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When I say Cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time, and then have them return again. I MEAN A RADICAL CURE. I have made the disease of Fits, Epilepsy or Falling Sickness a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to Cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my Infallible Remedy. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and it will cure you. Address:—H. G. ROOT, M.D., Branch Office, 186 WEST ADELAIDE STREET, TORONTO.

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PROFESSOR SEYMOUR, CHIROPODIST.
CORNS, Callouses, Bunions, Warts, Chilblains, Ingrown Nails treated without pain. Proprietor of the Corn, Wart and Bunion Cure. My Methods are infallible.
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B. B. B.

Burdock Blood Bitters

Is a purely vegetable compound, possessing perfect regulating powers over all the organs of the system, and controlling their secretions. It so purifies the blood that it

CURES

All blood humors and diseases, from a common pimple to the worst scrofulous sore, and this combined with its unrivalled regulating, cleansing and purifying influence on the secretions of the liver, kidneys, bowels and skin, render it unequalled as a cure for all diseases of the

SKIN

From one to two bottles will cure boils, pimples, blotches, nettle rash, scurf, tetter, and all the simple forms of skin disease. From two to four bottles will cure salt rheum or eczema, shingles, erysipelas, ulcers, abscesses, running sores, and all skin eruptions. It is noticeable that sufferers from skin

DISEASES

Are nearly always aggravated by intolerable itching, but this quickly subsides on the removal of the disease by B.B.B. Passing on to graver yet prevalent diseases, such as scrofulous swellings, humors and

SCROFULA

We have undoubted proof that from three to six bottles used internally and by outward application (diluted if the skin is broken) to the affected parts, will effect a cure. The great mission of B. B. B. is to regulate the liver, kidneys, bowels and blood, to correct acidity and wrong action of the stomach, and to open the sluice-ways of the system to carry off all clogged and impure secretions, allowing nature thus to aid recovery and remove without fail

BAD BLOOD

Liver complaint, biliousness, dyspepsia, sick headache, dropsy, rheumatism, and every species of disease arising from disordered liver, kidneys, stomach, bowels and blood. We guarantee every bottle of B. B. B. Should any person be dissatisfied after using the *first* bottle, we will refund the money on application personally or by letter. We will also be glad to send testimonials and information proving the effects of B. B. B. in the above named diseases, on application to T. MILBURN & CO., Toronto, Ont.

NOTICE.

WEIGHTS AND MEASURES.

Traders, Manufacturers and owners of Weights, Measures and Weighing Machines generally are specially requested to read carefully the following instructions and act accordingly:

1. The Weights and Measures Act provides for a regular biennial inspection of all Weights and Measures used for trade purposes, as well as for irregular inspections of the same, which may be made at any time when deemed necessary by the inspector, and it also imposes a heavy penalty on any trader or other person who wilfully obstructs or impedes an inspector or assistant inspector in the performance of his duty under said Act, or who refuses to produce the whole of his weights and measures for inspection when called upon to do so by an inspecting officer.

2. Every trader, manufacturer and owner of weights, measures, and weighing machines when paying moneys to Inspectors or Assistant Inspectors of Weights and Measures for verification fees, is entitled to, and is specially requested to demand from the officer who makes the inspection, an official certificate ("Form O, 6" with the words "Original for the Trader" printed at the head thereof) properly filled out and stamped, and also at the same time to carefully ascertain whether or not the stamps attached to such certificate represent exactly the value the amount of cash paid. Traders are requested to bear in mind that certificates of verification are of no value whatever unless stamps covering the full amount of fees charged are attached.

3. Owners and holders of these official certificates are specially requested to keep them carefully for two years, and in order to secure their safe keeping it would be advisable to placard them in their places of business in the manner in which ordinary license certificates are done, for it must be distinctly understood that all traders who are unable to produce their properly stamped certificates, when asked to do so by an inspector or assistant inspector, may, in all probability, have to pay over again their verification fees.

E. MIALL, Commissioner.

OLD MINE SYDNEY.

