## SERVIA'S RECORD OF BLOOD; HOW ALEXANDER AND DRAGA DIED

*Fresh Information On the Belgrade Tragedy Which Presents the Abused and Murdered Sovereigns In a Better Light—Some Previous Assassinations.*

Every age has its fetich, the secret hope that men hug to their hearts so as to silence their fears. Ours is the fetich of modernity, the comfortable fiction that things do not happen as they used to happen, that even human passions must express themselves by regulation and rule. And millions of us, swayed by the tranquil influences of the omnibus and the umbrella, accept as a platitude rather than an aphorism the assurance that revolutions must be by act of parliament. Occasionally, however, the outburst of a primitive hatred hurls us back into the old uncertainty, and we revert to ancient impressions, to the awe of tradition, and to the fear of fate.

At first glance the butchery of Belgrade appears a very carnival of blood, isolated and monstrous. The King and Queen slaughtered by the officers of their own army, the dead bodies insulted, the assassins applauded in a beflagged capital, the interment in indecent haste and by night of the royal dead while Colonel Naumovics, the traitor aide-de-camp, is buried by day and with full military honors, the grotesque comment upon the marksmanship of Captain Milan Ristitch, the murder of the Queen's brothers, the banishment of her sisters, the blotting out of the line of Obrenovitch in a few hours without remorse, with even a sort of dull cheerfulness—these things appear, as I have said, the incidents of an action, isolated and monstrous. This, however, is not the case; it is only the final scene of a long tragedy that was played at Belgrade—nevermore the white city—on the 11th of June, within a few hours of the anniversary of Prince Michael's assassination. That drama has worked itself out with a remorseless insistence which brings to this land of modern peasants, whose first prince was a swineherd, all the grandeur and terror for ever associated with the Greek notion of an inherited curse.

### SERVIA'S TRAGEDY.

In 1809 Servia was a pawn between Russian and Austria, just as she is now; but Servia had found a strong man, who was known as Kara George, and who became Prince in 1811. Amongst his suspected enemies was a certain Milosh Obrenovic, but he stayed his hand and did not kill him. In 1817 Kara George was assassinated by the order of the very man whom he had spared. These two, Kara George and Milosh Obrenovic, are respectively the peasant ancestors of the dead Alexander and Prince Peter Karageorgevitch, the acclaimed King of Servia. Milosh abdicated in 1839, and his son Michael was superseded three years later by the son of Kara George. It is unnecessary to sketch the outline of the history of these peasant royalties, linked to so many older monarchies by a common inheritance of violence and failure and final doom.

But in the drama of the Obrenovics one scene stands out with startling significance: it is the assassination of Prince Michael on June 10, 1868. He was walking in the garden with his cousin, the Countess Anka, and some others. He and the Countess were shot dead, and his body was mutilated. Amongst the conspirators were the lawyer of Kara George and a friend of Kara George's son. The coffins of King Alexander and Queen Draga have been placed in "the vaults of the church where the remains of Anka, daughter of Ephrem Obrenovitch, already repose." The coincidence is startling, but it goes deeper than that.

At the very hour of his doom Prince Michael had been contemplating the divorce of his wife Julia because of her having borne him no children, and this is precisely the intention which has been venomously attributed to Alexander in regard to Queen Draga. But it was not of divorce that the gallant young king was thinking when he shielded Draga with his body in that last moment of desperate defense, which must, at all events, have silenced that lie for ever. "That fatal woman," exclaimed Queen Nathalie she who had watched Artemisia Cristics, that other fatal woman, enchanting with strange spells the withered heart of Milan.

