MC2398

POOR DOCUMENT

MAIWA'S REVENGE

By H. RIDER HAGGARD.

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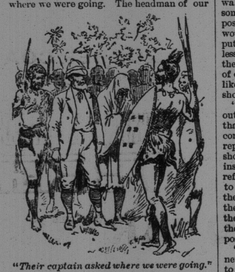
[CONTINUED.]

"Once in Wambe's country, we adopted a very circumspect method of proceeding. About fifty men marched ahead, in loose order, to guard against surprise, while as many more followed behind. The other hundred were gathered in a bunch between, and in the center of these men I marched, together with the girl who was personating Maiwa and all my bearers. We were disarmed, and some of my men were tied together, to show that we were prisoners, while the girl had a blanket thrown over her head, and moved along with an air of great dejection. We headed straight for Wambe's place, which was at a distance of about twenty-five miles from the mountain pass.

"When we had gone some five miles we met a party of about fifty of Wambe's soldiers, who were evidently on the lookout for us. They stopped us, and their captain asked where we were going. The headman of our



"Their captain asked where we were going."

party answered that he was conveying Maiwa, Wambe's runaway wife, together with the white hunter and his men, to be given up to Wambe, in accordance with his command. The captain then wanted to know why we were so many, to which our spokesman replied that I and my men were very desperate fellows, and that it was feared that if we were sent with a smaller escort we should escape, and bring disgrace and the wrath of Wambe upon their tribe. Thereon this gentleman, the Matuku captain, began to amuse himself at my expense, and mock me, saying that Wambe would make me pay for the soldiers that I had killed. He would put me in the 'Thing that bites'—in other words, the lion trap—and leave me there to die like a jackal caught by the leg. I made no answer to this, though my wrath was great, but pretended to be frightened. Indeed, there was not much pretense about it—I was frightened. I could not conceal from myself that it was ours was a most hazardous enterprise, and that it was very possible that I might make acquaintance with that lion trap before I was many days older. However, it was quite impossible to desert poor Every in his misfortune, so I had to go on, and trust to Providence, as I have so often had to do before and since.

"And now a fresh difficulty arose. Wambe's soldiers insisted upon accompanying us, and, what is more, did all they could to urge us forward, as they were naturally anxious to get to the chief's place before evening. But we, on the other hand, had excellent reasons for not arriving till night was closing in, since we relied upon the gloom to cover our advance upon the koppie which commanded the town. Finally they got so importunate that we had to flatly refuse to move faster, alleging as a reason that the girl was tired. They did not accept this excuse in good part, and at one time I thought that we should have come to blows, for there is no love lost between Butianas and Matukus. At last, however, either from motives of policy or because they were so evidently outnumbered, they gave in, and suffered us to go our own pace. I earnestly wished that they would have added to the obligation by going theirs, but this they absolutely declined to do. On the contrary, they accompanied us every foot of the way, keeping up a running fire of allusions to the 'Thing that bites' that jarred upon my nerves and discomposed my temper.

"About half past 4 in the afternoon we came to a neck or ridge of stony ground, whence we could plainly see Wambe's town, lying some six or seven miles away and 3,000 feet beneath us. The town is built in a valley, with the exception of Wambe's own kraal; that is situated at the mouth of some caves upon the slope of the opposing mountains, over which I hoped to see our impi's spears come flashing in the morrow's light. Even from where we stood it was easy to see how strongly the place was fortified with sclauses and stone walls, and how difficult of approach. Indeed, unless taken by surprise, it seemed to me quite impregnable to a force operating without cannon, and even cannon would not make much impression on rocks and stony koppies filled with caves.

"Then came the descent of the pass, and an arduous business it was, for the path—if it may be called a path—was almost entirely composed of huge water-worn bowlders, from the one to the other of which we had to jump like so many grasshoppers. It took us two hours to get down; and traveling through that burning sun, when at last we did reach the bottom, I, for one, was pretty nearly played out. Shortly afterwards, just as it was growing dark, we came to the first line of fortifications, which consisted of a triple stone wall pierced by a gateway so narrow that a man could hardly squeeze through it. We passed this without question, being accompanied by Wambe's soldiers. Then came a belt of land three hundred paces or more in width, very rocky and broken, and having no huts upon it. It was in hollows in this belt that the cattle were kraaled in case of danger. On the farther side were more fortifications, and another small gateway shaped like an inverted V, and just beyond and through it I saw the koppie we had planned to seize looming up against the line of mountains behind. As I went I whispered my suggestions to our captain, with the result that at the second gateway he halted the cavalcade, and, addressing the captain of Wambe's soldiers, said that we would wait till we received Wambe's word to enter the town.

