

THE MANIPUR DISASTER.

Mrs. Grimwood's Story of the Horrors She Passed Through.

THE SIEGE, SLAUGHTER AND FLIGHT

(From London Times.)

We have been favored by Miss Grimwood with the following letter, received yesterday morning from her sister-in-law, Mrs. Grimwood, widow of the late Mr. Frank St. Clair Grimwood, who was murdered at Manipur:

LAKHIMPUR, CACHAR, April 2, 1901.
Long before this reaches you you will have heard from the newspapers of all that has taken place in Manipur, and this is only to give you particulars. Frank must have told you about the Chief coming with 450 men of the 42nd Goorkhas. They kept us in the dark as to their real reasons for coming until they arrived on the 22nd of March. The Chief then had a consultation with Frank, and decided to hold a durbar at once. Word was sent to the Maharajah to tell him to come and bring all the Princes with him. Frank had meanwhile told me what was going to happen—viz., that the Government of India had decided that the Maharajah was not to be allowed to return, but that also the Jubraj, the Prince who turned him out in September, was to be banished for a term of years to India. This decision was to be announced in the durbar, and when the Princes got up to go the Jubraj was to be arrested then and there, and conveyed out of the place that day by some of the 42nd. For this purpose the steps to the house were lined with Sepoys, and

THE HOUSE GENERALLY SURROUNDED.

The Maharajah arrived with his followers and only one of his brothers out of three, with the excuse that the other two were ill, and so were unable to be present. As the Jubraj was one of these, the Chief said the durbar could not be held without him, and that he must be sent for. They delayed four or five hours, but he would not come, so there was no durbar, and the Maharajah went away under the understanding that he was to come early on the morning of the 23rd and bring the Jubraj. The 23rd arrived, but the Rajah did not turn up, as he said the Jubraj was ill still, and could not come. This went on the whole day, and in the evening the Chief decided that Frank had better go and see the Jubraj, tell him of the decision of Government, and try and persuade him to listen quietly and act in accordance. So Frank went and stayed two or three hours telling him, and trying to persuade him to go, but he said he would not, and the Maharajah refused to give him up. Frank then told him that the Sepoys would be sent to get him. However, he would not give in, so Frank returned about 7 in the evening and told the Chief. A council of war was then held, and the plan of attack for the next day was made. In the morning we felt gloomy that night. We all dined together, and tried to make things as jolly as we could, but did not succeed very well, and all went to bed early. At 8 o'clock on the morning of the 24th we all got up, I gave them something to eat, and

THEN THEY ALL LEFT.

Frank, the colonel commanding, and two officers went with the reserve. A young fellow named Brackenbury led the attack on the palace of the Jubraj. Then the fight began. I was in the telegraph office sending a telegram, when a bullet came through the window and struck the floor about two inches from where I was standing. I then ran out, and took up a position with the Chief below the office, which was made of brick, and so was fairly shot proof. Bullets were raining over our heads. I have kept several that I picked up. Meanwhile the fight in the palace was going on. Poor Lieutenant Brackenbury went the wrong road, and the fire was opened upon him from three sides. He fell in the first volley, shot through the ankle. He lay where he fell, exposed to the enemy's fire, and they made the most of it, and fired volleys into him. You can picture to yourself what that means. Once all that morning I saw Frank. He came to get out some more ammunition, our Sepoys were running short, and that was about 11. At 12 or 1 o'clock some of the officers and Frank came back for something to eat. I was out of sandwiches for the others who could not leave their posts, when a bullet crashed through the window over my head. They were attacking us, and were all round the house, so that the rooms were unsafe. The odds against us were enormous; Frank put their numbers down as close upon 8,000; we had 450 all told. We managed to drive them off the house, and divided our forces, half for the Residency, while half remained to continue

THE ATTACK ON THE PALACE.