I am selling OLD MINE SYDNEY COAL, screened free of slack at $6.00 per Chaldron ALSO LANDING, and for sale very low, 200 tons NUT COAL, 50 tons CHESTNUT. For sale by
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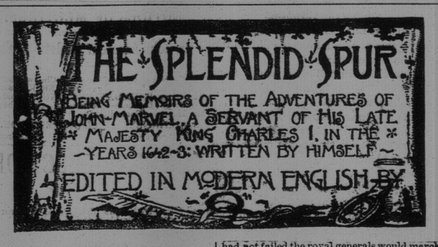

SYNOPSIS.

The story is laid in the days preceding the downfall of Charles I. of England. Jack Marvel is intrusted with the King's letter by a guardsman, Master Anthony Killigrew, who has been murdered by a bully and outlaw, Luke Settle. He leaves Oxford on his journey, and gets safely outside the gates. Meets on his journey Sir Deakin Killigrew, father of the murdered man, and his daughter Delia. They have violent experiences with robbers and Sir Deakin dies. Jack Marvel and Delia decide to continue their journey together. Marvel is taken prisoner, but escapes. He and Delia are received aboard a Royalist ship. They arrive on the Cornish coast, and again meet with Settle and his band. Delia is seized, and Jack springs upon his old horse Molly. Molly carries Jack safely down into Temple. Just as he is sinking from fatigue and loss of blood Joan of Tor comes to his rescue.

CHAPTER XII.

HOW JOAN SAVED THE ARMY OF THE WEST.

But the pain of my hurt followed into my dreams. I woke with a start, and tried to sit up.

Within the kitchen all was quiet. The old savage was still stretched on the floor; the cat curled upon the hearth. The girl had not stirred; but, looking towards the window hole, I saw night outside, and a frosty star sparkling far down in the west.

"Joan, what's the hour?"

"Sun's been down these four hours." She turned her face to look at me.

"I've no business lying here."

"Chose to come, lad; none axed thee, that I knows by."

"Where's the mare? Must set me across her back, Joan, and let me ride off."

"Mare's in stable, wi' fetlocks swelled like puddens. Chose to come, lad; an' choose or no, must bide."

"'Tis for the General Hopton, at Bodmin, I am bound, Joan; and wound or no, must win there this night."

"And that's seven mile away; wi' a bullet in thy skull, and a peat quag thy burial. For they went south, and thy road lieth more south than west."

"The troopers?"

"Ay, Jack; an' work I had this day wi' those same bloody warriors; but take a sup at the keg, and bite this manchet of oatcake while I tell thee."

And so, having fed me, and set my bed straight, she sat on the floor beside me (for the better hearing), and in her uncouth tongue told how I had been saved. I cannot write her language; but the tale, in sum, was this:

When I dropped forward into her arms, Joan for a moment was taken aback, thinking me dead. But (to quote her) "'no good,' said I, 'in cuddlin' a lad 'pon the hillside, for folks to see, though he have a-got curls like a wench; an' dead or 'live, no use to wait for others to make sure.'"

So she lifted and carried me to a spot hard by that she called the "Jew's Kitchen;" and where that was, even with such bearings as I had, she defied me to discover. There was no time to tend me, whilst Molly stood near to show my whereabouts; so she let me lie, and went to lead the sorrel down to stable.

Her hand was on the bridle when she heard a whoop! up the road, and there were half a dozen riders on the crest, and tearing down hill towards her. Joan had nothing left but to feign coolness, and went on leading the mare down the slope.

In a while up comes the foremost trooper, draws rein, and pants out, "Where's he to?"

"Who?" asks Joan, making out to be surprised.

"Why, the lad whose mare thou'rt leadin'!"

"Mile an' half away by now."

"How's that?"

"Freshly horsed," explains Joan.

The troopers—they were all around her by this—swore 'twas a lie, but luckily, being down in the hollow, could not see over the next ridge. They began a string of questions all together, but at last a little tun bellied sergeant called "Silence!" and asked the girl, "did she loan the fellow a horse?"

Here I will quote her again:

"'Sir, to thee,' I answered, 'no Loan at all, but fair swap for our Gray Robin.'

"'That's a lie,' he says; 'an' I won't believe thee.'

"'Might so well,' says I; 'but go to the stable an' see for thyself.' (Never had gray horse to my name, Jack; but, thinks I, that's him lookout.)"

