

An Engineer's Story.

SUFFERED THE PANGS OF RHEUMATISM FOR YEARS.

Was Reduced in Weight From 180 to 130 Pounds—His Friends Feared That Recovery Was Impossible—Now Actively Attending to His Duties.

From the Midland Free Press.

Alexander McKenzie is one of the well known residents of Brookholm, Ont., where he has lived for many years. A few years ago it was thought that an early grave would be his; on the contrary, however, he is now stout and strong, and the story of his recovery is on the lips of almost all the citizens of that burgh. The writer, while visiting in the village could not fail to hear of his recovery, and with the reporter's proverbial nose for news decided to put to the proof the gossip of the village. The reporter visited Mr. McKenzie's home and was introduced to Mrs. McKenzie. Enquiry elicited the information that Mr. McKenzie was not at home, but when informed as to his mission the lady freely consented to tell the reporter of her husband's case. Her story runs like this: "Mr. McKenzie is 40 years of age, an engineer by profession, and is now on a boat on the lakes. About five years ago he began to feel twinges of rheumatism in different parts of his body and limbs. For a time he did not think much of it, but it gradually got worse until the pain was such that he was unable to work, and could not get rest at nights. I would have to get up two or three times a night," said Mrs. McKenzie to try and relieve this intense suffering. Of course he consulted a physician who pronounced his trouble sciatic rheumatism. The doctor did what he could for him, but without giving any permanent relief. This went on several years sometimes he would be some better and try to work, then the trouble would come on again and be as bad as ever.

He was pulled down from being a stout man of 180 pounds to about 130, and was so thin and miserable that all who knew him thought it would be only a matter of a short time until he would be in his grave. For four years did he thus drag along a miserable existence, until in the beginning of 1897 some one recommended Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Tired of medicine, with some reluctance he procured a box and gave them a trial. Almost at once a change was perceptible and as he kept on taking them, the improvement continued, and he was soon able to be about. By the time he had taken about a dozen boxes he was free from the slightest twinge of rheumatism, and as stout and strong as he had been before his affliction. So great is his faith in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills that when he left home recently to go up the lake for the summer, he took three boxes with him as a preventative against a possible recurrence of the trouble. Mrs. McKenzie was quite willing that this story should be made public, and believes that she owes her husband's life to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

Rheumatism, sciatica, neuralgia, partial paralysis, locomotor ataxia, nervous headache, nervous prostration, and diseases depending upon humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc., all disappear before a fair treatment with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They give a healthy glow to pale and sallow complexions. Sold by all dealers and post paid at 50c a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brookville, Ont. Do not be persuaded to take some substitute.

IMPROVISED BULL RINGS.

Dangerous Males in Spanish Villages to Evade the Law.

Notwithstanding the efforts of the Madrid authorities to regulate bull fighting, "fearful that excesses in the national pastime might bring on a reaction," the common people of Spain have succeeded so far in dodging every law yet made to restrict their favorite sport. The result has been any number of accidents due to poor barricading and inexperienced toreadors. In and about Madrid the government has some control over the sport, but in the more distant villages the authorities are openly defied.

There has been a law in force for some time that no village should be allowed to give bull fights unless it could boast of a suitably equipped "Plaza del Toro."

In the smaller villages, however, the inhabitants dodge the law by, blocking up the streets with barricades, thus forming an improvised "Plaza," that can hardly be recommended for the safety afforded the spectators.

The scene is unique. The entire village lolls about on the barriers, happy in its defiance of the law, and applauds the Alcalde, generally a venerable man, who gives the signal for encounter after encounter.

THE SMOKE NUISANCE.

There is a smoke nuisance problem in London also. The other day an offender was haled into court for using smoke-producing coal. He alleged the difficulty of getting Welsh coal as an excuse. Mr. Shiel, the Magistrate, said: "That is no defense. I will fine the defendant £5 and costs, 23 shillings." The sentence is approved by the *Lancet*, the leading British medical journal.

A HAPPY HOUSEHOLD.

By MARGARET LEE,

Author of *Divorce—A Reckless Bachelor—Lorimer and Wife—Etc.*

(Continued.)

"What would your father say to all this?"

"Oh daddy is very sensible. He will sink just as I do—he always does. I am sure of him if you will say 'yes.'"

