." "It was Noah who wrote the dictionary," whispered a colleague, who sat at the next desk. "Noah nothing," replied the speaker. "Noah built the ark."—Florida Citizen.

THE LIMEKILN CLUB.

"My fren's," said Brother Gardner as he sounded the gavel with one hand and unbuttoned his coat and vest with the other, "I hev bin given to understand dat sartin members of dis club am enthusiastic fur reform. Dey want, as I am told, reform in soshul customs, in poltyicks, in religun and other things. Dey want dis club to take de reformin' bizness in hand and keep pushin' till de hull world am made better. I hev a list of de would-be reformers among our members an I am headed by de name of Giveadam Jones. It am said dat Brudder Jones am so anxious to see de world made better dat he can't sleep nights.

"Two weeks ago to-day along in de arternoon I sot in my back doah an' saw a pusson keerfully surveyin' my truck patch ober de back fence. Dat pusson was Giveadam Jones. He looked and peeked an' squinted till he had located de exact spot on which six big squashes war growin' an' den he vanished from sight. At nine o'clock dat evenin' I went out an' sot down in de middle of dem squashes. I had a club in my hand. I wasn't waitin' fur cats, but fur Brudder Jones. At 9.00 de ole woman blowed out de candle and ten minutes later sunthin drapped ober de back fence an' cum sneakin' up to dem squashes. I war ready.

"Dat sunthin' was a pusson. 'Bout de time he laid hands on de nighest squash I ris up an' bring dat club down on his cokernut. He drapped to his knees, rolled ober, scrambled up agin, an' I got in two mo' whacks befo' he reached de fence. I didn't ax his name, an' he didn't hand me no keard. When dat club cum' down I knowed by de feel of things dat it had lighted on Brudder Jones. He was around next day wid his head tied up and claimin' dat he run agin a stone wall in de dark.

"Some fo' weeks ago my ole woman went to bed one night an' left de washin' out on de line. When we got up in de mawnin' my three shirts an' two pa'rs of socks had disappeared. I looked fur tracks an' found 'em. Dem tracks led mighty close to de back doah of Brudder Shindig Watkins' cabin. Brudder Watkins am No. 2 on de list of would-be reformers. I went home an' didn't say nuffin' till Sunday cum. Den I called Brudder Watkins out into de alley an' looked him ober fur one o' my shirts. He had one on to go to church in. He explained to me dat it was a shirt which blowed ober into his yard one night last winter, but his knees was knockin' together as he talked. Sum' of yo' may disreckolect dat a story was floatin' around 'bout three weeks ago to de effect dat Brudder Watkins had bin hit by a house. He was hit, but not by a house. I hulled off an' hit him on de chin wid my right, an' while he slept I took de shirt off his body an walked away.

"De third name on de list am dat of Truthful Johnson. I had occashun to ax him a few quesshuns one mawning last summer. When I got up at sunrise an' went out to my henhouse, I found two chickens missin'. On a nail by de door was a piece of ole blue shirt, an' when I put it to my nose I thought it smelt like Brudder Johnson. I took a walk ober to his cabin an' found de heads of two chickens at de back doah an' feathers in de washtub. I went in an' axed Brudder Johnson sum ledin' queshuns, which he answered wid de utmost blandness, but I dat missed my chickens under de bed jest de same. Dar was a report around next day dat Brudder Johnson had been

"I RIZ UP."

picked up by a cyclone an' kerried into de top of a tree 20 feet high, but it was a mistake. I jis picked him up an' slammed him around fur awhile an den hove him frew a winder. I am told dat he shed tears last night when talkin' wid sum of de members of dis club about Ananias an' Captain Kidd.

"De fo'th name on de list am dat of Samuel Shin. Samuel has offered to do moas' of de hard work in reformin' his feliermen an' has a resolushun all ready to interduce at de proper time. Let's see. It am about six weeks ago, as nigh as I kin reckolect, when I got up at midnight an' went to de back doah to see if de moonlight was too strong fur my cucumbers. I was jest in time to find Brudder Shin totin' a kittle of soft soap outer de woodshed. When I hit on him, he claimed dat he was walkin' in his sleep. Mebbe he was, but he didn't walk dat way no mo' dat night! When he walked around de cabin an' out of de gate an' up de street, he was wide awake an' tryin' to nodge my right fut. He didn't git to work fur de next three days, an' I believe he claimed dat he wrenched hisself tryin' to lift a street kyar back on de track.

