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—BY—
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EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

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BEHIND THE FOOTLIGHTS.

Eleanor Carey has left Sol Smith Russell's company.

"Montana" is the title of a play Robert Droul is writing for Effie Ellsler.

The news comes from London that Geraldine Ulmar has grown very stout.

"Another Man's Wife" is the title of the latest play from the pen of Fitzgerald Murphy.

Emma Juch has been engaged to sing in high opera at Covent Garden, London, in the spring.

Raymon Moore, the tenor, will star in February in an Irish comedy called "Love's Young Dream."

Koster & Bial talk of sending out on the road next season a company to be known as Koster & Bial's vaudevilles.

Henry Irving has been invited by President Seth Low to lecture on "The Drama" before the students of Columbia college.

Eugene Tompkins is contemplating a big Shakespearean revival for next season at the Boston theater. "Henry V." is spoken of.

Mark Murphy is soon to start out again with "O'Dowd's Neighbors." Sam Ryan and Mike Kelly, the ball player, will figure prominently in his support.

Sarah Bernhardt is to play the part of Marie Stuart at the Paris Renaissance in a play founded on the life of the Scottish queen written by Alfred Debout.

Miss Lea Van Dyck, formerly of the Bostonians, has joined the "Little Tycoon" company. Miss Van Dyck will head an operatic organization of her own the coming year.

Nat C. Goodwin contemplates presenting in New York in the spring Clinton Stewart's play, "Newport." A year ago Mr. W. H. Crane had it and expected to produce it at the Star theater.

FIN, FEATHER AND FUR.

Some insects while in the larva state never sleep, but eat incessantly.

Bats fly easily, but their movements on the ground are labored and clumsy.

The hare is particularly shy in March, notwithstanding the old saying, "mad as a March hare."

The osteologist of the Smithsonian institution says that it is a fact that pythons and several species of boas have real legs and feet.

The pigeons of St. Mark's, Venice, can tell a foreigner from a native. If one of the tourists appears, they flock about him to be fed, according to guidebook; if a Venetian, they keep away.

Long legged birds have short tails. A bird's tail serves as a rudder during the act of flight. When birds are provided with long legs, these are stretched directly behind when the bird is flying, and so act as a rudder.

The Florida tarpon, the Pacific coast salmon and the Canadian black bass are about the gamiest and strongest pulling fish inviting the hook. The muskellunge of the St. Lawrence is a splendid fish, but not any too common nowadays.

THE COUNTESS OF ESSEX.

Miss Adele Grant of New York recently in London became Mrs. George Devereaux de Vere Capell, countess of Essex. And oh, girls, is not that just too aristocratically lovely a name?—Pittsburg Times.

Another American girl was married to an English count recently. Uncle Sam can supply the entire nobility of the British isles with lovely wives if necessary and then have enough left to insure the fondest hopes of this nation.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Another fair American has joined the ranks of the nobility. At this rate it will soon be as appropriate in Europe as in America to speak of the "foreign peerage." In the meantime, perhaps an infusion of brisk American blood will put more life into that languishing institution.—Baltimore American.

What lends a peculiar interest to the latest international marriage is the fact that the young American woman in the case who has become the Countess of Essex is not rich. Her income is said to be only $4,000 a year. It is safe to infer, therefore that she was wooed and won for her beauty and loveliness. She possesses these in profusion. All happiness to the fair!—Boston Herald.

DON'TS FOR WHIST PLAYERS.

Don't ask "What's trumps?"
Don't find fault with your partner.
Don't forget that you have a partner.
Don't exult or chuckle when you win.
Don't bang winning cards on the table.
Don't fail to study the best authorities.
Don't look the picture of despair when you lose.
Don't hold your cards so they can be seen by others.
Don't say, "That's the best card" or "You can't take that."
Don't play with players inferior to yourself if you can help it.
Don't fail to keep your attention on the table instead of your hand.
Don't hesitate in playing. Your uncertainty conveys information to your opponents.—San Francisco Chronicle.

GASTRIC JUICE.