"Rose, this is a great, an unexpected, temptation!"

"I should say a joy that makes me tremble. Is it right for me to have such happiness?"

"You dear, dear Larry!"

"How did you conceive of this idea?"

"Oh, I have been thinking hard for days. Do you know the Collect for Whit Sunday? It is very wonderful. Wait, and I'll show it to you."

She brought him an open prayer-book and left the room. When she returned he was lying on the sofa, looking gray and nerveless. Rose sat down and put her hands in his. He studied her grave face for some seconds.

"Sweatheart, has your father convinced you that your plan is unwise?"

"Ah, you don't altogether understand my daddy. What do you think he said?"

"What! Did he consent?" Larry sat up.

"He says I have gone to the root of the matter—that I have the right idea of marriage. Larry, he is going to attend to all the details. I don't like details. I think the fairies have a nice way of doing things—just by waving a wand. These are daddy's plans. We can go to the church in the morning about eight o'clock and be married. Then we can take the early train for town. Mr. Proctor baptized me; he would have married us, anyhow. Daddy and grandma will come to town with us, and I can stay at the hotel with them, so as not to inconvenience your mother. And, Larry, I have lots of things. Daddy says to do everything quietly, but properly. I have a new tan-colored suit that I can wear."

"I think I am dazed with all this kindness."

"I wish I could make you smile."

"And I have shadowed your bright face."

"Not you, Larry, I want you to promise me something. May I do just as I please for—two or three days? After that, I will do as you wish."

"You remind me of the Spanish proverb: 'A woman's advice is no great thing, but the man is a fool who doesn't take it.' I think, love, you can always do as you please."

CHAPTER XIX.

The next afternoon Rose met Powers on Madison Avenue. He looked surprised, then delighted, and turned to walk with her, speaking earnestly:

"I am so relieved to see you! When did you get here?"

"I have just left the train."

"You look so well, too. You are good not to put on black." You are "Oh, I couldn't do that! I cling to 'ope.'"

"Well, was there ever such a muddle? You don't mind if I allude to this?"

"No, I want all the light I can get on the subject."

"I can tell you that it is a pretty dark one. Such a burlesque on wealth. A man with more than he could conveniently spend, losing his reason in the effort to become rich, I can understand poverty driving a man crazy."

"Perhaps it does, only we don't hear of it."

"True. This is a most terrible entanglement. Nothing can be done to save anybody or anything! If Everett were proved to be dead, why, the estate could be administered and something might be saved out of it for his family. As it is, such matters are at a standstill; and meanwhile his paper is maturing. He had quantities of it out. You see, with him speculation was a mania. He was like a juggler with his tops in the air. How he keeps them up is a mystery to everybody but himself. Everett was a master of the art. He understood the fifth rule in arithmetic—substitution. Take money from here and put it elsewhere, but keep all your interests in good shape. The people at the bank are close-mouthed. They admire Everett and are true as steel, but they have themselves to think about, and they can't protect his paper. I offered Larry all I own, but he told me it would be a drop in the bucket."

"How good—how generous—you are!"

"I am glad for his sake that you are here. The boy is simply going to pieces. He takes this to heart so much more than his mother and sister seem to."

"He is a man; he realizes what the results may be."

"Yes; and he was working hard when the blow came. He had reached a point where any mental shock was bound to unnerve him. It is hard to say what the end will be. It is well for him that he has you to think of. By the way, when did you see him? I was at the house this morning; but he was out of town, and Mollie didn't seem sure of his whereabouts."

"He is at home by this. He stayed with us yesterday and came down with us to-day. We will be at the same house."

"I may call this evening?"

"Do, if we have to go out I'll leave a note and you can follow us. It will only be to Mrs. Everett's."

"You will be here for some time?"

"I cannot tell. It all depends upon what I can do."

"You! What are you going to attempt?"

"I am going now to see if Mr. Pounce will put himself in Mr. Everett's place."

"Phew! You are a courageous girl!"

You must have faith in human nature!"

"I should have. Didn't you offer Larry everything?"

"Ah, but I have always known him and liked him. If you care for a person, that is one thing."

"Yes."

"What do you think of Larry?"

"He frightened me nearly out of my wits the night before last."

