POET OF ZION; ELIAKUM ZUNZER

JEWS IN NEW YORK CITY PREPARING TO DO SPECIAL HONOR TO THE YIDDISH MINSTREL.

His Life and His Work For His People--A Lament Over the Death of Mr. Theodore Herzl.

Though the days of minstrelsy are supposed to be long past there is in New York today a minstrel-poet who sings his own lays, not it is true to a lute, as in the days of romance, but who sings them, nevertheless, with a fire, a passion, a sonorous, swinging rhythm that stirs the blood and makes the flesh tingle with enthusiasm.

He is a poet who does not write for fame or for money, who is careless of the publisher and who for nearly half a century has worked and sung and written for his fellow men. His name is Eliakum Zunser, he is a Yiddish poet, and he lives at 156 East Broadway. Some prominent and influential Jews are now interesting themselves in arranging a golden jubilee celebration in his honor, to show their admiration and love for him and their appreciation of his work. The arrangements are in the hands of a committee of 25, of which Dr. David Blaustein, superintendent of the Educational Alliance, is chairman. Already something more than $500 has been donated as a testimonial of the appreciation of the work of Mr. Zunser, and it is expected by the committee that by the time the preparations for the golden jubilee are completed between $4,000 and $5,000 will have been contributed by the poet's many admirers and friends.

He was busily at work in his little printing shop yesterday—a gentle, quiet modest old man, who looked up at his visitor with serious, deep-set gray eyes. He has a rugged, kindly face, seamed and lined with care and thought, surmounted by a rough crop of short gray hair, and deriving softness and dignity from a patriarchal beard of snowy white.

He speaks no English, this minstrel singer from the steppes of Russia; but by the aid of an interpreter he told of the work that has made him one of the most beloved poets of his race and time.

Born of peasant parents in the Russian town of Vilna, in the year 1840, his youth was passed amid the usual rigorous environments of the Russian peasant child.

"But always something sang in my brain and heart," said the poet through his interpreter, "and as a very young boy I began to write and to sing.

"You know the Yiddish wedding? Ah, it is to me much music, and I sing—ach, I know not what I sing; the words and the music they just bubble up in mine heart, and I sing until my people they laugh and they cry and they sing for joy."

It is a pity that these early songpoems have been lost, but as they were never written down it is probable that they have entirely passed out of remembrance, even of the poet himself.

The real work of his life began in his early manhood with the production of his philosophic and religious poems, most of which were written during a period of intense personal suffering, shortly after his wife and four little children had been taken from him by cholera.

With the strong ties of home and family broken, with his hearthstone left desolate, he turned in despair to his people and dedicated his life to them. It was during the next few years that the greater part of the 65 Yiddish poems of which he is the author were written.

They are nearly all of a philosophic nature, and have been, and are today, regarded as a guide and inspiration to his race. They picture in simple, strong phrases the life and struggles of the Jewish people, both in Russia and other parts of the world, and appeal to them in a language that is picturesque in its almost Biblical simplicity, urging upon them patience under their many trials and faith and loyalty to their own race.

Sometimes it has required rather careful management by the poet to give to his people the message that was in his heart and yet escape the censorship to which his poems were subjected. But his people knew, and many was the apparently innocent line which escaped the Russian censor and yet sounded a trumpet note to the people who could read between his lines.

He did not fail to criticise them; indeed, he often rated them soundly, but so lovingly withal, and so appealing to all that was noblest and best in them, that he has always been to them, as he is today, the most popular and beloved of Yiddish poets.

Mr. Zunser himself considers his poem "Sandic" one of his best efforts. It is deeply religious, deriving its title from the designation given to the person holding the child at the time of its circumcision, and going deeply profoundly into the most sacred of Jewish rites and emotions. Among his other poems are "The Different World," "The Railroad," "Pharaoh," in which the Jewish race is likened to the Pyramids of Egypt in its indiscernibility; "The Mail Wagon," and a number of musical dramas, notable among them "The Sale of Joseph."