Paris killed last year 11,862 old horses for roasts and soups.

The best edible frogs dressed for table at Paris come from Alsace packed in large baskets.

In economical cookery flavor soups and gravies with vinegar instead of sherry. Very little difference will be detected.

Meat boiled quickly is always hard and tasteless, and it should be remembered that a very large quantity of water takes the goodness out of the meat.

A new way to serve raw oysters is in tall handled tumblers. A dressing of pepper and salt, lemon juice and Worcestershire sauce goes with them, and they are picked out with the long oyster fork.

ARCHITECTURAL.

The largest stone bridge is at Tagarig, China. It is six miles long and has 300 arches, each 70 feet high.

The longest wooden bridge in the world is a trestle work over Lake Ponchartrain. It is of cypress piles and 22 miles long.

The largest theater in the world is the Grand Opera House of Paris. It covers more than three acres of ground and cost 3,000,000 francs.

The largest movable dome in the world (constructed so as to revolve on a circular track and thus facilitate astronomical observations) is that on the Paris observatory, which is 30 meters (over 60 feet) in diameter.

RESCUED FROM SOFAS.

British Defeat a Horde of African Slave Dealers.

WOMEN AND CHILDREN SLAVES

To the Number of Four Hundred Liberated From Their Heartless Captors—The Cruelty of the Savage Sofas to Other Native Tribes.

LONDON, Jan. 20.—The war office has received a despatch sent from Free Town, Sierra Leone, giving the despatches sent by Colonel A. B. Ellis, commander of the British forces operating against the Sofas in the interior of Sierra Leone. Colonel Ellis' despatches are dated Tungea, January 9. He says that he started from Warina on December 26. After crossing a section of the country 42 miles broad, through the whole extent of which the Sofas had been going recently, the British expedition reached the Rum river on December 28. Here a successful attempt was made to establish communication with the Konnos, who were hidden in the forest on the further bank of the river. The Konnos informed the British that the main body of the Sofas had crossed the river on December 18. They had destroyed Yardu, though the people of that place had hitherto been on friendly terms with them.

The Sofas then proceeded to Kerrayenna for the purpose of joining others of the tribe, their intention being to attack the British at Tungea. The column crossed the Rum river in pursuit of the natives and reached Kerra Yemna on December 31. The place was found to be a perfect charnel house. The Sofas had slaughtered the inhabitants, men, women and children, and then left. The British bivouacked in the forest on the night of January 1. Long before daybreak on the morning of the 2nd the British started in pursuit of the enemy, who had evidently changed their minds about attacking the British. At four o'clock in the morning the British came upon the Sofas and fell upon them. The enemy was taken completely by surprise. The place had been strongly blockaded, but the British carried the position in a quarter of an hour. Two hundred of the Sofas were killed and 70 were taken prisoners. Over 400 slaves, women and children, were rescued. The horde of Sofas slave traders were completely dispersed. The only casualties sustained by the British were the severe wounding of Lieut. Gwynn and one private.

UNEMPLOYED IN GERMANY.

A Proposed Gathering of Workingmen Nipped in the Bud.

BERLIN, Jan. 19.—An anarchist named Rodrian issued a call a few days ago for the unemployed workingmen to hold a meeting at a brewery at Friedrichshain, a suburb of Berlin. The meeting was to have been held yesterday, but the police having in mind the origin of the serious riots of 1892 determined to arrest Rodrian, thinking that if he were locked up the meeting would not be held. Consequently he was taken into custody and the news of his arrest quickly spread. The police were right in their conjecture that with Rodrian out of the way there would be no meeting.

Quite a number of men proceeded to the brewery, but there was no attempt at speeches.

Later in the day a crowd of people gathered before the Konigsthur and acted in a very disorderly manner. The police ordered them to disperse, but were met with jeers and with flat refusals to obey the order. Finding that moderate measures would not suffice to disperse the crowd, orders were given to the police to draw their swords and charge the rioters. The order was at once obeyed, and the crowd broke and scattered in every direction.

