AT WOOLWICH HOSPITAL.

A HAVEN FOR SICK AND WOUNDED SOLDIERS.

Some Things of Interest About the Dockyard and Arsenal That are Also Located in the English Town.

The Herbert Hospital at Woolwich, England, has 24 wards in all. In one corner of a ward, again, a poor fellow's eye peeps out of a bewildering array of sticking-plaster patches. In another, a stalwart infantryman hobbles along with a bullet in one foot. All around are signs of war; but not a syllable of boast, no posing, not the slightest trace of brag at having taken part in a great historic struggle. The Herbert Hospital boasts of a library of some 600 or 700 volumes, which are well patronized by the wounded Tommies. The hospital possesses an uncommonly handsome little chapel as well as a theatre—not an operating theatre — complete with stage, scenery, and every historionic requisite. Just now the auditorium is strewn with the kits of the returning troops, and similar articles which tell a tale more moving than any that have been, or could be, enacted on its pretty little stage.

There is nothing of the mushroom growth about the town of Woolwich. The Earlier chronicles carry us back, if vaguely, to the days of Alfred the Great—when there was a parish church there, now nearly 1,100 years ago.

Woolwich has been varied in spelling from Hulvic in the Doomsday Book, 1086,—which has been interpreted "the dwelling on the creek," to the modern method by the way of Owilwiche, Wooldwich, Wolnewich, Woollidge, Wulenic, and Wulewich.

From the very earliest times Woolwich has been the starting point of expeditions, from those of the early Britons, who harried the coasts of Gaul in Caesar's day, to the Arctic exploration undertaken by Sir John Franklin in 1845, and that of Sir James Ross in 1848.

VISITS OF ROYALTY.

In the early years of their married life it was the custom of the Queen and Prince Albert to depart from the dockyard, both for Scotland and the Continent, and many important launches have taken place there.

The two most notable visits of the Queen to Woolwich were in 1841 and 1854. The launch of the Trafalgar, 120 guns, took place on June 21, 1841. The roads from London swarmed with coaches, gigs, phaetons, and over a hundred steamers and yachts carried sightseers to points of vantage on the river. On that day her Majesty wore a bright blue silk dress and a white drawn silk bonnet trimmed with roses. The bottle of wine with which the christening was performed, was one of those which Lord Nelson had on board the Victory at the battle of Trafalgar.

Then came the launch of the Royal Albert on Saturday, May 13, 1854, when the Queen accompanied by the Princess Royal, the Prince of Wales, Prince Alfred, and the Duchess of Kent was present amid some 60,000 spectators. England and Russia were at the beginning of the war, and the bombardment of Odessa had just drawn attention to the navy, to which the Royal Albert was to be added.

CONVICT LABOR USED.

The dockyard was not finished until 1843, but additions were made to it earlier in the century, the extension works being carried out by convict labour, but the immense graving dock, the great basins, and the building slips added in the year mentioned enlarged the dockyard to 56 acres, with a river frontage of 3,600 feet. Even before this addition Woolwich was considered the mother dock of the kingdom, and drew praise from the Emperor of Russia when the allied sovereigns were visiting the Arsenal in 1814. But the end of the "Yard" came in 1869, when the workmen were rung out for the last time on Sept. 18, and the greater part of the machinery was moved to Chatham.

The Arsenal dates back to at least antiquity rendered 10,000 guns obsolete at once, extended the work enormously. Steam power was introduced, and important machinery adopted, and the wharves and piers erected. The royal gun factories were built in 1854-5, for the manufacture of the wrought-iron ordnance 1867, when Prince Rupert was ordered by the second Charles to raise works and batteries at Woolwich, and build in the warren's platform with 90 guns as a defence against the Dutch. Some authorities even date it back to Elizabeth; but in any case it was not until 1773 that it was visited by a reigning sovereign, when George III., went there on July 6.

ABOUT THE ARSENAL.

There was but little variation in the Arsenal until 1840, the Peninsular campaign keeping it uniformly busy for a series of years, but the new developments consequent on the rearmament of the navy, when the Adinvented by Sir William Armstrong, but rifled cannon only dates back to 1860, when the first specimens were turned out, and nearly a year later the first heavy Armstrong, 100-pounder, breechloader was proved at the Arsenal.

Severndroog Castle, an attractive feature of the landscape at Shooters Hill, is a triangular tower, erected in 1784 by the widow of Sir William James in honor of her husband, who so distinguished himself against the pirates of the Indian Seas, one of his exploits being the capture of the fortress of Severndroog, on the Malabar Coast, in 1775. This quaint war relic is only a few hundred yards from the hospital.