And it was really Draga who sealed the doom of Milan's son, who might have redeemed the lost energy of his house, who might have survived the inherited curse upon his line. At all events, he had courage and dominance, the old, hard grip which Milan had lost. Alexander proved himself when, as a boy of 16, revolver in hand, he declared himself of age and master, locking the Regents up to think it over during a long night, in which many dark thoughts must have crossed their minds. Madame Maschin, formerly maid of honor to Queen Nathalia, became at once Queen Draga and copartner in the terrible inheritance of the Obrenovitch dynasty. From the moment of this fatal infatuation the tragedy becomes more personal and more intimate. For Draga stood between the young king and his turbulent subjects. Rightly or wrongly, Draga was for them at once the symbol of humiliation and the symbol of reaction. On the one hand, her humble origin threw no luster on a royalty in need of such luster; on the other hand, she seemed to her subjects the apotheosis of an ambition which must, surely, end in despotism. Lies were circulated about her in all directions. Her childlessness was deemed a reproach. Above all, she was distasteful to the army because it was feared that the King would hold to his intention of appointing his brother-in-law heir apparent. Under such conditions it was at the best a game of life and death for Alexander and the woman he loved.

### "MADAME DRAGA."

She tried to win the favor of Servia with a woman's arts and a woman's charm. She wanted to accompany the King to Russia, where the Czar had promised to receive them, after which presentation every Court in Europe, including the bitter Court of Vienna, would be open to her. She looked forward to many things did this "Madame Draga," the upstart whom nobody pitied, the woman who seemed to divide with her infamous father-in-law all the venomous gossip of Europe.

She had been very beautiful, and danger had not torn from her the joy of life. Only a little before her death she had been looking forward to a new dress with an eagerness which seems to us now strangely pathetic. For one thinks of her crouching in the darkened palace, every room of which had been for some time impregnated with the menace of death. Crouching and clinging to her husband, Draga finds her way into that hidden room in which she and Alexander are to hold their last conference. And they know that death is threatening them, and they whisper together concerning the terms upon which they both may live. Each knows that it is a matter of life and death that they should separate, and life is sweet to each of them. A knock sounds at the door, and the traitor is admitted. "We have changed our minds; we love each other," exclaims Alexander, and Draga's destiny is merged for ever in that of the fatal line. That is how one likes to think of them, this man and woman whose love-story aroused the resentment of two great monarchies. They loved each ther in the face of death; and if it was Draga who destroyed, it was also Draga who redeemed. For as long as human nature rejects the festering insults towards the dead, public opinion will refuse to associate Alexander with the memory of his infamous father. They are both dead, and the descendant of Kara George succeeds; but "Where there is blood it is slippery," and there is much blood in Belgrade.

Perhaps we shall never know the real story of what actually took place at the Konah, and it remains for the enemies of the fallen royalties to describe them as abject at the last, to insult their memories even as they insulted their corpses. But the long trilogy has closed for ever. It began with assassination. Dating from the murder of Kora George, each act has been intimately associated with a woman. Prince Michael was murdered before the very eyes of the woman for whom he intended to divorce his wife. The tragedy of Queen Natalie has become one of the saddest in Europe, and now at last a woman has brought to the Obrenovics the final solace of extinction. She wished to share the fatal inheritance, and she has shared it. And before this dead woman, slashed with sabres, insulted in death as in life, all censure is idle. One thinks of her rather as the epitome of tragic doom, the very symbol of necessity. But in some few hearts surely there will arise, interwoven with the awe of great passions, a little human pity for Draga, the dead Servian Queen.


## THE TORTURE OF BACKACHE.

It ages the young—cripples and enfeebles the old—incapacitates a man for work—unfits him for pleasure.

There is no need to endure the agony of an aching back—to be crippled with a sore, stiff, lame back.

## DR. PITCHER'S BACKACHE-KIDNEY TABLETS

Take away every bit of pain, stiffness and soreness — quickly and completely. Here is some convincing evidence:

**FREE FROM PAIN.**

Mr. Wm. Smith, Pinnacle St., Belleville, says:—"Before using Pitcher's Kidney Tablets, I was very much afflicted with lumbago. Since I used a bottle, I am not only free from that but I am sleeping better. The nervous restlessness has ceased. The dull aching in the small of my back has disappeared. I can vouch for Pitcher's Tablets being a reliable remedy for pain and lameness in the back."

**IT HURT TO WALK.**

John Histed, 71 Barton St., Hamilton, says:—"Just after a hard lift some three years ago, a severe pain started in the small of my back and over the right hip. It bothered me badly to walk. I was induced to try Dr. Pitcher's Backache Kidney Tablets. I got a bottle and they were just the thing; they cured the pain and soreness completely."

