

India's Direful Calamity.

Heavy Rains Have Fallen But Still There Will be Thousands to Support.

Lord Curzon is happy. Rains are falling and now the famine district heretofore the abomination of desolation will again bloom like a garden. Still five and a half millions remain at the Government Relief Works earning three cents a day for nine hours hard work breaking stone, building tanks or making roads. When at last relief does come and these poor beggars are permitted to return home, many a vacant place in the family circle will bear witness to the terrible ravages of starvation, cholera, plague and smallpox. The crop is still two months off—and that it will prove totally inadequate is a foregone conclusion.

Ninety percent of the farming cattle having perished, many of the farms have not been plowed at all and only small portions of most of the others; for what can the Indian farmer do without his cattle? Were he in perfect health, robust and strong, he might possibly, with the aid of lighter plows, act as a substitute, but unfortunately in his enfeebled condition he can do little work at best and hence short rations await him for at least another year to come.

But even with short rations, life can be sustained provided he can get enough to carry him through until harvest time and it is this great work of keeping alive those who until now have survived, that engages the best efforts of the Christian Herald which has almost single-handedly undertaken the gigantic problem of life saving in a country that within its boundaries contains one fifth of the population of the entire world.

Only this week Dr Kloppsch in behalf of The Christian Herald cabled another hundred thousand dollars, which means life to just that many people—for another month. Think of it; a hundred thousand men, women and children in India saved from starvation for a whole month, through a single remittance. Was there ever so unselfish a charity as this? For people we shall never see and whose very thanks in a language strange to us shall never reach our ears? Truly this is a Christlike charity, and unless every word of the bible be untrue, the people of our own country will not go without the blessing promised to those who consider the poor.

But famine's deplorable work still continues. Only last month a man at Thana, a relief station 25 miles from Bombay, was arrested for having buried alive his two children. His story was pitifully sad. He and his wife and two children went to the Relief Works. There his wife died. He himself caught the fever. He could not shake it off. At last driven to despair he took his children one night and left the station. His sufferings were fearfully intensified by those of his little ones. They finally reached a point where they could no longer walk. Death was staring him in the face. He did not get where help could be found, they must all perish. His children helpless, unable to continue the journey, blocked his progress. He dug a grave, threw them in and filled it up. The fever had made him irresponsible and Government will probably act leniently in his case, but the incident demonstrates the fearful deaths which the helpless famine victims have reached, during this terrible dispensation of Providence.

In a recent interview Dr. Kloppsch said that he was under an everlasting obligation to the press of this country for their hearty co-operation in this great work; and that India could never repay the debt she owes to the journalists of the continent. During his stay in India he never missed an opportunity of expressing himself freely on this subject and many of the leading papers of India directed the attention of the people to the extent of their indebtedness to the newspapers for the tremendous assistance they had rendered in awaking public interest in the sufferings of India's starving millions. Indeed, nine-tenths of all the contributions were the result of newspaper work and never was the beneficent influence of the press more manifest than in this particular instance.

The great problem—indeed the greatest—that now confronts Christendom in connection with this most appalling tragedy of the century—is that of the orphans who must either be promptly cared for or perish. Statistics carefully gathered by missionaries fix the number now hopelessly destitute at 600,000. What to do with these boys and girls is the paramount question of the day in India. Throughout the famine stricken area little children are wandering about asking of any who will listen to their small, plaintive voices: 'Ma-

bab humone Khavau Kahan mules', which, translated, means 'Where can we get something to eat.' The traveler in India sees this spectacle daily—little children reduced to skeletons by starvation asking their way to the nearest poorhouse. Orphan asylums are almost unknown among the Hindus. A few have been organized this year and their facilities are so limited that not half of one percent can be accommodated. The missionaries on the other hand have exercised intelligent forethought and have dotted the famine district with large commodious buildings for their accommodation.

But where are the means for their entertainment to come from? It costs \$15 a year to shelter, feed, clothe and educate a child. Were they to take 100,000 it would mean \$1,500,000 a year and who will give this vast sum? The Christian Herald has cabled its guarantee to support 5,000, with the prospect of taking another 5,000 before the end of the year. That leaves 90,000 still to be cared for.

Now it is proposed to afford Christian people the world over the opportunity to adopt these orphans, to name them, to designate in what denominational orphanage they are to be cared for to select either boys or girls and to receive quarterly reports concerning their progress. The plan is beginning to work and at the present time about 100 a day are being provided for.

But more must be taken and taken quickly or they will perish. These boys and girls will be the means of civilizing India and they must be looked after. Twenty thousand ought to be adopted after this plan immediately, and any reader who may feel inclined to save a boy or girl and will undertake the support for a single year, will do a work entitling him to recognition at the hands of Him who said 'Inasmuch as ye do it to one of these little ones ye do it unto me' and will be included in the Divine Roll of Honor.

GILSON WILLETTS.

WILD WEST SCENES.

Episodes That Indicate That the Element of Danger Has Been Exaggerated.