Lord Herbert, who married the daughter of Major-General Charles Ashe a Court, was a descendent of Herbert Fitzherbert, chamberlain to Henry I. The first earl was an adherent of the House of York, but his son exchanged his title for that of Huntingdon, which became extinct at his death. The dirst Earl of Pembroke of the present line was William Herbert, who married the sister of Katherine Parr, the last wife of Henry VIII., and the present heir is Reginald Herbert, born in 1880, who was educated at Eton and Sandhurst, and is an officer in the Royal Horse Guards.

BE YOURSELF.

It takes a great deal of courage simply to be yourself, and yet to be yourself is the line of power. We are all the time thinking that if we act and speak or feel as others do we shall be right; but once in a while in a moment of illumination, it comes over us that we are not just like any one else, and that we have to act and think and feel according to our own nature. The grace of God is not designed to liberate and purify the personality, not to adjust it to a mold that some good man has set.

ABUSIVE.

Mrs. Bings—You must be careful what you say to the cook, dear, or she will leave.

Bongo—Why, was I hard on her?

Were you! Why any one would have thought you were talking to me.

Michael Krieger, a resident of Nova, O., is the exact facial and tonsorial double of Oom Paul. He was born at Uttewiller, Alsace, in 1823, but came to this country in early youth, and since 1838 has lived in Ohio.

Through Storm and Sunshine

CHAPTER XXVI.

The month of Valerie's absence was the most peaceful Vivien had known since her father's marriage. It seemed to her that all her old friends took the opportunity of calling at Lancewood—people who had not kept up any great intimacy since the marriage—people who, understanding the difficulties of Miss Neslie's position, admired the brave, patient, resigned spirit in which she met them.

To Gerald Dorman it was a golden interval. Every hour and day was marked in golden letters on the tablets of his memory. The plan which she herself had arranged for keeping the child almost continually with them, brought them into hourly contact, Mr. Dorman had his own rooms in the western wing of the Abbey, but to give Oswald his lessons he used the library. When Vivien knew the child was busy with his lessons, she would go to see what progress he had made. Then when he was sent to his nurses, she would consult anxiously with Gerald as to whether he thought there was any improvement. Gerald was not oversanguine.

"It would be a work of years to effect any real good. I have studied the child well—he might by stern discipline develop into a good man, but he will never be one without it."

How Gerald Dorman valued these hours only he himself knew. He saw more of Miss Neslie now than he had ever seen before. Her wonderful beauty, her proud grace, her striking talent, the womanly tenderness that seemed to struggle with her innate pride, all enchanted him.

"I do not think I could love her more," he would say to himself at times, yet each day his love increased.

The hours he passed in her presence were to him hours of bliss. To his intense and passionate delight he found that she was learning to rely upon him, that she turned to him in her difficulties, that she sought his advice and followed it.

This state of things was so delightful to him that he was careful not to disturb it. He guarded his every look, word, action. Of his devotion to her and her interests he spoke most fully—of his passionate love, never. With one word of that he knew that their pleasant friendly intercourse would end at once. Vivien received his devotion with calm, serene grace. It seemed right and natural to her that the man whom her father had liked and trusted should be devoted to her. Had she dreamed that he loved her, she would have equal anger and surprise.

The happy interval was drawing to a close at last. At the end of February Valerie and her maid were to return. It was well for "miladi" that she did not hear the comments of the servants; they all wished she would remain where she was. During her absence there were peace, content, order, method, kind, firm rule and regularity—all things that "milali" herself disliked. Her return was looked forward to with dread—by the nurses especially. There was a marked improvement in the boy; but, as they said, it would all disappear when her ladyship returned.

On the day she expected her Vivien walked slowly up and down the broad path in the garden. Purple and golden crocuses were springing, snow-drops raised their meek heads, violets perfumed the cold clear air, there was a faint thrill of new life in the tall trees.

"My beautiful home," said the girl, with proud, passionate love—"Heaven grant that no evil may befall it, no wrong-doing dishonor these ancient walls!"

Her heart grew warm within her as she looked around; it was something to be the upholder of the honor of her race; all her hopes, her prayers, her aspirations were fixed on the boy who was to inherit the Abbey. Some good had been done by patience and forbearance; more might yet be done. She saw Gerald Dorman crossing the lawn, and she went to him.

"Will you walk a few steps with me?" she said. "I want to talk to you."

Under the clear, cold, blue sky they walked together where the crocuses grew, and Vivien, turning to him, held out her hand.

"I wish to thank you," she said, "for all that you have done for me; you have been patient and hopeful; in my father's name and my own, I thank you."

It was almost the first time that her beautiful white hand had touched his; the noble face had a clear light in it, the dark eyes looked with grateful earnestness into his.

"If we can persevere," she said, "and try to train the boy well, he may make a good master for Lancewood; we can render no greater service to the Neslies than that."

"I know it," acknowledged Gerald.