The poet emigrated to this country ten years ago, and within two weeks after his arrival had written a lyric poem, which has been translated under the title of "The Peddler," but which in Yiddish has a title with a very different signification, and of which 60,000 copies were sold the first year. Soon afterward he composed "The Gold Country," which has also become very popular among Yiddish readers.

The recent death of Theodor Herzl, founder of the Zionistic movement, brought deep sorrow to the poet's heart, as he recognized the work of Herzl as the regeneration of his race. As always in his time of trouble, he has turned to his muse for relief, and is now at work upon a poem expressive of the sorrow of Judea for her dead son. The poem is now almost completed, and will be published probably next week.

It is written in ringing, sonorous, almost Homeric blank verse, and when sung in the full, rich voice of the minstrel, weird with strange, haunting minor notes, thrilling and throbbing with the last hope of a nation, full of rich Oriental melody, pierced here and there with the high, wailing notes of a lament, it produces an effect upon the hearer not soon to be forgotten.

Of course, it is impossible to give an adequate translation of a Yiddish poem in English verse, but so far as the idea of the poem can be rendered into English words, it is something as follows:

Tears pour from my eyes, floods of tears,
For thy sorrow and thy loss, O Jerusalem.
In the dark exile came the light of a star,
And we hoped that it should lead us out of the wilderness;
But suddenly extinguished was the light,
The lonely sheep have lost their shepherd,
No captain is now here to guide the ship,
The Jewish nation has lost her Eye,
The darkness enshrouds her and she sees not how to go further.
Woe, woe to the stricken family!
But what is the loss of the family to that of the nation?
It is as the grain of dust to the whole earth.
The hope of thousands of years
Is cut by the Sword of Death.
You, who were to bring to life like Ezekiel,
Those scattered bones of our nation,
You who were to blow upon them
With the Breath of Life!
You put into a whole people the hope to be again united.
And now!—Your pity, O merciful God!
It is as nothing.
One death has robbed us of everything.

Oh, you great, you shining light,
How unexpectedly,
How suddenly your light has gone out!
The nation is in need,
Herzl is dead!
Oh, Zion, my Zion, your misfortune is too great.
You let down an iron upon our heads,
We live dazed, broken, unconscious.

—New York Sun.

She Knew of One

"I'll admit," said a prominent Philadelphia club woman, "that club life has its lighter side and here's an instance:

"Not so long ago a misguided man was trying to address our club upon the topic 'The Ideal Woman.' By way of introduction he asked: 'Who among you has ever known the ideal woman yourself or known anyone who has ever been intimately associated with an ideal woman?'

"There was a depressing pause which seemed to indicate a distressing lack of 'perfect woman,' nobly planned.

"To render his oratory more effective the speaker repeated the question and the eyes of the audience reflected surprise when a meek and badgered-looking woman in the rear lifted a hand above a rusty bonnet.

"'So you have known an ideal woman?' questioned the gentleman.

"'No,' faltered the woman, 'but I have known one intimately associated with her. She was my husband's first wife.'"—Philadelphia Times.

His Gravel Was Surely Cured

Dodd's Kidney Pills Removed the Stones.

And Now Reuben Draper Is Well and Strong After His Long Suffering.

Bristol, Quebec, Sept. 2.—Special.—Reuben Draper, a well known resident here, keeps the proof right with him that Dodd's Kidney Pills will surely cure the much dreaded Gravel. The proof consists of two stones, one the size of a small bean and the other as big as a grain of barley. He passed these stones and was relieved of all the terrible pains they caused after using Dodd's Kidney Pills for a short time.

Mr. Draper is confident that Dodd's Kidney Pills and nothing else caused his cure, as he tried two doctors without getting help, and was fast getting weak and despondent when he stopped all other treatment and started to take Dodd's Kidney Pills. In a week he passed the large stone and four days later the smaller one.

This cure causes a feeling of relief over people in these parts as it shows those terrible operations, long thought to be unavoidable in case of Gravel, are no longer necessary.

"Feast of Reason," Etc.

There is a place for healthful diversions in the scheme of a sound life. They are really essential to vigorous work, health and a genial buoyant temper.