Dr. Gumplowicz, an anarchist from Zurich, who it was announced would speak at the proposed meeting, has been arrested.

The Kleine Journal publishes an account of the troubles, which, it says, was reported by an eye-witness. It charges that the action of the police in attacking the crowd was without cause. The unemployed who had gone to the brewery to attend the proposed meeting were leaving the building, after having learned that the meeting would not be held. As was natural they gathered in groups to discuss the situation and a few lingered near the exits. They showed no lawless intent; in fact, many of those about the brewery were mere onlookers and were of the better class.

Balfour Evading the Law.

LONDON, Jan. 18.—Jabez Spencer Balfour, who is wanted in England in connection with the failure of the Liberator Building Society, was seen in the Argentine Republic some weeks ago. He was then living in luxury on a fine hacienda a short distance from Buenos Ayres. He was engaged in business and was believed to be making much money. Since the extradition treaty between Great Britain and the Argentine Republic was concluded Balfour has disappeared. It is not known whether he has fled, but every effort is now being made to effect his arrest.

Drowned While Drunk.

HALIFAX, Jan. 19.—Friday night a party of men were crossing south side of Harbor Grace, Nfld., in a boat. They were somewhat intoxicated, and one of them named Joseph Noseworthy created considerable trouble in the boat and then either fell or jumped overboard and quickly sank in the ice cold water. His companions, sobered by fearful trouble of their friend, tried to save him but failed. He was a young man, married and was mate of the brig Thrasher.

Brakesman Killed Near Acton.

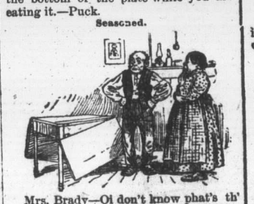
ACTON, Ont., Jan. 19.—Frederick Trembley, a brakesman from Sarnia Tunnel, while shunting in the yard here, attempted to jump from one car to another when the cars separated and he fell between. One truck passed over his leg, taking it off just above the ankle. His body was also badly crushed. He was carried at once to the hotel, where he died in about two hours, retaining consciousness all the time. He leaves a family of three children.

Obtrusive.

Mr. Parvnoo (at his first swell dinner and eating consomme for the first time) —Isn't the soup thin, Mary?

Miss Arvnoo (with a sneer)—Yes. It's done so you can see the decorations on the bottom of the plate while you are eating it.—Puck.

Seasoned.



Mrs. Brady—Oi don't know phat's th' matther wid it. Th' mon as sold it toulo me it was made ov seasoned lumber.

Brady (in disgust)—Seasoned, is it? Well, the lumber must hov been seasoned in th' fall, thin, fer th' leaves are all droppin ahf.—Puck.

QUEEN LIL'S CANADIANS.

The Government Making Inquiries Into the Report from Victoria, B.C.

CHICAGO, Jan. 19.—A special to the Herald from Victoria, B.C., says:—"The Militia Department at Ottawa having heard through the press of the proposed expedition to Honolulu, organized under royalist auspices and directed on this side from Winnipeg and Vancouver, Major-General Herbert has caused inquiries to be made by Colonel Peters, deputy adjutant-general for this district. It is doubtful, however, whether the Canadian Government can interfere in any way, as the men who have it in contemplation to serve as the Queen's own guard do not intend to go armed or by any overt acts putting themselves in conflict with the neutrality laws, and they claim the right to go to the Hawaiian Islands or anywhere else where employment of any kind may offer.

"It is expected that the fear of difficulties with the Dominion authorities has caused a few to say that they desire to have no more to do with the project, but the great majority have fully made up their minds to embark, if possible, in the adventure, and they are all impatiently awaiting an answer to the recent message to Theophilus Davies. It is expected that marching orders will come by return mail, and the party will probably secure one of the many swift sailing vessels available on this coast and make via United States soil for an unfrequented part of the coast of the Island Orcha, within easy distance of Honolulu. Once landed on this island any determined body of men could advance without difficulty to the city.