"The task has been easy, so far," she said; "but when Lady Neslie returns, it will be more difficult. I meant to ask you if you will be patient and persevere in spite of all difficulties, in spite even of rudeness and insult—will you persevere, for my sake, for the honor of the Neslies?"

"I promise," replied Gerald.

"Thank you," she said simply; you are a faithful friend." And those few words more than repaid him for all that he had done.

It was in the gray light of a February afternoon that Valerie returned. She looked worn and slightly haggard, as though she had known but little rest either by night or by day. When she entered the house she seemd to bring confusion and disorder with her.

"Well, Vivien," was her greeting to Miss Neslie, "have you enjoyed your month's rule? You look hardly pleased to see me, I suppose? You are looking very well. I am dreadfully tired; there is no time for rest in the whirl of Paris."

Vivien was struck by an indefinable something about her, she could hardly tell what. Lady Neslie seemed to have deteriorated—she had the air and manner of one who has been in common society, and a tinge of vulgarity particularly noticeable when she was off her guard.

"And how is the boy," she asked quickly—"my little Sir Oswald?"

Vivien answered kindly.

"I have brought him all kinds of presents," said Lady Neslie, "but I have not bought anything for you, Vivien; I did not know what to buy—you have everything."

"Yes," she replied, cheerfully, "I have everything that I want." She felt pleased that Valerie had thought of her.

She was present when Valerie and her son met. "Miladi's" quick eyes seemed to read him.

"He looks well" she said. "Have you missed me much, Oswald?"

"Yes," he answered. "But, mamma," he continued, pointing to Vivien, "she is not wicked—she does not want Lancewood; she says she hopes I shall have it if I am a good man."

"You are a good boy," said Valerie. The child shook his head.

"No, I am not. I know the difference now between good and bad. She is good"—he nodded at Vivien—"and so is Mr. Dorman; but I am not, and, mamma," he added fearlessly, "I do not think you are."

Lady Neslie was not angry; she merely laughed.

"Why am I not good?" she asked.

"You never say your prayers and you laugh at things."

"My dear child, to complete all, you should have your hair cut close, and a broad rimmed hat: you are quite a Puritan."

"I say prayers," he continued with an air of patronage; "and I do not tell lies—Mr. Dorman says they are cowardly."

"You do not seem inclined to hide your light under a bushel," said "miladi," with another laugh. "You have been learning at a fine rate."

Vivien almost trembled for the result, but Lady Neslie seemed more amused than anything else.

She had been at home two or three days before she found out about the lessons, and during that time they found a great difference in her. She was restless, uneasy, having always an air of subdued excitement. She held long conferences with her maid; she fell into long, deep reveries. She had a fashion of walking from one room to another, of taking up books and putting them down, of going to the piano and leaving it, of sitting wth knitted brows, as though trying to solve a problem. Evidently there was some new interest excited within her. Vivien wondered much what it was.

On the fourth day after her return one of her restless fits, led her to the library, and there she found the boy with a flushed face bending over a book. Mr. Dorman was seated at the table with him, and Vivien, evidently greatly interested, was watching them.

"Try again," Mr. Dorman was saying as "miladi," entered—"try again. You will learn it perfectly in time."

Lady Valerie entered quietly.

"What a domestic scene!" she said. "Pray, Mr. Dorman, what are you doing with Sir Oswald?"

"I am trying to teach him to read and to spell, Lady Neslie," he replied.

"You are making him very ill," she said. "See how flushed his face is! He will have brain disease—brain fever. Put that book down, Oswald."

Gerald remembered his promise about patience, perseverance and endurance. He looked at Vivien's noble beautiful face before he replied, and the sight of it seemed to encourage him.

"I assure you, Lady Neslie," he said, "that I am very careful of him. He has no headache; his face is only flushed with his eagerness to master his lesson."

But Lady Neslie did not look well pleased.

"I do not see why the boy need be troubled with so much learning," she said. "He will be master of Lancewood; he need not study like one who has to work for a living."

"The fact that he will hold so high a position," observed Mr. Dorman, "explains of itself the need for high education."

"And pray," inquired Lady Neslie, recovering her good humor, "who made you my son's tutor, Mr. Dorman?"

Vivien had purposely refrained from speaking, knowing that, if she did the matter would probably assume an unpleasant aspect.

"Who made you my son's tutor?" Lady Neslie repeated. He answered—

"I found that I had some little time—spare time—on my hands, Lady Neslie. I thought—pray pardon me if I am wrong—I could not better serve your interest than by devoting them to the child."

"Perhaps not," said "milali" carelessly. "Do you think it would be advisable for the boy to have a tutor?"

"Certainly," replied Gerald—"the sooner the better. He has a great capacity for learning; and one thing is quite certain, Lady Neslie—if he is not employed, he will always be in mischief."

She laughed with a certain readiness of good humor this time.

"If you will permit me," he continued, "I shall be happy to continue to devote some hours each day to him."