It was midnight as a thundering knock came at the door of room No. 48, Pknox Hotel.

'What is wanted?' asked the occupant as he sat up in bed with furiously beating heart.

'We want you! Open this door!'

'Never!'

'Then take the consequences.'

The man sprang out of bed and hurriedly dressed himself. His face was pale and his hands trembled, but he shut his lips with a determination to sell his life dearly. He heard footsteps moving in the hall, and presently the door was burst from its hinges and a dozen men burst into the room. They found him standing with a revolver in each hand and the light of battle in his eyes.

'You may hang me,' he said in a low, tense voice, 'but twelve of you will go in to the other world before me.'

'Who said anything about hanging?' inquired a voice.

'But you have come for that. Twelve years ago in this town I killed four men. You have recognized me and have come for revenge.'

'Not much stranger. We don't know anything about the four men and don't want to. You live in Missouri, don't you you?'

'I do.'

'Well, what we wanted to ask was whether three of a kind beat a straight in your State?'

'They do not.'

'Then that's all, and you can go back to your snooze. Sorry to have disturbed you but we had a dispute and wanted to settle it.'

For fifty miles pursued and pursued had kept at about the same distance as they flew over the trackless prairie. Now and then one had gained or lost, but the race had become one of endurance instead of speed. At last, an hour before sunset, the face of the pursued began to lose its hopeful expression as he felt his horse giving way under him. He pressed home the cruel spurs, and the beaten animal seemed infused with new life, but only for a few minutes.

'I am doomed!' he exclaimed in despairing accents, as his faithful horse staggered again.

From behind him came fiendish yells of rejoicing.

Another mile, and the horse of the pur-

sued sank down in his tracks, and his rider stood with folded arms and a defiant look on his face to wait the other's coming.

'So I've got you!' said the pursuer, as he rode up and dismounted.

'You have.'

'You know me to be the sheriff of Cold Chuck?'

'I do.'

'And that I never let a man escape me. This afternoon as you rode through our town I shouted to you.'

'Yes. You recognized me as Dandy Jim, the road agent, but I hoped to out-run you.'

'I did nothing of the kind. I asked you for a chew of tobacco, and you were so durned mean about it that I've followed you fifty miles to show you what sort of a man I am. Do you chew?'

'Of course I do.'

'And will you give me a chew?'

'With the greatest of pleasure. As my horse is dead I do not see how I can go back with you.'

'No one wants you to.'

'But didn't you follow on to arrest me?'

'Not by a blamed sight. I followed on to make you hand over that chew I asked for and you jest let this be a warnin' to you. Next time you ride through Cold Chuck and I yell for a chew you want to come right down with half a plug.'

All at once two men each armed with two guns leaped into the middle of the street and began firing at each other. Pop! bang! pop! The street was cleared of pedestrians, and men looked from behind shelter with bated breath. Six shots, ten, fifteen, twenty.

'Are they both dead?' was asked in whispers.

Pop! bang! pop!

'But they must be dead now.'

Fifty shots, 100, 200. Then a man who had been asleep in a distant saloon slowly awoke and shambled outdoors and down the street. When he reached the fighters, the four guns were still blazing, but he closed in and took both men by the ear and led the pair around the corner and gave them the boot and said:

'How many times hev I got to warn ye that it's agin the ordinance to shoot off firecrackers?'

The Bear and the Berries.

'Talking about bears,' said a well known business man, 'I have just returned from a fishing trip in upper Michigan, and I tell you the bears were very many' up there. They are fond of blackberries, too, judging from the story the section boss's wife told. One day we had been wading and fishing up the river and saw the woman and her little boy running towards us for dear life. She said they had been picking berries in a patch, and that she had just started on a big bunch that looked as though the bushes had been tied together, they were so close and thick.

'Suddenly she heard a grunt, and thinking her little boy was trying to scare her, told him if he did it again she would spank him. Turning to continue her picking she heard another grunt, and discovered that it came from the other side of the bunch of blackberries. It came from a bear and the bear had gathered the high blackberry bushes together and was having his lunch and the woman had been picking them right out of his arms.'

'One of the men who heard the section boss's wife tell the bear story tried to repeat it for the rest of the party after he had been out fishing all day. He claimed to have caught 700 fish; and it was certainly true that his bait jug hadn't a drop in it. Perhaps this may account for the fact that he endeavored to explain that the bear picked the berries out of the black woman's arms and lunched on the bushes. Corrected in this he immediately asserted that the woman berried the pickings in the black bushes and lunched on the bear.'

'He tried it just once more and fixed it this way: 'The bear picked his black arms in the bushes and the woman berried the lunch.'

'He was then carefully led away by his sorrowing friends and held under the pump for a beneficial period. The next morning he had forgotten the entire combination.

'But it's a great country for bears.'

'The hostess is a lovely woman and she gave us a fine dinner. But why did she seem in such a nervous hurry? Really, it was the swiftest feed I ever sat down to.'

'Then you didn't know her before she married Bixby?'

'No.'