They went, did these simple troopers, to look at the stable, and, sure enough, there was no Gray Robin. Nevertheless, some amongst them had logic enough to take this as something less than proof convincing, and spent three hours and more ransacking the house and barn, and searching the tor and the moors below it. I learned, too, that Joan had come in for some rough talk—to which she put a stop, as she told me, by offering to fight any man Jack of them for the buttons on his buff coat. And at length, about sundown, they gave up the hunt, and rode away over the moors toward Warleggan, having (as the girl heard them say) to be at Braddock before night.

"Where is this Braddock?"

"Nigh to Lord Mohun's house at Boconnoc; seven mile away to the south, and seven mile or so from Bodmin, as a crow flies."

"Then I must," cried I; and thereupon I broke out with all the trouble that was on my mind, and the instant need to save these gallant gentlemen of Cornwall, ere two armies should combine against them. I told of my errand, and how, in my breast pocket, I found the Lord Stamford's men at Launceston; how that Ruthen with the vanguard of the rebels, was now at Liskeard, with but a bare day's march between the two, and none but I to carry the warning. And, "Oh, Joan!" I cried, "my comrade I left upon the road. Brighter courage and truer heart never man proved, and yet left by me in the rebels' hands. Alas! that I could neither save nor help, but must still ride onward here to the issue—to lie struck down within ten mile of my goal—I, that have traveled two hundred. And if the Cornishmen be not warned to give fight before Lord Stamford comes up, all's lost. Even now they be outnumbered. So life me, Joan, and set me astride Molly, and I'll win to Bodmin yet."

"Reckon, Jack, thou'd best hand me thy letter."

Now, I did not at once catch the intent of these words, so simply spoken; but stared at her like an owl.

"There's horse in stall, lad," she went on, "though no Gray Robin. Tearaway's the name and strawberry the color."

"But, Joan, Joan, if you do this—feel inside my coat here, to the left—you will save an army, girl; may be a throne! Here 'tis, Joan, see—no, not that—here! Say the seal is that of the governor of Bristol, who stole it from me for a while; but the handwriting will be known for the king's, and no hand but yours must touch it before you stand before Sir Ralph Hopton. The king shall thank you, Joan, and God will. What say you for't."

"Hope so, I'm sure. But larn me what to say, lad, for I be main thick witted."

So I told her the message over and over, till she had it by heart.

"Sha'n't forgit now," she said at length; "an' so hearken to me for a change. Bide still, nor fret thysel'. Here's pasty an' oat cake, an' a keg o' water that I'll stow beside thee. Pay no heed to feyther, an' if he wills to get drunk an' fight wi' Jan Tergagle—that's the cat—why, let'n. Drunk or sober, he's no 'count."

She hid the letter in her bosom and stepped to the door. On the threshold she turned.

"Yack, forgot to ax; what be all this bloodshed about?"

"For church and king, Joan."

"H'm; same knowledge ha' I, o' both—an' that's nought. But I dearly loves fair play."

She was gone. In a minute or so I heard the trampling of a horse; and then, with a scurry of hoofs, Joan was off on the king's errand, and riding into the darkness.

Little rest had I that night, but lay awake on my bracken bed and watched the burning peat turves turn to gray, and drop, flake by flake, till only a glowing point remained. The door rattled now and then on the hinge; out on the moor the light winds kept a noise persistent as town dogs at midnight; and all the while my wound was stabbing, and the bracken pricking me till I groaned aloud.

A day began to break the old man picked himself up, yawned and lounged out, returning after a time with fresh turves for the hearth. He noticed me no more than a stone, but, when the fire was re-stacked, drew up his chair to the warmth and breakfasted on oat cake and a liberal deal of liquor. Observing him, the black cat uncoiled, stretched himself, and climbing to his master's knee sat there purring and the best of friends. I also judged it time to breakfast; found my store; took a bite or two and a pull at the keg and lay back—this time to sleep.

When I woke 'twas high noon. The door stood open, and outside on the wall the winter sunshine was lying very bright and clear. Indoors, the old savage had been drinking steadily, and still sat before the fire with the cat on one knee and his keg on the other. I sat up and strained my ears. Surely if Joan had not failed the royal generals would march out and give battle at once; and surely, if they were fighting, not ten miles away, some sound of it would reach me. But beyond the purring of the cat I heard nothing.