"Miladi's" eyes shone with a peculiar light.

"No, that will not do, Mr. Dorman. You have your own affairs to attend to. If it be really desirable to engage a tutor, I will engage one."

"Much will depend on the kind of tutor you engage. If he is high-principled he will make the boy the same."

"I consider myself quite competent, Mr. Dorman, to find a proper person," said Lady Neslie, still good humoredly.

Then she withdrew, and Vivien, true to her idea of peace and conciliation, followed her.

"I hope, Valerie," she said, "that you are not annoyed. It was I who suggested that Oswald should learn."

Lady Neslie turned a laughing face to Vivien.

"Annoyed?" she repeated. "No, I am not. You have solved a problem for me."

More than once that day "miladi" smiled as she said to herself—

"It is the very thing. I only wonder I did not think of it before."

CHAPTER XXVII.

"Vivian," said Lady Neslie, "I have been thinking over what Mr. Dorman said, and I quite agree with him; it is high time Oswald had a tutor."

Vivien's beautiful face brightened as though some act of kindness had been done to herself.

"I have resolved," continued her ladyship, "upon seeing to the matter at once."

"I should try to get an Oxford man," said Vivian, "if possible."

"I shall engage a Frenchman," announced her ladyship, laughing. "I am not English. Oxford scholarship may be all very well—it has no great charm for me. I should like my child to have a French training."

Miss Neslie did not like to object; it was certainly better to have a French tutor than none. She would have preferred an English gentleman, but then the matter was in "miladi's" own hands.

"I meet a cousin of my own in Paris," continued Valerie. "I say "cousin," but he is really a distant relative—ninth cousin, I should imagine—Henri de Nouchet—and he asked me if I new of any engagement of the kind that was open. As I had never thought of a tutor for Oswald, I said 'No;' but now the idea occurs to me that he would be the very man."

"Is he competent?" asked Vivien, anxiously.

"My relations are not all ignorant, though you fancy me so," said "miladi," proudly.

But Vivien would not take offense; she had too much at stake to give way to vexations; all small personal feelings must be set aside; she had a heavy interest at stake—the honor of the Neslies.

"Dear Valerie," she said, calmly, "I mean nothing unkind. A man might be all that's good and clever, yet not qualified to teach; that requires peculiar capabilities."

"I shall please myself," announced "miladi." "Henri de Nouchet shall be my son's tutor, or he shall have none and I shall write to-day and ask him if he will accept the post. He may refuse—it is a poor position for a De Nouchet; but he shall be handsomely paid, and treated as one of the family if he comes."

"That would not be very pleasant," thought Vivien—"still anything for the boy's sake."

Then "miladi" continued—

"I want to talk to you about something else, Vivien. It will soon be quite a year since poor Sir Arthur died. Of course I am very sorry and all that kind of thing; but I really think we might have something to enliven us—a quiet dinner-party or a dance. You might leave off those depressing black dresses, and let us be a little brighter. If Monsieur de Nouchet does come, he will think it is a prison."

"You have full power in your own house," replied Vivien. "I should not dream of putting aside my mourning until the year is over; nor should I appear at any dance or entertainment. It would be disrespectful to my father's memory."

"You can please yourself," observed "miladi," "and I shall do the same."

"Valerie," said Miss Neslie, "do not be angry if I say another thing. If this gentleman comes to undertake the education of your son, he will not surely expect to have all kinds of gayety offered to him?"

"He will tell you that when he comes," laughed Lady Neslie. "I shall write to him to-day. I only hope he will accept. We shall have life a little brighter than it is."

And Vivien heard with considerable misgiving. She had a foreboding about the coming of this Henri de Nouchet which she would have been ashamed to confess, and could hardly explain in words. The old doubts and suspicions she had entertained of Lady Neslie returned to her. She was ill at ease—for the honor of the house was in her hands.

There was but one person she could consult, only one to whom she could go in her distress for counsel and comfort. To Gerald Dorman she told all that Lady Neslie had said.

"I cannot explain my foreboding to you," she said. "I had just such a feeling of depression and coming evil on the night you came in search of me when my father was taken ill. I cannot account for it, but it seems to me that if this stranger enters the doors evil will come with him, as it came with Lady Neslie."

He understood, but was powerless to help her.

"Would it be of any use for me to make inquiries in Paris?" he said. "At least then we should know who this Henri de Nouchet really is."

"And what would it avail us, Mr. Dorman? Suppose even that we found him to be utterly unfitted, morally and mentally, for the post, we could not prevent 'miladi' from engaging him. She has all the power. I can see now one mistake that my poor father made as to his will. He ought to have left some gentleman of note and position as Oswald's guardian, some one who would have had the power to interfere if he saw matters going wrong."