There is no remedy in the world to equal Dr. Pitcher's Backache Kidney Tablets for curing, not only backache, but also Bright's disease, diabetes, dropsy, scalding or irritation of the urine, frequent calls during the day or night, blood impurities, skin eruptions, rheumatism, neuralgia, dragging pain in the loins and all kidney, bladder and urinary troubles of young or old.

50 Chocolate-Coated Tablets, 50 cts., at druggists or by mail. The Dr. Zina Pitcher Co., Toronto.


### Oranges For Smokers.

"Did you ever notice," asked a well-known uptown physician the other day "that men who eat oranges are not much injured by smoking? It is a fact. Orange juice has the faculty of neutralizing nicotine, and that is the reason. I have seen men weakened and even made ill by excessive smoking, and a few oranges were all that was necessary to straighten them out.

"All this pother about the injurious effects of cigarette smoking wearies me," he continued. "I don't mean to say that they are not injurious to boys—any kind of smoking is, for that matter. But those who put up a hue and cry against cigarettes say that it is the paper that is at fault. It is the inhalation of the nicotine-laden smoke that causes the trouble. You don't inhale cigar smoke, because it is too strong. But if you did, you would find that the injury inflicted by cigarettes is ridiculously slight compared with it. I have smoked cigarettes for twenty years, and look at me. I eat oranges." As the doctor is an athlete, and has not known sickness during the whole forty years of his life, it looks as if there might be something in his claim. —Philadelphia Record.

### Teach Your Boy to Swim.

The parent who has a boy who doesn't know how to swim should see that he learns. Possibly some day that knowledge will save his life. Certainly during many days it will add to his stock of happiness and health There are few more thorough forms of exercise than swimming. Every muscle is brought into play. The chest and lungs particularly are developed. Greater chest development, if it does not take the form merely of pectoral muscles enlarged by artificial dumbbell exercise, means greater lung capacity, which means greater vitality.—Chicago Tribune.

## SICK TWO YEARS BUT WAS CURED

*Dodd's Kidney Pills Credited With Another Victory Over Lumbago.*

*John Ball, a Quebec Bricklayer, Tells How His Troubles Vanished When He Tried the Great Canadian Kidney Remedy.*

Quebec, July 10.—One more remarkable cure has been marked up to the credit of Dodd's Kidney Pills in this city. John Ball, bricklayer, of 57 Little Champlain street, is the man cured. Interviewed regarding the matter he said:

"I have been troubled with Lumbago for two years and could not do my work. I was also suffering from urinary troubles and had to get up at night so much that my rest was spoiled.

"I bought one box of Dodd's Kidney Pills and after I had used them began to see and feel a change. I have used three boxes and I am now cured."

Similar cures by Dodd's Kidney Pills are reported so frequently that it seems safe to say that Dodd's Kidney Pills will cure any form of Kidney Complaint or any disease caused by disordered Kidneys.

## MISSISSIPPI BOATMAN'S EXCITING EXPERIENCE

*All-Night Prayer-Meeting During the Ohio's Big Flood in 1848.*

"The flood which sent the Ohio River sprawling all through the woods in 1848 was about as nigh the one that Noah encountered as I ever saw," said an old boatman who quit the river ten years ago and who spends his leisure time about the ship store concern of his sons in South street in this city. "I was captain of a steamer that plied between the upper landings of the Ohio and Cairo. "Cairo was the big port where we always took on stores. It depended on business as to how far up we went. In the flood of '48 we run about as we pleased. The Government had no charts of the Ohio then, and if there had been any we would have paid no attention to them. I piloted the Tuscumbia River over rail fences and country roads in that flood. We hadn't many landings to make, for there was no place to make fast the head lines.

"I distinctly remember tying up the Tuscumbia one night to a big tree that stood in a waste of water extending as far as the eye could see. The night coming on I found we could not make the port I wanted to make and navigation by night was altogether too risky at that high stage of the water. So I sent out the mate and deckhands in the yawl with tow lines which they made fast to a huge tree, which was a landmark, on shore, near Rockport.