"Though the organization of this expedition was kept a profound secret for many weeks, now that it has come out the leaders have no hesitation in discussing the part they intend to take. They do not take at all kindly to the term of "the filibusters," which has been applied to them, claiming that they have no intention or thought of plundering lawlessly in any form.

SHE WILL NOT MARRY HOOPER.

The Father of Miss Alice Stapely Interviewed by a Reporter.

OTTAWA, Jan. 22.—Benjamin Stapely was interviewed by a reporter as to his daughter's engagement to John R. Hooper. "This is no engagement," he replied, "and has not been for a month. She has no connection with him whatever." "The public has supposed that as Miss Stapely has been giving evidence in Hooper's favor she was still engaged to him?" "She simply told what she knew, not with a view to clearing him as a lover, but simply because his action, so far as she was concerned, with the exception of the lies he told, were not serious, and she felt sorry for his parents, who are really respectable people and much to be pitied. If Hooper was freed to-morrow," he added, "my daughter would not marry him, and he was told so some time ago. About a month ago, when Hooper's father called at my brother-in-law's, Mr. Shaw's, in Montreal, Mr. Shaw told him distinctly for us that all was over between his son and Miss Stapely, and in saying this he voiced, not only our sentiments, but my daughter's."

CAPITAL GOSSIP.

Canadian Cattle Shipping—Sub-Collectors Officially Dismissed.

OTTAWA, Jan. 22.—A delegation is expected in the city from Montreal in a few days to ask the Government to use its influence with the United States Government to permit Canadian cattle being shipped by United States ports in bond. The reason alleged for this is that owners of cattle are compelled to feed them until the opening of navigation by the St. Lawrence at a loss. If this concession be granted by the Canadian Government then the United States Government would likely expect to be given something equivalent in the way of privileges in Canada.

At a meeting of the Cabinet Friday night an order-in-council was passed dismissing Sub-Collector D. G. Grant, Barrie, and also Sub-Collector of Customs C. E. O. Hagar, of Hagarsville, for misappropriating public funds. Both sub-collectors were suspended some weeks ago, and this is the outcome of the investigations which have been held into the charges against them.

At a meeting of the Postoffice Department Benevolent Society the name of John R. Hooper was dropped from membership.

Hon. T. M. Daly, Minister of the Interior, was shown the cablegram from London, in which it is stated that some sensation had been caused in London by the publication of a despatch from Reuter's agent at Winnipeg, stating that there is great distress amongst the farmers of Manitoba. "This is evidently my old enemy, the 'Liar on space,' turned up again," said Mr. Daly, with a smile. "The price of wheat is low in Manitoba, it is true," he continued, "but it is utterly false that there is any distress in Manitoba."

Inquest on Daniel Campbell's Death.

GEORGETOWN, Jan. 22.—Constable Bradley of Milton has received instructions from the County Crown Attorney to find out beyond doubt the cause of the late Daniel Campbell's death. Summons have been issued to empanel a jury and hold an inquest. The remains were taken up on Saturday and viewed by the jury and Coroner Sutherland with Drs. Roe and Kay are holding a post mortem, the result of which will be made public next Thursday when the adjourned inquest will be held. County Constable Bradley, who has had the case in hand for two weeks, when interviewed did not care to say much and stated that the case at present looked very black.

ENGAGEMENT OFF.

Maud—"George, dear, I'm going to get my fortune told."

George—"Don't do it, Maud, dearest! It's all a fake."

Maud—"I don't care, darling; here goes." (Hands gypsy a quarter.)

Gypsy (reading her palm)—"You will probably marry a hair-brained, impecunious young man with blonde hair, blue eyes and small mustache, who will drink and abuse you constantly. You will have ten small children, and die of quick consumption, brought on by taking in washing, at the age of thirty-one."

Gypsy (a moment later)—"All a fake, is it? De gypsy queen has faked your chances pretty well, me fine feller."

THE HUMAN RACE.

WHERE'S MOTHER?

Bright curly heads pop in all day
To ask, "Is mother here?"
Then give an eager glance around
And swiftly disappear.