"The other man said that that was well, only he must hand over the prisoners to be taken up to the chief's kraal, for Wambe was 'hungry to begin upon them,' and his 'heart desired to see the white man at rest before he closed his eyes in sleep;' and as for his wife, surely he would welcome her. Our leader replied that he could not do this thing, because his orders were to deliver the prisoners to Wambe at Wambe's own kraal, and they might not be broken. How could he be responsible for the safety of the prisoners if he let them out of his hand? No; they would wait there till Wambe's word was brought.

"To this, after some demur, the other man consented, and departed, remarking that he would soon be back. As he passed me he called out, with a sneer, pointing, as he did, to the fading red in the western sky: 'Look your last upon the light, white man, for the "Thing that bites" lives in the dark.'

"Next day it so happened that I shot this man, and, do you know, I think that he is about the only human being who has come to harm at my hands for whom I do not feel sincere sorrow and, in a degree, remorse.

CHAPTER VII.

THE ATTACK.

"Just where we halted ran a little stream of water. I looked at it, and an idea struck me. Probably there would be no water on the koppie. I suggested this to our captain, and acting on the hint, he directed all the men to drink what they could, and also to fill the seven or eight cooking pots which we had with us with water. Then came the crucial moment. How were we to get possession of the koppie? When our captain asked me, I said that I thought we had better march up and take it, and this accordingly we went on to do. When we came to the narrow gateway, we were, as I expected, stopped by two soldiers who were on guard there, and asked our business. The captain answered that we had changed our mind, and would follow on to Wambe's kraal. The soldiers said no; we must now wait.

"To this we replied by pushing them to one side, and marching in single file through the gateway, which was not distant more than a hundred yards from the koppie. While we were getting through, the men we had pushed away ran towards the town, calling for assistance—a call that was promptly responded to, for in another minute we made out scores of armed men running hard in our direction. So we ran, too, for the koppie. As soon as they understood what we were after, which they did not at first, owing to the dimness of the light, they did their level best to get to the koppie before us. But we had the start of them, and with the exception of one unfortunate man, who stumbled and fell, we were well on to it before they arrived. This man they captured, and when fighting began on the following morning, and he refused to give any information, they killed him. Luckily they had no time to torture him, or they would certainly have done so, for these Matuku people are very fond of torturing their enemies.

"When we reached the koppie, the base of which covered about half an acre of ground, the soldiers who had been trying to cut us off halted, for they knew the strength of the position. This gave us a few minutes, before the light had quite vanished, to reconnoiter the place. We found that it was unoccupied, fortified with a regular labyrinth of stone walls, and contained three large caves and some smaller ones. The next business was to post the men to such advantage as time would allow. My own men I was careful to put right at the top. They were perfectly useless from terror, and what I feared was that they might try to escape and give information of our plans to Wambe. So I watched them like the apple of my eye, telling them that should they dare to stir they would be shot.

"Then it grew quite dark, and presently out of the darkness I heard a voice; it was that of the leader of the soldiers who had escorted us, calling to us to come down. We replied that it was too dark to move; we should hit our feet against the stones. He insisted upon our descending, and we flatly refused, saying that if any attempt was made to dislodge us we would fire. After that, as they had no real intention of attacking us in the dark, the men withdrew, but we saw from the watch fires that were lit around that they were keeping a strict watch upon our position.

"That night was a wearing one, for we never quite knew how the situation was going to develop. Fortunately we had some cooked food with us, so we did not starve. It was, however, lucky that we had drunk our fill before coming up, for, as I had anticipated, there was not a drop of water on the koppie.

"At length the night wore away, and with the first tinge of light I began to go my rounds, and, stumbling along the stony paths, make things as ready as I could for the attack, which I felt sure would be delivered before we were two hours older. The men were cramped and cold, and consequently low spirited, but I exhorted them to the best of my ability, bidding them remember the race from which they sprang, and not show the white feather to a crowd of Matuku dogs. At length it began to grow light, and presently I saw long columns of men advancing towards the koppie. They halted, under cover, at a distance of about a hundred and fifty yards, and just as the dawn broke a herald came forward and called to us. Our captain stood up on a rock and answered him.

"'These are the words of Wambe,' he said. 'Come forth from the koppie and give over the evil doers, and go in peace, or stay on the koppie and be slain.'

"'It is too early to come forth as yet,' answered our man, in fine diplomatic style. 'When the sun sucks up the mist, then we will come forth. Our limbs are stiff with cold.'

"'Come forth even now,' said the herald.

"'Not if I know it, my boy,' said I to myself; but the captain replied that he would come out when he thought proper, and not before.

"'Then make ready to die,' said the herald, for all the world like the villain of a transpontine piece, and stalked majestically back to the soldiers.

"I made my final arrangements, and looked anxiously at the mountain crest, a couple of miles or so away, from which the mist was now beginning to lift, but no column of smoke could I see. I whistled, for if the attacking force had been delayed or made any mistake, our position was likely to grow pretty warm. We had barely enough water to wet the mouths of the men, and when once that was finished we could not hold the place long in the burning sun.

