

TOLD ABOUT ICEBERGS

COOL AND REFRESHING FOR THE HOT JULY DAYS.

The Mountains of Masses are Born Amid the Glacial Solitudes of the Far North—How They Drift to the South—Strange Lights on the Ocean in Summer.

The birth of an iceberg is the far North or South. As a glacier or ice river pushes its way into the ocean huge masses break away from the edges and float seaward. Currents carry the bergs sometimes for thousands of miles before warm climates eventually cause their disintegration. The forms assumed by the masses of ice are endless. A distinction between icebergs and floes or hummocks of ice as it is found in high latitudes is the fresh-water origin of the former.

These giants of the Arctic assume a thousand forms before they mix with the sea as a part thereof. Starting with a weight aggregating perhaps hundreds of millions of tons, the ice mountain melts rapidly under water. Undermined by the sea, it topples over, presenting fresh surfaces, these in turn to be replaced by others. Perpetual change is inevitable. At times a gothic cathedral is simulated again, with the sunset's warm glow, the surfaces may take to themselves a likeness to a tropic landscape.

Cascades will descend from the upper slopes, breaking into foamy spray as the stream meets with obstacles. Sailors in the Arctic make mental pictures as children do with passing clouds of these strange forms. If one with its familiar scenes may be imagined amidst the very abomination of desolation.

As to the size of the icebergs—well, one must be among them to appreciate their proportions. Sir John Ross observed one that was two and one-half miles long by two and one-half miles broad, and 150 feet high. The weight was estimated at 1,500,000,000 tons. This, however, was not an extraordinary berg. Sometimes they are observed towering to a height of 700 or 800 feet. As only one-ninth of the mass is above water and visible, it is seen that such bergs require plenty of depth as well as sea room for their movements.

The littleness of man's work as compared with that of the Creator is nowhere more apparent than when a ship—perhaps a great ocean liner—falls in with a fleet of these levathans of the ocean. The captain, observing a lowering of the temperature, otherwise not to be accounted for, causes his ship to be steered cautiously. The watch is cautioned. Perhaps a fog falls over the face of the deep. Then, groping slowly and painfully in the murky twilight, that even a searchlight will not pierce for any distance, the great boat keeps on her course. To lie to would be ineffectual, as the deep sunken berg has movements different from the drift of the vessel. Dimly is seen a vast white rising at the side of the vessel. This is not defined in outline until the berg towers above the vessel, so close escape seems impossible. With the position of the enemy located, to steer clear is a comparatively simple matter, unless other bergs surround the vessel.

Charts of the North Atlantic show that a vast number of bergs float with the Labrador current, in a southerly direction around the coast of Newfoundland and Nova Scotia. Here icebergs abound during the early summer months, rarely floating eastward of this region, the gulf stream opposing a barrier that is usually effectual. Many of these bergs have come from the Greenland coast, where the succession of glaciers gives birth to thousands of bergs. In an illustration is shown the appearance of the seaward end of a glacier, at the head of a Greenland fjord. There is a serenity about the view that is deceptive. Vast convulsions take place at intervals when that tranquil ocean surface is churned into tumultuous waves and the blocks of ice, apparently iron bound, are tossed about as if insubstantial with life.

To be a witness of the birth of an iceberg, to feel the life of the tidal waves that accompanies the mighty upheaval—that is an experience to be proud of, if one lives through it. The giant glacier stretches its broad expanse into the sea, the waves break over the mass of ice, which is carried hundreds of fathoms below the surface; with a thunderous roar the immense slope resolves itself into tossing mountains, about which the waves play madly. It is very fine to think of and pretty to view at a safe distance.

A good idea of the infinite terror of the noise of the arctic can be had from the record of the last expedition of Captain C. F. Hall! The quotation is given:

Hark! A dull crash, a howling ravenous yell. Opening full symphony of ghastly sound; Jarlike, yet blunt, as if the diabolical bell. Lest its strange anguish from the rent profound.

Through all its scale the horrid discord rang. Now mumbled the best, now took the groans of war.

And then the comment:

"Even this does not begin to convey an idea of the overwhelming horror of these pushing and grinding masses."

