

NOTCHES ON THE STICK.

PATREX ON THE POETRY OF A NOVA SCOTIA LADY.

The Tender Love Songs of Sophie M. Almon—Some Specimens of Work That Will Live and Be Remembered—Why Great Poets are not Made Laureates.

The Dominion Illustrated—"The beautiful and brief"—which was not only the elect exponent of the scenic charms of our country, but the discoverer of many a flower of the mind,—had in one of its earlier issues a lyric, entitled "Tout Pour L'Amour," by Sophie M. Almon, of Windsor, N. S.—now Mrs. Hensley, of New York city. A cordial note of introduction, by Professor Roberts—if we mistake not—accompanied this tender little love-song, which in form and sentiment brought to my mind 'Robin Adair,' and the exquisite tribute addressed by Barry Cornwall to his wife. Later it appeared in a collection of her poems issued from the press of her native town, and runs as follows:

The world may rage without,
Quiet is here;
Statesmen may toil and shout,
Cynics may sneer;
The great world—let it go—
June's warmth be March's snow,
I care not—be it so
Since I am here.

Time was when war's alarm
Called for my fear,
When sorrow's seeming harm
Hastened a tear;
Naught care I now for foe
Threatens, for scarce I know
How the year's seasons go
Since I am here.

This is my resting place
Holy and dear,
Where Pain's dejected face
May not appear;
This is the world to me,
Earth's woes I will not see,
But rest contentedly,
Since I am here.

Is't your voice chiding, Love,
My mild career?
My meek abiding, Love,
Duly to rear?
"Danger and loss" to me:
Ah, Sweet, I fear to see
No loss but loss of Time
And I am here.

This lyric, which is in tone and sentiment "pure womanly," finds its appropriate setting as an interlude in her recent volume, "A Woman's Love Letters" by Sophie M. Almon-Hensley, in the "The Fleur de Lis Poets" series, J. Selwin Tait and Sons, 65 Fifth Avenue, N. Y.; which we understand is a prelude to a larger volume to be published during the present year.

Mrs. Browning disguised some of the most exquisite outpourings of her heart under the misleading title, "Sonnets From The Portuguese," but the initial description of these papers is most appropriately given. They are the love letters of intellectual and spiritual quality, without gush, mawkishness, silliness, or any impropriety of manner or utterance; such as may express the writer's heart to the selected one, and yet be unpolished by the confidence of the general public,—or, at least, of souls ardent and generous as her own. Here are a series of musings, in which the hopes and fears, the doubts and shadows, as well as the more cheerful and joyous experiences, with the expressions of a gentle and confiding spirit are put before the eye of the lover or husband in language of much delicacy and beauty. The captions of these meditations, such as, "Dream," "Doubt," "Anticipation," "Misunderstanding," "R. volution," "Weariness," "Content," "Gratitude," "Loneliness," etc., will give some general conception of the varying mood of the author. Interspersed between these so-called letters—uniform in their metrical structure,—are some exquisite songs in different keys, harmonizing in their tone with the entire design, and giving agreeable variety. "A Song of Dawn" is a truly quotable by its brevity:

In the east a lightning;
Where the woods are chill
Moves an unseen finger
Wakes a sudden thrill;
In my soul a glimmer,
Hush! no words are heard;
In heart-ambush hidden
Chirp of a bird;

Tremble heart and forest
Like a frightened fawn,
Gleam the distant tops,
Hither comes the dawn!

Another of the Song-jewels is this:
I have known a thousand pleasures,—
Love is best—
Can't come and forest treasures
Work and rest.
Jeweled ions of dear existence,
Triumph over Fate's resistance
But to prove, thro' Time's wide distance,
Love is best.