"At length, just as the sun rose in glory over the heights behind us, the Matuku soldiers, of whom some fifteen hundred were now assembled, set up a queer whistling noise, which ended in a shout. Next some shots were fired (for the Matuku has a few guns), but without effect, though one bullet passed just by a man's head. 'Now they are going to begin,' I thought to myself, and I was not far wrong, for in another minute the body of men divided into three companies, each about five hundred strong, and, heralded by a running fire, charged at us on three sides. Our men were now all well under cover, and the fire did us no harm. I mounted on a rock, so as to command a view of as much of the koppie and plain as possible, and yelled to our men to reserve their fire till I gave the word, and then to shoot low, and load as quickly as possible. I knew that, like all natives, they were sure to be execrable shots, and that they were armed with weapons made out of old gas pipes, so the only chance of doing execution was to let the enemy get right on to us.

"On they came with a rush. They were within eighty yards now, and as they drew near the point of attack I observed that they closed their ranks, which was so much the better for us.

"'Shall we not fire, my father?' sung out the captain.

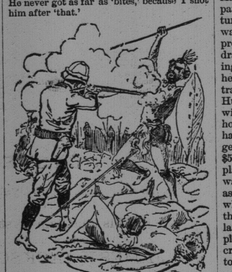
"'No—confound you!' I answered.

"'Sixty yards—fifty—forty—thirty. 'Fire, you scoundrels!' I yelled, setting the example by letting off both barrels of my elephant gun into the thickest part of the company opposite to me.

"Instantly the place rang with the discharge of two hundred and odd guns, while the air was torn by the passage of every sort of missile, from iron pot legs down to slugs and pebbles coated with lead. The result was very prompt. The Matukus were so near that we could not miss them, and at thirty yards a lead coated stone out of a gas pipe is as effective as a Martini rifle, or more so. Over rolled the attacking soldiers by the dozen, while the survivors, fairly frightened, took to their heels. We piled them with shot till they were out of range; I made it very warm for them with the elephant gun, by the way, and then we loaded up in quite a cheerful frame of mind, for we had not lost a man, whereas I could count more than fifty dead and wounded Matukus. The only thing that damped my ardor was that, stare as I would, I could see no column of smoke upon the mountain crest.

"Half an hour elapsed before any further steps were taken against us. Then the attacking force adopted different tactics. Seeing that it was very risky to try to rush on us in dense masses, they opened out into skirmishing order, and ran across the open space in lots of five and six. As it happened, right at the foot of the koppie the ground broke away a little in such fashion that it was almost impossible for us to search it effectually with our fire. On the hither side of this dip Wambe's soldiers were now congregating in considerable numbers. Of course, we did them as much damage as we could while they were running across, but this sort of work requires good shots, and that we just what we had not got. Another thing was that so many of our men would insist upon letting off the things they called guns at every little knot of the enemy that ran across. Thus the first few lots were, indeed, practically swept away, but after that, as it took a long while to load the gas pipes and old flint muskets, those who followed got across in comparative safety. For my own part, I fired away with the elephant gun and repeating carbine till they grew almost too hot to hold, but my individual efforts could do nothing to stop such a rush, or perceptibly lessen the number of our enemies. At length there were at least a thousand men crowded into the dip of the ground within a few yards of us, whence those of them who had guns kept up a continued fusillade upon the koppie. They killed two of my bearers in this way and wounded a third, for being at the top of the koppie, these men were most exposed to the fire from the dip at its base. Seeing that the situation was growing more serious, I at length, by dint of threats and entreaties, persuaded the majority of our people to cease firing useless shots, to reload and prepare for the rush. Scarcely had I done so when the enemy came for us with a roar. I am bound to say that I should never have believed that Matukus had it in them to make such a determined charge. A large party rushed round the base of the koppie and attacked us in flank, while the others swarmed wherever they could get a foothold, so that we were taken on every side.

"'Fire!' I cried; and we did, with terrible effect. Many of their men fell, but though we checked, we could not stop them. They closed up, and rushed the first fortification, killing a good number of its defenders. It was almost all cold steel work now, for we had no time to reload, and that suited the Butiana habits of fighting well enough, for the stabbing assegai was a weapon which they understood. Those of our people who escaped from the first line of walls took refuge in the second, where I stood myself, encouraging them, and here the fight raged fiercely. Occasionally parties of the enemy would force a passage, only to perish on the hither side beneath the Butiana spears. But still they kept it up, and I saw that, fight as we would, we were doomed. We were altogether outnumbered, and, to make matters worse, fresh bodies of soldiers were pouring across the plain to the assistance of our assailants. So I made up my mind to direct a retreat into the caves, and there expire in a manner as heroic as circumstances would allow, and while mentally lamenting my hard fate, and reflecting on my sins, I fought away like a fiend. It was then I remember that I shot my friend the captain of our escort of the previous day. He had caught sight of me, and making a vicious dig at my stomach with a spear (which I successfully dodged) shouted out, or rather began to shout out, one of his unpleasant allusions to the 'Thing that.' He never got as far as 'bites,' because I shot him after 'that.'