This principle was brought to a practical test in the social life of Ponca City last evening, when the young ladies and gentlemen herein named met at the reception given by Misses Pearl, Agnes and Ida Soldani in honor of their friend, Miss Grace Houghton, of Guthrie.

The guests were: Misses Ollie Eide, Clara Elda, Blanche Stevenson, Eleanor Stevenson, Eva Hampton, Dora Shaffer, Barbara Revard, Mary Donahoe, Elsie McGraw, Lulu Soldani, Rosie Mongrain and Messrs. Clint McClelland, George Holton, Edwin Johnstone, Miles and Oscar Regnier, Leon Simms, Louie Adams, Fred Nickerson, Louis Mattingly, Hugh Coughlin, Aubrus Thomas, George Niemann, Ed Soullgny, Frank Hayden, Roland Bishop.

Each one present testifies to the more abundant life, and the larger freedom of the spirit enjoyed during those festive hours. The voice of gladness, the smile of friendship, the songs of purity, the sweet heart welcomes, the beauty and strength of youth, were there in happy commingling. The music and games and diversions were along those lines that promote the highest moral excellence and provide the relaxations daily demanded by a healthy mind and body. There was nothing to excite the lower tastes, only that which enhances nobility of thought and action. There were dances, and cards, and games, all under the wholesome direction of an instinctive sense of what is fit and proper. Yes! and a banquet fit for the gods.

Today each and every one present realizes the elevating, broadening, enriching and beautifying influences of those pleasurable hours. —Ponca City (Oklahoma) Courier.

Baby's Face a Mass of Scabs

Eczema Which Defied Two Doctors and Was Completely Cured by Dr Chase's Ointment.

Mr. J. H. Stevens, harnessmaker, Seaforth, Ont., writes:

"At the age of three months my son Arnold was attacked by baby eczema, on his face, and in spite of all two doctors could do he kept getting worse, until his face was a mass of scabs and would ulcerate when he would scratch. It was terrible to see him suffer, but we tried everything until we were discouraged. Hearing of Dr. Chase's Ointment we got a box and applied it—at once the child was relieved and went to sleep. The first box helped him so much that we got two more, which completely cured him. At nine months his face was as well as could be. He is now fourteen months old, has a fine clear skin and not a trace of eczema."

Dr. Chase's Ointment, 60 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto. To protect you against imitations, the portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase, the famous receipt book author, are on every box.

Stanley in a Cincinnati Cellar.

He sometimes, but not often, spoke to me of his life as a boy. I remember in 1890, when we were staying in Cincinnati together, his asking me one afternoon to go for a walk with him. He took me through obscure back streets and down dirty alleys until we reached a wharf on the banks of the Ohio River. He stopped at the bottom of a street, which ran steeply down to the river, and pointed out a lad who was rolling a large cask of tallow from a cellar down to the wharf. He said: "I have brought you here because I wanted to show you this place. It was in this street that I worked as a boy. I was doing exactly the same work as that lad, and, if I mistake not, that is the same cellar in which I worked."—"Reminiscences of Sir Henry Stanley," in Scribner's.

Ella (who has been to church for the first time)—Auntie, was that thing up in the corner the organ?

"Yes, darling."

"I thought so, but wasn't sure till I saw the monkey."

THE LOVE OF A DREAMER

An Aching Ankle Has Its Pleasures.

That famous author, Anthony Ormond, limped painfully along the narrow, dusty lane, keeping as close as possible to the blossom-scented hedgerows, because of the shade. The sun was beating down on the earth with all the splendid blaze of a fury afternoon, and Anthony Ormond was hot, tired, and hurt with a twisted ankle, that caused him to stop every three or four yards' progress he made.

"There must be a house or a cottage of some sort at the end of this lane," he soliloquized, as he sat down on the bank that edged the pathway and nursed his wounded ankle. "Phew!" How hot it is! I must have a drink of water or a glass of milk." He fanned himself lazily with his slouch hat (for he was a famous author, and wore a slouch hat and a Norfolk jacket, with baggy trousers); his ankle hurt horribly and he closed his eyes; then, rising to his feet again, he limped off once more. The lane curved and turned irregularly, and in coming round one of these curves he found himself face to face with a little white house.

