

BEAUTIFUL GIRL Nourished on Poison, and Her Kiss Was Death.

The poisoners of to-day are mere amateurs, if history is to be relied upon. In the good old times they were artists in the general practice of putting people out of the way, and studied quick and slow poisons instead of algebra and civil economy, their curriculum including many delicious little compounds unknown to our present chemists.

The sixteenth and seventeenth centuries were the halcyon days of poisoning. There is no doubt that La Spina, and the (if possible still more wretched hag La Toffania,) were as bad as you make them. The latter is said to have caused the deaths of over 600 persons. She used a preparation of arsenic which she sold under the name of 'Aqua Toffania.' It was slow poison, the victim growing daily weaker and gradually dying of physical exhaustion. In France the most notorious female poisoners were Mme. de Brinvilliers (who was taught the secret of her 'succession power' by St. Croix, which she successfully administered to her father and brothers) and the still more notorious Lavoisier and Lavigneux, who being ostensibly midwives, carried their poisons to high and low—married couples anxious to hasten the dissolutions of the irksome tie, or needy heirs wishful to accelerate the departure of rich relatives. A veritable mania for poisoning appears to have set in toward the middle of the seventeenth century.

In England poisoning was declared, by an act passed in the reign of Henry VIII., to be high treason, and those guilty of it were to be boiled alive. The most notorious case (the poisoning of James I. by Buckingham, is only surmise), of poisoning was that of Sir Thomas Overbury, in the year 1613. He had incurred the displeasure of Lord Rochester and his wife, and they had both vowed to be revenged on him. So after they had got him committed to the Tower they set themselves to poison his food by mixing arsenic and cantharides with it. For many months, though suffering intensely, he appears to have lingered on. At last a stronger dose than usual put an end to his miserable existence. The guilty couple to the King's everlasting disgrace, were released after five years' imprisonment.

One of the most curious points connected with poison is the fact that nations and individuals have been known to thrive on it. Mithridates, King of Pontus, had poison for his daily food. In the Gesta Romanorum we read that the Queen of the North, having heard of the great proficiency which Alexander the Great made in learning, under the tuition of Aristotle, nourished her daughter, from her cradle, on a certain kind of deadly poison, and when she grew up she was considered so beautiful that the sight of her alone affected many with madness. The young lady was sent to Alexander, who, of course, fell madly in love with her. Aristotle, who knew the plot, warned the king who whereupon he had condemned to death to kiss the girl. Since had the man touched her ruby lips before his whole frame was impregnated with poison, and he expired in greatest agony.

In the present day it is well known that the peasant girls of Syria consume large quantities of arsenic to add to their personal charms. It is said to improve the complexion, to promote digestion and to strengthen the respiratory organs. The worst of it is that when once you have commenced taking the drug it means death to leave it off.

An Alderman's Value.

An alderman in a Western city of about three thousand inhabitants, having made arrangements to remove to another city, resigned his office. Such a thing as the resignation of an alderman is entirely new in the history of the place, and at the next meeting of the city council one of the honorable members introduced a resolution, with a long preamble, setting forth



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FRIENDS PREVAILED

A Nervous Toronto Woman Walked the Floor During the Night for Hours at a Time—She Makes a Statement.

TORONTO, ONT.—"I was troubled with nervousness. It was impossible for me to keep still and if the spells came over me during the night I had to get up and walk the floor for hours at a time. My blood was very poor and I was subject to bilious attacks. My feet would swell and I was not able to do my own housework. I treated with two of the best physicians here but only received relief for a time. I became discouraged. One day a friend called and advised me to try Hood's Sarsaparilla. I laughed at the advice but I was prevailed upon and procured one bottle. Before I used it all I began to feel better. I took several bottles and also several boxes of Hood's Pills. Now I can eat and drink heartily and am entirely cured and also strengthened me so that I now do all my own work. I cheerfully recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla to all sufferers from nervousness, weakness or general debility." Mrs. H. F. PARM, Degross Street.

Hood's Pills—Cure Liver Ills: easy to take, easy to operate. 25 cents.

the new conditions of things that confronted the municipality, and providing for the calling of a special election to fill the vacancy. This was discussed with much fervor. At last the city clerk what the expense of a special election would be.