"He never got as far as 'bites.'"

"Well, the game was about up. Already I saw one man throw down his spear in token of surrender, which act of cowardice cost him his life, by the way, when suddenly a shout arose.

"'Look at the mountain!' they cried; 'there is an impi on the mountain side.'

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A GLIMPSE OF CORK.

Sights Seen in a City of Ireland on a Bright and Bustling Day.

Cork looked very bright and bustling the day we reached it. We had made some stops here and there on our way, mostly at out of the way, picturesque villages, and so deeply had their quiet impressed us that Cork, with its cars rattling up and down the steep, stony streets, its noisy quay population, and all the hurry of the lower town, had the air of a stirring metropolis. How it would strike us if we had visited it immediately after landing from the Cunarder and with the rush of Chicago and New York still fresh in our recollection I cannot say, but it impressed us when we did see it very favorably. While there were, of course, some evidences of the universal "bad times," there were many signs of undoubted prosperity. Its connection, through Cove or Queenstown, nine miles distant, with America, accounts largely, I think, for the latter. In the streets we noticed many shops devoted exclusively to the sale of American products, meats, fruit, tobacco, agricultural implements, sewing machines, etc.

In the very gait of the people we fancied we could see an American freedom and energy. And the contrast of this modern dash and life with the gray reminders—centuries old many of them—of bygone times that meet you everywhere is very impressive to the stranger. Exceptionally fascinating was it all to us, seeing it in the lingering pale twilight of the day that had the north in a sky of tenderest blue and the south in its balmy zephyrs. Old and weary as time itself seems Ireland in the rain, but the new morning, the rosy dawn of childhood are no fresher or fairer—nothing can be fresher or fairer than Ireland when the magic blue of her skies bends above her and the caresses of the south wind play upon her.

Women in very ugly caped cloaks, but comfortably shod and trim of head—servants and workingmen's wives—were bringing home basketfuls of marketing from the great "English market," as it is called. Carriages waiting for their occupants were in line outside the dry goods shops and bookstores; men of the coal heaver type were going homeward in groups, smoking and chatting cheerfully among each other; bustling countrywomen with many an excited objurgation dragged their dilatory husbands to the carts outside the public house doors; cabs and outside cars dashed briskly along the streets; lights shone in the shop windows and those of the hotels, and a melancholy man near the bridge was playing the air of "Bellewstown Races" in a manner that seemed to have its effect on the feet of all who passed. And that was how "the beautiful city" appeared to us on the occasion of our first visit.—Nora Creena in Chicago Times.

Hunting a Coyote.

Pullman Superintendent Ellwood, of this city, Superintendent Tom Urquhart, of the Los Angelos division of the Southern Pacific, and Superintendent Beal, of the Atlantic and Pacific, met in Mr. Urquhart's office at Mojave one day, and agreed to go hunting upon the Kern county desert for coyotes. They armed themselves with rifles, secured a carriage and driver, and started out early in the morning across a cactus covered plain. Very soon through the yuccas, they saw standing pensively a lone coyote. He was reflecting upon his sins, perhaps, or upon his hunger.

"Let me shoot! Let me shoot!" said Mr. Beal, excitedly, raising his gun, and Tom Urquhart gracefully yielded to his guest. Mr. Beal shot and missed the coyote by at least forty feet. The coyote was a sensible animal, for he knew that the closer to the guns he got the safer he was. He did not seek to escape through the yuccas—he started directly for the wagon. Mr. Urquhart is a brave man, but that coyote looked hungry, and he turned pale. Though he trembled, yet he leaped into the breach to save his friends. Raising his gun, he took deliberate aim, fired—and struck a yucca one hundred yards to the right of the line of advance. The coyote still came on. It was a thrilling moment. The driver turned his horses and galloped off, the coyote in pursuit. The animal passed under the wagon in a 2:08 gait and disappeared. The railroad men returned to Mojave, and they have not yet ceased to talk about their narrow escape from the ferocious beast.—Los Angeles Tribune.

Fully Explained.

Mrs. Hobson (to Mr. Hendricks)—I see that your wife, Mr. Hendricks, has secured a new girl.

Mr. Hendricks—Yes, she came yesterday.

Mrs. Hobson—What kind of a girl is she?

Mr. Hendricks—She's a sixteen dollar a month girl.—Epoch.

HE HAD FOUR ACES.

The Late Stanley Huntley, "Spoopendyke," as a Poker Player.