"At last!" he cried, mopping his forehead with an artistic handkerchief. He opened the little gateway and moved slowly up the graveled path, between an odorous avenue of rose trees, to the front door. He hesitated on the doorstep, considering what he should say to the servant who should open the door. But it was not the servant who answered his knock. It was a lady—he knew it must be, for he had heard the swish of a long skirt. He could not accustom his eyes to the half darkness in the hall. He could only see a tall, graceful figure clothed in white and the vague outline of a face.

"Good afternoon," he said, raising his hat. "I am sorry to trouble you, sorry indeed, but I've had the misfortune to slip down, and—I'm—I'm afraid I've sprained my ankle. It's hot, and I wanted a glass of water."

Out of the shadows came a little cry.

"Tony!" said a voice, in utter surprise.

Anthony Ormond stepped over the threshold and looked into the woman's face. "Why—why—Adeline, you?" Then he regained his presence of mind. "I must apologize for my intrusion; the fact that you lived anywhere about this neighborhood never entered my mind for a moment. I should not be such a blackguard as to force an entry upon you!"

He made a gesture as if he were about to go, but a sudden twitch of pain in his ankle caused him to give a groan. The woman sprang quickly and stood between him and the door, and as it slammed to she held out her hands imploringly.

"Tony! You mustn't go. I can't let you go with your aching ankle. You must come inside and rest."

He would have refused, but the pain of his foot was a powerfully persuasive pain, and so he bowed and followed her into the sitting-room. The sunlight flooded in through the open casement and painted the room with a glamour of summer. It was a woman's room, with knickknacks and photographs scattered oddly about, and a profusion of roses in pale tinted vases. The scent of the rose quivered in the air, and Ormond sank into a soft sofa enchanted with the restful beauty of the little room.

"Now," she said, "I will make you tea." She set a kettle on a spirit stove, and laid the table with a dainty tea cloth, while Ormond watched her. Her lithe, beautiful figure, clothed all in white, seemed to be of another world—some spirit world—it was too fragile for this, and when he looked at her face and saw gray blue eyes, half hidden beneath her drooping lids, he remembered many years ago. He gave a long sigh. "You haven't altered." * * * Then he laughed. "This is only a dream, I think," he said. "I shall wake up presently and find you are gone."

"Dreams are the only real things in life," she answered, arranging two miniature tea cups on the table. "I have always been dreaming."

He raised himself on his elbow. "Adeline!" he said, "why did you do it? Why did you ruin our idyl and bring sorrow into my life? Didn't you think I loved you sufficiently?"

"Oh! don't reproach me," she cried, facing him. "I've reproached myself often; but Delvine flattered me. Delvine was rich; Delvine offered me everything——"

"Except the love that I did," Ormond interposed.

There was a pause. "And—Delvine is dead!"

"Delvine is dead!" echoed the man. "I did not know that—I heard that—that—well, you had decided to live apart."

"Delvine left me after a few months, and went east. He died in Boston three years ago. Then I left Chicago and bought this little cottage. Delvine could not touch the thousand a year that father left me—but he died, ruined. There's my life—and it's been all a dream."

"And I?" said Anthony. "I have worked and written, and success is not as sweet as I thought it would be."

"Oh! I've heard of your fame. It has penetrated even here!"

"I went to Europe, and only returned a month ago. Then I came to Vincennes—I'm writing a book about the early days—to stop a few months, little dreaming that you were living six miles away, and this is the first time I have walked in this direction.

"Strange that you should come to this house!"

She crossed over to the kettle, which was now boiling over, and made the tea. He sat up and took the cup—such a dainty little cup, with quaint Japanese decorations—and drank the tea greedily.

"Do you know," he said, "I can hardly believe that after all these years—after all these changes—I am back again with you, Adeline; you are just the same, that is the most wonderful part of it all. You are just as beautiful. In the old days you used to sing, 'As Once in May.' Will you—will you sing it to me now? I fancy I should like to hear it."