She ought to wear a silver bell,
Whose note, so sweet and clear,
Should tinkle out a cheery sound,
Repeating, "Mother's near."

And then if any little one
Had something glad to tell,
Or scratches, bumps or tears or fears
Or secret woes befell,

No need to fly from room to room,
But simply listen well,
And, like the happy little lambs,
Just follow "Mother's bell."

—St. Nicholas.

VANISHED.

I was engaged to be married. My mother had died when I was aged 15, and since her death I had been my father's housekeeper and companion. My brother, two years my elder, was at the bar.

We occupied a suburban villa residence—rather superior to a villa—it had a large garden in front, and a drive to the door, and a terrace on which the drawing room window opened. We liked to regard ourselves as a cut above suburban villa people. We kept a carriage and pair and had a butler and had a greatuncut who was an honorable, and so I believe we were what we believed ourselves to be.

My father had been in South Africa. He had made his fortune in the Kimberley diamond mines and had made it somewhat rapidly, having had the good fortune to find a number of stones of great size and good water.

One of the finest he had not disposed of. He kept it as a specimen or as a nest egg. It was rather a cause of anxiety to us, as he carried it about with him in his purse. He would not trust it in the house. He thought it safer on his person. So it might have been had he not been wont to produce it after dinner, as well as at other times when servants were present and show it and expatiate on its beauty and value.

We had a butler whom we did not like. We called him the bandit, from his wild and savage appearance. His dress was right enough, but he had a forbidding face.

He conducted himself harmlessly enough till on one occasion he got drunk at a dinner party we gave. Then my father dismissed him, and he took up his residence not far from our house, where there was a sort of slum inhabited by persons of no very fixed occupation.

My father refused him a character, or rather he said that if he were called on for a character he would state the truth concerning the man and not give a false character, as is so often done out of good nature in order to give a servant another chance. It is singular that employers should be so considerate for the employed and so little considerate for their brother employers as to let them engage servants whom they know to be unsatisfactory and likely to give trouble.

The bandit of course knew that my father carried the diamond about with him.

It was odd that the bandit should have settled in the neighborhood.

These two thoughts did not strike me, or strike me as connected, till later.

My father was, I dare say, somewhat troubled at my engagement. He would lose me, as I was going to India with my husband, and, as I have said, I was his companion and housekeeper after my mother's death. But my father was not a man of demonstrativeness, and he made no show of greatly concerning himself at my loss. He took the prospect more coolly than I perhaps liked.

My father belonged to a good family. The honorable greatauntwas his aunt, not my mother's. He had been intended for the church and a family living, but had preferred going to South Africa, and eventually, through the death of an uncle, some money came to him, which in addition to what he had made in the diamond fields enabled him to retire and live up to the honorable aunt—I mean to keep a carriage and pair and a butler and have a house a cut above a villa.

In a couple of months I was to be married.

One evening I sat up late, thinking over the fire.

The season was October, the air was a little chilly, but not cold, so a fire was desirable, but not necessary. The blinds and curtains were not drawn, at my desire, as the hunter's moon was shining and was nearly full, and I am at all times fond of moonlight. When one is in love and anticipating marriage, one simply adores it. So I had told the servant not to close the shutters and draw the blinds. The windows were such as are called French—that is to say, they opened to the ground and were windows and doors in one. They commanded the terrace.

It was my father's habit every evening before retiring to smoke a pipe on the terrace, and as I sat by the fire, with the lamp turned down so as to enjoy the moonlight, I could see him walking up and down the terrace. I could see him if I chose—I actually saw his shadow. The moonlight fell through the two long windows on the polished oak floor and oriental rugs. As I sat I saw his shadow thrown on the floor before window No. 1, then a couple of seconds later on the floor before window No. 2. Then ensued a minute, as he walked to the end of the terrace, then in reverse order came his shadow in the light of No. 2, and then, after a momentary interval, his shadow cleared the light from No. 1.

How long this went on I cannot tell. Presently it stopped. I did not particularly notice when. I was thinking of my presents.