There are expressions of much depth and tenderness, and those which discover the poet's quick clear insight into the mystery of life, and that hidden world, the human heart; and there are charming pictures, and bits of scenery, resembling dissolving tints of iris or cloud, or the softest hues laid on porcelain, where roses and lilies are wreathed around some snatch of landscape, some glimpse of sea and shore. The quip and lines and passages are so numerous we must abandon the idea of random citation, and content ourselves with one or two representative parts. The opening poem is a sort of apologue, very excellent indeed; but we incline rather, to the one styled "Content":

I have been wandering where the daisies grow,
Great fields of tall white daisies, and I saw
Them bend reluctantly, and seem to draw
Away in pride when the fresh breeze would blow

From timothy and yellow buttercup,
So by their fearless beauty lifted up.

Yet must they bend at the strong breeze's will,
Bright fl-wiss things, whether in wrath he sweep
Or as odium, in mood careless, creep
Over the meadows and adorn the hill.
So love in sport or truth, as Fates allow,
Bows over proud young hearts and bids them bow.

So beautiful it is to live, so sweet
To hear the ripple of the bobolink,
To smell the clover blossoms white and pink,
To feel oneself far from the dusty street,
From dusty souls, from all the fire and fret
Of living, and the fever of regret.

I have grown younger; I can scarce believe
It is the same sad woman full of dreams
Of seven short weeks ago, for now it seems
I am a child again, and can deceive
My soul with daisies, plucking one by one
The petals dazling in the noonday sun.

Almost with old time eagerness I try
My fate, and say: "an pen," a soi "beaucoup,"
Then, lower, "passionement, pas u tout;"
Quick the white petals fall, and lovingly
I pluck the last, and drop with tender touch
The knowing daisy, for he loves me "much."

I can remember how, in childhood days,
I deemed that he who held my heart in all
Must love me "passionately," or "not at all."
Poor little wilful ignorant heart that prays
It knows not what, and heedlessly demands
The best that life can give with outstretched hands!

"Prayer" is nobly beautiful throughout;
but we pass to the opening stanzas of
"Loneliness," with its picture of the shore:
Dear, I am lonely, for the bay is still
As any hill girl lake, the long waves beach
Lies bare and wet. As far as eye can reach
There is no motion. Even on the hill
Where the breeze loves to wander I can see
No stir of leaves, nor any waving tree.

There is a great red cliff that fronts my view,
A bare, unsightly thing; it anchors me
With its unwavering grim monotony.
The mackerel weir, with branching boughs askew
Stands like a wind-swept forest, while the sea
Laps it, with soothing sighs continually.

There are no tempests in this sheltered bay,
The stillness frets me, and I long to be
Where wilds sweep strong and blow tempestuously,
To stand upon some hill-top far away
And face a gathering gale, and let the stress
Of Nature's mood subdue my restlessness.

An impulse seizes me, a mad desire
To tear away that red-browed cliff, to sweep
Its crest of trees and huts into the deep;
To force a gap by ear, or storm, or fire,
And let rush in with motion glad and free
The rolling waves of the wild wondrous sea.

Sometimes I wonder if I am the child
Of calm, law-loving parents, or a stray
From some wild gypsy camp. I cannot stay
Quiet among my fellows; when this wild
Longing for freedom takes me I must fly
To my dear woods and know my liberty.

It is this craving to a social law
That I despise, these changing, senseless forms
Of fashion! And on the thousand storms
Of God's impudence shall reveal the flaw
In man's pet system, he will weave the spell
About his heart and dream that all is well.

Ah! Life is hard, Dear Heart, for I am left
To battle with my old time ears alone;
I must live calmly on, and make no moan
Though of my hoped-for happiness bereft.
Then with not com' and still the red cliff lies
Hiding my ocean from these longing eyes.

Our poetess, as maiden,—mayhap not
"fancy-free"—and as devoted wife and
mother, has from time to time, uttered her
heart's best things (flectively in song,—the
sonnet, the rondeau, the brief lyric, and in
these sweetly pensive meditations. It is
fitting that these should be enshrined in so
attractive a volume as that before us.
Faults there may be; we have no inclination
to point them out, but rather to indicate
some of the beauties in this chaste and
modest book of songs. I observed the as-
sertion by a recent writer of music of the
high advantage of personal beauty in a
popular vocalist. This may be of less
consequence to the public in one who
reaches it through the magic of her pen;
but nevertheless, unless her portraits belie
her, Mrs. Hensley has this advantage.