The following good story is told of the late Stanley Huntley, the "Spoopendyke," Mr. Huntley was a great admirer of poker. The Maj. Edwards mentioned is a well known journalist. The Eagle's authority for the story is a publication known as "Jack Pots," printed in Chicago and containing a collection of poker stories relating to the national game. Here it is:

One of the most famous games of poker ever played in the northwest was between the late Stanley Huntley and Maj. A. W. Edwards, the editor and proprietor of The Fargo Argus. Mr. Huntley had not been making much money out of The Bismarck Tribune, and when he was taken sick and was unable to attend to business for several months, his affairs became so entangled that he determined to sell out his share in the paper.

As The Tribune was the only paper in Bismarck at that time, and as there was a strong political ring in the county, he had hopes of disposing of his property to the politicians; but fearing that he might fail to do so, he dropped a line to Maj. Edwards asking him to buy his paper. Maj. Edwards had made a fortune out of his own paper, and as he was ambitious to own more papers he promptly responded to the letter by drawing $3,000 from the bank and taking the first train for Bismarck. When he reached that city, he found that the trade with the politicians was made, and Huntley had come out of his difficulties with $700 in cool cash. It was several hours before the return train left, and having nothing else to do, the major suggested that they play a game of poker at $5 ante. The major's fame as a poker player was not confined to Fargo. He was recognized throughout the territory as the best player in the northwest, and when it became noised about the town that he and Huntley were to play for large stakes there was no saloon in the place large enough to accommodate the crowd, and the game was moved to the town hall, over the engine house.

The game began at noon and continued until 2 o'clock, with varying success. At last there was a jack pot containing $100 on the table, and it was Maj. Edwards' deal. When Mr. Huntley picked up his hand he saw that he held four queens and an ace. He was surprised. Cards had not been running well enough to justify such luck. He saw the major throw away one card and hold four.

"How much do you open it for?" asked the major, nonchalantly.

Huntley stopped a moment to think and then replied calmly:

"Don't open it."

"Well, I will," said the major.

"For how much?" asked Huntley.

"For $100," replied the major.

"All right," said Huntley, throwing away his four queens and keeping his ace. "I'll come in. Give me four cards."

With a glance of incredulity and pity the major dealt them and took one himself.

"I'll bet $100," observed the major.

"Raise you $100," said Huntley.

The major scanned his hand carefully, looked at his youthful adversary keenly, and raised it back for the same amount.

"Raise it $100 more," said Huntley.

This sort of thing continued until there was $3,400 on the table, and the crowd was breathless with excitement.

"I'll raise you $500," said the major, "if you will trust me."

"Rather have the cash," said Huntley.

"Will you take this ring for that amount?" returned the major, as he pointed to a magnificent solitaire diamond he wore, which cost him $1,000 in Chicago.

"Yes," said Huntley, as he saw the raise.

"Then I'll call," said the major.

Huntley laid down his hand. He had caught the other three aces. The major had only four kings, just as Huntley had suspected. It cost Huntley $500 to treat the crowd, and when the major left Fargo it was on borrowed money. The fame of this game spread around the territory, and when Huntley returned from his trip into the Northwest territory, after interviewing Sitting Bull, he stopped at Fargo on his way east and gave Maj. Edwards back his ring. After dinner, as Huntley was about to take the train for New York, the major, accompanied by several of his friends, went to the station to see him off.

"By the way, Stanley," said he, "since you left Bismarck they have told some pretty rough stories about that game of poker we played."

"What are they?"

"They say that I dealt myself four kings from a cold deck. Now I want you to tell these gentlemen that I played a fair, square game."

"The major is right," said Huntley. "He played an honest game."

"Thanks, Stanley," returned the major. "Now, I want to ask you one question."

"All right."

"I want to know how in the devil you ever came to discard those four queens I dealt you?"

"I'll answer that, major," said Huntley, with a grim smile, "if you will tell me how you knew I had four queens."—Brooklyn Eagle.

A Diphtheria Scare.

There is no doubt but that diphtheria in its worst form is very prevalent in many cities and small towns. At the same time that fact is no reason for frightening people out of their wits, with every new case of sore throat. Even ulcerated sore throat is bad enough, and no person would have that for fun; yet hundreds of persons are said to have had diphtheria who only had a severe sore throat. The form of sore throat which often passes for diphtheretic is what old people call quinsy. "Putrid sore throat," known long before diphtheria was probably a form of diphtheretic and very dangerous. An old hospital nurse in Boston says "It ain't the clear cold of winter that lays people up with colds, catarrh, and sore throat, and lays the children low with diphtheria; it's the soft, pleasant alternating with the wet slushy days." This is very true and explains why these troubles are so prevalent this unusally soft and rainy winter; the air in fact is laden with poisonous vapors. The first symptoms of true diphtheria are much like those of a heavy cold on the lungs. There is fever some stupor and difficulty in breathing. Very sharp pains are felt in the neck glands just below the ear. The tongue is coated the throat and tonsils inflamed, little white spots which increase and turn to a dirty yellow or brown color, next appear, and a peculiar odor totally untike ulcerated sore throat is noticeable. If the disease is of the black or malignant type nothing but a miracle can restore the patients to their former good health. Very many reliable people claim to have cured severe cases of diphtheria with Johnson's Anodyne Liniment. Be that as it may it is worth trying because so easily used internally dropped on sugar or used as a gargle, and bathing for external use. We know from experience that it will cure a common sore throat in one night, and thousands of people claim that no remedy known will relieve colds, catarrh, bronchitis, croup etc., as promptly as the good old Johnson's Liniment. If it cures them why not diphtheria? It was an old family physician's prescription. I S Johnson & Co Boston will send free to any person an illustrated pamphlet about its use. Send them your name.