From the coast of Greenland multitudes of icebergs are detached every season. Explorers, while hoping to find land somewhere in the interior, so far have encountered nothing but a series of glaciers, reached from a central sea of ice. These reach the shore, whatever be the obstructions in the way. The sea once reached destruction assumes, icebergs being born. Sometimes the bergs ground near the place of their formation. Others drift with the current to strange shores. The following beautiful description is from the journal of Captain Tyson:

That Yankee genius who proposed a few

years ago to tow icebergs to the vicinity of New York harbor and so effectually dispose of the ice trust counted without his host.

A thousand tugs might haul a big berg a few score of miles, but if the process were attempted on anything less than the most gigantic scale the ice would melt before the market was reached. So the idea was abandoned before it was more than enunciated.

A better scheme for the manufacture of climate to order is that of a daring scientist, who proposed a great pipe line to carry cold air to New York from the Hudson Bay region or thereabouts. Something of this kind should certainly be done for the summer inhabitants of the Eastern city. As for Chicago, the days are never so warm but that simply reading about ice suffices.

Artic explorers naturally have much to record concerning icebergs. Floe or field ice, however, is the base of most of the expeditions—a curse to be turned to a blessing if those who hope to drift with the path to the pole are successful. After reaching high altitudes the ships are always brought into contact with ice as the chief element—more to be dreaded than all the terrors of earth, air, and water combined.

"The berg then sails off," and, like the human race, each one fulfills its own destiny. Some are ground to dust and others pursue their solitary and majestic course toward the open sea, and gently melt away their lives on the deep swell of the Atlantic; some, like desperadoes of the highway, make straight for some noble ship and send her foundering to the bottom, with all her precious freight of human souls. And as they are different in their history, so are they varied in appearance, some being wall like, solid ramparts, with square, almost perpendicular faces, impossible to scale, two or three miles long and half as many broad; others might, at a little distance, be mistaken for a splendid palace, a Turkish mosque, or a gothic church. . . .

"Occasionally a berg gets worn away at the water line, while the base below the water is intact, and supports an extended surface on a comparatively narrow stem; others are tunneled or arched; in fact, there is no limitation as to form or size. The most beautiful and the most grotesque may sail side by side; one may be a mile square and the other only forty or fifty feet. Whether large or small, but a small proportion of either is seen; the great mass is always below the water. The proportion varies according to the amount of salt in the water, but a berg never shows more than an eighth or a seventh of its size."

At times, so explorers say, there is something most graceful in the movements of an iceberg. One of large size was observed which for a few minutes oscillated backward and forward with a regular movement like the pendulum of a clock. It was a grotesque, almost humorous sight to observe, the great mountain of ice swaying from side to side like end of the polar bears that haunt these regions. Then, gently and almost imperceptibly, the berg "turned turtle," showing a gently rounded surface where before had been jagged peaks and turrets. The comments of the passengers when an ocean steamer passes a berg are often curious. If the weather is fine and the distance sufficient for safety, while convenient for the observation, the sight is taken as a spectacle arranged for the edification of the onlookers. Some are disappointed. They expected something more dramatic—turrets, perhaps, when it surfaces are seen or ragged edges, where the waves may be sliding over smoothness. Others are taken with the poetical side of the presentation and quote Tennyson. But the captain looks on the berg as his natural enemy, and calculates the chances of others being met with later on when the passengers are sleeping the officers watch that harm comes not nigh.

Lord Dufferin, in his "Letters from High Altitudes," tells how the Gulf Stream trees the coast of Scandinavia from icebergs.

The following is extracted: "The entire configuration of the arctic ice is determined by the action of that mysterious current on its edges. . . . A vast body of gulf water is continually moving from the antarctic to displace and regenerate the overheated oceans of the torrid zone. Bounding up against the west side of South America the ascending stream skirts the coasts of Chili and Peru, and is then deflected in a westerly direction across the Pacific Ocean, where it takes the name of equatorial current. Having completely encircled Australia it enters the Indian Sea, sweeps up around the Cape of Good Hope, and, crossing the Atlantic, twists into the Gulf of Mexico. Here its flagging energies are suddenly accelerated in consequence of the narrow limits within which it finds itself compressed. So marvellous does the velocity of the current now become, so complete its isolation from the deep bed it travels in, that by the time it issues again into the Atlantic its hitherto diffused and loitering waters are suddenly concentrated into what Maney has happily called 'a river in the ocean' swifter and of greater volume than either the Mississippi or the Amazon. Surging forth it cleaves under the Atlantic. Arrived abreast of the North Cape the impetus of the current is, in a great measure, exhausted." Chicago Inter-Ocean.