I crawled to my feet, rested a moment, to stay the giddiness, and tottered across to the door, where I leaned, listening and gazing south. No strip of vapor lay on the moors that stretched—all bathed in the most wonderful bright colors—to the lip of the horizon. The air was like a sounding board. I heard the bleat of an old wether a mile off upon the tors, and was turning away dejected, when, far down in the south, there ran a sound that set my heart leaping.

'Twas the crackling of musketry.

There was no mistaking it. The noise ran like wildfire along the hills; before the echo could overtake it a low rumbling followed, and then the brisker crackling again. I caught at the door post and cried, faint with the sudden joy:

"Thou angel, Joan!—thou angel!"

And then, as something took me by the throat—"Joan, Joan—to see what thou seest!"

A long time I leaned by the door post there, drinking in the sound that now was renewed at quicker intervals. Yet, for as far as I could see, 'twas the peacefulest scene, though dreary—quiet sunshine on the hills, and the sheep dotted here and there, cropping. But down yonder, over the edge of the moors, men were fighting and murdering each other, and I yearned to see how the day went.

Being both weak and loath to miss a sound of it, I sank down on the threshold, and there lay with my eyes turned southward through a gap in the stone fence. In a while the musketry died away and I wondered, but thought I could still at times mark a low sound as of men shouting, and this, as I learned after, was the true battle.

It must have been an hour or more before I saw a number of black specks coming over the ridge of hills and swarming down into the plain towards me, and then a denser body following. 'Twas a company of horse moving at a great pace, and I guessed that the battle was done and these were the first fugitives of the beaten army.

'Twas, maybe, an hour after that a man came in through the gap; a lean, hawk eyed man, with a pinched face and two ugly gashes—one across the brow from left eye to the roots of his hair; the other in his leg below the knee, that had sliced through boot and flesh like a scythe cut. His face was smeared with blood and he carried a musket.

"Water!" he barked out as he came trailing into the yard. "Give me water—I'm a dead man!"

He was stepping over me to enter the kitchen, when he halted and said:

"Art a malignant, for certain?"

And before I had a chance to reply his musket was swung up, and I felt my time was come to die.

But now the old savage, that had been sitting all day before his fire, without so much as a sign to show if he noticed aught that was passing, jumped up with a yell and leaped towards us. He and the cat were on the poor wretch together, tearing and clawing. I can hear them at it still, some nights of the day; but the moment they turned me faint. And the next thing I recall is being dragged inside by the old man, who shut the door after me and slipped the bolt, leaving the wounded trooper on the other side. He beat against it for some time, sobbing piteously for water, and then I heard him groan at intervals till he died. At least, the groans ceased, and the next day he was found with his back against the cottage wall, stark and dead.

Having pulled me inside, Joan's father must have thought he had done enough, for on the floor I lay for hours and passed from one swoon to another. He and the cat had gone back to the fire again, and long before evening both were sound asleep.

So there I lay helpless, till, at nightfall, there came the trampling of a horse outside, and then a rap on the door. The old man started up and opened it; and in rushed Joan, her eyes lit up, her breast heaving, and in her hand a naked sword.

"Church and King, Jack!" she cried, and flung the blade with a clang on the table. "Church and King! O brave day's work, lad—O bloody work this day!"

And I swooned again.

CHAPTER XIII.

I MEET WITH MR. HANNIBAL TINGCOMB.

"There had, indeed, been brave work on Braddock Down that 19th of January. For Sir Ralph Hopton with the Cornish grandees had made short business of Ruthen's army—driving it headlong back on Liskeard at the first charge, chasing it through that town, and taking 1,300 prisoners (including Sir Shilston Calmady), together with many colors, all the rebel ordnance and ammunition, and most of their arms.

