

THE HEART OF A PRIVATE

A Romance Which Lay Hidden Under the Drunken Old Soldier's Tunic.

The first time I met Private McQuhrr was one evening, at sundown just before parade. My attention was called to him by his captain ordering him under arrest for being drunk on duty. I remembered him afterwards by the way he swore at two men led him away to the guardhouse after he had left his officer's presence.

Once after that he walked back and forth for two hours doing sentry duty in front of the officers' club when I happened to be sitting upon the veranda in a big rocking chair reading a new magazine. I looked over the corner of the magazine and "sized him up," as they say in the army. He was rather an old man, having served in the cavalry thirty years before he came to us. It was only because he was too old to re-enlist in the cavalry that he had consented to come into an infantry regiment. His face was hard and knobby and cut with the winds of many bitter winters. But if you looked into it long enough you would not call it unkind. The eyes were very restless, but they were fine eyes for all that; gray with flecks of brown in them. Although he was serving his 35th year in the army he wore no stripes upon the cuff of his dress coat. He was a heavy man and the best fighter in the garrison, having at different times nearly murdered the men who had stood up to him. A heavy drinker, he was always, but no one had ever heard him speak evil of a woman. The fact is that he never even looked toward them except from a distance, and so far as anyone knew he never wasted a thought upon the best or the worst of them. This was counted strange in a soldier. No one knew much about Private McQuhrr except that he was partly educated and had come from somewhere in Scotland many years before and enlisted in the American army a few days after he had landed in New York. I asked Harry Winslow, who was the second lieutenant of H Company, of which McQuhrr was a member, what he knew about the man.

"Nothing at all," said Winslow, "except that he won't stand being hit over the head with a bucket by his first sergeant, who is a Swede. The last time it happened McQuhrr nearly killed him, and I sent McQuhrr to the guardhouse for striking his superior officer. But I called the sergeant down beautiful all the same and told him that if it ever happened again I'd have the stripes off him. Can't say that I blame McQuhrr for mauling him once in a while. McQuhrr is an old man and not such a bad kind either, but he drinks like a fish."

That is absolutely all that the officers in the garrison knew of McQuhrr. The men knew very little more. But in the long cold winter months this old soldier was not as dissolute as it seemed. He appeared to his comrades. Every evening that he was not marked for duty he would leave the merry group that always gathered around the big, red-hot stove in the company room of the barracks, where the men read the papers and played cards and told stories. Upstairs he would go to the window beside his bunk. No one was ever there and McQuhrr had the great, silent sleeping room all to himself. He would sit on the side of his bunk and fill his pipe slowly and then light it with huge puffs like an engine starting a heavy train on slippery rails. But when he got it well lighted he would puff away very gently, only little puffs like a quivering now and then. Without anyone knowing it Private McQuhrr went back over a great many miles of frozen prairie and tossing seas to the braes of his old bonny Scotland. The old fellow had a memory. If you could have seen the sweet girl face that looked out from a leather case that he sometimes opened here alone you would also know that he had a touch of romanticism in his make-up.

It is hard to say how long it came before the eyes of this battered old soldier. Perhaps he wandered among the whitewashed cottages of some highland village, or looked out upon the Firth from some crag along the rocky shore. Or he would be seen picking his way through purple woods with gray mist reaching out to meet the shadows on all sides. Sometimes McQuhrr relapsed into the Scotch dialect when excited, perhaps he talked in it now, gently to himself. All anyone looking out from the barracks window could see was a long stretch of snow-covered prairie and the brown woods that bordered it a mile away in front, and the yellow sides and roofs of the officers' houses to the west. But here McQuhrr used to sit and watch the smoke being whirled from the long row of officers' chimneys like white plumes floating on the wind. About 5 o'clock would come the smoke turning the sky and prairie into flame. The smoke sounded "retreat" and a detail of the guard fired the sundown salute and lowered the flag. Out on the long "plains" the companies lined up and stood "attention" until the flag reached the ground. Then the men again went in to their cards or papers, and Private McQuhrr to his lonely seat on the edge of his bunk beside the window. McQuhrr would again fill his pipe and this time, knowing that the men never came upstairs at this hour, he would set the picture of the girl up before him on the window sill. She was a pretty girl, and although McQuhrr had probably never seen her enter a ballroom in a gown of yellow satin with overdress of white Paris muslin, he no doubt considered her the most beautiful girl in the world. Here he would sit and smoke in silence, while outside the sun turned things red and gold. The someone would come to the steps and shout:

"Dinner: fall in for dinner."