How to Tell a Bad Egg. When one calls for a fresh egg in a Parisian eating house the chances are that one will be properly served. Not so well elsewhere, but there are certain men employed at the Central Markets, or Halles, whose only duty is to sit the bad or doubtful eggs for the good ones. In one of the cellars of the Halles one sees a man passing his hands rapidly before his eyes and in front of a lighted candle. Around him are baskets containing thousands of eggs. His duty is to separate the bad ones from the good, and he is remunerated at the rate of 75 centimes, or 15 cents a thousand eggs. He accomplishes his work with extraordinary dexterity. With one hand he takes three or four eggs and brings them to the exact position he wishes between his eye and the lighted candle as if by magic. For an egg to be good the part that appears black must be completely detached from the part that appears white. In other words, the yolk and the albumen must, through their transparency of the shell, be seen to be quite separate. The white looks as if it radiates about the central nucleus, and this nucleus, is simply the embryo of a chicken, which, being denser, floats in the liquid which nourishes it; when there is confusion between the transparent obscure part, the egg is doubtful.

HOW SPONGES ARE GOT.

FOUND IN THE WATERS AROUND THE BAHAMA ISLANDS.

All About the Famous Fishing Grounds and Their Products—the Best Varieties and How They Are Secured—Points of Interest in the Sponge Trade.

There is no single interest of so much financial importance to the Bahamas as sponge-fishing, and Nassau is the great exporting point for the sponges of the Western Hemisphere, furnishing both Europe and America with their principal supply of coarse sponges. It gives employment to more than 6,000 men, including not only the fishers themselves, and the sloop-owners, brokers, and shippers, but those engaged in handling the sponges in their various stages and preparing them for market; and the exports of this one commodity from Nassau ranges from \$100,000 to \$500,000 a year. The sponge fleet is composed of perhaps 500 regularly licensed vessels, all schooners or sloops rigged, of from ten to fifty tons' burden. They are of uniform pattern, it not of size, with framework of native Madeira wood, hard and durable as iron, and planking and trimmings of yellow pine.

Everybody connected with the sponge trade, until it gets up into the hands of the brokers and shippers, is colored, any shade between jet black and the hue of West India molasses. The hands employed in washing, clipping, packing, and preparing for shipment abroad are generally paid 50 cents a day for ten hours' work. As for the men who do the dangerous part of it—those who go down to the sea in ships and wrest the sponges from the bottom—they are never hired by the day or month, or promised a definite sum, but their earnings depend entirely upon luck and circumstances. The owner of a vessel fits her out at his own expense, and the profits of the voyage are divided up in shares, between himself, the sailing master, and the men. Each ship carries a crew of from eight to twelve men, and while the owners as a rule find considerable profit in the business, it is rarely indeed that a sponge fisherman does more than make a tolerable living.

Heretofore sponges are so plentiful and cheap that they are used for all sorts of before-unheard-of purposes. They serve every purpose to which the Northern housewife puts a mop, rag, or scrub-brush. Glasses and silver are polished with sponges, the maids use them for dish-cloths, windows and floors are washed with them, you see them doing duty as chair cushions and footstools, and many a boat has a sponge in each end as big as a half barrel, which answers for a seat. You see lying about the wharves and kicking about the streets fine beautiful sponges, that in New York would cost from 50 cents to a dollar each. Here you may buy a bath sponge as big as your head for a nickel, or a string of fifteen or twenty just like it, or of assorted sizes, for "one and six," 37½ cents. Hardly any American visitor leaves Nassau without taking away a quantity of them; they make such useful presents to give to one's friends, and acquire additional value when accompanied by the statement: "I got them at the fisheries, you know." The servants about the hotels have learned the knack of packing sponges, and for a trifle consideration will take a bushel of sponges and compress them into a cigar box. And the best of it is that the packing does the sponge more good than harm, making it firm and solid, and the minute it is released and moistened it will swell up again to double its original size. Such large proportions and importance has the sponge business assumed in Nassau that years ago it was found necessary to establish a Sponge Exchange, on the same plan as the stock exchange in our large cities, and governed by the same rules, and every sponge-shipping firm in Nassau, to be successful, must be represented in it.