"That was not far from the place where Lincoln is said to have run his flatboat. All night long the Tuscumbia tugged at her ropes and chains, and I expected every minute she would either break them or pull up the tree. Among my passengers were several Cumberland Presbyterian preachers, who were bound down to Smithton to take a boat to Nashville, where they were going to attend the General Assembly of their denomination. It looked pretty squally and I invited the preachers to have a meeting in the ladies' cabin.

"Everybody aboard took more or less interest in the service, except the fellow who ran the bar. I had quite a time of it in keeping him quiet. He said the preachers aft were interfering with his business for'ard, and that if I didn't stop the prayer meeting he'd cut the ropes that held us to the big tree. I soon convinced him that such an act would be worse than the meeting, as in case he carried out his diabolical plan everybody would go to praying, and he would probably be in the lead. The meeting lasted nearly all night. The next morning we cast off, and by cutting across fields and through the woods we made out first landing the next day, pretty well up on the side of a bluff. We let down the smokestacks of the Tuscumbia to keep them from getting tangled in the branches of trees. I don't think there was as great a loss of life in that flood as there has been in the floods this year, partly owing to the fact that there were not so many people. But it was the greatest flood I ever saw while I was in the business."—New York Sun.


Lever's Y-Z (Wise Head) Disinfectant Soap Powder is better than other powders, as it is both soap and disinfectant. 3j

Leaves of a plant alleged to drive away mosquitoes have reached English botanists from Africa. The presence of a single plant is stated to clear a room of the pest, and an infusion of the leaves has been found an effective substitute for quinine in the treatment of mosquito-conveyed malarial fever. The plant proves to be a kind of basil.

**Wood's Phosphodine,**

Before and After.

The Great English Remedy, is an old, well established and reliable preparation. Has been prescribed and used over 40 years. All druggists in the Dominion of Canada sell and recommend as being the only medicine of its kind that cures and gives universal satisfaction. It promptly and permanently cures all forms of *Nervous Weakness, Emissions, Spermatorrhœa, Impotency,* and all effects of abuse or excesses; the excessive use of *Tobacco, Opium* or *Stimulants, Mental* and *Brain Worry,* all of which lead to Infirmity, Insanity, Consumption and an Early Grave.

Price $1 per package or six for $5. *One will please, six will cure.* Mailed promptly on receipt of price. Send for free pamphlet. Address The Wood Company, Windsor, Ont., Canada.

Wood's Phosphodine, sold in London by C. McCallum & Co., and Anderson & Nelles, druggists. ywb


## THE DEADLY COBRA IN HIS INDIAN HOME

*Reptile's Bite Results in Least Revolting Form of Death.*

Death owing to an East India cobra bite is one of the most pleasant, or least revolting, forms in which the grim visitor comes to man. A victim feels no pain. He does not even experience anxiety. One by one his nerves are paralyzed. He does not feel this. He will not believe it even if told. He never felt better and more comfortable in all his life than he does at the moment the poison is steadily soothing him into eternity. In time he begins to feel drowsy. He wants to sleep. He lies down and the most restful of slumbers sits on his tired lids, and he closes them never to wake up, and to pass away as if the most expert surgeon had prepared his death with an anaesthetic.

Contrary to general belief, the cobra is slow to attack. Given warning—unless it be at breeding time, when there is a nest to defend—and a cobra will glide out of the way of trouble in most cases. The reptile seems no more anxious to cause trouble than she is to invite it for herself. A fact that bears this out is the proportionately small number of whites who are bitten by cobras. The reason is not that the white persons wear shoes that would offer much of a protection to the poison fangs of one of these snakes—a fang would penetrate leather as readily as it would bare skin, if the snake willed. But the shoes creak and they sound as the white man comes shuffling through the bush, and the snake has warning to dart away. Natives, however, wear no shoes. They walk noiselessly like broad-day spectres. A cobra has no warning of impending interference until suddenly it sees a dusky foot or ankle placed within striking distance. Then the snake strikes, holding fast to the bitten part for a half minute or more so as to give the poison a chance to circulate deep into the flesh and through the system.