At Liskeard, after refreshing their men, and holding next day a solemn thanksgiving to God, they divided—the Lord Mohun with Sir Ralph Hopton and Col. Godolphin marching with the greater part of the army upon Saltash, whither Ruthen had fled and was intrenching himself; while Sir John Berkeley and Col. Ashburnham, with a small party of horse and dragoons and the voluntary regiments of Sir Bevill Grenville, Sir Nich. Slanning, and Col. Trevanion, turned to the northeast, toward Launceston and Tavistock, to see what account they might render of the Earl of Stamford's army; that, however, had no stomach to await them, but posted out of the county into Plymouth and Exeter.

'Twas on this expedition that two or three of the captains I have mentioned halted for an hour or more at Temple, as well to recognize Joan's extreme meritorious service, as to thank me for the part I had in bringing news of the Earl of Stamford's advance. For 'twas this, they owned, had saved them—the king's message being but an exhortation and an advertisement upon some lesser matters, the most of which were already taken out of human hands by the turn of events.

But though, as I learned, these gentlemen were full of compliments and professions of esteem, I neither saw nor heard them, being by this time delirious of a high fever that followed my wound. And not till three good weeks after was I recovered enough to leave my bed, nor, for many more, did my full strength return to me. No mother could ever made a tenderer nurse than was Joan throughout this time. 'Tis to her I owe it that I am alive to write these words; and if the tears scald my eyes as I do so, you will pardon them, I promise, before the end of my tale is reached.

In the first days of my recovery, news came to us (I forget how) that a solemn sacrament had been taken between the parties in Devon and Cornwall, and the country was at peace. Little I cared, at the time; but was content—now spring was come—to loiter about the tors, and, while watching John at her work, to think upon Delia. For, albeit I had little hope to see her again, my late pretty comrade held my thoughts the day long. I shared them with nobody; for though 'tis probable I had let some words fall in my delirium, Joan never hinted at this, and I never found out.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Burdock Blood Bitters is a medicine made from roots, barks and herbs, and is the best known remedy for dyspepsia, constipation and biliousness, and will cure all blood diseases from a common pimple to the worst scrofulous sore.

Josephine Jottings.

It is a privilege to recommend Hagyard's Yellow Oil. It is a sure cure for chapped hands, swellings, sore throat, croup, etc. MRS. GEO. WARD, Josephine P. O., Ont.

To cure croup, give 10 to 30 drops of Yellow Oil on sugar internally, and rub the throat and the chest with the Oil. I never fails.

A Trip to Manitoba.

Last year I went to Manitoba on the C. P. R. At Rat Portage I got sick, and at Winnipeg I was so weak I had to be assisted off the train. I got a bottle of Burdock Blood Bitters, and after the first dose felt better. When I got to Boissevain I was as well as ever. The Bitters cure the bad effects of the surface water of the prairies. DONALD MUNRO, BOLSOVER, Ont.

Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam loosens the phlegm, curing coughs, colds, hoarseness, croup, asthma, bronchitis and all affections of the throat and lungs.

Quick Relief for Headache.

Had suffered with headache, and tried everything I could think of without effect until I used Burdock Blood Bitters, which relieved me right away, and I am now remarkably well. ANNIE TORANGEAN, Glen Almond, Que.

One Little Piggie.

I owned a litter of pigs. They throve well until a month old, when their throats swelled, and spite of all remedies they died except one, which was nearly dead. Laughingly I said I would try Yellow Oil, and gave it a thorough application. He improved at once, and soon was all right. WILLIAM WINDSOR, Brindsley, Ont.

SOME WONDERFUL WELLS.

A TRIO THAT PRESENTS EXTRAORDINARY FEATURES.

Roarers, Blowers and Gushers—Wells from Which the Wind Whistles, and One Possessing Remarkable Electrical Properties.

Today's excursion among wonders and marvels shall be taken beneath the surface of the earth, in a description of the location and character of "wonderful wells."

The old time well, with its long "sweep" and single rope and bucket attached, or the more modern windlass, with its labor saving device of two buckets attached to a single rope, wound around a cylinder in such a manner as to let one bucket down while the other one is coming up, the same that was known to and so graphically described by the author of the "Old Oaken Bucket," or even the present wooden or iron pump, with its manifold attachments, are common objects in every small city and in the rural districts. It is not these, but others dug on similar plans, which it is proposed to describe under the above caption.

A BRITISH FREAK.