A New Kind of Fuel.

It has been demonstrated in Vaca Valley that peach stones will make as good a fire for household purposes as the best kind of coal in the market. The fruit growers, instead of as heretofore throwing the pits away, dispose of the stones at the present time at the rate of $6 a ton. A sack of the stones will weigh about eighty pounds and will last as long as an equal number of pounds of coal and give a greater intensity of heat. At many of the orchards in the valley may be seen great stacks of peach and apricot stones which will eventually find their way to San Francisco and other places to be sold for fuel. The apricot stones do not burn as readily as the peach, and will not command as good a price. The fruit raisers will undoubtedly be pleased to learn that they now have another source of revenue open to them. A large number of peaches are dried during the summer season for shipment. As soon as the owners find that they have a market for the stones a greater number of pounds will be dried than heretofore.—Vallejo (Cal.) Chronicle.

A Quail Farm.

A correspondent in The London Field says: "I mentioned a short time ago that a match had been made by a Russian named Yche with a trotting horse, which is thought a great deal of in his native country, but I was unaware that M. Yche is also a large importer of quails. His quails, which are kept in a building the walls of which are lined with cages holding 100 birds in each, are sent to Paris from the south of Italy up to the middle of November, after which the imports come from Egypt. The birds are fattened after they reach Paris, and it is no uncommon thing for M. Yche to have 50,000 in this building at the same time, while he disposes of about half a million in the course of the twelve months."

Evolution of Social Hours.

Mrs. Society (a few years hence)—Set the alarm clock, dear, and come to bed.

Miss Society—Set it at what time, mother?

"At 4 a. m., of course. Mercy! Have you forgotten that this is the night of Mrs. Tiptop's party, and we promised to arrive early?"—Philadelphia Record.

Common Croup.

Is often fatal when not remedied in time. Leslie E Nicholson, 19 Wellesley Ave., Toronto, says: 'As a quick cure for croup, coughs, sore throat, chilblains, etc., I can recommend Hagyard's Yellow Oil." It is a sure cure. Directions accompany each bottle.

Ted—I think it was a mean thing for you to do.

Ned—But you must remember I did it to a mean person.

Partly Gave Up.

"In the year 1885 I coughed for six months, and having unsuccessfully tried many remedies, I partly gave up thinking I had the consumption. At last I tried Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam, less than one bottle of which cured me, leaving me as well as ever I was.' Henry W Carns, Wabash, Ont.

Harry—De Jinks has blood in his eye. Jack—Was he mad?

Harry—No. The fellow who hit him was.

A fact that all men with gray and many shaded whiskers should know, that Buckingham's Dye always colors an even brown or black at will.

The Rev Primrose—To succeed in this world my young friend, you must trust yourself more.

Spendthrift—Not at all. To get along you must make other people trust you.

Remember that Ayer's Cherry Pectoral has no equal as a specific for colds, coughs, and all affections of the throat and lungs. For nearly half a century it has been in greater demand than any other remedy for pulmonary complaints. All druggists have it for sale.

Mrs. Brown (entertaining party of friends)—If you touch me with that cane again, Johnnie, I'll punish you.

Little Johnnie—I didn't hurt you, ma. Did it you twice as hard as that last night.

Avoid Appearances. — A worthy gentlemen having an unusually red nose was long suspected of being a tippler on the sly, by those not well acquainted with his strictly temperance habits. His unfortunate disfigurment was readily cured by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

Dilletante—Do you distinguish the work of an amateur artist by the technique?

Artist—It is safer to judge by the big letters he used in signing his name.

A Dreadful Doom

To be unable to satisfy hunger without being distressed by heartburn, indigestion, sick stomach, dizziness or faintness seems a dreadful doom. All who suffer thus will find prompt relief and permanent cure in Burdock Blood Bitters. B. B B. positively cures dyspepsia in anyform.

Old Hubby—Don't go on so my dear, just because I spent a little money. I have enough for life.

Young Wife—But just think of me after you are gone.

Nothing like It.

"I was troubled with liver complaint for a good many years, but was cured by one bottle of Burdock Blood Bitters. I have never found any medicine to help me like B. B. B., in fact one bottle made a complete cure." W J West, Parkhill, Ont.