"Yes, it was an oversight," said Mr. Dorman. "The only thing we can do is to hope for the best. Lady Neslie will have some regard for public opinion if not for you. I do not think she would risk her credit by bringing any really unworthy person into the house. If she does, we must—

Then he paused.

(To be continued.)

Heart Palpitation.

A QUEBEC LADY RELEASED FROM GREAT SUFFERING.

She Had Tried Many Medicines Without Avail, But Ultimately Found a Cure Through the Use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Few bodily afflictions are more terrible than disease of the heart. To live in constant dread and expectation of death, sudden and with last farewells unspoken, is for most people more awful to contemplate than the most serious lingering illness. The slightest excitement brings suffering and danger to such people.

For several years Mrs. Gravel, wife of P.H.A. Gravel, foreman in Barry's cigar factory, St. John's suburb, Quebec, was such a sufferer, but thanks to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills she is again in the enjoyment of good health. Mrs. Gravel says—

"My general health was bad for several years, my appetite was poor, and I was easily tired, but it was the frequent sharp pains and violent palpitation of my heart which caused me the greatest alarm. I tried many medicines, and was treated by several doctors, but in vain. Finally I became so poorly that I was not able to do any household work, and was frequently confined to my bed. At the suggestion of one of my friends I decided to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. After taking a few boxes I began to gain new strength and vigor. The pains in my heart were less frequent and less severe, and in every way my health was improving. I continued using the pills until I had taken eight boxes, when I had completely recovered my health. I have gained in flesh; my appetite is good, and I am able to do all my household work without feeling the awful fatigue I was before subject to. I am very thankful to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, for they have truly released me from much suffering, and I hope that others may be induced to try this wonderful medicine."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure by going to the root of the disease. They renew and build up the blood, and strengthen the nerves, thus driving disease from the system. Avoid imitations by insisting that every box you purchase is enclosed in a wrapper bearing the full trade mark, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. If your dealer does not keep them they will be sent postpaid at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

WOMEN AND ASTRONOMY.

Aglaonice, a Greek of Thessaly, was the first woman in historical times noted for her astronomical knowledge, and the first who was able to predict eclipses, which last fact, it is not surprising to learn, earned for her the reputation of a sorceress. But astronomy in the early ages had also a martyr, and this was when the letters and sciences were flourishing in Greece and Egypt. The beautiful Hypatia, daughter of Theon of Alexandria, had studied in the schools of Athens, and on her return to her native town this distinguished woman became the object of much admiration. In the Alexandrian schools she lectured on geometry, algebra, astronomy and philosophy to throngs of people, attracted by the singular beauty of the woman, whose talent in elocution was equal to her knowledge.

History tells us of the tragedy which ensued when Cyril, the proud and headstrong bishop of Alexandria, came into conflict with the prefect of the city, who was devoted both to philosophy and astronomy. One day of Lent, in the year 415 a savage crowd composed of the adherents of Cyril, met Hypatia riding in her chariot. The mob tore her from her seat, and, dragging her to the high altar of the imperial church, stripped her and scraped her to death with oyster shells. Her death did not even satisfy the fanatics, for they cut the body into pieces and paraded the streets with the fragments of the beautiful martyr to Christian bigotry

As for the east, the advent of Mohammed and the triumph of the Crescent made it worse for women of intelligent caliber than even in medieval Europe, for, if the members of the council of Trent were ungallant enough to argue seriously—albeit with an affirmative result—whether or not woman has a soul, the followers of the prophet relegated their women to the strict privacy of harem life, which effectually precludes the study of any science. Moreover, Mohammed assigns a very inferior place to women in the other world. And so we find a great gap from the day when Hypatia was martyred by the rabble of Alexandria—a gap extending through the centuries of the middle ages—until we read of a Parisian woman, Jeanne Dumee, 1680, writing learnedly and clearly on the system of Copernicus with regard to the motion of the earth—a system of which it has been truly said: "It took the thinking world as long to understand as it took Copernicus to discover."

THE TOOTH BRUSH PLANT.

One of the most curious plants in the world is what is called the toothbrush plant of Jamaica. It is a species of creeper, and has nothing particularly striking about its appearance. By cutting pieces of it to a suitable length and fraying the ends, the natives convert it into a tooth brush; and a tooth powder to accompany the use of the brush is also prepared by pulverising the dead stems.

Japan tea drinkers try

SALADA

CEYLON GREEN TEA

It is absolutely PURE.

THE JUDGE'S ADVICE.

Given to a Man Who Wavered Between Religion and Politics.

A well known western representative in congress, pleading an engagement, left a small group of talkers in an up town hotel lobby, and an elderly man, whom he had introduced to the party, made bold to tell a story about the departed.

"I have known him," he said, "ever since he was a boy, and when he came out of college he was undecided whether to become a lawyer and politician or go to a theological seminary and become a clergyman. He was fond of politics and thought that with a little law and more religion on the side he might become a great moral reformer. You know that's the way most all very young men feel when they undertake politics for the first time.