Meanwhile all the officers went back to their posts and Frank. The ammunition meanwhile was getting to an end, and it was found that all our forces would be needed on the Residency, so word was sent to call them in. The Manipuris got possession of the wall in front of the house, and brought out there four big guns, and commenced shelling the house. I think the horror of those hours will last to the end of my life. Shells bursting in the rooms overhead, for by this time we were all in the cellars—that is, Frank, myself, the Chief, the colonel, and two civilians on the Chief's staff. The rest were trying to recover the wounded from all directions. Heavy fire went on for four hours, and at 7 o'clock the colonel and the Chief decided that terms must be made to save us at all, as we had hardly any ammunition left. The buglers were sent to sound the "cease fire," but for some time the firing continued. It stopped at last, and the Chief sent one of the officers out with a letter asking for terms. The Jubraj sent back to say that if the Chief would come out to the gate that he would come, too, and see what could be done. So the Chief, the colonel, Frank, the Secretary and Assistant-Commissioner and one officer all went out. This was about 8.30 in the evening, and we had eaten nothing all day. The wounded were then all brought to the Residency, and one of the cellars turned into a hospital. I pray that I may never see such a sight again. There were crowds of them; some dying. Poor Mr. Brackenbury was the first, shot all over, both legs broken, both arms, bullets

in him all over the place; and yet, poor lad, he was

ALIVE AND PERFECTLY CONSCIOUS

the whole time, and in awful agony. I did what I could to help, but it seemed almost impossible to do anything. In one corner was a poor fellow with his brain shot out on the top of his head, and yet alive. Another with his forehead gone, and many others worse. Luckily, I am rather strong minded, and so I was able to help in bathing some of the wounds and bandaging them up. After this I went to get every one something to eat, and we had a sort of scratch dinner. Then I went round the house. I can't tell you what I felt. All our pretty things broken, the roofs and walls riddled with bullets, and shells burst in all of them. It was a dreadful sight to me, and I left it and returned to the hospital. Meanwhile, about two hours had gone, and I was getting anxious about Frank, so I went out in the grounds to try and see if I could see anything of them. I didn't see them, so I went back to the veranda and asked one of the officers to go outside the gate and look for him, and I sat down, utterly wearied out, and was dozing off in a chair on the veranda when suddenly, to my horror, the firing began again. At first I thought they had killed Frank and the others, but a bugler came rushing in and told us they had taken them prisoners, and they would not listen to the shameful terms proposed—which were that we were to give up our arms. I fled down to the firing was something awful, and the shells bursting in every direction. I got hurt in my arm; it bled a lot, but wasn't serious. After another two hours we

DECIDED WE MUST RETREAT.

as the house was in danger of catching fire. The wounded were got out as quickly as possible; three had died meanwhile. Poor Mr. Brackenbury was dying, but we had to move him, and the moving killed him. They brought him back and put him in the cellar again, but it made one's heart ache. I covered him up and then left him, and joined the others outside. We then moved off. I dodged two shells by running behind a tree. We went out at the back of the house, and had to cross first a hedge of thorns, and a high mud wall, then a river, before we could reach the road. I hadn't even a hat, and only very thin house shoes on. One of these dropped off in the river, where I also got wet up to my shoulders. We were fired at all the way. I lay down in a ditch about twenty times that night while they were firing to try and escape bullets. We left the Residency at 2 a. m., and marched all the next day and the next night. We had to go through the jungles, as they were lying in wait for us all over the place, and marched at least 30 miles with no food; that was the 25th. On the morning of the 26th we struck the Cachar road, hoping to meet 300 men who we knew were on their way up to relieve the guard.

WE HAD EATEN NOTHING

since the morning of the 24th, except a few mouthfuls of so-called dinner, snatched as best we could. We had to eat grass and leaves; but I was too done up to care much. My feet were out to bits, and my arms wouldn't stop bleeding, and I was perished with cold and having got so wet in crossing the river. We went on down the road, and came upon a stockade on the road, where there were crowds of the enemy. This we had to rush, and I sprained my ankle and gave myself up for lost; but I got over somehow, and then we saw some men running up the hill below us. Some said they were Manipuris and some said Ghorkas, and for some time we did not know if for the first time fate favored us. They turned out to be the men from Cachar, and we were saved, but not one moment too soon. I think that was the worst moment of all, and I felt as though I must break down utterly, but food and some brandy brought me to my senses, and I was all right. We had still eight days' march before us to get to British territory, but though we have been