In the art of neat, clear convincing
statement Ex-President Harrison has few
equals, and we know of no superiors.
Witness his vindication of Mayor Caleb S.
Denney of Indianapolis, against whom the
ward politicians became embittered because
he enforced the laws against gambling and
the illicit traffic in intoxicants:

The idea that a mayor or chief of police is at liberty
to permit any law or ordinance to be violated is
monstrous. We choose executive officers to enforce
laws and not to repeal or suspend them at their
pleasure. It is subversive of our system and de-
structive to our social order to allow our executive
officers to choose what laws they will enforce. It
is not at all a question whether I like the law or
whether the officer likes the law. What sort of a
condition of society would we have if no man obeyed
the law and no officer enforced it unless he liked it?
Such questions are for the legislature and the
council. To find fault with an officer for enforcing
the law, is to repudiate our system of government,
and to vote against a candidate because he is pledged
to enforce the laws, is to associate one's self
with law breakers.

The English laureateship has had its
vicissitudes. It has not always been oc-
cupied by first-rate men; and some who
were stars in their day have paled their
lustre. Southey, for instance, has become
a name, save for a few of his lyrics,—his
epics having become a mine of dingy gold
for some succeeding generations to dig up;
while, as for Pye, we can hardly suppose
it worth while to resurrect him. The
laureateship, if it meant any real poetic
headship, and was, apart from every other
consideration, a distinction of superior
merit, could only consistently be given to
one of the greatest. But the office is not
essentially noble, and scarcely implies the
freedom that true genius and real indepen-
dence demand. A great spirit finds
himself cramped and hampered by it. It
is—it began by being—a court office, and
may be bestowed, as doubtless it has been
in the case of Mr. Austin for political rea-
sons. Yet the office has been dignified by
the greatness of several of the incumbents,
and by a few near to the greatest. The
august names of Dryden, Wordsworth, and
Tennyson, have given consequence to the
office, and magnified its title; but Gibber,
Wharton, or Pye might just as fully com-
pose a forced Ode for the King's birthday.
Wordsworth, as laureate,—as poet,—in-
deed, "uttered nothign base;" but the
office came to him in the retirement of age
when little was expected of him, in the way
of court service; and Tennyson, though he
fulfilled its duties for forty-two years, with
as little degrading subserviency as possible,
came nearer feebleness in some of these
required laudations than in anything else he
wrote. As for Southey, did he not com-
pose the most astonishing Odes on George
IV,—almost abhorrent in their sickening
adulation to one who reads them now!
The office was wisely declined by Thomas
Gau and by Sir Walter Scott. Of the
present Laureate the Toronto Week speaks
as follows, in an editorial:

We do not mean that Mr. Alfred Austin has not
poetical gifts of a rather high character; but he cer-
tainly is not the first English poet, nor is he a
poet who has succeeded in touching the heart, or
even, to any considerable extent, in gaining the ear
of the English-speaking people of the world. . . .
Of course there were difficulties in the way. Mr.
Swinburne, for example, was impossible. No so-
vereign could well tolerate a poet who had sug-
gested the assassination of another sovereign in "Vio-
lence." Mr. William Morris, a very consider-
able poet, has given up poetry for painting, and
thrust himself out of the list. Mr. Lewis Morris
(or is he Sir Lewis Morris?) has a wide popularity,
but lacks distinction of thought and expression.
But Mr. William Watson is a genuine poet, with
whose genius Mr. Austin's can no more be com-
pared than a raven with an eagle. There are at
least two poets in Canada who have a great deal
more of the real poetical attitude than Mr. Austin—
Mr. Roberts and Mr. Lampman.