She sat down at the piano, in the sunlight, the stream of golden light making a halo around her head, her hair waving back from her forehead. He saw again the clear-cut, well-remembered, oval outline of her face.

And then she started singing, "As Once in May," with is pleading words, and the yearning music, with its sad notes of regret. She sang to him and her voice fell upon his longing heart. He remembered one spring day in the orchard, amid the apple blossoms, when the promise of spring fulfilled seemed to be symbolic of the fulfillment of his hopes. Gradually and softly the last of the music faded away, and as she ceased singing he found his eyes were full of tears.

"Adeline!" he said, in a whisper that was almost a sob, "beautiful love of my youth—come back to me again. I have lived so long without you—cold and alone. I have success, I have fame; but I want you as you used to be. Come back to me." He stretched out his arms appealingly, and she came to his side, covering her face with her hands. He drew her gently to him.

"I have always dreamed of you, night and day!" he cried.

"Tony!" she said, with tear-brimming eyes. "It must always be a dream!" Yet she bent over and smoothed the hair back from his hot forehead. He caught her hand and kissed it. He felt her lips on his forehead and uttered a long sigh of contentment. "I used to dream of this, but I never dreamed it would come true! I—never dreamed—" His voice seemed dying away, and the room grew suddenly misty, the scent of roses was in the air, but the sun went swiftly out, and it was cold. He opened his eyes again. The shadows of the evening were stealing softly across the fields, and the crickets were chirping around him. He was sitting again on the bank by the side of the road. A voice seemed to be calling to him out of the dusk, "It must always be a dream!" Then he realized abruptly that he had fallen asleep, that his ankle was aching, that the nearest village was a mile before him, and that there was no house in sight, and so with a laugh of resignation he arose and limped on once more into the ever-deepening gloom.—Chicago Tribune.

NEURALGIA?

It runs hand in hand with poor blood and weak nerves. Health runs down, nerves get inflamed, neuralgic torture follows. For the moment applications may relieve, but in order to cure the body must be strengthened with nutritious blood.

Nothing can equal Ferrozone. It increases the appetite, turns food right into nourishment, supplies abundance of rich life-giving blood. This strengthens the nerves and cures the neuralgia. Every root and branch of the disease is destroyed. Absolute success guranteed.

Stop suffering, use Ferrozone, 50 cents per box or six for $2.50, at all dealers or Polson & Co., Hartford, Conn., U. S. A., and Kingston, Ont.

It has been observed that immediately preceding storms an unusual amount of scum appears on the surface of ponds, and in a recent issue of London Nature a plausible explanation of this phenomenon attributes it to change in barometric pressure. It is suggested that the scum formation is due to the rise of marsh grass from the ooze at the bottom of ponds following a sudden fall in the barometer, presaging weather change, the gas carrying along with it some of the solid matter of the ooze, thus forming the scum.

Nervous? Easily discouraged? Things look dark? Can't sleep? Restless and worn out? "Nervous exhaustion," your doctor says. Ask him to tell you all about Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Sold for 60 years. J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

CATTLE STIFF'S EXPERIENCES

HOW A YOUNG FELLOW CAN WORK HIS WAY ACROSS THE ATLANTIC TO EUROPE.

John H. McKay Describes His Vacation Trip—Men of Position and Means Are Found Among the "Stiffs."

Workers who have envied the breadth of view and change of climate enjoyed by the European tourist may have the same for themselves if they be able-bodied men, free to take the trip, and willing to become cattle "stiffs."

"Stiffs" are the men who work their passage "across the pond" aboard the big boats that carry live stock between this country and the ports of Liverpool, Southampton, Hull and Antwerp. They receive their board as well as their passages going and returning. The law requires that two-thirds of the men who go on these boats to care for the cattle must be experienced men, and these are hired at from $20 to $30 a trip. This class of men follow the work as a living and make a trip once every five weeks.