"However, before he had had time to determine finally what he would do, his friends came after him to run for the legislature, as he had the availability and a pretty fair amount of cash. This brought him face to face with the question he had been much disturbed over, and he went to Judge Blank, a veteran in politics and a man of the highest character, for assistance in solving the problem. He stated his case in full to the judge, and the grand old man put his hand on the young man's shoulder.

"'My boy,' he said, as only he could say it, 'it can't be politics and religion. It must be one or the other. You can't fit yourself for heaven and for the legislature at the same time, and there's no use trying. That is all I can say, and you will have to make your own choice.'"

A KAFFIR SMOKER.

The Native Women Are Enthusiastic Devotees of the Weed.

In South Africa the native women smoke incessantly. Your native servant smokes as she cooks and as she washes. The tobacco she likes is rank. The dainty cigarette an English or Russian lady of fashion enjoys, smoked through a quill so that no nicotine can stain either teeth or fingers, would be sneered at by a Kaffir. "Give me a pipe and something in it I can taste," is in effect what she says.

The men Kaffirs are beyond tobacco. They smoke something so vehement that it makes them cough and splutter, lose their breath, choke and sneeze to an alarming degree. They like snuff, too, and are fond of offering and taking pinches of it ("schniff" they call it) when they meet and visit one another.

Regarding tobacco as too mild for their taste, the Kaffirs take another weed and smoke that. They proceed to arrange a smoking party by squatting on the ground and getting ready their "pipe," a cow horn with a thin tube in it inserted half way down at right angles to the horn. The end of the tube is in a basin, and it is from it that the smoker sucks the strong stuff that makes him incapable of anything but a series of coughs and chokes for some time after he has had his turn at the pipe, which is passed round from man to man until a perfect chorus of coughs rends the air.

The tobacco the Boers smoke looks like poor tea and is peculiar in flavor, yet Englishmen who have become used to it acquire such a taste for it that they never ask for any other kind.—London Mail.

Fasting.

Personal experience is the best teacher. I have fasted 48 hours at a time without the slightest discomfort, but drank in that period many gallons of water, of the plainest, most Croton kind. I once had acquaintance of a pig that fasted 160 days. A dog can fast two months without being much the worse. Rabbits live three weeks without food, while cold blooded animals can go for years without eating.

The bear in a state of hibernation passes into a kind of trance, so we shall not count him. The alligator likewise "dies" in the long months of winter, craving no food. There is a fish called the father lasher that can live a month out of water. That is fasting. We have heard the tradition about the toad that was sealed in a rock for 5,000 years and hopped about in lively fashion when released from his archaeomonous prison. A horse has been known to fast for a month.—Exchange.

Is Alaska Growing Warmer?

Prospective visitors and gold seekers in the Klondike region may extract some comfort from the discovery, made by the Harriman Alaska expedition, that most of the glaciers which abound in that territory are receding. The fact is an indication that the average weather there is growing warmer. If it were growing colder the glaciers would be advancing, while if it were about the same one year with another they would maintain the same general position, neither creeping nearer to the sea nor melting away from their terminal moraines. The rate of glacial recession is so slow, however, that fur overcoats and warm sleeping bags are likely to remain as a part of the necessary equipment of Alaskan travel for some years to come.—Leslie's Weekly.

Origin of the Boat.

Only lately has the original boat been found in use and among the savages of the south sea islands. There the natives take the stump of a tree whose roots offer a good seat, and, launching this primitive craft, they paddle around as contentedly as if there was no such thing as a European steamer, and, to tell the truth, they do not suspect its existence.

There can be no doubt whatever that in this stump boat we have the original method of transportation by water. Accident certainly contributed to this discovery.

A tired swimming savage found a log floating near him. He grasped it and found that it held him above water. He mounted his log and used a floating branch to propel the log.

It was but a step from the log to the more comfortable root of a tree and another step from the branch propeller to a shaped paddle.

Vitality.

Because one's parents and grandparents lived to be nearly 100 does not make it certain that their descendants will do likewise, for the inheritance of vitality may all be dissipated in 20 years of high living. A small stock of vital force well taken care of may last twice as long.

In the time of Louis Quatorze in France food in general was placed upon the table in one huge dish, and each helped himself with his naked hand. As late as the middle of the sixteenth century one glass or goblet did duty for the whole table.

A TRAMP AND HIS PAL

THE TRAIL THAT ONE MADE TO GUIDE THE OTHER.

It Enabled "Appetite Bill," After His Term in Jail Was Done, to Unerringly Follow His Partner From Cincinnati to Houston.