We find the following sentiments, in a
letter written by Whittier to Mrs. Sigourney
in 1832, which seem to us so reason-
able, and sensibly stated that we retrans-
fer them for the benefit of our readers:

People of the present day seem to have ideas
similar to those of that old churl of a Plato, who
was for banishing all poets from his perfect republic.
Did you ever read these lines from Hallack?"—
"But when the grass grows green above me,
And those who know me now and love me
Are sleeping by my side,
Will it avail me aught that men
Tell to the world with lip and pen
That I have lived and died?"

No; if I am dead, let me have it now,
While I am alive to wear it;
And if in whirling my name
There's music in the voice of fame,
Like Garcia, let me hear it!"

Now I feel precisely so. I would have fame with
me now—or not at all. I would not choose to be
a name on a rose to grow over my grave. If I am
worthy of fame, I would ask it now,—now in the
springtime of my years; when I might share its
scent with the friends whom I love, and by whom I
am loved in return. But who would ask a niche in
that temple where the dead alone are crowned;
where the green and living garland waves in ghos-
tly contrast over the pale, cold brow and the vision-
less eye; and where the chant of praise and the
voice of adulation fall only on the deafened ear at
death.

Breadth of view must be the result of
sympathy, more than of insight or over-
sight. It is not far that man can see in any
direction. The shadows fall all around us.
But he who is great of heart, true to all he
knows of truth, modest of opinion, and
charitable of judgment, will be broad enough.

Rice is used in the manufacture of starch
which is much better and finer in quality
than any starch made out of other cereals.
In Great Britain, France, Germany, Italy,
Belgium, and of recent years in Australia,
Hungary, large quantities of rice parings
are employed in the manufacture of starch.

The Turkish army is now in a very effi-
cient condition, having been thoroughly re-
organized since the last war. It consists
roughly, of 700,000 men, of whom 583,000
are infantry, 55,000 cavalry, 54,000 arti-
llery, and the remainder engineers. (T.B.)

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NOVELTY AND IMPROVEMENT.

Ten Cigarettes in England—Smoking on the Decline in France.

It appears, according to the gossip of
high society, that we are soon to witness
the introduction of a strange fashion which
is now conquering England, and which,
according to the tradition of Parisian high
life, will soon be adopted here. We refer
to the custom of smoking cigarettes in
which tea is substituted for tobacco. It
was the high-toned ladies on the other side
of the straits that invented this new luxury,
which they are passionately fond of; and
tea cigarettes are now not only to be had
in certain establishments in London, but
they are smoked in a new and fashionable
club just established at Kensington, in
which tobacco is tabooed.

We never felt inclined to worship British
fashions, for which, as a rule, we are not
suited, and the importation of which, in
our opinion, has always been unfortunate
for us. But we must admit that the one
now in question, however extraordinary it
may appear at first sight, may have some
good in it. Even if it only tends to de-
crease the objections presented by the
abuse of tobacco in society, there is ground
in it for congratulation.

At the present time it is customary after
dinner for the gentlemen to desert the din-
ing room en masse in order to enjoy the
comforts of the smoking room, with all the
consequences in the line of conversation
which belong to male company, while the
hostess and her lady guests, completely
forsaken, remain in waiting until it pleases
the guests of the homely sex to rejoin them;
and this we must say, to the shame of
French gallantry, generally happens very
late. Is it not excessive and somewhat
shocking to witness the sudden interrup-
tion of the conversation by gentlemen for
the sake of a cigar, after which these same
gentlemen, when their mania is satisfied,
condescend to return to sit down with the
odor of their regalia the smiling ladies who
have been abandoned for the benefit of the
cigars?

Certainly our young generation smokes
less and less. A great many young men
don't smoke at all, and it's not to be said
of their fathers. It may be that the tobacco
habit, formerly considered vulgar, is, on the
decline, and that in six years from now
we will have returned to the snuff box of
our ancestors.—Figaro.

