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not knowing the harm, and who are suffering from the vices and errors of youth, and troubled with Nervous Demility, Loss of Memory, Bashfulness, Confusion of Ideas, Headache, Dizzi-ness, Palpitation of the Heart, Weak Back, Dark Circles Around the Eyes, Pimples on the Face, Loss of Sleep, Tired Feelings in the Morning, Evil-forbodings, Dull, Stupid, Aversion to Society, No Ambition, Bad taste in the Mouth, Dreams and Night Losses, De-posits in the Urine, Frequent Urination, sometimes accompanied with slight burning, Kidney Troubles, or Diseases of the Genito Urinary Or-gans can here find a safe, honest and speedy cure. Charges reasonable, es-pecially to the poor. CURES GUAR-ANTEED

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many troubled with too frequent evac-uations of the bladder, often accompanied by a slight smarting or barning sensation, and weakening of the system in a manner the patient cannot account for. On examination of the urinary deposits a ropy sedi-ment will often be found, and some-times particles of albumen, and color be of a thin milkish hue, again chang-ing to a dark, torpid appearance. There are men who die of this difficulty ignorant of the cause, which is the dectors will guarantee a perfect cure in all such cases, and healthy restora-BOOK FREE-Those unable to call ould write for question list and book

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# THE RIFLES

Johannesburg After Months of British Occupation.

Story Told at the Expense of the

The Daily Graphic prints the folwing letter,dated Johannesburg, Feb. from a correspondent lately with

Rimington's Scouts:-

After eight months of British occupation and military government, we do not appear to be much "forrarder" as far as the resumption of our ordinary everyday duties and business is concerned. The streets still keep their bare and deserted appearance; the Reef is still silent; and we still wait and hope. News of any description is a minus quantity; yarns and rumors furnish some subjects for conversation, but as the home papers are our only authoritative sources of information, and as we only get them three weeks after publication, the news is omewhat stale.

Were it not for the "Rand Rifles" we Were it not for the "Rand Rifles" we should be altogether without something to talk about. The English population of the Rand are armed men at last. In place of the aforetime "Johannesburg Vrywilligers" and "Zarps," we now have this appropriately named corps. It affords food for reflection in more ways than one. Time was when almost every one but an Englishman could swagger down Commissioner street with rifle and bandoller, now no one but an Englishman has the chance of doing so. It is nominally a force of volunteers. That is, if you don't like to join it you can-not be forced to do so; you are simply provided with a pass to some seaport or you are unable to get the where-withal to keep yourself alive. The motto which appears to be applied is the old one paraphrased: "If an Engtishman won't help to guard his own skin, neither shall he eat." The prin-ciple is all right, and it is to be hoped

that it will be applied on a larger scale. One of the things to be admir-ed among the Boers is their carrying out of this principle. We do not see them leaving the fighting part of the them leaving the fighting part of the business, with its consequent danger, to one class or portion of their people, and arrogating to the other the sole right to govern, because, forsooth, they get out of the risk to their hides by paying the bill. I have some to the conclusion that war is a great democratizer. A man, whatever his position, who reckoned himself too good for a common soldier out here at this

for a common soldier out here at this present moment, would have a rough fourney. He must help to guard his own skin, and not run away with the dea that he is a superior person, whose life is valuable to anyone but himself. Needless to say, some "tried it on," and considered themselves hardly treated when it did not work. There is no gainsaying the fact that the body of John Jones, Esq., financier and capitalist, will stop a bullet quite as effectively as the body of Bill Smith, who is employed by J. J. in his stable. It is also very probable that Bill is by far

the better man, with his rifle.