The sponge market is a large, open building, long and narrow, without any side walls. When the sponge vessels reaches this port her cargo is all sorted out and various qualities of sponges are put into separate piles, three or four feet high, along the side of the market shed. The owner of each pile is known by its position in the row, or from the label attached. The sponge boats usually get in on Saturday, and therefore the early part of the week is the best time to visit the market. Perhaps the cargoes of a hundred vessels have been deposited and sorted out over Sunday. When the place is opened at 9 a.m. on Monday all the sponge dealers in Nassau, or their representatives, are assembled. The auction begins at once, the bidding being done by written tenders, only members of the sponge guild or those making genuine offers being allowed to bid. Each is provided with little slips of paper, bearing the number of the different lots of sponges. A member goes up to one of the little heaps, looks it over, makes mental estimates of the quantity and quality of the sponges in it, decides how much he will pay for it, and puts the figures on the paper corresponding with that particular lot, with his initials at the bottom. When he has visited all the piles and made estimates on their value, and the others dealers have done the same, the papers containing their estimates are handed to the clerk of the exchange. He looks them over, ascertains who is the highest bidder on each lot, then reads off the purchaser's name and the price, and that day's business is over.

Nassau dealers have come to know at a glance what a heap of sponges is worth, and

often the estimates are remarkably close, perhaps only a few cents' difference on a pile worth \$50. A novice going into the market would not have the remotest idea of the local value of the lot, and a year's practice would hardly enable the "tenderfoot" to compete with the dealers brought up to the business, who know sponges as well as a Wall street man who knows stock—frequently better. The sponge market stands on one of the wharves, with the blue sea for a delightful background of one end of the big building. Being always quiet, clean, and orderly, with cool breezes sweeping through, you could not find a pleasanter place in Nassau in which to spend a hot morning. Here you may pick up many kinds of sponges never heard of before. As everybody knows these of the Bahamas are generally inferior to the Turkey or Levant sponges, the Zimacra, or those of the Mediterranean. Most of these belong to one of the four kinds known in trade as "sheep's wool," "reed," "finger," and "velvet." Some of them can hardly be told from the best in the world—such as the "sheep's wool," which are soft as silk and as fine in texture as any brought from the Levant, while others, though large and strong, are comparatively worthless. There are also "bouquet" sponges, "wire," "glove," "silk," and dozens of other varieties. The "grass" sponges, yellow and coarse, take on the queerest shapes, and look prettier than many more valuable kinds, when resting in piles on a broad bed of palm-leaf leaves, spread on the market floor. The "reed" sponges are soft, light, colored, and generally of a uniform size, about as big as your two fists; and these are the kind usually hawked about the streets, strung together on strings—six or eight feet long for a quarter of a dollar.

The dainty little "wire" sponges are beautiful amber color, the size of your smallest finger, and perhaps a foot long, fit only for surgeon's purposes. How shall one describe the beauty of the so-called "bouquet" sponges and its many curious forms, delicate as the finest lace, a mass of curls growing from common bases, like a cornucopia of flowers, and in a china store? How make plain to eyes that never saw them the wonderful "pineapple" sponge, or "Nep-tune's cup," or the "coral" sponge, or the yard looking "snake" sponge, perhaps six yards long and the size and color of a good fat rattlesnake, all coiled and knotted together in a hideous tangle? The dealers look with contempt at sponges picked up on the beach, and consider worthy of notice only those captured deep down in the sea gardens, where they grew, and at once properly cured, but the specimens that most delight our uncommercial fancy are generally found among the refuse.

From among a heap of gulf weed, shells, and sand about to be swept off into the sea we rescue a "glove" sponge, with all its fingers sticking straight up, as if just tried on by the shop lady, but which happened to grow so loosely as to be unsalable; or a great, round "grass" sponge, with pinkish base, and purple sea feathers waving over its center like the softest of downy cushions. By the way, we have learned to heretofore ignore the very lightest colored sponges, which we used to choose before all others in the chemist's shops at home, because that is not the natural color of any sponge at all; all such have been bleached by chemical means, which impair their durability.

We have read in accounts of Mediterranean sponge packing, how a ship's load, when not thoroughly dried beforehand, is liable to "heat," and the sponges break out all in orange-colored spots, the only remedy for which is to unpack the bales and throw away every sponge thus affected. This "yellow pest," or "cholera," as Levant fishermen call it, must not be confused with the brownish color, or a dark yellow, which the healthiest Bahama sponges often possess naturally, especially near their base.