"About eighteen dollars," answered the clerk.

Gentlemen," said his honor, solemnly, "an alderman isn't worth it."

And the resolution failed to pass.

The Two Mr. Splogs.

There were two men of the same name in the Twentieth Infantry at Camp Wikoff, says the New York Press. One, hailing from Massachusetts, is a sergeant of Company I, while the other, a Pennsylvanian, is a private in Company M. Soon after the regiment arrived at Montauk Point, Sergeant Spring began to get very flattering letters from a young lady living in a small Pennsylvania town; also express packages, which were none the less well come for being unexpected. At the same time Private Spring was deciding that he must be able to charm at a distance, because a Massachusetts girl was writing to him in a particularly affectionate strain, and wanting to know if there wasn't something she could send him. Private Spring thought of a lot of things that he could use if he had them, but as the fair correspondent had omitted to sign her last name it didn't seem feasible to write for them. Presently both Springs began to get letters complaining that no answers had been received to questions asked in the writer's previous letters. At the height of the tangle Sergeant Spring was walking along the road one day, when a comrade called his name. He and another man ahead of him both walked back, asking what was wanted.

"Is your name Spring, too?" asked the sergeant.

"That's what," replied the other man.

"Francis Joseph Spring?"

"Well, that's me, too," said the sergeant.

"Say," he added, as a thought struck him, "do you get letters from a girl named Mollie?"

"No, I don't," replied the other. "Not as many as I ought to."

"I do, more than I ought to," said the sergeant. "I guess they're yours."

"I've got some from Sarah that I'll trade for 'em," said the private, grinning.

"That's so," answered the Massachusetts man, and all was satisfactorily arranged, except for the contents of sundry packages, which had been devoured. After that the two Springs met every other day and held a mail exchange.

A Social Custom Puzzles Bridget.

There is a Detroit family that arranged to spend the cold season in the Bermudas, and due announcement of the fact was made in the usual way. An unforeseen event deferred the proposed trip, and the pride of the good wife did not permit of her acknowledging a change in the plan of campaign as proclaimed to the world through the newspapers. They would go later, and meantime they would have it believed that they had already departed. All the servants but one had been dismissed. The front of the house was made to look as though the place was closed, and temporary residence was taken up in rear apartments. A friend of the family who had just returned to the city, called and was bent upon letting the folks know she was back. Her persistent manipulation of the bell led the servant to show her beaming countenance through a crack of the door.

"Is your mistress at home?"

"She's id to tell you they air in the Bermudas."

"Oh, away from home?"

"They air at home in the Bermudas."

"But they must have gone from home in order to be so far away."

"If you'll wait I'll ask the mistress. Shure, I can't ramblin' how it is, at all, at all."

The friend waited patiently; even gayly. "It was right I was all the time," announced the faithful handmaid. "The mistress is here in the Bermudas. Would you be leavin' a carred?"

TWINS MURDERED BY LAW.

According to African Superstitions Their Birth Proved Wickedness.

Miss Slessor of the United Presbyterian mission at the Old Calabar, was a passenger on the Elda Dempster liner Oron, which left Liverpool recently and had with her four black children whose case reveal a painful part of West African history. Miss Slessor has now worked for twenty-two years in Old Calabar. The children are aged respectively 2, 3, 5 and 19 years, and each is one of twins appointed at one time to die, in accordance with a superstitious custom prevailing in the Niger coast protectorate.

In the course of an interview Miss Slessor said that all twins born were according to the native laws to be put immediately to death, and it is only those who have been rescued by the missionaries and placed beyond the reach of the native power who have so far escaped. The children in the Oron were four of these. Altogether, Miss Slessor has herself saved the lives of fifty-one twins.

When the twins are born they are at once taken from the mother, and, if no one intercedes, they are taken by the feet and head and have their backs broken across a native woman's knee, in the same way as one would break a stick. The bodies are then placed in an earthenware receptacle and taken to the bush, where they are devoured by the flies, insects or animals.

Sometimes the little victims are put in these receptacles alive, and are then eaten alive in the same way. The mother becomes an outcast. If she does not at once take her own life, she has to flee to the bush. If she ventures near the town or village, she must see that she does not remain in the path when any other native is coming. Her presence, according to the superstition, would defile the place for others. She must not drink from the same spring, must not touch anything even belonging to her own relatives, and there is little cause for wonder that the takes away her life, which has become a living death.