Appropos of the foregoing, there is a well-known bank manager here who thought that acting the "Tommy" was rather infra dig. He made a mistake in his drill one morning, and the ser-geant pulled him up. Recounting this afterwards to some chums, in a very disconsolate tone of voice he remarked: "I wouldn't have minded a bit but there was a cabby next to me, and e even had his badge on." Drill starts at 7 a.m., and at that time you can see all sorts and conditions of men roll-ing up dressed in fannels and sweaters. They are not allowed to wear uniform unless called out for duty. It has been a problem with many how to get into their khaki. It is alleged that one galant R.R. whose girth is above the standard of the Ordnance Department, but who has a very buxom cook, hand-ed his unmentionables over to her to "break in" for him. Another was compelled to cut a V, and to take up the slack with a small rope. Whether there will ever be any great demand for the services of this force remains to be seen. Riflemen are not made in a hurry, event, the taking of Portobello?' The song and before they will be much use con-siderable practice at the butts and else-where will be essential. Johanneswhere will be essential. Johannes-burghers must always have their joke, burghers must always have their joke, even at their own expense. The yarn goes that when a squad went to the targets the other day to have their capabilities as marksmen tested the first range of 500 yards was negotiated without any damage being done to the target; at 400 yards, the same result; at 200, ditto. At last the n.c.or in charge gave the order "Fiv beyonets and let's

hoots on the mine whistles or hooters, when every Rand rifleman is supposed to make straight to his allotted post, and all foreigners and civilians are opdered to get indoors, wherever they may be, and stop there till permission to leave is given, on the pain of being shot by the troops. This creates a certain problem. If A.B. is a mile from home when the alarm is sounded he must slip into the first convenient house and stop there till he gets leave to get out. This may give rise to some very amusing Gilbertian situations, to get out. This may give rise to some very amusing Gilbertian situations, which I needn't enlarge upon. Some facetious youths are already "prospecting" for convenient refuges. Patrols, and pickets of the R.R. have already taken up the duties of some of the regulars, thus liberating men for more active service, and this alone is sufficient to instifut the arcation of the active service, and this alone is sufficient to justify the creation of the corps. There are three classes or sections: Mounted, bicyclists and footsloggers, and, as every British subject who gets back to the Rand is compelled (under the before-mentioned disabilities) to join, there is every probability that the R.R. will some day number many thousand men.

He Don't Read Books.

In his attitude towards the daily press Lord Kelvin is said to present a curious contrast to the late Bishop Creighton of London, whose ignorance of journalism was a matter for frequent comment in the English press during the days which followed his demise. To an interviewer who asked him recently whether he read a great Jeal, Lord Kelvin made the rather startling reply that he had not read a book for 30 years. "I read nothing but the daily papers. Well, perhaps that is an overstatement; it may not be 30 years, but it is a long time. Of course I am continually referring to books, but I have not the time for steady reading, except the daily papers, and I feel especially bound in crises of our history to study the course of events." Compare this with Mr. Balfour's statement; "I never read the papers!" He Don't Rend Books.

The mystery that enshrouds "God Save the King" has come up for discussion recently a good deal, possibly because the fact that it is now once more the "King" and not the "Queen" has turned people's minds back across the years when it was the King before, and so on to a more completely historical mood. H. Sutherland Edwards, writing as follows in The London Daily Express, seems to exploit the subject pretty thoroughly:-

"It has been proposed to erect a monument to the author and composer of 'God

Save the King.' "But he or they must first be discovered. Charles Reade, with that 'mania for certainty' which Renan declared himself unable to understand, believed that Henry Carey wrote both words and music of 'God Save the King'; and he was indignant with his fellow-countrymen for having allowed such a man to die by his own hand in abject poverty—forgetful of the fact that when Carey committed suicide God Save the King' had not even become generally

"He is said to have introduced it in 1740 at a dinner given in honor of the taking of Portobello, but without claiming it as his own; and he died in 1744, whereas it was not until after the suppression of the rebellion of 1745 that 'God Save the King' was adopted by the army and the nation as a hymn of national triumph.