McQuhrr would then go down to the big dining room and eat his dinner. But you could have found him again one hour later at the upstairs window with his pipe.

the river bank. Then while the eyes of the guard were still on them two of them dashed for the shelter of the willows and cottonwood that grew along the bank. The other four prisoners scattered and laid down in the long grass. McQuhrr stood perfectly still. He was too old a soldier to do anything rash, and besides he had no wish to escape. The two men had entirely disappeared when the guard jumped to his feet and fired his rifle. Three times he fired, and when the smoke cleared away there was nothing before his eyes but a high field of yellow grass.

"When the officer of the day and a detail of the guard reached the spot they found the four men crouching in the grass. They also found McQuhrr. He was lying on his face with a bullet hole in his chest and the opening between his shoulders, where he had come out. They carried him to the guardhouse for some reason instead of to the hospital, and he was still unconscious when the surgeon arrived.

"There's nothing I can do for him," said the doctor. "He can't live an hour."

"Couldn't we get him out of here?" asked Lieut. Winslow, who had come over as soon as he found out it was one of his men. "It seems a shame to let the old fellow die in a place like this."

"Oh," said the surgeon, a little impatiently, "is that your reason?" Then he added quite impassively, "I think we'll just let him remain where he is."

Winslow was young and impulsive; the surgeon had seen 50 years of service.

A few minutes later McQuhrr opened his eyes and tried to speak. "What is it, McQuhrr?" asked Winslow, bending over him. "Could you raise my head a bit, sir?" he said.

The officer raised his head, and McQuhrr ran his hand into his breast pocket and took out the picture in the leather case.

"The face was completely demolished by the bullet," said Winslow, when telling me of it, "but I don't think he knew it, because he didn't know me when I spoke to him again." However McQuhrr clasped it in his hand and leaned back and said softly, "Oh, but she was a bonny lassie."

He turned his face wearily to the barred window and looked dreamily out upon the sunset prairie.

My air went lissie."

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1900.

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MAKING PRETTY GEMS BY CHEMICAL MEANS

A New Industry Which Is Doing Wonders in the Jewelry Trade.

"A new industry has grown up in this country in the last few years," a downtown jeweler told a New York reporter. "It is the treatment and setting of crystals and minerals partly as imitations of real precious stones and partly as art objects and ornaments which do not exist in nature."

There is, in fact, a new chemical process, the success of its products can hardly be realized by anyone outside the jewelry trade.

"Chemistry plays an important part in the jewelry trade," says a chemist who has studied this phase of mineralogy. "It is made by boiling chalcocite, which is merely a species of quartz, in honey, then in a solution of chromate of lead, and finally baking it in hydrochloric acid kept at a moderate heat for a few days."

"In the same way deep red carnelians are produced by skillfully burning the pale or dull chalcocite. Black agate, popular for mourning jewelry is made by similar methods."

"Agate columns and stripes are obtained by boiling chalcocite in such solutions as blood and water, sugar and water, and so on. The result is a beautiful, popular for mourning jewelry is made by similar methods."

"In fact, chemistry applied to comparatively cheap minerals and skillful treatment of them have made it possible for people far from wealthy to possess expensive imitations of jewels which themselves are almost priceless."

Australian Sheep Farms.

The sheep farms of Australia are so great that the world has never seen anything like them before. There was a time when Abraham and Lot had to separate to get new grazing grounds. It is written that King Solomon sacrificed 120,000 sheep when he dedicated his temple. The king of the Arabs, King of Naab, gave Jehoram, King of Israel 100,000 lambs as tribute. The pastoral magnates of those days must have had large farms, but there are farms in Australia as big as all Palestine put together.

There are sheep stations one hundred miles long. These big stations are actual farms. The land is divided into great fields, or paddocks, fenced with smooth wire except along the road, where barbed wire is used. The average paddock contains 800 acres, but there are many which are larger. Some contain several thousand acres, and single paddocks have from 2,000 to 20,000 sheep. Out of the millions of sheep owned in New South Wales the greater number are kept on the big paddocks. There are thousands of miles of wire netting put up as fences to keep out rabbits, the station buildings and a wagon book representing an enormous sum. The rates of wool are an upward tendency, and the rations are on a liberal scale, necessitating food supplies in considerable quantities.