Some time after the butler came in and asked if he should lock up the house and shut the shutters. I answered "Yes," as my father, I said, had done his pipe and come in. I concluded he had come in, because I no longer saw his shadow, and I judged from his invariable habit of always coming indoors when he had done his pipe.

Next morning I came down to breakfast as usual and waited for him.

"Please, miss," said the housemaid, "master left the lamp burning in the study all night."

"Did he?" said I. It was unusual. He was so methodical in all he did.

The tea would spoil unless he came quickly. I rang for the butler. "Will you call your master? He must have overslept himself. Say there is grilled partridge, and it is getting cold, and the tea will taste bitter."

Presently the butler returned.

"Please, miss, the master is not in his room. He has not been there all night. The bed is undisturbed. The hot water has not been taken in."

My father had disappeared.

Not a trace of him could we find. Suddenly, in the moonlight, he had vanished. The last I had seen of him was his shadow cast on the drawing room floor on the previous night. As I considered, I could not say in which direction I had seen his shadow pass for the last time. I could not tell within half an hour when I had last seen it. I could not indeed swear that the shadow I had seen was that of my father, as I had not looked at him through the window.

All that I could say was that it was his custom about that time every night to walk the terrace, and that therefore probably he had walked it the night he disappeared, and his shadow it probably had been that I had seen flung on the drawing room floor.

Days, weeks passed, and not a trace of my father was found. I had not the smallest doubt as to what had become of him, nor had my brother nor any of the neighborhood. The bandit had murdered him and made away with his body for the sake of the diamond.

Of course we took action the moment we were sure he had absolutely vanished. The police watched the bandit, they searched his house, where they did find some articles that had belonged to my father, but which the ex-butler protested he had purloined while in our service. There was a handkerchief that had my father's initials, a tie to which I could swear and a breastpin, but I could not be sure that he had worn these when he disappeared.

My father did not dress for dinner when we were alone, so that he may have worn the tie and breastpin on the last occasion we dined together. I cannot say. I had not noticed what he then wore.

Nothing further to compromise the man was discovered, but that was not wonderful—four days elapsed since the disappearance of my father before the police searched the bandit's lodgings—time enough for him to make away with the diamond. What he had done with my father's body, where he had secreted it, we could never find.

We could not imagine how he had lured my father away from the terrace and down a back lane, where we conjectured the murder had been committed. Not that we found evidence there of a struggle, but that it was the only place in the immediate neighborhood where a murder could have been committed.

We had no moral doubt whatever that the bandit had murdered my father and had murdered him in the back lane I mention; that he had made him insensible by means of chloroform before dispatching, and that my poor father's body was secreted somewhere near our villa.

Nevertheless it was not possible to bring the murder home to the man, and when he disappeared shortly after we were all morally certain he had gone away to enjoy the profits of the sale of the diamond—cut maybe into two or three, so as to render it incapable of identification.

After awhile—eight months—I married and went to India. My brother let the house, as he was unmarried.

Five years later I returned from India with a couple of children, whom the climate of India did not suit. As the house was then unlet, I took it off my brother, although associated with such painful recollections. The honorable greatauntcame to pay me a visit and make the acquaintance of her great-great-nephew and niece, the latter of whom was called after her.

One moonlight evening after the children had been sent to bed we were sitting together in the drawing room, when we began to talk of my poor father.

"It is rather odd when you come to think of it," said the honorable greatauntt, "that Jack may be said to have disappeared before."

"How so, aunt?"

"He was intended for the church, but didn't fancy it. The living of Willowslopcum-Studge was a family living and intended for him. We all wished it, but when sent to Oxford he did not read and was plowed at his examinations and then, ashamed to be seen, dashed away to South Africa, and there, as it happened, did well."

As we talked a shadow passed before the window No. 1. A second, and it passed before the window No. 2. Then a minute, and in reversed order it passed No. 2, and in another moment No. 1.

Our hearts stood still. I was nigh on fainting. A minute later, a step—my father's step—in the hall. Another minute he—not his shadow, he in the flesh—was in the drawing room, and I in his arms.