One of the most remarkable of the many wells, which the reader will be willing to dub as "wonderful" before he has finished this dissertation, is on the edge of the Bridlington harbor, in Yorkshire, England. This well was dug in the early part of the present century and was first described in a paper read by Dr. Storer to the Royal society. The bottom of the Bridlington harbor is composed of a gravelly, porous clay. In boring the well this stratum was penetrated and bored through its entire depth and into a bed of other and more solid clay below. A copper lining was provided and the sides of the well properly secured. When the first tide arose after the well was finished it flowed to within fifty inches of the mouth of the boring.

This was nothing singular within itself, it having regularly so flowed during the four weeks that work on the well was progressing; the well itself furnished the free show. Before the tide had reached within thirty yards of the well the water began flowing from the mouth and by the time it had reached its maximum height, was gushing out in torrents. The water from the well was perfectly fresh, although the sea water flowed to within less than five feet of its mouth. As the tide recedes the fountain gushes with less and less impetus until at last it ceases from view in the cavernous depths of the well, only to reappear and form a perfect fountain when the next tide flows.

THE SIERRA BLANCA ROARER.

An American wonder, similar in many respects to Johnny Bull's Yorkshire marvel, and which was fully described in the columns of the old Republican some three years ago, is the Sierra Blanca magnetic well on the Texas and Pacific railroad, in El Paso county, Texas. The well was drilled on the artesian plan in the spring and summer of 1884. Some little water was obtained and prospects were bright until a depth of over 600 feet had been reached, when the tools suddenly dropped into a cavern; the bottom had in reality "fallen out," and they were treated to a rush of cool—not water, but air. Correspondents by twos, by singles, by dozens and by scores visited it and telegraphed the results of their observations to the leading papers of the land. One of these, in speaking of the similarity of the ebb and flow of air to the same phenomena as exhibited in ocean tides, says:

"From 10:15 a. m. to 10:15 p. m. a current of air rushes out of the pipe with a sound resembling the [illegible] made by a locomotive blowing off steam, and so loud that it can be heard for forty or fifty yards. At 10:15 p. m. the overflow of air ceases and a strong suction sets in which lasts for the next twelve hours, this ebb and flow continuing day after day, and it has been observed by horsemen that whenever they get in the neighborhood of this well strong magnetic forces are felt and sparks given off if the horse's mane is touched."

THREW STONES.

Mr. Peter Taylor, of Sarnia, Ontario, was more fortunate than the Texas Pacific in getting something tangible from his roaring well, which was sunk some years since in the suburbs of the city above mentioned. The well, which had been drilled to a depth of about 150 feet before it developed abnormal propensities, was situated some 300 yards south of his house, which is one of the largest and finest in Sarnia.

As soon as the cavity had been penetrated the rush of air, which, by the way, was expelled with much greater force than that from the Sierra Blanca well, was accompanied by millions of pebbles and bushels of sticky yellow clay, the pebbles varying in size from about the bigness of a hickory nut up to some which were almost as large as a man's head, the latter weighing from eight to fifteen pounds. That these stones were expelled with great force may be guessed from the fact that they were thrown hundreds of feet high, many of them going entirely over the Taylor residence, which, as above mentioned, stood 300 yards north of the well.

During the time of this remarkable display there was a constant, ever increasing roar issuing from the bowels of the earth through the well, the smallness of which seemed slowly to check the pent up forces in the subterranean boiler and save the whole town from a coating of clay and a bombardment of rocks. It was about 4:30 o'clock in the afternoon when the first premonition of coming trouble was noticed in gurgling sounds proceeding from the well, and for about an hour and a half, or until 6 p. m., Taylor's home made geyser was the wonder of all that part of Canada able to get within hearing or to catch a glimpse of the cone shaped column of mud, stones and water that was being shot into the boreal atmosphere.—John W. Wright in St. Louis Republic.

A HAUNTED SPOT.

The Mysterious Spirit of Myrtle Pond in Georgia—The Story.

There is a lonely and sequestered spot in the woods around Brunswick, where no negro man, woman or child will dare be found.