"My frens, I hev but a few words to say on dis matter of reform. Fustly, de world am good 'nuff as it am. Secondly, de pusson who gits de ideah of reform in his head neither includes hisself. Thirdly, if reform could be accomplished it would simply turn de bar'l ober an' bring another set of rascals on top. Lastly, dis Limekiln Club could not consistently demand reform. I am not entirely innocent myself. I widin de last six months I hev nicked up an ax in de alley without inquarin' fur de owner; worked off a dozen counterfeit nickels on de street kyar conductahs, put a stone in de paper ragbag to increase de weight an' made my whitewash mighty thin on seventy-five cent jobs. We will let de subjick drap right yere an' go hum."

Alarming.

Pipkin—The Board of Health census shows an alarming state of affairs on this island.

Potts—In what particular?

Pipkin—The police didn't find a single woman over twenty-seven years old.

Just Possible.

Sassafras—Do you believe patent medicine cures?

Boneset—I guess they cure some fool women of doing so free with their testimonials and photographs.

Working Him Regularly.

"Dinguss," said Shadbolt, reluctantly lending him another ten, "my acquaintance with you is the most expensive habit I've ever formed."—Chicago Tribune.

Magic Liquid.

Much amusement may be afforded at a party by pouring out of the same bottle a liquid which assumes three different colors. This is how it is done: Steep logwood shavings (they may be bought at any drug store) in water, and when a good red color has been obtained pour the liquid into a wine bottle. Take three tumblers and, without being observed, rinse one of them out with strong vinegar; put a little powdered alum into the second and leave the third without any preparation. Pour from the bottle some liquid into the first tumbler; this will assume a straw color; pour into the second, and the liquid will pass gradually from a bluish gray or black on being stirred with a steel key or any piece of iron which has been previously dipped in strong vinegar; pour into the third, and the red liquid will assume a violet tint.

Educated Soldiers.

It speaks well for the German army that of the 250,000 recruits who joined the colors in 1894 there were only 617 who could not read or write. According to the official reports issued at Paris no less than 22,000 were ignorant of these elements of education among the 310,000 conscripts who joined the French army during the same period. At Lisbon—admittedly the most highly educated town or city in Portugal—more than half of the population can neither read nor write.

New Species of Ape.

The Zoological Gardens at Berlin have just received from the Dutch East Indies an ape utterly unlike anything of the kind ever seen before in Europe. It is of the orang-outang species, and of a bright, flaring red, with bare neck and a remarkable hooked nose. The inhabitants of Sumatra are said to regard it with superstitious reverence. It is alleged that these apes can swell their larynxes to an enormous extent, uttering loud sounds which cannot be described in words.

A Great Success.

1. Mr. Hustlemuch—I dink dese sign will catch dor people, and make a hit.

2. And so it did.

DUNKIRK OF AMERICA.

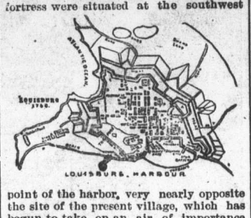
THE SITE SELECTED FOR THE MONUMENT AT LOUISBURG.

To be Erected by the Society of the Colonial Wars on the Ruins of the Old King's Bastion and Citadel—Something About the Old Fort.

Almost every Canadian is more or less acquainted with the history of Louisburg, that fortified city of Cape Breton upon which the French had lavished 30,000,000 lires and spent twenty years in building, and in comparison with which the other fortified points on the continent, as Havana, Panama and Carthagena, sunk into insignificance. So perfect was the work on the "Dunkirk of America" thought to be that the French engineers employed in its construction were wont to boast that it could be defended by a garrison of women.

From the earliest times Louisburg was known as Havre de l'Anglois, but no settlement of any importance was established there until after the treaty of Utrecht in 1713, which ceded the island of Cape Breton to France. In 1720 the famous fortification was begun, and a little better than twenty years thereafter was completed. Against an attack from sea it was considered practically impregnable, and little thought appears to have been given to the land approaches, as it was largely marsh, across which it was deemed impossible to transport heavy cannon, without which the subjection of Louisburg could never have been accomplished.

The illustration accompanying this article shows that the old French city and fortress were situated at the southwest



point of the harbor, very nearly opposite the site of the present village, which has begun to take on an air of importance since it was transformed into an important coal shipping port.