How came it all about?

"My dear Ethel," said my father, "to tell you the truth, I had had enough of civilization. Before I got too old I thought I'd make another venture at free life in the wilds. I've been cattle ranching, I've been a cowboy—enjoyed myself famously. When Tom was getting on at the bar, you about to be married and going to India, I did not see that I had any particular call to keep me in England. I had grown dearly tired of suburban villa life, of social conventionalities, sick to disgust of English politics. I heard that a society paper was going to send an interviewer to draw me out as the wealthy diamond man, and so the fit came on me to hook it.

"I hooked it once before and told no one. So I hooked it again and told no one. I was ashamed to tell the truth—that I was dead sick of civilization; that I loathed it to the toes. But I was, so I bolted.

"I sold my diamond in New York. By the way, I've not made money this time—I've lost it. By the way also, I've had a cinch put over me in the ranch that was my butler here once. We called him the bandit. He told me he'd been accused of having murdered me, and the accusation had hung on him and forced him to leave old England. He is not a bad chap. He advanced me the money to come home and sent his respects to you, Ethel, and asked me to tell you that he did not rob and murder me and conceal my corpse."

"Oh, papa, are you now home for good?"

"Yes, I think so—but can't say. I shall have to hook it again some day, but that will be into another world altogether."—S. Baring Gould in Scotsman.

Annie Laurie.

A Pittsburg magazine, The Youth's Journal, has hunted up the history of Annie Laurie. She was not a creature of imagination, but an actual verity of whose ancestry honorable mention is made in Scotch history. Stephen Laurie was a flourishing merchant of Dumfries before James VI became king. Prior to 1611 he married Marion, daughter of Provost Corran, getting with her a handsome marriage portion. Being a man of many acres, he took the designation of Maxwelton, leaving at his death his lands and titles to his eldest son, John. The next head of the house was Robert, a baronet. He was twice married and had, by his second wife, three sons and four daughters. The birth of one of the latter is thus entered in the family register by the father, "At the pleasure of the almighty God, my daughter, Annie Laurie, was born upon the 16th day of December, 1682, about 4 o'clock in the morning, and was baptized by Mr. George Hunter, the minister of Glencairn." The well known lyric was composed by Mr. Douglas Finland, an ardent admirer of "Bonnie Annie," who did not, however, return his affections, but married his rival, Alexander Ewenson.

Brazilian News.

Editor—"Any fresh news from Brazil?"

Assistant—"Not a line."

Editor—"Say that the man who was killed a week ago last Thursday at Rio is still dead, and make a column of it."

A Logician.

Miss Aby See.—Boys, give the feminine term for one who washes clothes.

The Boys.—Laundress!

Miss Aby See.—The masculine term? (Pause.)

One Boy.—Chinaman!

A Practical Girl.

Elder sister—"Why don't you improve your mind, Belle, instead of continually dawdling about the house?"

Belle—"What's the use? I am engaged."

A Peterboro Miracle.

BROUGHT BACK FROM THE BRINK OF THE GRAVE.

A Young Girl's Wonderful Experience—Sickly From Four Months of Age—Her Parents Did Not Think She Would Live a Month—Now a Picture of Health—A Marvellous Case.

From the Peterboro Examiner.]

To be dragged to the edge of the grave in the grasp of dread disease is an experience that comes to all, but to contemplate entering the grave and mingling with its dust, to have, even in hope, bidden good-bye to life and all its sweetness, and then to be snatched from the brink of the grave and to be restored to health, strength and happiness, is an experience that few enjoy. We hear and read of such cases so well attested, that doubt finds small space for its exercise, but heretofore no case has, until now, come under our notice in Peterboro with such directness as to "make assurance doubly sure." Such a case however exists.