"We have a good many tramps up in our part of the country," said a sugar planter, "and I've made something of a study of their peculiarities. The old idea that they carve marks and signs on fences that can be read by all other members of the fraternity is pure nonsense, of course, but I have known several instances in which one tramp would leave a trail, so to speak, for the guidance of a partner who might not put in an appearance for months.

"The first case of that kind I ever encountered was rather amusing. I was riding, one spring day, down a road that passes through my place, when I noticed a typical hobo industriously carving a sort of hieroglyphic on a big post standing near the fence. The mark consisted of a square and triangle side by side, and he was just putting on the finishing touches as I arrived.

"My curiosity was at once aroused, and I determined to find out if possible exactly what the thing meant, so I proceeded to collar the fellow, and after a little vigorous bluffing he told me he was putting up directions for his partner, who would be along some time in the fall. He assured me that the marks meant nothing in particular, except that he had passed and was going in the direction of the point of the triangle.

"His partner, according to the story which I dragged out of him piecemeal, was doing a six months' jail sentence for slugging a policeman in Cincinnati and when he got out on Sept. 1 would strike south, following a trail of carvings on water tanks, depots, barns and fenceposts. When the first tramp struck a good place to loaf, he proposed to stop and wait for the other to catch up.

"'What's your partner's name?' I asked.

"'It's by rights William Sparks,' said the hobo, 'but everybody calls him "Appetite Bill" on account of his always being hungry. He carries a sack to pack grub in and has red whiskers and a funny looking wart on one side of his nose.'

"I was satisfied from my prisoner's manner that he was telling me the truth, so I took him up to the house, gave him a good dinner and sent him on his way rejoicing.

"Now for the sequel," continued the planter. "One afternoon in the fall I was driving home from the station when I passed a very dilapidated hobo with red stubble on his chin and a gunny sack under his arm, and some instinct told me that Mr. Sparks, alias 'Appetite Bill,' had at last arrived. He seemed to be looking for landmarks, and when he reached the big post I saw him stop, scrutinize the carving and then start off with a new and confident step. That settled it, and I drove ahead and intercepted him at the house, half a mile farther on.

"'Hello, Bill!' I said. 'How's your appetite this evening?'

"'Appetite?' he stammered and gave such a violent start that he dropped his gunny sack.

"'Why, yes,' said I. 'Perhaps they didn't feed you very well at Cincinnati.'

"At the word Cincinnati he turned livid and glared around with such evident intention of bolting that I made haste to explain.

"'Don't be alarmed,' I said. 'I met your side partner a few months ago, and he told me to look out for you.' It took me some time to dissipate Bill's suspicions, and when I finally succeeded in convincing him that it was all right he told me a most interesting story of his journey across the country.

"A professional hobo will follow the track of another hobo with an accuracy that is curiously suggestive of woodcraft. All the way down from Cincinnati Bill had never once lost the trail, and before he left I gave him an addressed postal card and got him to promise me he would put it in the mail at whatever point he caught up with his partner. Less than a month later I received the card, bearing a Houston (Tex.) date mark; so I presume it was there they met.

"Both of these tramps could read and write, and I asked Sparks particularly why his friend didn't use some brief message in place of the hieroglyph. He replied that it would attract too much attention, and other hobees would be likely to add misleading words, while the little square and triangle passed unnoticed.

"Since then I have encountered two other nearly similar cases, in each of which a tramp was leaving a cipher trail for a crony to follow when he got out of jail, and I infer that the practice is tolerably common. At any rate it is a curious feature of tramp life which I have never seen mentioned in any of the numerous papers and magazine articles that have appeared on the subject during recent years."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Saluting the Deck.

The poop or raised after deck of a ship over which floated the national flag was considered to be always pervaded by the presence of the sovereign. As the worshiper of whatever rank removes his hat upon entering the church so from the admiral to the powder monkey every member of the ship's company as he set foot upon the poop "saluted the deck," the invisible presence. But since in steamers there is often no lee side the custom in them has completely died out.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

A Tough Joint.

The boarder who was carving the roast beef at the request of the landlady laid down the knife and fork and took a short rest.

"The spirit is willing," he remarked, "but the flesh is strong."

Refrigerated Eggs.

Eggs become unwholesome when kept in refrigerators. A fungus forms in them which is easily found by the microscope, although it is not noticeable to the taste. The fungus constitutes a danger when we consider how many eggs are consumed by all classes of society, and people of delicate constitutions ought to be particularly careful that they eat fresh and not kept eggs.

A DELICIOUS CUP OF TEA—

LUDELLA

CEYLON. Put up from nothing but the finest teas obtainable. You can't help liking it. LEAD PACKAGES. 25, 30, 40, 50 and 60c.

"SELECTS"

You can select the color on any paint chart; but how about the quality? How will it look next year, and for years to come?

It is best to get the lasting quality in paints; it's the only kind that is a good investment.

Ramsay's Paints,

are that kind. For sale by all good dealers.