He—Some people are always making fools of themselves.

She—What have you been doing.

Health Failing Fast.

I was swollen from head to foot from dropsy of six months standing, and my health was failing fast but after taking one bottle of Burdock Blood Bitters, I am quite well and think there is no medicine equal to B. B. B. and to it I remained a true friend." Joseph Herrick Linwood, Ont.

He—When I call on your father had I better bring some references.

She—No; your bank books will do.

A High Valuation

"If there was only one bottle of Hagyards Yellow Oil in Manitoba, I would give one hundred dollars for it," writes Philip H. Grant of Monteith, Manitoba, after having used it for a severe wound and for frozen fingers, with as he says, "astonishing good results."

She—Don't you think Miss Wabash has pretty feet?

He—They're immense.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of cutting teeth? If so, send at once and get a bottle of Mrs. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP FOR CHILDREN TEETHING. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures dysentery and diarrhœa, regulates the stomach and bowels, cures wind colic, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP FOR CHILDREN TEETHING is pleasant to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female nurses and physicians in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price 25 cents a bottle.

THE KEY TO HEALTH.

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS

Unlocks all the clogged avenues of the Bowels, Kidneys and Liver, carrying off gradually without weakening the system, all the impurities and foul humors of the secretions; at the same time Correcting Acidity of the Stomach, curing Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Headaches, Dizziness, Heartburn, Constipation, Dryness of the Skin, Dropsy, Dimness of Vision, Jaundice, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Scrofula, Fluttering of the Heart, Nervousness, and General Debility; all these and many other similar Complaints yield to the happy influence of BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS.

T. MILBURN & CO., Proprietors, Toronto

G. R. PUGSLEY, L. L. B.,

Barrister, Attorney-at-Law, &c.

OFFICES—Corner Prince William and Church streets, St. John, N. B.

COAL.

SYDNEY (Old Mines),
SPRINGHILL,
VICTORIA,
SCOTCH (Ell),
PICTOU.

HARD COAL.

LEHIGH (Honey Brook,)
READING (Hard White Ash,)
WILKESBARRE (best quality.)

All fore sale at lowest market prices.

R. P. & W. F. STARR.
Smythe Street.

NOTICE.

Special Inducements are now offered by the well known CITY MARKET CLOTHING HALL to all who are in want of First Class Goods.

SPECIAL SALE,

during the remainder of this month, and Very Low Prices.

ALL

my stock of Good Ready Made Clothing and Gents Furnishing Goods have been remarked and are now offered during this Special Sale at prices that are startling, and must be cleaned out to make room for New Spring Goods.

MENS,
YOUTHS,
BOYS,
and CHILDREN'S

Suits, Overcoats, Ulsters and Reefers,

And a fine assortment of

Gents Furnishing Goods.

I, also, have on hand one of the Finest Stocks of

Scotch and English Cloths

for Custom Work which will be made up to order very low, and perfect Fitting Garments Guaranteed.

Don't forget the Place,

City Market Clothing Hall,
51 Charlotte Street,

T. YOUNG-CLAUS,

H. JONAS & CO.

JONAS' TRIPLE FLAVORING EXTRACTS
H. JONAS & CO. MONTREAL

GROCERS' SUNDRIES

ESSENTIAL OILS AND Flavoring Extracts

SOMETHING NEW IN BELTING

SEND FOR ILLUSTRATED CIRCULAR OF KNUCKLE-JOINT LINK LEATHER BELTING

J. C. McLAREN BELTING CO. MONTREAL

PLATE GLASS

French Mirror Plate — INSURANCE — BURGLAR BARGAINS

MONGENAIS, BOIVIN & CO. MONTREAL

PAINTS

OILS, COLORS,
ARTISTS' MATERIALS,
WINDOW GLASS,
VARNISHES, ETC.

A. RAMSAY & SON, MONTREAL.

COCKLE'S ANTIBILIOUS PILLS.

COCKLE'S PILLS—Free from Mercury.

COCKLE'S PILLS—For Liver.

COCKLE'S PILLS—For Indigestion.

COCKLE'S PILLS—For Heartburn.

COCKLE'S PILLS—In use eighty-six years.

Sold by Druggists everywhere.
Wholesale by EVANS & SONS, Lim., Montreal.

STEAMERS.

International Steamship Co., Spring Arrangement.

TWO TRIPS —A— WEEK.

ON MONDAY, March 4th, the steamers of this Company will leave Saint John, MONDAY, and THURSDAY for Eastport, Portland and Boston at 8 a. m., local.

From March 12th to April 20th will leave Saint John, every TUESDAY and THURSDAY at 8 a. m.

And Boston every MONDAY and THURSDAY at 8.30 a. m., and Portland 5.30 p. m. same day, for Eastport and Saint John.