If bitten by a cobra there is but one chance for you. Without regard to pain or mutilation, cut out the wound instantly and as broad and as deep as your pen-knife will penetrate

In Bengal a story is told of a native wood chopper who saved himself by prompt action after being bitten by a cobra and then lost his life in a remarkable manner by trying to mend an amputated finger. The man was stooping to pick up his axe when a cobra bit him at the point of the thumb, burying the fangs almost clear through the member. Without a moment's hesitation the man laid his thumb against a tree and brought the axe down on it, severing it close to the hand. Then he ran to his bungalow to tie up the wound. An hour passed, and there was no sign of the poison having taken effect. As a rule, a bite means death within the hour. The chopper began to feel sorry for having sacrificed his thumb. He went back to the place where the thing lay, placed it against the bleeding wound, and, by tying it fast, hoped to have it grow together again. But the poison in the piece severed entered his blood, and within an hour he lay stretched in death.

Another instance showing the deadliness of the cobra poison and the incredible swiftness with which it penetrates the system is likewise told in Bengal. A native woman who was nursing a baby was bitten in the ankle. Weeping and wailing, the mother held her little one close, and in less than two hours both mother and child were dead.

Even in a dried state, cobra poison is unfailingly deadly. Native doctors use it to administer in infinitesimally small portions as a stimulant, and they have a cruel method for extracting it. The cobra is placed in an earthen pot and a banana is dropped into the vessel after it. Then the pot is sealed and placed on a slow fire. As the heat increases the snake becomes more and more uncomfortable until it becomes maddened by pain and in a frenzy of agony buries its teeth again and again in the banana, which is afterward taken from the vessel and dried and pulverized.

This same preparation is used by the native leather workers, who poison cattle in order to buy the skins cheaply. No trace of the poison may be ascertained in the dead cows and bulls, even chemically, and it is impossible to prove that the animals have not died of a cattle disease.

The snake popularly known as the king cobra is known in India as the hamadryas. It is the largest of all poisonous snakes of that country. Owing to its size—it frequently attains a length of ten or fourteen feet—the quantity of poison it injects is considerably more than if an ordinary cobra of the smaller species were to strike. Yet even this dangerous monster has been known not to strike when occasion offered and to retreat rather than to seek trouble. A remarkable illustration of this happened to a Government official who lived in the outskirts of Calcutta and caught what he thought was a huge, harmless rock snake. For three weeks he had the strange pet in his bungalow, fed it on milk, pulled it by the tail, and handled it as he saw fit until a forest officer upon visiting promptly recognized the most dangerous of all snakes, the king cobra.

### A Relative of Both.

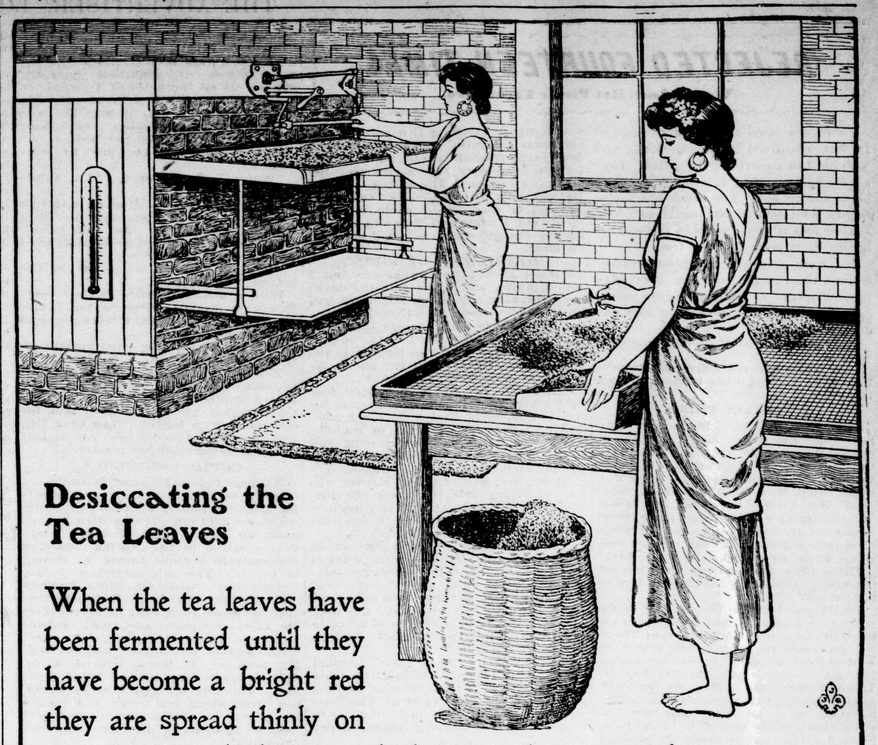
The Irish rebuke is seldom bitter or priggish, but it generally finds its mark, and one which The London Star records is not an exception.