Miss Slessor is accompanied on the Oron by Miss McIntosh, and together they are going to establish a home for these native twins. The natives superstition is that the birth of twins is the result of witchcraft and devilry. Formerly the mother, as well as the children, was put to death. The intervention of the white missionaries and traders had saved her life. Miss Slessor said: "It is really impossible to at once put an end to the horrible native custom. There could be no better governor than we have at present Sir Ralph Moor and Sir Claude Macdonald have helped us all they can. We don't want them to kill the natives, to make them abolish the shocking practice. We hope by saving the children and bringing them up like other children to show the natives that they are wrong in their belief. It is their religious belief that makes them kill their children."—London Chronicle.

AN INVINCIBLE HORSE TAMER.

Early Achievements of an Obnoxious Ho-Bome World Famous.

Lida Rose McCabe sketches in St. Nicholas the life story of an obscure country boy, whose love of horses 'turned in lead in civilization,' and brought him, beyond any man of his time, into close social intimacy with the crowned sovereigns of the world. His name was John S. Rarey. Early in the century, his father—cleared a tract of forest land on the outskirts of Ohio capital. On this virgin spot was built a log cabin, in which the future horse-tamer was born. The cabin in time became the beginning of the village of Groveport, known half a century ago to lovers of horses throughout the civilized world.

While a babe on his mother's arms, it was young Rarey's delight to watch the animal life on the farm. To pet the horses and cows was ever to the boy a keen pleasure. When he could make his way alone to the farmyard, it was observed that the trickiest colts were docile under the caressing strokes of the child's hand. John was the youngest of seven children. At this period he was the only child at home. The Rarey farm was isolated. Many miles lay between neighbors. Having no youthful playmates, his warm little heart made friends of the chickens, the cows and the colts. At the age of three years it was his delight to ride astride the plough-horses.

One significant incident in the childhood of the invincible horse-tamer was frequently related by his mother. It occurred in his fourth year. The family being at the dinner-table, one day, it was discovered that the chair of the youngest was vacant. A servant was sent in quest of the truant. The fields, the barns, the haymounds were searched in vain. A terrific scramble was heard, at length, in a gravel roadway near by. To the horror of the distracted household, Johnny Rarey was discovered upon the back of the wildest colts on the farm.

Expecting to see the child fall to the ground every moment, the father started to his rescue; but to the relief of the household, he found the boy sitting calmly on the back of the colt, who was now as docile as a lamb.

How Rarey Tamed Terrors Test Too.

The expert tamer carefully weighs the test, pours a certain quantity of fresh boiled water on it, and draws for a few minutes, then leaves it to the children's hands. The child then tests which offers not from the right way of making tea.



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hold, colt and rider soon reined up in safety to the barn door. When reproved for his conduct, the infant replied that he and the colt were the best of friends. To convince the animal, who, to the astonishment of the spectators, submitted to his young master's directions. His control of the colt was much talked of in the neighborhood. From that time the young horseman was in great demand to carry messages between the scattered farmhouses. Before his ninth year his reputation for horsemanship in that part of the country was unrivaled.

Two Grizzly Cubs.

Next to Kit Carson, Jim Baker was General Fremont's most valued scout. He was a famous bear hunter, and one occasion he and a companion had a hand to hand fight with two young grizzly bears as large as full grown dogs. Colonel Inman describes the lively contest in his book 'The Old Santa Fe Trail.' While Baker and his comrade were setting traps on the head waters of the Arkansas, they suddenly met the bears, and Baker remarked: 'If we light in and kill the varmints with our knives it will be a big thing to tell of.' They laid aside their rifles and lit in, Baker attacking one bear and his comrade the other. The bears raised themselves on their haunches and were ready for the encounter. Baker ran around his bear, trying to get in a blow from behind with his long knife; but the brute was too quick for him and always confronted him face to face. Baker knew that if he came within reach of the bear's claws he should receive a severe wound. Moreover, he was in fear that the howls of the cubs would bring their infuriated mother to the scene, when the hunters would have a slim chance of getting away. Anxious to end the fight, Baker made several lunges at the bear, but the cub warded them with his strong fore paws. The animal, however, received severe cuts on his shoulders, which so maddened him that with open mouth he bounded at Baker. The cool hunter caught the cub, wrestled under the ribs, and gave him a death-wound under the ribs.