In what is generally known as Fulton's pasture, near Dixville and facing the boulevard, is a pond of stagnant water, the surroundings of which are all suggestive of quiet and solitude. The surface of the pond is dotted with small clumps of sand, upon which a myrtle bush grows. The pond itself is about 500 yards in circumference, with an average depth of one and a half feet.

It is said that no negro will go near this pond at any hour of the day, and investigation has proven this statement to be true. Upon questioning one of these prejudiced darkies, a reporter learned the following cause for shunning it by the colored people.

Way back yonder in the early part of the year 1869, a young negro girl was sent by her mother to gather wood in the neighborhood of the pond and she never returned. Search was made for her, but nothing was found except her wide brimmed hat, which was found floating on the stagnant water. The community was aroused and turned out en masse to find the missing child. They failed to find her.

One dark night, about one year after this strange disappearance, a lone negro fisherman landed at the bluff, near where the boulevard bridge now stands, and gathering up his oars, oarlocks and the few fish he had been fortunate enough to catch, proceeded on his way home. It being considerably nearer for him to "cut" through these woods, he did so and had to pass directly by the pond in question. As he picked his way carefully through the underbrush, his keen sighted eyes peering eagerly through the darkness, a strange sound met his ears. It was the voice of a child, singing some weird and discordant notes of a well known plantation air. The fisherman paused and listened. It seemed as if the source of the song was drawing nearer. At last, almost paralyzed with fear, the old negro called out:

"Who's there?"

The song suddenly ceased and an answering voice was heard:

"The spirit of Myrtle pond."

So weird and unearthly was the answer that the old negro turned and ran in the direction from which he came, while the ghostly music was resumed.

The fisherman reached his cottage by a more roundabout way that night, and his family, in their humble cot, listened to his recital of the thrilling experience he had passed through. The story spread until it was general talk among the superstitious negroes, and not one dared approach the pond.—Atlanta Constitution.

Relations of the Senses.

Dr. Urbanschitsch, of Vienna, has for some time past been engaged in a series of experiments on the mutual action of the sense organs, and the results he has obtained are most curious. The senses of sight and hearing were shown by these experiments to be to some extent dependent on each other. Colored plates were placed at a distance where the colors could scarcely be distinguished, but on the production of various sounds the colors were more readily recognized, the colors becoming the more distinct the higher the pitch of the same. Printed matter could also be read in a dimly lighted room much better if the ears were simultaneously employed in receiving sounds than in complete silence. In like manner the activity of the eyes aid in the recognition of sounds. The ticking of a watch was found to be more easily heard in the light with the eyes open than in the dark with the eyes closed.

Various colors of light were found to vary in their effects upon the auditory organs, red producing strengthening and blue and green weakening them. In the case of taste and smell corresponding effects were observed. Light in general, and particularly red and green, heightens their sensitiveness, while blue and yellow, and still more darkness, reduce it. If a person is exposed to red or green light he can taste, not merely with the anterior edges of the tongue, but with its whole surface. There is a curious reciprocal action between the sense of touch and the heat sense, which, though they have not distinct organs, are certainly not identical. If the skin is tickled with a hair and the hand is then plunged into hot water the sensation ceases. If, on the other hand, any part of the body is tickled, and the hand or foot is thrust into cold water, the chilly feeling is intensified.—Boston Herald.

Wonderful.

An Englishman, traveling in Burmah, gives a laughable account of the astonishment with which the natives regarded his air pillow. The very ignorant, like the very wise, find plentiful occasion for wonder in what to people in general seem only commonplace objects and occurrences.

I began blowing up my air pillow. The Burman nearest my corner, who had been watching my preparations for bed with sleepy interest, sprang to life with a start as he saw the pillow increasing in bulk, and sat upright on his mat.

"Ahmay!"—"mother!" he exclaimed. "He Moung Gyee! Oo gyaw! Poh gine!"—"Hi, you fellows! Look here! Look here, all of you! Look at this!"

Slumberers were rapidly awakened by the noisy scrambling of the wakeful members of the party; and I was soon surrounded by a crowd of squatting figures.

Ko Chaik and his family, roused by the scramble and the loudly murmured "Ahmays!" as the pillow slowly swelled, glided quickly in, by twos and threes, and by the time I had screwed up the nozzle the entire household and all the visitors were among the audience.