A snobbish young Englishman, accompanied by a small dog, recently got into a street-car and sat down opposite an Irishman. The latter was immediately attracted by the animal, and after some advances, which were haughtily received by the master, asked outright what kind of a dog it was.

"It is a cross between an ape and an Irishman," was the loud-voiced reply.

"Faith, thin, we're both related to th' baste," retorted the Irishman, cheerfully.


HOLLOWAY'S CORN CURE is the medicine to remove all kinds of corns and warts, and only costs the small sum of twenty-five cents.



**Desiccating the Tea Leaves**

When the tea leaves have been fermented until they have become a bright red they are spread thinly on wire frames which are pushed into a desiccator where a current of hot air from 210 degrees to 220 degrees Fahr. is made to pour through them. **Blue Ribbon Ceylon Tea** is then completely made and the black variety appears perfectly dry and brittle (green teas have a slightly different treatment). Every process in the making has been supervised by experts. The superb quality is retained and the tea possesses all the richness, thickness, and delightful taste peculiar only to the Red Label Quality Blue Ribbon Tea.

**Black Mixed Ceylon Green** — **Forty Cents Should be Fifty** — **Ask for the Red Label**

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## DE LITTLE OLE LOG CABIN IN DE LANE

*The Words of Will Shakespeare Hay's Old Familiar Song.*

Will Shakespeare Hays was born in Louisville, Ky., July 19, 1837. He was a natural musician from boyhood. Without the aid of a teacher, he was able to perform on any musical instrument. While in school in 1856 he wrote the first ballad, "Little Ones at Home." Evangeline was the first ballad he set to music and it proved very popular. He was long connected with different Louisville papers, and for a time a clerk on an Ohio River steamboat. The sale of his various songs, "Mollie Darling," "Shamus O'Brien," "Nora O'Neal," "Nobody's Darling" and others have run into millions of copies. The following are the words of a long-time favorite:

I'm getting old and feeble now, I cannot work no more,
I've laid de rusty-bladed hoe to rest;
Ole massa an' ole missis am dead, dey're sleepin' side by side;
Dere spirits now am roaming wid de blest;
De scene am changed about de place, de darkies am all gone,
I'll nebber hear dem singin' in de cane;
An' I'se de only one dat's left, wid dis ole dog ob mine,
In de little ole log cabin in the lane.

Chorus.

De chimney's falling down, an' de roof is in de rain;
I ain't got long round here to remain;
But de angels watches over me when I lays down to sleep,
In de little ole log cabin in de lane.

Dar was a happy time to me, 'twas many years ago,
De darkies used to gather round de door;
Dey used to dance an' sing at night; I played de ole banjo;
Alas! I cannot play it any more.
De hinges dey got rusted, an' de door has tumbled down,
De roof lets in de sunshine an' de rain:
De only friend I've got now is dis good ole dog ob mine,
In de little ole log cabin in de lane.

De footpath now is covered o'er dat led us round de hill,
De fences all are gone to decay;
De creek is all dried up where we used to go to mill:
De time has turned its course anodder way.
I ain't got long to stay here, an' what little time I got,
I'll try and be contented to remain
Till death shall cell my dog and me to find a better home
Dan dat little ole log cabin in de lane.