Baker's comrade, who had become exhausted by his struggle with the other bear called for aid. Baker ran to his assistance, whereupon the friend ran off, leaving Baker to fight the second bear alone. He, however, soon had the satisfaction of seeing that cub stretched on the ground not far from the other one.

I then and there made up my mind, said Baker, I'd never fight nary 'nother grizzly without a good shooting-iron in my paws!

Is a Water of Many Colors.

On a bright, sunny day visitors are often puzzled at the numerous colors visible on the surface of the sea. There will, perhaps, be some four or five streaks of green, blue, yellow, black and so forth, making the water appear as though it were painted in color stripes of mathematical precision. To the initiated these several stripes have their meaning. They are nearly all produced by the character of the ocean bed, and as a rule are only seen in close proximity to land. If you see a deep blue or green patch, you may label it deep water, the blue usually being deeper than the green. A yellowish tint signifies a sandy bottom, and it is very pronounced, indicates a shoal or sandbank. Black indicates rocks, although seaweed or cloud shadows will sometimes produce a similar effect. On the east coast it is no uncommon thing to see a patch of bright red where the sun has reflected the color of the deep brown sand on the shore. Where the bottom is muddy, as on the Essex coast, a streak of bright silver grey is often seen. Many people who cannot claim intimacy with the sea imagine these colors are in the sea water itself, whereas its intrinsic tint is bluish green.

Hard to Explain.

I often had heard stories about persons who were minus a hand or foot feeling a sensation in the dismembered portion, 'but I never actually believed such statements until my mishap occurred. At times I experienced the same feelings as if my hand were still there. Very often I catch myself reaching with my other hand to touch the missing one. Then, again, I

can feel the finger nails on the missing hand and have a desire to trim them. In fact, there are times when I can feel every sensation, and it requires a second thought before I can realize that my hand is not there. This may all sound funny, but it is the truth, nevertheless, and can be accounted for by the muscles, the imagination, or whatever you like.

Didn't Want the Fare.

The following little story, which the writer heard from a near relative of the late Lord Coleridge, shows that the London cabby is not incapable of gratitude.

One evening, many years ago, the then eminent barrister was returning home in a hansom, and being probably deep in thought, he left some valuable law papers in the cab. The cabman found them, and luckily remembering his passenger, brought them directly to him, instead of taking them to Scotland Yard. This proceeding saved infinite trouble, as the papers were to be used the following morning, and the man received a very large reward.

Many months after, the great lawyer was again in a hansom on a certain evening, and on getting out he tendered the fare to the driver, who, to his great surprise, refused to take any pay.

"No," he said, "I suppose you have forgotten the papers I brought back, and the handsome present you made me; but I have long wished for the chance to take you for nothing."

Considering how very little a cabman often realises, this is rather touching.—Tid Bits.

Corks and Caution.

There is a lad in a certain Scottish town who is noted for his shrewdness. The other day he was sent by his father to a neighbouring public house with the following order:—

"Please send to our house ten dozen of ale."

Now it so happens that one of the publican's faults is a propensity to poke his nose into other people's business, and so, when he had read the order, he could not help ejaculating:—

"Guid gracious, laddie, and whatever is yer fether gaun tae dae wi' see muckle ale?"

For a moment Johnnie was puzzled, knowing that his father wouldn't like him to exactly tell the truth. Then an idea occurred to him, and he quickly replied:—

"I'm no verra sure, but I think he's gaun tae mak' a cork frame, and he'll need the corks."

In The Forecast Office.

The youthful weather prophet was plainly mortified. He had just been appointed and his first prediction had not been verified.

"The reason we didn't have that storm," he explained earnestly—

"Hush!" interrupted his aged superior. "In this business we never stop to apologise. Just guess again."

Further Explained.

"Did you say that gentleman made his fortune by some important discoveries in medical lore?"

"Yes; he discovered a new way to advertise an invaluable cure-all."

Poetized.

"I don't believe in being affable to inferiors."

"You don't? Just think how lonely you would be if everybody felt that way."—T.T.S.



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