She Had to be Turned in Bed With Sheets.

"My wife," says Mr. Thomas Crosby,
of Lisle, Ont., "was laid up with rheu-
matism for months, and for two weeks the
place, and secured one-half dozen bottles
from Mr. J. R. Hipwell, druggist. My
wife began the use of it, and in 24 hours
she was out of bed, and has not been trou-
bled with rheumatism since. This remedy
is a wonder worker, and I believe will
prove a great blessing to anyone suffering
from rheumatism." Sold by H. Dick and
S. McDiarmid.

Is More Careful Now.

In a large apartment house where
several pistol shots have been fired with
fatal results in the last two years a ten-
ant attempted to take a flashlight pic-
ture of his rooms one night recently. It
was late and the transoms over his doors
were open. The camera was in position,
and as he looked through the rubber bulb of
the flash lamp there was an explosion
that was louder than a pistol shot. The
magnesium powder had been forced back
into the bulb and exploded there. It was
a surprise to the amateur photog-
rapher, but he was not frightened. The
other tenants who had rooms adjoining
his jumped to the conclusion that it
was another suicide. They rushed into
the halls in light costume. The smoke
was drifting through the transoms of
the amateur photographer's doors, and
the excited men in the hall concluded
that the latest tragedy had happened in
that room. They opened the door and
rushed in.

"Well, what the?" began the ama-
teur photographer.
"Drop your gun," shouted the first
man.
"Don't be foolish. We've got you,
old fellow. Just keep quiet," said a
second man as he cautiously edged
around to fall on the photographer's
back before he could shoot again.

"Well, what the?" again began the
photographer, but one of the hallboys
who had wasted two days on a coroner's
jury because of the last shooting grabbed
his right hand to take away the revolver
and found in it only a piece of the rub-
ber bulb. By this time the smoke had
cleared away, and the other intruders saw
the camera. They realized that they had
made a mistake, and they began to back
out with apologies. The amateur pho-
tographer then for the first time under-
stood the cause of the invasion. Since
that time he has discarded parlor match-
es, and he doesn't dare open a bottle
that is likely to pop.—New York Sun.

The Earth's Shadow.

The length of the shadow which the
earth casts into space has attracted some
attention. The shadow is in the form of
a cone, with the diameter of the earth
as its base. It is 864,000 miles long.
That is, if you traveled into space away
from the earth more than three times as
far as the moon, the shadow would still
shield you from the sun, provided you
remained on what may be called the
right side of the earth. The diameter of
the sun is 866,000 miles, that of the
earth 7,926, and the distance of the sun
from the earth is 93,000,000 miles.

He Was a Corker.

"He's a great story teller."
"Inimitable."
"Why, do you know his wife more than
half believes he belongs to a lodge?"

"Shave your Soap"

—so the soap makers say, es-
pecially if you're washing delicate
things. Now, in the name of
common sense, what's the
use? When you can get
Pearline, in powder form
for this very reason, why
do you want to work over
soap, which, if it's good for
anything, gets very hard and difficult to cut.
Besides, Pearline is vastly better than any
powdered soap could be. It has all the good properties of
any soap—and many more, too. There's something in it
that does the work easily, but without harm—much more
easily than any other way yet known.

Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you,
"This is as good as" or "the same as Pearline." IT'S
FALSE—Pearline is never peddled. If your grocer sends
you an imitation, be honest—send it back.

JAMES PYLE, New York.



To gild refined gold is proverbially a
work of supererogation, and to offer a bet-
ter than the best is paradoxical. Priest-
ley's black dress fabrics in silk, or silk and
wool are admittedly the best in the world.
Now the celebrated firm in "Eudora,"
beats its own record. That is the verdict
of the ladies, who say that the "Eudora"
cloth, with its peculiar lustre, its extra
width and weight, and its perfect dust
shedding quality, is bound to be a formi-
dable rival to its sister fabrics which have
obtained the suffrage of the feminine world.
Wrapped on "The Varnished Board" and
Priestley's name stamped on every five
yards.