It is at this place, then, on the afternoon of June 17, that the Society of the Colonial Wars and their friends mean to dedicate a monument to the memory of those who fell at the capture of Louisburg, so that no New Englander who visits there in the future will have occasion to blush when he wanders through the old burial ground at Point Rochfort, where 500 colonists lie buried, and whose resting place has hitherto been unmarked, except by the ruins which are all about.

The monument which will be erected is of granite, and was manufactured by Messrs. Epps Dodds & Co. of St. George, N. B. It is a Tuscan column, surrounded by a cannon ball of victory, and stands on a pedestal on which are inscriptions which suitably commemorate an event so famous in old colonial annals. The die, column and ball are polished, the rest axed, and the height is twenty-six feet. On the die are the following inscriptions:

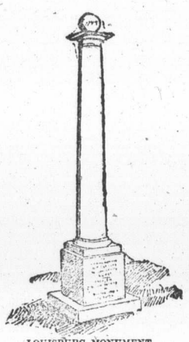
On the front, in 1¼ inch letters, "To Commemorate the Capture of Louisburg, A.D. 1745. Erected by the Society of Colonial Wars."

On the back, in four-inch letters, "To Our Heroic Dead."

On the left side, in 1¼ inch letters: "French Forces, 2500 Regulars, Militia and Seamen, under Gov. Duchambon."

On the right side, in 1¼-inch letters: "Provincial Forces, Massachusetts Bay, Connecticut, New Hampshire, 4000 men, under Lieut.-Gen. Pepperrell. British Fleet, ten sail, 500 guns, under Commodore Warren. Provincial Fleet, sixteen armed vessels, ninety transports, 240 guns, under Capt. Tyng."

The site selected for the erection of the monument is on the ruins of the old King's bastion and citadel, as indicated by the letter "A" in the illustration of the old town, which is taken from a little wooden model recently made of the fortifications. Notwithstanding the tons of



LOUISBURG MONUMENT.

powder which have been exploded beside and beneath them, much still remains of the massive earthworks. The old citadel is well defined by the foundation walls where the long range of stone buildings stood. Here were the military offices, officers' quarters and chapels. Through much debris the shattered bomb-proofs can be entered, beneath arches which are monuments to the skill of the masons who constructed them. It was in these dark, damp holes that the women and children were compelled to pass the long and tedious days and nights of the protracted siege. Along the top of these ramparts a walk of a full mile can be taken to the seashore, the average height being about fifty feet above sea level.

The thickness and general solidity is what amazes one about them most. The moat, which was eighty feet wide, is fairly well defined, but lapse of years and lack of care are beginning to have their usual effect. It can be easily seen how the besieged, to a large extent, controlled the movements of the besiegers, because, through the immense marsh, it was impossible for soldiers to advance, and consequently it became necessary for the attacking party to concentrate its attention on one or two points. The bomb-proofs are the only real specimens of masonry that can be seen, and the broad, deep excavation of the moat and covered way, and the well grassed glacis, bid fair to hold together for still another century.

A MOVABLE POULTRY HOUSE.

Its Use Will Prove Quite a Saving in Feed From Year to Year.

On stubble fields there is often a good deal of food which if the fowls could be induced to forage sufficiently would amount to a considerable quantity of feed. In some countries the young, growing fowl are housed in a small, lightly constructed building on wheels, of a weight not too heavy for a horse to draw, and of a size to accommodate from fifty to seventy chickens. The birds are quartered in it and drawn to the field, where

they are fed once or twice in the house to accustom them to it. Then they are supplied with plenty of water and turned up on the stubble, changing them about to fresh forage as often as they seem to require new ground, to find sufficient of the fallen grain. If the house be built of half-inch matched boards, it will be found light enough to be moved easily, and will prove quite a saving in feed from year to year. During the winter months, when other important work is not pressing, time may be put to good advantage by constructing such a movable poultry house.

Roofing and Eavetroughing

Is a Specialty for this Season at W. F. EARL'S

If you have a house or barn to shingle, get our prices before you buy. We guaranree no leak.

We also have a fine stock of Stoves on hand to select from. Iron Piping and Fittings for wells and factory use in stock. All kinds of tinware, Milk Cans, Churns, Creamers, at close prices.

Don't forget the place—opposite the Gamble House.

W. F. EARL, Athens

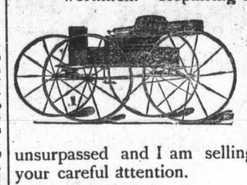
New Harness Shop in Athens

Harness, Rugs, Whips, Blankets, Halters, Surcingles, etc.