What Schoolboys Read.

Does the schoolboy of to-day know anything of Longfellow, Holmes, Whittier, James Russell Lowell, Fitz-Greene Halleck, whose poems his father, or even his elder brother, can still recite? Asks Harpers Weekly. He is such a superior young person that he hesitates to question him as to what he really knows and what he has put behind him as belonging to a past age. One often wonders whether he has abandoned the habit of reading everything except the current periodicals and popular novels. If the works just mentioned and others of their day have been laid on the shelf, so far as education purposes are concerned, who are their successors? The modern school education is unquestionably a great advancement over the old, even twenty years ago, yet it is not possible that in some ways its attitude is a trifle too iconoclastic? Conservatism and clinging to traditions are in their way excellent habits for a commercial people, and we should be sorry to see the boy of to-day grow up entirely ignorant of all those things which make fragrant the memories of our own school days.

Many thousands of requests have reached Washington from all parts of the country for copies of Senator Hearst's speech criticising the administration policy in the Philippines. The requests represent all shades of political opinion. Immediately after the speech was delivered and for two weeks thereafter the average number of requests received was 100 per day, a record-breaking popularity.

PAVEMENTS OF HUMAN SKULLS.

Tombs and Coffin Lids Used As Footways.

Gruesome, Costly or Odd Material Which Have Been Used for Paving Purposes.

Streets paved with glass are not by any means unknown. The famous Rue de la Republique at Lyons is a notable example. Here the pavement is laid in glass blocks, 8 inches square, which are so symmetrically fitted together as to prevent the possibility of water passing between the interstices. Compressed glass has been used in the construction of a Philadelphia street with, it is said, admirable results; and not long since a scheme for employing compressed paper for a like purpose was mooted in Russia.

An Italian nobleman has lately had the courtyard of his palace paved with slabs of marble, granite and other stone, every one of which has been brought from a different land, Europe, Asia, Africa, America and Australia, have all supplied materials for this curious pavement, which is composed of over 500 pieces, each engraved with the name of the country or state from which it came.

On the occasion of his accession to the throne of Bavaria, Maximilian Emanuel had one of the roads leading to his palace paved with plates of burnished copper, which, gleaming in the sun, was a very fine sight. The emperor's intention to proceed in royal pomp, but his purpose was unfortunately frustrated by a gang of robbers who, on the night of the 15th, broke through the gates and carried off much of the valuable paving.

Louis XIV. had one of the courts of his palace paved with plates of silver, each of which was engraved with some triumph to the French arms. These surrounded a large tablet of gold, in the center of which the sun—the monarch's favorite emblem—was represented by a dazzling blaze of costly gems. Another court of this most sumptuous dwelling was paved with slabs of jasper, agate and other rare stones.

For the love of his youth, Louise de la Valliere, the same ruler, caused to be constructed a lodge whereof the floor was paved with glass mirrors, painted with an allegory representing the fervor and durability of his love. Passing from the gorgeous to the fantastic, we may mention the strange fancy of a rich Berlin tradesman, who had the walks of the garden that was attached to his country villa laid down with a number of coffin lids, which he had been a considerable time and expense to collect. They were of all ages and conditions, from the most elaborate metal work designed for the nobles or princes, to the plainest of the poorest, and subsequently were the most valuable to a local museum.

Tombs and coffin lids are not infrequently employed in different parts of Nottinghamshire, Derbyshire, Lincolnshire, and Leicestershire for the purpose of paving, and a year or so ago the inhabitants of the Vale of Belvoir raised a vehement protest against their being used for a pathway leading to the village church. The local authorities, however, endeavored to excuse themselves on the ground that they had plenty of old gravestones on hand, which, if utilized, would assuredly save the expense of new paving.

Even more gruesome, however, is the pavement at Gwandu, Africa, in the making of which over 12,000 human skulls are said to have been employed. The skulls, which are said to be girdled by a ring of lofty poles, on the summit of every one of which is placed a skull, while each of the six gates is laid to a pavement of skulls, which from constant friction gleams like a way of polished ivory.

When the King Was a Prince.