A Victim of the New Journalism.
"Who gave you away when you were
married?"
"The press."

Saying which she fetched several large
scrap books and reverted with special bit-
terness to the newspaper discussions of the
hosiery in her trousseau.

A TRUE BENE-
FACTOR.

THOUSANDS BLESS the
Memory of Prof. Ed-
ward E. Phelps,
M. D., LL.D.

He Gave Humanity
Paine's Celery
Compound.

Medical Men Say it is the Only
Perfect Cure for Bright's
Disease and Diabetes

Dr. Phelps' wonderful prescription
Paine's Celery Compound is a boon to
suffering humanity. This remarkable
medicine has cured and saved more
victims of kidney trouble than have all
other combined agencies in the world.
It has rescued thousands who were
about to be hopelessly lost—made them
well after medical men had pronounced
them incurable.

The case of C. F. Kevill, of Dunsford,
Ont., is one of the strongest proofs ever
put on record, that Paine's Celery Com-
pound cures kidney disease, and all the
terrible evils that follow this dangerous
malady. Mr. Kevill has written for the
benefit of other sufferers; he says—
"I wish to testify in favor of the won-

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deful curative powers of Paine's Celery
Compound for two reasons: first, in just-
ice to the proprietors; and secondly, for
the benefit of suffering humankind.
For the past fifteen years I have been
troubled with disease of kidneys. I am
engaged in the manufacture of cheese,
and am obliged to work more or less in a
stooping posture. At times I found it
almost impossible to work owing to se-
vere pains across my kidneys. Often
after working in a stooping position from
time, I find it very difficult to straighten
up at once, and could only do so after
repeated efforts.

"Of late years, while laboring under
these severe attacks, I became very ner-
vous, and continually had tired, worn
out feelings. My rest at night seemed to
do me no good, and I always felt tired
out in the morning.
I had been taking various medicines
and was getting worse all the time. At
last I decided to give Paine's Celery Com-
pound a trial. I procured a bottle, and
took it according to directions, and found
its effect wonderful. Before I had used
the first bottle I began to improve; after
I had used the second bottle I
felt as well as ever I did in my life. It
had banished all aches and pains, my
nervousness was all gone, and the tired
and worn out feelings were banished. I
can go to bed now and sleep well, and
rise in the morning rested and refreshed.
I have recommended Paine's Celery
Compound to my friends who were suffer-
ing from the same troubles as I had, and
all have been greatly benefited.
Knowing what it has done, I can cheer-
fully recommend it to any person suffer-
ing from kidney disease."

Grabs in Plenty.
Many hundreds of soft shell crabs have
been cast up on the beach at Fenwick,
Conn., during the past few weeks, and the
old fishermen say such a thing never
occurred before. They account for it by
the theory that the heavy wind storms
lately stirred up the waters of the Sound
so much that the crabs were torn from the
bottom, then the strong undertow carried
them shoreward, and the heavy surf cast
them up on the beach. Several barrelsful
were shipped to New York and sold at 75
cents a dozen.

Looking for a Fortune.
Treasure seekers are digging in Elysian
Park, Los Angeles, for \$100,000 in coin
and jewels said to have been buried by a
wealthy Spaniard in the days when the
country belonged to Spain. An Indian
peon helped the don to bury the treasure,
and the story was handed down, in the
manner such legends run in the Southwest,
until it came to the knowledge of the Ari-
zona miner who has now obtained permis-
sion to try and find the alleged treasure.

Colored People in Maine.
There is only one colored man in all of
Deer Isle, Me., which has a population of
about 5,000 persons, including the sailormen
who sailed the Defender last fall. The
colored citizen is Oliver Van Meter. He
is 77 years old, and he distinguished him-
self recently by getting married. Colored
folk are rare in many parts of Maine