The "stiff" is the man who only wants to get to the other side with as little outlay of funds as possible, and in his class are to be found men of many kinds and grades. The stranded immigrant is not the only one who takes advantage of this way of getting back to the old world. There are men of position and means who are temporarily "broke" who are to be found among the "stiffs."

WORK NOT DIFFICULT.

The work is not hard, and when a man is embarrassed financially he will not stop to consider the company he is likely to meet by shipping as a "stiff." The duties of the "stiff" are to assist the experienced men who do the actual feeding of the cattle. He rises early and for an hour and a half before breakfast he must help get the hay and water ready for the feeder. He chops the bailing wire and pulls the hay into piles the size of one feeding. He also fills the pails with water and carries them to the alleyways where the cattle are fastened. At noon he carries corn to the feeders and again in the afternoon hay and water. Then his day's work is done and he is free to go where he pleases aboard the ship.

The "stiffs" and experienced men are all under the supervision of a foreman, who has charge of the feeding, and who is engaged by the shippers, but if the "stiff" shows that he is willing to do his share of the work he will find the foreman a congenial person to meet and one who will do all he can to make his work easy.

Lifting and carrying are the "stiff's" chief occupation. His passage along the alleyways is sometimes like running a gauntlet. The story is told of one "stiff" who was obliged to carry hay the entire length of the runway between the heads of rows of cattle on each side. On his first trip he took a big "fold" from the bale and put it on his back. Then bending forward under his load he started down the passageway between the double row. When he reached the end of the alleyway he found that the cattle had snatched practically all the hay from his back. The beard of an Austrian who made four trips as a "stiff" was often mistaken by the cattle for a wisp of hay. He was 55 yards old and his facial appendage descended to his waist in a full throat torrent. It was his custom when on shipboard to wash it in salt water, and so the cattle, when they nibbled at it, found that it was salt and only licked it.

BETTER THAN STEERAGE.

In some respects this method of traveling is more satisfactory than confinement in the steerage. The "stiff" has the run of the vessel, and if he be on one of the cattle steamers which carry saloon passengers also he may, if he chooses, get into his best clothes and spend his evenings in the saloon. The food is as good as, if not better than, that served in the steerage. Men of the professions, and even members of European noble families, have crossed the ocean by working their way on the cattle deck. The foreman, when he feels inclined to talk, can tell of doctors, lawyers, college students, clergymen and others who have been under him.

One foreman told of four Yale students who worked their way across on his ship. They were bound to England to attend the Henley regatta. "One trip," he added, "we had a preacher. He was a good worker all right. He pitched right in. On Sunday he held a service in the fo-castle. We all went in. There were some from the saloon there, too."

A silk salesman in this city, a young man, has been in the habit of crossing every summer for six years. This is his way of spending his vacation. When he reaches the other side he travels through the country. Each year he chooses a different steamer and port of disembarkation. One year he took a steamer bound for Liverpool; the next one going to London; the third, one sailing for Hull, and the fourth year he went to Antwerp.

LAWYER AMONG CREW.

In the group of "stiffs" on board one of the large passenger and cattle steamers a few days ago was a man of middle age. His hair was tinged with gray. He wore a neat suit, the trousers of which were creased. Between a buttonhole and his waistcoat pocket was looped a gold watch chain. In one hand he carried a dress suit case and silver-mounted umbrella. In the other was a Gladstone bag. He talked little, but when he spoke he used excellent English, gently spoken. When some one asked him why he was going as a "stiff" he replied, lifting his hat, "Ah, I thought there was more independence in going this way than in the steerage." Then he climbed the gangway to the ship's deck, folowed by a young fellow carrying a bag and dragging a small trunk, who was going to work his passage also.

The well-dressed man was a New York lawyer. He had a family consisting of a wife and three children. For years he had been receiving regular remittances from a wealthy brother in England. Lately the remittances had not been coming. He was on his way to see his brother and to secure again, if possible, the remittances. He took with him the pictures of his wife and children to show to his brother as an argument.