When he was travelling in America, King Edward VII., then Prince of Wales, realized that he must encounter some of the rascals who prey upon the habits of the Vale of Belvoir raised a vehement protest against their being used for a pathway leading to the village church. The local authorities, however, endeavored to excuse themselves on the ground that they had plenty of old gravestones on hand, which, if utilized, would assuredly save the expense of new paving.

The Risk of Ballooning.

Considering the risks aeronauts necessarily take every time they make an ascent the science of sport or trade for a variety of all three is extraordinarily free from fatal accidents. Mr. Charles Green, who made over 600 trips, died at the age of 84, in 1870. Twenty years later Mr. Eugene Goddard, who had made quite 3,000 ascents, died in his bed. On the other hand, among British balloonists, Capt. Dale was killed before he had completed 200, and Capt. Pellan also, in 1892, met his death in his hundred and fifteenth ascent. Mr. Percival Spencer, our most noted living English aeronaut, has probably beaten all these records, and has in addition, made parachute descents on all the continents, and on most of the seas surrounding them.

Pilipino Boy's Kites.

Just now as we came in off the street we saw a Filipino boy, about 8 years old, with a feather for a kite, flying a kite. The kite was not more than two inches long and an inch wide at the flaring end. He had threaded it to it in two places. Of course, the feather did not fly much, but the boy carried himself with it for more than five minutes that we watched him. There were no other children about, and he never said a word. Never complained when it did not fly, or expressed any exclamations of joy when it did. These Filipino boys will fly most anything. A leaf out of a book, a leaf of a tree, a piece of newspaper, a beetle, or a bee—a locust or a bird. For making and flying graceful, artistic and bird-like kites, our home boys are simply not in it with the Filipino boys. Their best flying kites reach a great height, and the way they sail about in the air, one would have to observe closely to not mistake them for a large bird. It is not unusual to see several of the kites in the same locality, and they resemble soaring hawks looking for prey.

"All coons look alike to me!"
As do most teas, but none taste like
Blue Ribbon Ceylon.
Put up Black Mixed & Ceylon Green

THE REVERIE OF A FALLING MAN

What Anderson Was Thinking of During a 100 Foot-Drop.

Had Both Thighs and a Leg Broken But Will Be All Right Again.

[St. Paul Pioneer Press.]
John Anderson, the former naval jackie, who, while painting ironwork beneath the high bridge a month ago, was severely injured by a fall, is rapidly recovering at the city hospital. Both his thigh bones were broken, his left leg fractured near the ankle, a portion of bone was torn from his right hip, and he was wounded about the crown of his head. But he will not be permanently maimed or disfigured.

On the afternoon of May 20 he was swinging happily, like a bird on a twig within "sling," six feet below the roadway of the high bridge, and about 100 feet above the Mississippi River. The seat of a swing is a short piece of plank, it is attached at each end to ropes, which, passing through a block, return to the swing's single rope. By lengthening or shortening this rope the man in the sling can lower or elevate himself.

"I was hanging close to one of the steel rods," said he, yesterday, "a rod that I was painting. My rope was good and fast. I had no warning of any danger, when the sky and the clouds, and the bottom of the bridge in the middle of it all, dashed past my eyes and the air whistled in my ears like a typhoon on the China seas. I knew I was going down head first. No, I wasn't frightened. I said to myself, 'Now, I'll strike the river before long, and if I tried to swim this way I'll hit the water head first, which will be just as good as diving; and being a good swimmer I can easily get ashore. I wondered, too, if I'd be caught in the paintbrush down. Funny, what little things a fellow will think about at these times, instead of worrying about his own neck."

"But about sixty feet down—I didn't measure the distance then—I struck one of the cross-roads a slanting blow with my head. But my legs, sort of huddled up as I fell, probably came down full force against the rod. I could hear the bones crack. They made quite a loud noise, like a percussion cap. Still, I felt like a porcupine. Well, it's your last cruise, for sure, and things got black before me. I guess I fainted."

"But the cold water brought me to. I bobbed up as natural as a harbor buoy. I soon opened my eyes, and I suppose I smiled. I thought, just as if I was somebody else, you, mate, you, mate, die this watch, did you? I know I felt awful good about it. But soon as I made my first kick, or rather, made it, I found that both my legs were hanging as heavy and dead as shot in a cannon. They didn't pain me, they just hung. And when I found I couldn't swim I felt my gun was spiked for sure. But just as I heard a crowd up on the bank, a bridge holding 'Good boy, sailor! You're all right! Keep it up! Boat's coming! Boat's coming!' I did a magnificent and hearty, 'let me tell you. And so I kept a-paddling until a man reached me, a boat fifteen minutes after I dropped down."