FIRED ON ALL THE WAY

it has been an easy time compared with all we went through before; and yesterday we reached the British territory, and I took off my clothes for the first time for ten days last night. I forgot to say that before we had been out of the Residency an hour we looked back to see it in flames, and I knew that everything we had was lost, and my life was the only thing left. There is fearful excitement here over it. People say nothing so awful has happened since the mutiny. Now it remains to be seen what is to be done about getting back the prisoners, and my anxiety on this account I can't express. People say they will be all safe, but until I see Frank again I shall not be content. Of course, all idea of going home is done for. I am going down to Calcutta to get some clothes, as I am literally destitute, and then return either here or to Shillong to wait for news of Frank; but it is simply awful living in suspense like this, and I almost wish I were a prisoner too. I am feeling terribly worn out and ill, but have made an effort to write this, and let you have full particulars as I know how.

Love's Young Dream.

Love's young dream was a very bright one, and its fulfillment will be bright, too if the bride will remember that she is a woman, and liable to all the ills peculiar to her sex. We remind those who are suffering from any of these, that Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription will renew the hue of youth in pale and sallow cheeks, correct irritating uterine diseases, arrest and cure ulceration and inflammation, and infuse new vitality into a wasting body. "Favorite Prescription" is the only medicine for women, sold by druggists, under a positive guarantee from the manufacturers, that it will give satisfaction in every case, or money will be refunded. This guarantee has been printed on the bottle-wrapper, and faithfully carried out for many years.

A Slight Misunderstanding.

Texas Siftings: Irrate individual—What did you mean by telling Smith that I had been in jail?
Calm Individual—I did not tell Smith you had been in jail. I simply said you ought to be in jail.
Irrate Individual (calming down)—I beg your pardon. I must have misunderstood him.

—The Brantford census commissioner gives the population at 12,928, while the assessors make it 14,490.

HOW THREAD IS NUMBERED

The Process That Gives the Seamstress Exactly What She Wants.

The seamstress, whether she wants No. 30 or 40 or 120 thread, knows from the number just what kind of sewing it can be used for. When 840 yards of yarn weigh 7,000 grains, a pound of cotton, she is told to mark it No. 1. If 1,680 yards weigh a pound it is marked No. 2. For No. 50 yarn it would take 50 multiplied by 492 to weigh a pound. This is the whole explanation of the yarn measurement as used by the spool manufacturer. The early manufactured thread was of three-ord, the number being derived from the number of yards of the pound, just as it is to day. No. 60 yarn made No. 60 thread, though in point of fact the actual calibre of No. 60 thread would equal No. 20 yarn, being made of three No. 20 brand twisted together.

When the sewing machine came into the market as a great thread consumer, unreasoning in its work and inexorable in its demands for mechanical accuracy, six-ord cotton had to be made in place of the old and rougher three-ord, it being much smoother.

Boxing for Boys.

There is absolutely nothing in the way of recreation so beneficial in every respect to a boy as boxing. I am positive—and I know whereof I write, for as boy and man I have tried them all, fencing, wrestling, rowing, swimming, riding—that no one of them has the many advantages of boxing, says a writer in "Harper's Young People." As an all-round developer it is unequalled; not back, stomach, legs, arms, are all called upon for vigorous service. But what I consider its best feature is its recommendation for boys is the very thorough drilling which the disposition of the boy must undergo. If a boy is quick to lose his temper, boxing will cure him; it will teach him that no one who lets his temper get the better of him will become an expert sparrer; it will speedily convince him of the absolute necessity of keeping cool and in entire possession of his wits in order to sustain his efforts and avoid defeat. The boxer who cannot control his temper is practically at the mercy of a cool, skilful opponent. One cannot spar successfully and become flustered. A boxer must ever be on the alert, his wits constantly alive, looking for an opportunity of assault; he must be able to act instantly and with cool deliberation, as distinguished from wild, un-directed action. He need do no running to develop the muscles of his legs or his lungs; these are all continuously in action

Over-Activity.

Full exercise of the brain is favorable to health and longevity, and prolonged brain work is not necessarily injurious when unattended by hurry, anxiety or excitement. Where the nerve force is limited, the effect of over-activity is dangerous, but in the young and strong it is not injurious. There are certain occupations which are very wearing, such as bank tellers and locomotive engineers. He need do no running to develop the muscles of his legs or his lungs; these are all continuously in action

The Buffalo Vernacular.