Look at these Prices.

Nickel or Davis Rubber Trimmed (single)	$10 00
Web Halter with shank	25
Two Whips	25
Cork-faced Collars	2 50
Good Leather Collars, per pair	3 50

All above harness are hand-made in the shop by first-class workmen. Repairing neatly and promptly done.



I have secured the agency for the sale of the vehicles manufactured by the Thousand Island Carriage Company of Gananoque. Just now I am showing samples of Buggies and Wagons that for style, finish and durability are unsurpassed and I am selling them at prices well worthy of your careful attention.

Soliciting a share of public patronage.

N. C. Williams

IT IS TIME TO BUY

AXLE GREASE

CASTOR OIL and

MACHINERY OILS

AND GET THE BEST ON EARTH FROM

The Samuel Rogers Oil Co.

OTTAWA

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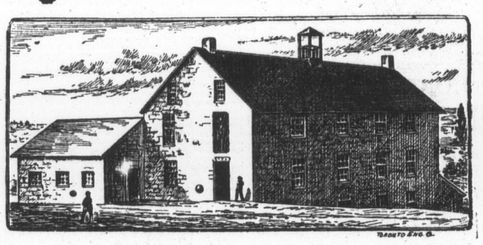

Have a good stock of genuine all-wool Yarn and Cloth, will be prepared to sell the same at moderate prices, and will at all times be prepared to pay the highest market price for wool in cash or trade.

LYN April 17, 1894 **R. WALKER**

Varicocele, Emissions, Nervous Debility, Seminal Weakness, Gleet, Stricture, Syphilis, Unnatural Discharges, Self Abuse, Kidney and Bladder Diseases Positively Cured by

The New Method Treatment - A Wonderful Discovery

☞ You can Deposit the Money in Your Bank or with Your Postmaster to be paid us after you are CURED under a written Guarantee!

Self Abuse, Excesses and *Blood Diseases* have wrecked the lives of thousands of young men and middle aged men. The farm, the workshop, the Sunday school, the office, the professions—all have its victims. *Young man*, if you have been indiscreet, beware of the future. *Middle aged man*, you are growing prematurely weak and old, both sexually and physically. Consult us before too late. NO NAMES USED WITHOUT WRITTEN CONSENT. Confidential.

VARICOCELE, EMISSIONS AND SYPHILIS CURED.

W. S. COLLINS. **W. S. Collins, of Saginaw, Speaks.** W. S. COLLINS.

"I am 29. At 15 I learned a bad habit which I continued till 19. I then became 'one of the boys' and led a gay life. Exposure produced *Syphilis*. I became nervous and despondent; no ambition; memory poor; eyes red, sunken and blur; pimples on face; hair loose, bone pains; weak back; varicocele; dreams and losses at night; weak parts; deposit in urine, etc. I spent hundreds of dollars without help, and was contemplating suicide when a friend recommended Drs. Kennedy & Kergan's New Method Treatment. Thank God I tried it. In two months I was cured. This was six years ago, and never had a return. Was married two years ago and all happy. Boys, try Drs. Kennedy & Kergan."

BEFORE TREATM'T — AFTER TREATM'T

S. A. TONTON. **Seminal Weakness, Impotency and Varicocele Cured.** S. A. TONTON.

"When I consulted Drs. Kennedy & Kergan, I had little hope. I was surprised. Their new Method Treatment improved me the first week. Emissions ceased, nerves became strong, pains disappeared, hair grew in again, eyes became bright, cheerful in company and strong sexually. Having tried many Quacks, I can heartily recommend Drs. Kennedy & Kergan as reliable Specialists. They treated me honorably and skillfully."

BEFORE TREATM'T — AFTER TREATM'T.

T. P. EMERSON. **A Nervous Wreck—A Happy Life.** T. P. EMERSON.

T. P. Emerson Has a Narrow Escape.

"I live on the farm. At school I learned an early habit, which weakened me physically, sexually and mentally. Family Doctors said I was going into "decline" (Consumption). Finally "The Golden Monitor," edited by Drs. Kennedy & Kergan fell into my hands. I learned the *Truth* and *Cause*, Self abuse had sapped my vitality. I took the *New Method Treatment* and was cured. My friends think I was cured of Consumption. I have sent them many patients, all of whom were cured. Their New Method Treatment supplies vigor, vitality and manhood."

BEFORE TREATM'T — AFTER TREATMENT.

READER!