Another, who was going home as a "stiff" with the hope of renewing relations with his family was an Italian count. He was a physician, and, it is said, had been employed in a prominent hospital at one time. He and his family had been at loggerheads for a long time.

RUNS AWAY FROM HOME.

Only a short time ago a German carpenter, who had lived for many years at Niagara Falls, was among the "stiffs" on a certain English steamer bound from that port to Liverpool. He had nothing with him except the suit of overalls he was wearing. One night he and the foreman were sitting on deck in the cool of the evening when men are apt to become talkative over their pipes or cigars. The men were smoking. At last the German took his pipe from his mouth and commenced to talk.

"Dot vomen, mein vife,' he said, 'she sit all day down and do nothing. I work all day mit mein trade. I bin ein carpenter. She say she vant to go zu the vair at St. Louis. Ve vent oud zu Chicago und it costed vun hundred und seventy-five tahler. I say 'Nein! Dear, boy unde der girl, they both more as twenty yahr old; dey do nodling. One morning I goes out anit mein vorking clothes on, und say I guess I go und york. I no go. I buy ticket New York. Und here I bin. I go mein sisters in Germany."

"Won't you ever come back?" the foreman asked.

"Nod for vun million tahler."

ACTRESS MAKES THE TRIP.

A vaudeville actress who was stranded in Baltimore was so anxious to reach her friends in London that she donned masculine attire and managed to get aboard a cattle ship as a "stiff" without her sex being detected. All the way over she worked with the men and smoked in order to maintain her disguise. On the last day before reaching port she burst a blood vessel while lifting some hay. The physician discovered her sex. Fortunately her injury did not prove to be serious.

Sometimes runaway youths ship as "stiffs." One foreman tells of a man who had been a keeper in a lunatic asylum who was shipped under him as a "stiff." Two days out he became a violent maniac, and, seizing a cattle ax, endeavored to chop down every one around him. He had to be disarmed and locked up.

WORK OBTAINED THROUGH AGENTS.

The shippers obtain their inexperienced help, or "stiffs," through agencies. They pay the "stiff catchers," as these agents are styled, a commission for every one furnished. It is quite often the case that the "catchers" also secure a commission from the "stiff" himself. When the steerage rates are as low as at present it is difficult to obtain anything from the "stiff." At the usual steerage rates, he will sometimes secure as much as $8 or $10. Out of eight furnished by one "catcher" the other day to one steamer, only two could be prevailed on to pay anything. Not all of the "catchers" are trustworthy. In order to obtain the money of the man who desires to work his passage they will tell him that there is absolutely no work to be done. After the ship sails he finds that he has engaged under a misapprehension.

An hour or two before the steamer sails the "cathers" who have secured engagements for their men have these at the pier. Here they are examined by the ship's doctor, special care being taken to find out if they have been vaccinated. The doctor has a case of tubes containing vaccine at his elbow. The ship's papers are signed and those who desire them receive passports which will admit them to this country again from an official of the bureau of immigration. According to the foremen the "stiffs" are almost exempt from seasickness, owing to the fact that they have work to do, something to keep them active and in the open air.

The large proportion of the "stiffs" are foreigners who have made a failure of their venture in this country. They have relatives and friends on the other side of the ocean and are anxious to get back. It is posible to get a good class of "stiffs" only in New York. Returning immigrants usually come to New York, the port through which they entered, which they desire to return home. At other ports only the riff-raff is procurable.—Chicago Tribune.

Have you been wearing imported underwear? Been paying importers' and jobbers' profits—as well as the cost of shipping and duty?

It's all right, if you want to do it. Only, some men — and the number is steadily growing —prefer to keep all those profits themselves, and wear

Stanfield's Unshrinkable Underwear

It equals any underwear that the old world can produce. It's made of the finest Nova Scotia wool, by Canadians for Canadians In all sizes to fit every figure. And it's guaranteed absolutely unshrinkable

Look for the name "Stanfield" on every garment. None genuine without it.

K&K K&K K&K K&K K&K K&K

VARICOCELE CURED

NO NAMES USED WITHOUT WRITTEN CONSENT.

Confined to His Home for Weeks.

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