"Other critics and commentators, in discussing the origin of 'God Save the King.' have divided the honors, attributing the music to Dr. John Bull (who wrote a bar or two of something resembling it) and the words to Ben Jonson-alas, poor Jonson! Purcell, too, has been named as the composer and Dryden as the poet-alas, poor Dryden! The plan seems to be to attribute It at random to this or that eminent poet and to this or that eminent musician of

each successive period. "But out of the competition go at once Ben Jonson and Dr. John Bull, Dryden and Purcell, Lulli, Henry Carey, Handel and Dr. Arne: If Carey is allowed to remain it can only be in the character of singer and introducer of the song in the very form which now belongs to it. If we bid Handel stay for a moment our only reason for detaining him is to consider how it happened that during his half-century in England, from 1712 until 1759, he never seems once to have conducted a performance of 'God Save the King,' neither after Dettingen, in 1743, nor after Culloden, in 1745. Had 'God Save the King' possessed such importance, such significance as belongs to it now, Handel would have introduced it, or, at least, would have made musical reference to it in his

Dettingen 'Te Deum.' "It does not, in modern phrase, seem to have 'caught on' very quickly, for, first sung In 1740, it did not find its way into print until 1745. It was evidently not until after the suppression of the insurrection of 1745a Scotch insurrection supported by Francethat the song became associated with national and patriotic feeling in England. Be-fore the end of the century it had acquired such fame that it was translated and adopt-

of 'God Save the King,' so difficult, so impossible, so profitless to follow, let us see what, judged by internal evidence, the song really is. It is beyond doubt a Jacobite song onverted into a Georgian one by the simple process of changing in the first line 'Great James our King' into 'Great George our King.' Regard it in this light, look upon it as a prayer for the restoration of a King walting his time beyond the water, and It is all perfectly intelligible. The meaning viously incomprehensible lines :-

"'Send him victorious, Happy and glorious, Long to reign over us.'

"They, however-that is to say-send the King from foreign parts to his own land, where, arriving with victory before him, he will long reign over his faithful subjects. "'Where,' it may be asked, 'did Henry Carey get the Jacobite song which he audaciously introduced as a Georgian song at a dinner given in honor of that insignificant was a thousand times too important for the occasion, and it was directed against the very Sovereign whose name was celebrated in the opening line. Henry Carey may have been a Jacobite himself. The world was not his friend, nor the world's laws. He was the natural son of a great nobleman, and probably, therefore, a revolutionist by

birth. "The 'God Saye the King' introduced publicly by Henry Carey was an English gave the order "Fix bayonets and let's hit the thing somehow."

In case or an alarm, the signal is given by blowing a succession of triple hoots on the mine whistles or hooters, the Chapel Royal of James II. when that Sovereign was still in occupation of the throne. Of the music to which the Latin tymn was sung, nothing is known except that it must of necessity have been in exact metrical correspondence, and was probably identical in all respects with the music to which 'God Save the King' is sung now, as

in the days of Henry Carey. "Here, if anywhere, the story of Lulli's having composed it, comes in; for it was in 1685, the year of James II.'s accession, that Lulli would have produced the hymn in praise of Louis XIV., which he is said to have composed for Mme, de Maintenon's Ecole de St. Cyr, opened in that year, the hymn from which the air of 'God Save the King' is alleged to have been taken. But the music of Lulli's hymn has apparently not been preserved, and the personal origin of our national anthem, both as regards words and music, is still and will doubtless for ever remain an absolute mystery."

A Lover of Nature.

Charlotte Becker, in Outing :-He knew the first sweet wood-note of the thrush.

The first pale wind-flower hidden in the grass;

The little shrines where fire-flies saying mass
Swing low their censers through the marshland's bush;
The quickened sound before the poignant
hush
Which prejudes charges at old earth's

Whene'er man says, 'T'll speak my mind,"
In tones with arger recking.
He fails, you'll very often find,
To mind what he is speaking.

—Washington Star.

STORY OF LINCOLN.