"What did you do? You seem to have recovered them."

"I did what you had done. I offered him all I had to give."

"And he refused, I suppose! Unless you are a fairy with a gold mine at your disposal."

"No; I only wish I had. I think father made him some such proposal, but in vain. Larry is not willing to take money from where it might be missed."

"Fray, what did you give him—in your generosity and pity?"

"Nothing. You know, if you care for a person, that is one thing. Mr. Powers, you are so kind and true that I am going to tell you something nice."

"That would be a novelty, I swear!"

"Larry looks a great deal stronger—that is, a little more hopeful. This is our wedding-day."

"What! You are going to marry him at this crisis?"

"I have done it. This morning, in our own dear little church, we were married. Whatever happens, at least I am his wife."

"Powers caught her hand. 'You are a good woman! This is the most joyful news I ever heard. I congratulate you, and I thank God for Larry's sake!'"

"I knew you would be glad to hear it. To-night you will come to see us?"

"Yes."

They walked for some distance in utter silence. Powers rang Mr. Pounce's antique bell and waited until the heavy oaken door was opened for Rose. It was her privilege to be taken to whatever room Mr. Pounce might happen to be in, so she followed the servant to the pretty rosewood cabinet.

The old man had just found a treasure in the shape of a cup. He was rubbing it with charcoal and holding it to the light. His eyes lightened as Rose came forward.

"Well, I declare! Why, when did you arrive?"

"Just now."

He drew forward a heavy chair with a high, Gothic back, and Rose sat down and took the cup from him. He was in an ecstasy over it.

"That's an old, old pattern, out of date for centuries!"

The sunlight had fallen on her hair, and when she examined the piece he feasted his eyes on the living picture before him. "It is so old," she said, as he took it and carefully made room for it in the case.

"You don't see the beauty?"

"I don't know enough to appreciate it."

"There's something in that. I'll admit. I've spent a lifetime studying these things. Well, and so you are here again? I was thinking about you only a few minutes ago." He looked at her and hesitated.

"I suppose you know all about this sad trouble," Rose said, quickly.

"I know about all I care to—yes. It is only one case in thousands. You'll find them all over the country. Some men are in such a hurry to 'get 'em' that they don't care for the older man, Everett, and I haven't got time to tell you why. Why wouldn't he make haste slowly? This idea of enjoying the blossoms and living off the fruit of other men's trees is destroying our whole business system. I tell you, the prospect of making a fortune suddenly by one brilliant stroke in speculation is demoralizing the whole community. Our young men are blinded by the few dazzling successes, and become so unsettled that they are unfitted for anything. By Jove, you can't find a young man who hasn't a little hole in Wall Street where he drops his savings! Everett was going in for a big harvest. I had some of his paper offered me a few days ago."

"Is it too late to buy it?"

"Oh, no. If he gets back within a day or two he can pull through. He can at least get an extension; but a man with his ability and reputation can always borrow money."

"You think he is living?"

"Yes. He had no more idea of suicide than I have. This world pleases me. I have no desire to leave it. I don't concern myself with what people are calling the 'Unknowable.' I think that the good Lord of the present can take care of the future. I have no sympathy with these loud-mouthed infidels who propose to pull away our tried bulwarks and leave nothing in their place."

"Father says that these attacks on Christianity are periodic, and always cause a healthy reaction."

"He is about correct. I remember when Tom Paine's works were startling us with his fine theories. That was a long time ago."

Rose put her hand on the old man's arm.

"Suppose that Mr. Everett does not come back within a day or two?"

"Ah, my child, matters will be in a bad way. You see, he has borrowed heavily from the bank. That may not be a great deal, but there is now a rumor that the directors only have his notes, and there is some of their securities. That borders on the foolish, if not altogether dishonorable. You know a bank is not justified in loaning a man its securities in exchange for his notes. You can't understand



THE END OF MAHDISM.

THE DEAD YAKUB AND HIS FOLLOWERS BESIDE THE KHALIFA'S BLACK FLAG.