Buffalo Express: Lady—Will you sell me that pretty puppy, little boy?
Ragged Urcin—For a couple of plunks.
Lady—What?
R. U.—He's wurt two soads.
Lady—How is that?
R. U.—A couple of cold cases 'll buy him.
Lady—Dear me! What did you say?
R. U.—You kin have him for two bones.
Lady—Well, I declare! I will take him. Here is a quarter for you. It will buy a lot of bones.
R. U.—Aw, rats! Can't yer understand? De dorg don't go fer less'n two dollars.

What English Radicals Demand.

1. Review of Reviews.
2. The Land for the People.
3. An Eight-Hour Day.
4. The Educational Ladder.
5. A People's Parliament.
6. The Free Commune.
7. Taxation of the Idlers.
8. Pensions for the Aged.

He Would Keep It Quiet.

Chicago Tribune: Young wife (with innocent pride)—I made this pudding myself, Harold.
Young husband (consciously)—Never mind, Imogene. Nobody will ever know it but me.

The employing carpenters of Milwaukee have decided to give no more employment to union men, and 3,000 carpenters are locked out.

With a stout pair of boots, a "Tam o'Shanter" cap or felt "knockabout," a girl can "rough it" all day and come home in good order, while flounces and frills and gay laws and dainty white muslins look limp and dejected.—Housekeepers' Weekly.

"German Syrup"

We have selected two or three lines from letters freshly received from patients who have given German Syrup to their children in the emergencies of Croup. You will credit these, because they come from good, substantial people, happy in finding what so many families lack—a medicine containing no evil drug, which mother can administer with confidence to the little ones in their most critical hours, safe and sure that it will carry them through.

Ed. L. WILLIAMS, of Alma, Neb., writes: "I give it to my children when troubled with Croup and never saw any preparation act like it. It is simply miraculous."

Mrs. JAS. W. KIRK, Daughters' College, Harrodsburg, Ky., writes: "I have depended upon it in attacks of Croup with my little daughter, and find it an invaluable remedy."

Fully one-half of our customers are mothers who use Boschee's German Syrup among their children. A medicine to be successful with the little folks must be a treatment for the sudden and terrible foes of childhood, swooping cough, croup, diphtheria and the dangerous inflammations of delicate throats and lungs. @

NOTES AS TO NECKWEAR.

Women Should Be at Pains to Dress their Necks Becomingly.

The dressing of the neck has much to do with a woman's good looks. If she has cords and bones below her chin she is crude to bare herself. What she needs is a yard of beads, a pendant necklace, a ruff of fur, flowers or fringe, or a collar as near her ear-holes as it can be fitted. The lines which first draws around the throat can always be concealed by a velvet collar, to which anything can be applied—beads, medallions, miniatures, cuff-buttons, flowers, brooches and even rings.

Then there are passementerie bands in every width, jeweled with mediseval, Egyptian and modern effects that are very pretty. The Medici flat collars are not expensive, or a scarf of diaphanous gauze may be artfully arranged and pierced with a jewel-handled dagger or quaint ornament.

Lecture on Fools. Admit One.

A gentleman who lectured on fools, printed his tickets as above. Suggestive, certainly, and even sarcastic. What fools are they who suffer the inroads of disease when they might be cured. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is sold under a positive guarantee of its benefiting or curing in every case of Liver, Blood and Lung disease, or money paid for it will be cheerfully refunded. In all blood taints and impurities of whatever name or nature, it is most positive in its curative effects. Pimples, blotches, eruptions, and all Skin and Scalp diseases, are radically cured by this wonderful medicine. Scrofulous disease may affect the glands, causing swellings or tumors; the bones, causing "Fever Sores," "White Swellings," "Bip-joint Disease;" or the tissues of the lungs, causing Pulmonary Consumption. Whatever its manifestations may be, "Golden Medical Discovery" cures it.

Epitaphs Upon Printers.