H. W. CHISHOLM, Agent.

tel. sun.

Tender for Steam Service.

St. John, Digby and Annapolis.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the Minister of Finance, Ottawa, and marked "Tender for Steam Service, St. John, Digby and Annapolis," will be received at the Finance Department, Ottawa, up to and including Monday the 1st day of April next, for the following services by Steamer between St. John, Digby and Annapolis, N. S., viz:—

1st. A daily service from 1st April to 31st October, and a tri-weekly service from 1st November to 31st March; or

2nd. A daily service from 1st May to 31st October, and a tri-weekly service from 1st November to 30th April; or

3rd. A tri-weekly service all the year round.

Tenderers are requested to send in tenders for all of the above services.

Full particulars as to the terms and conditions thereof and specifications of the steamer required, may be obtained from the Post Office Inspectors at St. John and Halifax.

The Minister of Finance does not bind himself to accept the lowest or any tender.

J. M. COURTNEY,
Deputy Minister of Finance.

Finance Department,
Ottawa, 19th Feb., 1889.

[This advertisement is not to be copied by other papers without authorization from the Queen's Printer.]

NOTICE.

The New Brunswick Coffin and Casket Factory, 157 and 159 Brussels St.,

keeps a large stock of Coffins and Caskets on hand to select from, also, I have lately added Children's Enameled White Caskets finely finished.

Price List on application.

W. WATSON.

P. S.—Sole manufacturer of the

Double Washboard.

We have been running extra time to supply the demand for this article.

W. W.

FREE! FREE! FREE!

893 Sewing Machines FREE to any one who will trade in all parts, &c., of their old machine for a good, new one, when the proper time and season comes, we will send free to our friends in each town in this county our best sewing-machine made in the world, with all the attachments. We will also send free a complete line of our costly and valuable art samples. In return we ask that you show our new machine to your friends, may call at your house, and after 3 years time it shall become your own property. This grand machine is made after the Singer patents, which have now expired, and is sold by agents at $50. Best, strongest, most rapid, most durable, and easiest running machine. All is fully warranted for 5 years. Those who write to us at once can secure free the first sewing machine in their town. Address TRUE & CO., Box 740, Augusta, Maine.

CODEY'S LADY'S BOOK FOR 1889.

Madam! See what 15 Cents will do! It will bring you a sample copy of CODEY'S LADY'S BOOK, which will tell you how to get the SEAL-SKIN SACQUE, the SILK DRESS, the GOLD WATCH and COTTAGE ORGAN, and other valuables, without a dollar.

YOU CANNOT GET A BETTER

two dollars' worth of Magazine than by subscribing to "CODEY," THE BEST FAMILY MAGAZINE in America.

For 1889 it will contain:—Fashions in Colors. Fashions in black and white; latest from Europe. Original Novelties in Needle Work and Embroidery. Latest and most popular Music. Plans for the houses you want to build. Directions for decorating your home. Cookery and household help, by Mrs. OGAS, Hoyt, teacher in several fashionable New York academies, and selected on the Board of Education for the New York Public Schools. Literary enrichments by NELLY BLY, *who got herself locked up in a insane asylum to find out how they treated the insane*, ELLA RODMAN CHURCH, EMILY LENNOX, OLIVIA JAY ELL, WILSON, MISS HJESTAND, EDGAR FAWCETT, DAVID LOWRY, etc.

Every Lady Her Own Dressmaker

who subscribes to Codey's Lady's Book. The coupon! which you will find in each number entitles you to your own selection of any cut paper pattern illustrated in Codey's Lady's Book. Your 15 Sample Copy will contain one of these coupons. **Send 15 cents for Sample, which will be allowed on your subscription when received.** The pattern shown you how to cut out the garment you want. That's all we can say in this space. For the rest see your sample number, for which send 15c. at once. "Codey" is issued $2.00 a year.

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Superfine Carriage Paints

—AND—

Pure Colors in Oil and Water Colors,

At very low prices.

Alabastine for Walls and Ceilings.

W. H. THORNE & CO.,

Market Square.

RAILROADS.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.

1888 WINTER ARRANGEMENT. 1889.

ON and after MONDAY, November 26th, the trains of this Railway will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:—

Trains will Leave St. John.

DAY EXPRESS	7 30
ACCOMMODATION	11 20
EXPRESS FOR SUSSEX	16 35
EXPRESS FOR HALIFAX & QUEBEC	18 00

A Sleeping Car runs daily on the 18.00 train to Halifax.

On Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, a Sleeping Car for Montreal will be attached to the Quebec Express, and on Monday, Wednesday and Friday a Sleeping Car will be attached at Moncton.

Trains will Arrive at St. John:

EXPRESS FROM HALIFAX & QUEBEC	7 00
EXPRESS FROM SUSSEX	8 35
ACCOMMODATION	15 50
DAY EXPR