"I was pretty nearly done up. I knew how my legs would hurt me if I tried to pull me over the gunwale of the boat, and I tried to make him tow me alongside. But he couldn't manage that, and he'd haul me in, though I did a mighty tough experience. I didn't faint again, and after I was once in the hospital began to feel quite comfortable. I've had very little pain; they take such fine care of patients here."

GEOGRAPHY OF THE BRAIN OF A HUMAN

Tests to Discover Control of Limbs and Muscles.

Eminent surgeons have long endeavored to find out exactly what part of the brain control the various muscles and limbs of the body, with a view to ascertaining therefrom new ways of treating diseases of the nervous system. Knowledge of such control is especially such as cause interruption of the muscular action, may have reason to believe that the human brain, as a series of privately conducted experiments to demonstrate new facts about the brain.

Though the scientific partnership was fatal to the apes, they lived admired, and died universally respected, and their photographs will be handed down in medical history. Studies of the brains of the higher apes have shown that their composition was sufficiently like that of a man to justify the belief that investigations made on these brutes would furnish knowledge about the human brain. To understand the experiments thoroughly, it is well to remember that the brain may be roughly divided into two great portions—the frontal and the occipital—what are separated by the fissure of Rolando. This fissure extends across the top of the human head and down on each side at about the region of the temples.

All that part of the brain which lies in front of it—that is, the brain that is over the eyes and fills out the frontal region of the head—is known as the frontal lobe. It has been found, does almost all the work of ordering and controlling the motion of the body, and the exercise of its various physical functions. It is the great central telephone exchange, or, to use another electrical term, the great power house where the subtle, intangible fluid of thought is converted into a tangible working force, and thence transmitted at varying pressures along the feed wires of nerves to the various engines of the heart, arms, legs, eyes, mouth, nose and other organs.

For Leather Chairs.

The following polish improves leather chairs wonderfully: Boil half a pint of linseed oil. Let stand till nearly cold and then stir in half a pint of vinegar. Stir till thoroughly mixed and bottle for use. When needed, shake the bottle well, pour a very little on a soft flannel, rub thoroughly into the leather, turning the flannel as it gets dirty, and rub with soft dusters till the polish of the leather is restored.

Theory of a Sixth Sense.

Dr. Javal, of the French Academy of Medicine, who is sightless, denies that nature compensates blindness by increasing sensibility of touch and hearing, but contends that when a

person is blind an extra development takes place in a sixth sense, which is latent in all persons. This sense, which has been called the sense of obstacles, acts by the perception of certain warm and indefinite vibrations. The seat of the sense is believed to be placed in the forehead.

International Bird Protection.

An international agreement for the protection of birds useful to agriculture was concluded in Paris this spring. The parties to the agreement are Belgium, France, Greece, Austria, Portugal, Sweden, Switzerland and Spain, and a few smaller states. All birds useful to agriculture are to enjoy unconditional protection, and the destruction of these birds or of their nests and eggs is prohibited. Certain other birds are named as mischievous. Sporting rights are protected. Italy, a country in which the capture of northward-bound birds is a regular trade, does not appear as of the treaty signers.

Languid Japanese Lady.

In a recent address in Tokyo a prominent Japanese educator said: "The incidence of Japanese ladies is something amazing. I know a daughter of a certain peer, neither an old court nor a feudal peer, but a brand new one, and this young lady's indolence is really beyond the idea of ordinary mortals. She will not even open her mouth of herself. As soon as the time to retire to her bed arrives she issues her order, 'Now I will retire,' and at once three or four maids spread the underclothes, help her—rather make her, for she simply stands like a doll—to change her clothes, and at last the girl, swaddled in her night garment, is put to bed just like a person suffering from a serious illness, and so the poor thing goes to sleep and releases her maids from their trouble till the morning, when the daily routine is resumed. First of all she issues to the maids waiting in her anteroom this extraordinary order, 'I shall get up now,' and then the process exactly the reverse of that of the night before is forthwith commenced by the girls. Day after day this routine is gone through and the spoiled child of the proud upstart peer forces herself from her mistaken notion as to dignity to lead the life of an invalid and to cripple the normal development of her body."

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