Many persons have heard of the illness of Miss Amelie Ranger, who lives with her parents at 19 Parnell street. She was brought down to the very gates of death and was restored to perfect health when all human aid seemed to be unavailing. Her miraculous cure excited so much comment that a representative of the Examiner was detailed to obtain the particulars, and the result of the investigation is to verify the reports that have been current. On calling at Mr. Ranger's house the reporter was met at the door by a bright-eyed, healthy looking young girl, who readily consented to give the particulars of her illness and cure. She remarked that her mother was absent in Montreal on a visit, and added with no little pride that she was keeping the house and doing all the work, a thing that would have been impossible a year or so ago, as she was then so ill that instead of taking care of the house she needed constant attention herself.

"I have been sickly from the time I was four months old," she said, "and as I grew, up the weakness and ill health became more pronounced. My blood was said to have turned watery. I was weak, pale and dull and could do nothing but suffer. Nothing the doctors did for me was of any use and I grew worse and worse. Father spent a farm on me, but it was of no avail, and father and mother gave me up and felt that I was going to die. I expected to die myself. I had no blood, I was as pale as a corpse and so weak I could hardly walk. My heart also gave me very much trouble and if I lifted my hands, my heart would jump until I thought I would die. About two years ago we heard of Dr. William's Pink Pills and got a box, but as they did not seem to do me much good I didn't take any more at the time, but as I got worse and the doctor could do nothing for me, I determined to try the Pink Pills once more, this time I made up my mind that I would give them a fair trial. I got eight boxes and before the third box was done I felt better and my appetite was better. I kept on taking the pills until I had taken the eight boxes, and all the time kept growing stronger and stronger. My color returned, my heart trouble left me and my appetite was better than it had ever been before. Now I can do any work about the house, and feel strong and well all the time. It is a great change since last July when I could scarcely walk across the floor without falling. I believe Dr. Williams' Pink Pills saved me from going to the grave, and I am very thankful I took them."

There was no doubting the honesty of her conviction that Pink Pills saved her life. A younger sister corroborated what was said, remarking, "when Amelia was so bad last spring she was so pale she was almost green, and mother did not think she would live a month."

In evidence of the dangerously ill condition of Miss Ranger, a couple of neighbors were seen. Mrs. Tromblay said the girl was very ill, and her friends did not expect her to recover, and she had been cured by the use of Pink Pills. Another lady present also bore testimony to the hopelessly ill condition of Miss Ranger, a few months ago.

The remarkable and gratifying results following the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, in the case of Miss Ranger, show that they are unequalled as a blood builder and nerve tonic. In the case of young girls who are pale or sallow, listless, troubled with a fluttering or palpitation of the heart, weak and easily tired, no time should be lost in taking a course of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which will speedily enrich the blood, and bring a rosy glow of health to the cheeks. These pills are a positive cure for all troubles arising from a vitiated condition of the blood or a shattered nervous system, such as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effects of la grippe, that tired feeling resulting from nervous prostration, all diseases depending upon humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities and all forms of weakness. In the case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork, or excesses of whatever nature.

Dr. Williams Pink Pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N.Y., and are sold in boxes never in loose form by the dozen or hundred) at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50, and may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company from either address. The price at which these pills are sold makes a course of treatment inexpensive as compared with other remedies or medical treatment.

GOOD AGAIN.

At the World's Fair cheese competition, the cheese made at John J. Macdonald's factory, at Elm Bank, N. S., by Wm. M. Topping, of Athens, carried off the highest honors for the Maratime Provinces, being awarded 98½ points out of a possible 100. Mr. Macdonald, we understand, intends starting a factory at Cape George next season, and wants an Athens cheese maker to take charge of it.

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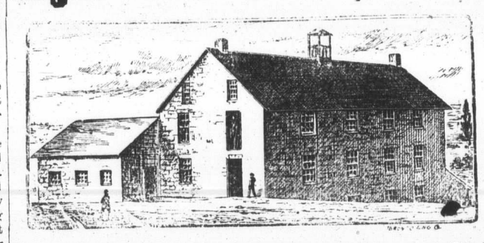

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Lyn May 20, 189

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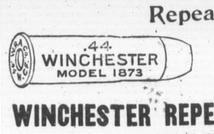

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