'She used to be a waitress in a quick service dairy lunch.'

Mr. Tyte-Poist (in the course of a casual conversation)—Well I am glad there's no small pox in town, anyway. Still, I am always afraid of it. By the way, doctor, what's the first thing to do in a case of smallpox?

Doctor—Well, you first catch your small pox, you know.

FLASHES OF FUN.

An Anomaly—Eva—'You can't make a bit of an impression on that young Marsh.' May—I know it. It's strange too, for he's so soft.'

Touched—The Pastor—'Don't you think I touched them rather deeply this morning?' The Deacon—I don't know. I haven't counted up yet.'

'You can tell a man nowadays by the button he wears.'

'Pooh! If he's a married man he may not wear any.'

Loafer—I'd rather go in a bloomin' lunatic asylum than enlist in the army.

Soldier—Well, I reckon you'd feel more at home there.

May—Yes, Jack taught me to ride the bicycle. He was so attentive.

Kate—Then I suppose that was it took you so long to learn.

She—I wonder why Cupid is always represented as a baby.

He—Because love so frequently dies in its infancy, I suppose.

Charitable Old Lady—Poor woman! And are you a widow?

Beggar—Worse than a widow, ma'am. Me husband's living, an' I have to support him.

'New York has an undertaker named McCarthy, who wants to run for Vice President.'

'He evidently thinks he'd have a dead sure thing.'

Young Hopeful (to his big sister—I say, Nell, pass me the butter!)

Nell (in a tone of sisterly reproof)—If what, Johnny?

If you can reach it.

Uncle—And what are you going to be when you grow up, Johnny?

Johnny—I'm going to be a soldier, uncle, 'cause then I can fight as much as I want to without being caned for it.

Algy (who lives in London)—I think I'd like to be a farmer. Think how jolly it must be to go out of a morning and see the butterflies making butter and the grasshoppers making grass, and all that sort of thing, you know.'

Artist—This is the portrait you ordered of your first ancestor, the Baron Dope-dream. Is it all right?

Mr. Gottlein—Not quite. Just make that sword a better brand of cutlery and put on it 'Gottlein Cutlery Company, New York City, U. S. A.; tel. 41144; cable, 'Gott.'

'Mr. Flimnis is wonderfully devoted to his wife. When they are away from each other he writes her at least three letters a day.'

'Yes,' answered Miss Ceyenne. 'She requires him to do that so that she can look at the post-office marks and know exactly where he is.'

First Negro—Dis hyab game ob disran-ohising us by constitootional amendments ain't no square deal.

Second Negro—Wal, I'd rudder be disfranchised wit a constitootional amen'ment dan wit a shotgun.

'How do you know she doesn't belong to the four hundred of Gotham?'

'I saw her kiss her own husband. Oh, you may be sure she is an imposter.'

'Swigby hasn't a particle of romance about him.'

'I never thought he had. Any new proof of it?'

'Yes. He was calling on Daisy Swinner ton. You know Daisy. Little thing, but full of poetry. Swigby said he wondered where they met the first time, and Daisy in her poetical way said she guessed it was in the gloaming. Swigby looked puzzled, and then what do you suppose he said?'

'Give it up.'

'Said he guessed she was mistaken, because he couldn't recall any apartment house by that name.'

The Escape of R. S.

When the United States Cruiser Rattlesnake was captured during the War of 1812 her crew was sent to Dartmoor Prison, situated in a lonely waste of Devonshire, England. The second officer, who concealed his identity under the initials R. S., succeeded in bribing on of the guards, and wrapped in a cloak, with an umbrella hanging beneath it, after the manner of a sword descended a rope hung from his window, and was almost clear of the prison when he was betrayed by the very guard he had bribed. He was taken before the warden of the prison and as he was remanded to his cell, he announced that he should make his escape that night. The boss gave the British much amusement. The author of 'A History of American Privateers' tell what followed.

As the guards had not noticed the rope

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from the window, it seemed as if the daring prisoner might make good his threat, in spite of the warden's declaration that the sentries should be doubled and a special watch kept.

The guards were doubled, but that very circumstance seemed to favor the prisoner's attempt; for the unusual number of sentinels caused some confusion at the gates when the relief came.

True to his word, R. S. made his second attempt to escape that night. Having bribed a sentinel for three guineas to give him the password, he descended the rope just at midnight, and wrapped in a great coat which he had managed to secure, and which bore some resemblance to a soldier's cloak, he passed through the gate with the other sentinels, having given the countersign, 'Wells.'

He was challenged several times before leaving the yard, but on passing the outer barrier he made for the coast, where he arrived, almost famishing.

Finding an eighteen-foot boat on the beach, with only one oar in it, he put to sea with the intention of gaining the coast of France, using his oar as a rudder and his umbrella and greatcoat as sails.

When he had covered half the distance, a brig of war passed very close to him, but by taking in all his 'sails' and lying down in the bottom of the boat, he avoided detection. After a dangerous passage of thirty-six hours he reached the coast of France, where he was most hospitably received.

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