"What's that for?" asked Moung Gyee, a little, wizened up man like a dried monkey.

"A pillow for the head," I replied.

"A wind bed bag," said Moung Daw, promptly, and his remark elicited a universal murmur of "Houkbah! houkbah!" which might be freely translated, "Ah yes; of course, of course."

The pillow was now gently taken from my knees and passed slowly from hand to hand, patted and pinched, squeezed, smelled, tasted and bumped on the floor.

Eyes were applied to the nozzle, but they could make little of that, and after the pillow had passed about the entire room, receiving as much criticism as a new fossil in the hands of a learned society, it was respectfully placed by Moung Daw at the top of the spread blankets, balanced on one end against the wall, where it continued to receive silent admiration.

"Show us how it is done," was the next demand.

I yawned widely, but unscrewed the top and returned the curiosity to Moung Daw, who forced out the air in the faces of his friends, to their great satisfaction.—Youth's Companion.

Uneasy.

"Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown." One wonders that the czar of Russia does not follow the example of Charles V., and free himself from a life of continual apprehension. Is the life worth living which must be sustained by such precautions as those narrated below? Yes, if thereby one serves his generation. London Truth says:

It was given out that he would be the guest of the German emperor at the Neue palace, Potsdam, and when all kinds of expensive preparations had been made there, he decided he would be safer in Berlin, and a large sum was expended in arranging for his reception at the Schloss.

Finally, only one day before the emperor arrived, Count Schouvaloff received a telegram from Copenhagen to intimate that his majesty would alight at the Russian embassy, and the message was quickly followed by the arrival of the imperial workmen, seven in number, who now go in advance of the emperor whenever and wherever he travels.

There are two carpenters, two masons, two locksmiths and a foreman. They most carefully examine the chimneys, locks, flooring, walls and furniture of the house which the emperor is to occupy, and his own apartments are subjected to a most rigorous search.

The chimneys are objects of special attention, and every flue which leads to a room which the emperor is likely to enter is thoroughly barred both top and bottom, and, as if these precautions were not sufficient, police agents from St. Petersburg patrol the roof both day and night.

The Troublesome Father-in-Law.

Among the Piutes it is always the father-in-law that makes the trouble. Every married Piute is always glad of a visit from his mother-in-law. He welcomes her with his broadest grin. The arrival of the mother-in-law gives him a double team, where before he had only one animal. He hails her appearance with delight, and piling a jackass load of wood upon her willing old back, sends her into town with his wife, similarly packed, to peddle out the fuel and bring back to him a supply of money for his favorite game of poker. The Piute father-in-law is no use as a wood packer, nor will he gather grass seeds or pine nuts.—Virginia City Enterprise.

The Act of a Friend.

Wittix—I did you a great favor while I was waiting for you.

Critix—Much obliged to you, old man. What was it?

Wittix—I cut the leaves of Gusher's book, which you slashed up so in your last review column.

Critix—Thanks, awfully. — Harper's Bazar.

Mr. and Mrs. Jefferson Davis.

The bearing of the old couple toward each other when the husband was nearly an octogenarian and the wife not far behind him was that of the old school. Mr. Davis was as deferential to his wife as if she were presiding at a tournament in the olden time. Mr. James Redpath once visited the Davis home at Beauvoir, and thus spoke of that home life:

"Mrs. Davis is several years younger than her husband, but does not fear to speak of herself as an 'old lady.' She is quite as noteworthy a personage as her husband—a woman of large brain and great heart, highly educated, of marvelous insight into character, with the rarest conversational powers, bright, brilliant, witty and sympathetic. Mr. and Mrs. Davis have been married forty years; but their honeymoon does not seem to have reached its first quarter yet, and certainly there has never been an eclipse in its history. It was delightful to be a witness of their mutual affection and to hear them address each other."

SHILOH'S CATARRH REMEDY—a positive cure for Catarrh, Diphtheria and Canker-mouth.

We notice by the Mohammadan Observer published at Calcutta, that G. W. Raymond, formerly of this town, has established a Roller Rink at that place. The paper describes a successful Carnival at the Rink, which was patronized by the nobility from the Viceroy down.—Woodstock Sent