How He Upheld the Ill-Treated Soldier President Lincoln controled his temp

When he did lose it, it was usually because someone had been treated unjustly. There came into the White House one day, among the throng who were anxious to beseech the president for this and that, a girl of not more

than 18 years. She carried her left arm in a sling, and now and then it seemed to pair

She was jostled this way and that, but she was patient, and at last was in the presence of the president, who said: "Is there something I can do for you

my girl? What is your story?" "I was a soldier, Mr Lincoln," she said, "and I can't get my pay. The president looked searchingly and

pityingly at her 'You a soilder? Why, you are a your g girl," said he. "But I was a soldier," Mr Lincoln and I was wounded three months ago

in battle." She told him, in the most innocent and childlike manner of speech, that she had put on boys clothes, enlisted in one of the Indiana regiments, gone to the front, taken part in several battles, and, at last, was badly wounded in the left arm.

"when they took me . "he hospital," she said, "and began to dress any wound, I told them I was a girl, and I have been trying to get my three months'

Mr Lincoln by this time was affected. "Tell me, he said "why you can't

get your pay." And she replied that the paymasters all said that they were not authorized to pay a woman for service as a soldier."

Then Mr Lincoln blazed with anger. He reached over to his desk and wrote swiftly a message, reading something

like this: To the Paymaster-General-Inquire into the case of this girl; identify her; if you find that she enlisted as a soldier, went to the front, was wounded in batt'e, pay her what is due her, and don't send her from one paymaster to another. If the second auditor of the treasury objects to paying, let him know that it is my wish, and that I will be

esponsible." And then, taking the hand of the girl

in both of his, he said: "My little child, I believe you have told me the truth. You have done a brave thing," and, as the girl thanked him and went from the room, he turned and said; She represents the sentiment that will save this union.

Wua the Lotus Club.

Once was a fellow, Wu ing Fang, Came from the land of Li Hung Chang Only an everyday Chinaman-Crammed with Confucius and Genghis

Khan. They fetched him forth from Washington To the Loftus Club for a night of fun; They crowded his crop with pabulum, They tried to rattle his wits with rum

One, Lawrence, jumped up and pulled down his vest, While he ordered a toast to the curious guest:-"Let's drink to the health of Wu Ting

Fang. The college chum of Li Hung Chang, Who comes to speak in the real Chi-At the special request of Carnegie:

So drink him deep in a jug of sack And hoist him high in apple jack-There's been many a guest at our festive board

From a royal freak to a bankrupt We's dined Mark Twain and wined Cut we never struck anything yet like

Wu." Smart as a rat was Wu Ting Fang And cute like his countryman, Li Hung Chang. He saw the plot of the Lotus spree

And quaffed but small of their Sangaree. Slow he arose in his silken bags, Sly he winked at the Lotus wags. "Friends," quoth he, in his Chinese

"Behold the diplomat, Wu Ting Fang! I come from the land of Li Hung

Where the fire-cracker first went of with a bang. Where the gong of the pioneer chest-

nut rang; I'm grateful for this graft of grub And I've solved the scheme of the Lo-You can't make a capital joke of me For I'm as sober as I can be;

I'm sorry to spoil your singular fun, But I don't drink like a son-of-a-gun; And I swear by the head of a China-By the Gods, Confucius and Genghis

By the red ey'd dragon of Li Hung By the fiery face of this festive gang-Don't try your American tricks on me For I'm pretty slick for a heathen

"Now, what's the matter?" asked the "Now, what's the matter?" asked the man, as the other man laid down his newspaper and chuckled.

"Oh, nothing much," said the other man. "I was just thinking of the possibilities there would be in a debate between Governor Roosevelt and Sam Jones of Georgia."—Indianapolis Jourgel

Angry Politician—See here! I've a good notion to have you arrested for libel. What do you mean by picturing

me as you have?
Cartoonist—But the picture look like you.
Angry Politician—I know it does! I know it does! But do I look like a man who likes to look like himself?—
Battmore American.

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