A. Ramsay & Son, Paint Makers, MONTREAL. Estd 1842.

SOME OTHER KIND PREFERRED.

Your system is generally run down, said Dr. Kanard, the eminent specialist, but I think I can promise a cure in a short time, if you follow directions. Would you prefer a home treatment?

I think not, responded Mr. Meeker, involuntarily lowering his voice. "It's—it's my home treatment, I am afraid, that really ails me.

QUEBEC UNITED,

No Division of Opinion in Regard to Dodd's Kidney Pills Whatever.

Miss Anna Mongrem, of Grand Metis, Voices the Universal Verdict—Says She Feels Obliged to Tell Her Friends of Dodd's Kidney Pills, She Herself Has Been Absolutely Cured.

Grand Metis, Que., April 30.—Miss Anna Mongrem, of the Village of Grand Metis, Quebec, has been cured of her kidney trouble of years standing by Dodd's Kidney Pills. Throughout this country it is becoming more and more common to hear of cures this famous medicine is making. The people of French Canada are not a class who are taken in by imitations or worthless preparations of any kind. They are a conservative people, and the reputation of a medicine has to be thoroughly established before they pin their faith to it. It is therefore a most convincing sign that Dodd's Kidney Pills are a sterling remedy when French Canadians throughout Quebec speak of it in the highest terms of praise, and that moreover from a knowledge based on their own experience.

Dodd's Kidney Pills are now proved to be infallible in the cure of Kidney Diseases of absolutely every nature, Bright's Disease, that terror of physicians; Diabetes, which used to be called incurable; Rheumatism, the affection which renders the lives of so many otherwise strong and robust men and women of Quebec miserable, and which is the accompaniment of old age nine times out of ten throughout the Lower Provinces; Heart Disease, not generally known to be the result of Kidney Disease, but which is so nevertheless; Dropsy, Urinary and Bladder Complaints, Woman's Weaknesses and blood disorders all kinds yield freely and promptly to Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Miss Anna Mongren, well-known in Grand Metis, writes as follows concerning her cure:

"I was suffering from a great pain in my side, which caused me much pain and uneasiness. I had taken three boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills and I felt a wonderful relief. I continued to take them and now I am perfectly cured. Considering it only fair and honest to let the facts be known, I feel obliged to tell my friends of the virtues of Dodd's Kidney Pills and to thank that medicine for the great benefit I have received."

IT CAUGHT HIM.

I want to show you some of our new renovators, said the insinuating stranger, it's the best thing for the hair.

I don't want it, snapped the baldheaded grocer.

And it will make last year's maple sugar cakes look just like new.

Put me down for a dozen boxes, said the grocer.

Remember REMEDIES.

We don't advertise for mere effect, but for business. We know that, if you are subject to cramps, that you should have a prompt, efficient remedy on hand. Nerviline—nerve-pain cure—has a wonderful and immediate curative power. It relieves in one minute, it cures in five. Pleasant to the taste and the best known remedy for pain.

President-elect Rhees, of Rochester, University, owns one of the best private collections of Oriental manuscripts in the world.

A GOOD CORN SHELLER FOR 25c.

A marvel of cheapness, of efficacy, and of promptitude, is contained in a bottle of that famous remedy, Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. It goes right to the root of the trouble, there acts quickly but so painlessly that nothing is known of its operation until the corn is shelled. Beware of substitutes offered for Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor—safe, sure and painless. Sold at druggists.

HAD AN OBJECT.

Revivalist—But, Mr. Peck, don't you know where you will go when you die, if you die in your sinful course?

Ben Peck—You let one alone. I know what I am doing. My wife joined church last week.

George H. Godfrey, of New Albany, Ky., claims to hold the record for continuous employment in the service of the Western Union Telegraph Company. He has served the company 41 years, and was of great service during the war of the rebellion.

O'KEEFE'S LIVING EXTRACT OF MALT

Invigorates and Sustains.

LLOYD WOOD, Toronto, GENERAL AGENT

Congressman Littlefield of Maine, was the son of a Free Will Baptist clergyman, who changed his parish many times. Hence the boy was educated at Lebanon, Rockland, Foxcroft, Vinalhaven, and Week's Mills, Me.

Chin Pom Ye, formerly Corean Minister to this country, who will represent his government in Paris, St. Petersburg, and Vienna, has withdrawn his two sons from the Washington public schools, and will send them to Harrow, England.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. 25c. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box.

GEDDLE SPRING.

I wrode a spte'did poeb lasd dighd,
About Sweed Spring, thad tibe so pleasing;
Bud bad to burd id up to light
The fire to keep bynelf frob freesig.

THE DEMOCRATIC PLAY.

Jimmy, did you cut the mane and tail off Johnny's rocking-horse?

Yes, pa; but I had to have a wig to wear in our play.

$100 Reward, $100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constit