Here the method of gathering sponges is by means of iron hooks attached to long poles, for, in these clear waters it is not necessary for men to dive for them, as

in the Mediterranean. They do not "go it blind," however, and probe in the mud like oystermen, for by the aid of a glass they can see every inch of the bottom through their clear waters, and deliberately select their prey. Each schooner of the fleet carries along several sculls and row-boats. Arrived at a favorable locality, the vessels anchor, and the men go out in the boats with their long poles and water glasses. The latter are simple wooden boxes, a foot square, open at one end, and a pane of glass set in the other. Holding this perpendicularly over the water, or slightly submerged, everything on the ocean floor, no matter how many fathoms below, can be seen as clearly as in an aquarium—sponges, coral, shells, fish, and all. Having determined what sponges to take, the fishers reach down with their long, oyster-like tongs, and seize hold of each one, carefully detach it from the rock or coral to which it clings, and lift it into the boat.

When a boat load of sponges has been secured they are brought to the vessel, spread out upon the deck, and left exposed to the sun for several days, during which time the animal matter which covers them gradually dries. When first taken from the water one would never suspect that the black, ugly, ill-smelling things, which look more like raw liver than anything else, are really fine, beautiful sponges. The fishermen have many funny yarns to spin about tourists who believed that sponges grew from the seed and were picked from bushes, or flowers. The "reed" sponges are soft, light, colored, and generally of a uniform size, about as big as your two fists; and these are the kind usually hawked about the streets, strung together on strings—six or eight feet long for a quarter of a dollar.

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From among a heap of gulf weed, shells, and sand about to be swept off into the sea we rescue a "glove" sponge, with all its fingers sticking straight up, as if just tried on by the shop lady, but which happened to grow so loosely as to be unsalable; or a great, round "grass" sponge, with pinkish base, and purple sea feathers waving over its center like the softest of downy cushions. By the way, we have learned to heretofore ignore the very lightest colored sponges, which we used to choose before all others in the chemist's shops at home, because that is not the natural color of any sponge at all; all such have been bleached by chemical means, which impair their durability.

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Spartan	70.00
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Read King	90.00
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Keating Ladies' and Gentlemen's	110.00
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BEATS BANGOR WHISKY.

The Worst Drink on Earth Is Found in the South Sea Islands.

According to the statement of a sea captain, given to a San Francisco paper the gages plant, found in Gupit Island, is the producer of the worst kind of a jag. The captain says:

"It is a species of cactus, and, as I said, grows only, to my knowledge, on the Gupit Island. The island is a small one but is well populated by natives of the Malay race. In the interior this plant grows wild, flourishing especially in the red, rocky soil. It looks beautiful when growing, as you may judge by the bright hues with which it is spotted. Opium is a potent drug, but I am certain that the extract from the gages plant is calculated to do more damage to the human system. The natives cut the plant in the early spring. After they have gathered a sufficient quantity, they put it in large bowls and crush it with huge stones. A grayish sap runs out freely, and this they collect and drink, after letting it ferment, which it does easily. Within half an hour after imbibing it the drinker becomes perfectly stupid and lies around like a log. The spell lasts a day or more, during which time the natives say they live in paradise. I have known sailors to try it, but never twice. Three years ago I had a man in my crew who was driven crazy by one drink. The first effect of the liquor is to soften the bones and gradually eat them away. There are natives there, the victims of gages, who are indeed boneless and unable to walk or use their limbs. Then they begin to wither away, until they die in misery and agony. Usually two years will finish the hardest man. The sufferings of a slave to the drink are terrible.

Marrying to Reform.

You say you are going to marry a man to reform him. That is noble. May I ask who it is?
"It's Mr. Millions."
"Indeed! I did not know he had any bad habits."
"Yes," his friends say that he is becoming miserly."



W. H. Ward.
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BY TAKING
AYER'S CHERRY
PECTORAL

"Several years ago, I caught a severe cold, attended with a terrible cough that allowed me no rest, either day or night. The doctor pronounced my case hopeless. A friend lent me a bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. By the time I had used the whole bottle, I was completely cured, and I believe it saved my life."
—H. WARD, 8 Quincy Ave., Lowell, Mass.

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Highest Award at World's Fair.
Ayer's Pills the Best Family Remedy.