The finest heroic display in the dervish ranks was made by the Khalifa's brother, the Emir Yakub, who, with his followers, gathered in a dense mass round their standard and proudly faced the leaden hail. As Yakub expired, several of his wounded bodyguard raised themselves and fired at our men. They were promptly despatched. Slatin Pasha witnessed the death of his old enemy and captor, Yakub, who recognized him.

ly to you. My girl, because you proved your faith in me this day, and for no other reason; I will do all that you ask. Come, come, now. No tears to-day. How does the song go? 'Tears for to-morrow, but kisses to-day.' Will you give me just one kiss? There—I want you to smile. Rose—Rose must have a wedding-gift."

"Oh, you have given me all that I want!"

"And you must have a proper celebration."

"Oh, never mind about us."

"See here, little woman; I fancy you have been living for days in a nightmare of horrors. Isn't that so? Now, the first thing to be done is to communicate with your husband. We'll go down to the library; I know of nothing so conducive to rest and reverie as a wood fire. I'll carry out all your wishes. The messenger will be ready as soon as we are 'Come.'"

Feeling somewhat dazed, Rose followed the old man and sank into a great arm-chair before the blazing logs. She perceived his movements and actions and heard his voice for some minutes with a sense of half-consciousness; then she felt surprised at his business-like and rapid proceedings. He had seated himself at his desk while he talked.

To be Continued.

BERLIN'S DRUG STORES.

Various Names Bestowed by Apothecaries on Their Shops.

The German drug store is always a mystery to the traveller when he first becomes one of its customers. The apothecary's department, which is only one feature of our drug store, is an independent establishment in Germany and is devoted to the filling of prescriptions and the duties of the apothecary. The "droguerie," quite a separate place; provides half the articles customarily found here in the drug store. It is to the droguerie that one must go for soap, toothbrushes, drugs in the pure, and all of the articles not dealt in by the apothecary. The division may be a convenient one after the mysteries have been mastered, but it is confusing at first.

Another peculiarity of the apothecaries is that most of them have names displayed. That custom dates from the earliest days of their history. One of the most famous in Berlin closed its doors the other day, and the incident recalled some interesting facts. The old names of the shops have survived to some extent, although the purely fantastic names have given place to others better suited to the commercial exigencies of modern times. The city to-day possesses 164 shops of apothecaries, and many have adopted names taken from the street, square or region in which they are situated. There are fifty-six of these, and nineteen are known only by the names of their proprietors. Nineteen are named after birds, the eagle having ten named in its honor. There are all sorts of eagles among these ten, black, red and white. Other names include wild animals, mythological names such as Minerva and Flora, and royal titles like Friedrich and Augusta Victoria. Most curious are those called after famous historical personages, such as Arminius, Roland and Siegfried. One difference between the early days in Berlin and the present is the practical disappearance of the French apothecaries. In 1780 when the first count was taken three out of twenty-one were French. Twelve of these original places are known to day by the names they bore then.

"I suppose it requires so much. But, indeed, you are misjudging them in some ways. Mollie is engaged to a young fellow named Burrows. He is in Mr. Everett's office. He thinks everything could be arranged if you would help him. Mr. Powers has offered all he owns."

"Just like him! He'd give away his head if it were loose."

"It would be worth taking, I think."

"Who sent you to me?"

"No one. I was told not to come; that it would be useless."

"Still you came."

"Yes. I found out last winter that people were entirely mistaken about you. I think you might do this simply out of good nature. Perhaps, if you save the Everetts from disgrace they will reform and adopt their own country."

"You haven't broken off your engagement?"

"I've fulfilled it."

"Pray, what do you mean?"

"Why, Larry and I were married this morning."

"Why what sort of a girl are you? You took him in his misery? He let you do it? I thought such women were out of date."

"Like the pattern on a china cup? Oh, no. Nature repeats herself."

"So this is your wedding-day?"

"Please don't speak and look as if I were an object of pity. I am proud and thankful to be his wife. I want to keep bright and strong for his sake. If I can't help him in one way I may in some other. He has done nothing wrong, and if the worst comes—why, we can live our life somewhere under the stars and make our own happiness!"

"Stay a moment. A girl like you should have a bright wedding-day. Let me think. Powers offered all he had—the widow's mite, eh? You gave him yourself. I have learned something to-day. Young people are a great deal better than I supposed—warm-hearted, generous, thoughtful, self-sacrificing to the uttermost! You possess true, old-fashioned faith. It is a nice virtue to have. It came honest-