The Manchester (Eng.) Times tells of some old epitaphs upon printers. Here is one: No more shall copy had perplex my brain; No more shall type's small face my eyeballs strain; No more the proof's foul page create me troubles; By errors, transpositions, outs and donbles; No more to overrun shall I begin; No more be leaving out or driving in; The stubborn pressman's brow I now may scowl; Revised, corrected, finally worked off. Another epitaph reads as follows: Woary of distributing pl, Pressed out of life, I now must die, I've out my stick, my font is sped, My case is empty, as in life my head; In fact, my last impression is—I'm dead.

They Do Not Speak Now.

New York Times: Edith (who was at Mrs. Dinsmore's party the night before)—I met Charley in the hallway last night, and he kissed me.
Maud (who was also at the party)—Yes, he told me so. He said he mistook you for me in the dark.

No Object.

New York Herald: Maud—It is too bad, dear, that you never learned to dance.
Ethel—I was never told that it was improper until it was too late to learn.

Ossip Schubin, whose clever novels are having such a vogue in Austria, is not a man, as generally supposed, but a young woman who writes under that name. Her real name is Lola Kirschner and she leads a retired life in a Bohemian village. Her first book, entitled "Ehre" was written when Miss Kirschner was barely 20, and for some time was attributed to an Austrian minister.

THE HAPPY HOUSEWIFE.

Whiffs of Wisdom that Come in at the Open Windows.

In mixing cake dough use cups of exactly the same size for measuring the different ingredients.

If a cake cracks open when baking it is either because the oven is too hot and cooks the outside before the inside is heated, or else the cake was made too stiff. Two or three rose-geranium leaves put in when making crab-apple jelly will give it a delicious flavor.

Beat the yolk of an egg and spread on the top of rusks and pies just before putting them into the oven. The egg makes that shine seen on bakers' pies and cakes. In flavoring puddings, if the milk is rich, lemon flavoring is good; but if the milk is poor vanilla makes it richer.

Nothing made with sugar, eggs and milk should reach the boiling point. The molasses to be used for gingerbread is greatly improved by being first boiled, then skimmed.

Oil-cloths should never have soap used upon them, as the lye will destroy the colors and the finish.—Ladies' Home Journal.

A Dead Shot

Right at the seat of difficulty, is accomplished by the sure and steady aim of Dr. SAGE'S CATARRH REMEDY. Don't fool around with a pop-gun, nor a "Plint-look," when this reliable "Winchester" is within reach! Dr. SAGE'S treatment of catarrh is far superior to the ordinary, and when directions are reasonably well followed, results in a permanent cure. Don't longer be indifferent to the verified claims of this unfailing remedy. \$500 is offered in good faith, for an incurable case of Catarrh in the head, by its proprietors, the World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y. At all druggists.

Who Should "Bow" First.

A great deal of nonsense has been talked about the question of whose place it is to bow first when a lady and gentleman meet upon the street or in any public assembly.

It is very absurd to say that a man should always wait until a lady has recognized him. In this, as in most other matters, common sense and mutual convenience are the only guides. Many ladies are near-sighted; many others find great difficulty in remembering faces.

The important thing, of course, is that a man should not presume. When two people meet who are really acquainted it is not the man who should necessarily bow first, or the lady—it is whichever of them is the first to perceive and recognize the other.

Long Way to Get Broken.

A great sheet of plate glass that fell and went to flinders in Brooklyn the other day had a queer history. It was about twelve feet square and was worth \$1,900. It could not have been carried to Brooklyn because of the tunnels it would have to pass through. It was too big to travel on the canals. So it was made in the south of France. It met with trouble in its trip across the Brooklyn Bridge, and had to be cantied to one side to pass under the passenger platform. After all that, just as it reached its destination it was smashed.

Playing on the Ruins.

Texas Siftings: "These firemen must be a frivolous set," said Mr. Spillkins, who was reading a paper.
"Why so?"
"I read in the paper that after a fire was under control the firemen played all night on the ruins. Why didn't they go home and go to bed like sensible men, instead of romping about like children?"

D. C. N. L. 22, 91

Rheumatism

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When I say Cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time, and then return again. I MEAN A RADICAL CURE. I have made the disease, and worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible Remedy. Give Express to S. C. Branch Office, 100 WEST ADELAIDE STREET, TORONTO.