## Miracle of the Sea.

A wonderful story was told to the maritime court at Danzig by the captain of the steel sailing ship Erndte. He left Memel with a cargo of planks on April 18 for Oldenburg. Capt. Engellandt, who is also the owner, remained at the wheel during a gale which overtook the vessel next night, and at 4 in the morning went to his cabin to change his wet clothes. He had just got into dry underclothing when the vessel tipped over, and he found himself standing on the roof of the cabin, of which the sea had hermetically closed the door.

By unloosening the boards of what was now the floor he got into the hold, which contained only loose sails. Fortunately some shelves of a high cupboard standing in the cabin remained intact, and from them he collected two tins of condensed milk, three pounds of prunes, some rice, sugar and sausage. He also found a hammer. For 12 days the man lived in his prison, eating as sparingly as possible and drinking sea water, which appears to have had no ill-effect. He spent his free time in hammering on the steel bottom of the ship to attract the attention of chance passing vessels, and slept quite well at nights, for after the first few days the sea was smooth. He knew when it was day, for a dim light penetrated the water.

On the twelfth day the Norwegian steamer Aurora saw the wreck and sent a boat to take it in tow. Engellandt had fallen asleep, but hearing footsteps over his head he began knocking with his hammer and shouting. The Aurora's men returned to their ship for tools and bored a hole through the ship's keel, where they heard the knocking. When they drew out their borer a man's finger followed, and they soon learned that Engellandt had food for four days more and wished to be towed to land, for it was impossible to release him in the open sea. He also desired to have the hole plugged again, as he was afraid that the loss of air would cause the ship to sink lower in the water.

The Aurora towed the wreck safely to Neufahrwasser, where, with considerable difficulty, it was attached to a huge crane, a plate was unloosed, and the imprisoned man freed. Engellandt was perfectly conscious and even able to walk alone. He is 32 years of age, and married. He has no idea what became of the three men constituting his crew.—Berlin Correspondence London Leader.


### Alive, Yet Half Dead.

Feeling miserable. This is the condition of thousands of growing girls and women. Can't eat enough to be truly alive. Digest so little of what they do eat, as to scarcely know what life really means. Miserable? Of course. Eat more, digest more, then feel streaming through life's renewed current the buoyancy, the strength, the hopefulness of youth. Simply done if you'll just use Ferrozone, the wonderful blood maker, nerve strengthener, and brain vigor. Your druggist knows all about it. Call and ask him about it.

Leo De Mille, a young farmer of Geneva, N. Y., was just starting to empty some cider from one barrel into another when the bung flew out, striking him in the eye and rendering him unconscious. The young man was nearly drowned before he could be rescued.

**A Glass of Hires Rootbeer**

—full of sparkle, fizz and foam—cools the blood, and revives and refreshes the whole system. And one glass may be followed by another, and another—you can drink all you want, the more the better. Every glass is health-giving and delightful. The greatest of summer thirst-quenchers.

A package makes five gallons. Sold everywhere, or by mail for 25 cents. Beware of imitations.

W. P. DOWNEY, Sole Agent, 26 St. Peter St., Montreal, Canada.

**Hires Rootbeer**


## CAVALRY VS. CAVALRY; 10,000 MEN ENGAGED

*Confederate Gen. Gordon Describes a Scene at Gettysburg.*

A cavalry charge, met by a counter-charge of cavalry, is still, perhaps the most terrible spectacle witnessed in war. If the reader has never seen such a charge he can form little conception of its awe-inspiring fury. Imagine yourself looking down from Gettysburg's Heights below, where 5,000 horses are marshaled in battle line. Standing beside them are 5,000 riders, armed, booted and spurred and ready to mount. The bugles sound the "Mount!" and instantly 5,000 plumes rise above the horses as the riders spring into their saddles. In front of the respective squadrons the daring leaders take their places. The fluttering pennants or streaming guidons, 10 to each regiment, mark the left of the companies. On the opposite slope of the same plain are 5,000 hostile horsemen clad in different uniforms, ready to meet these in counter-charge. Under those 10,000 horses are their hoofs, iron-shod and pitiless, beneath whose furious tread the plain is soon to quiver. Again on each slope of the open field the bugles sound. Ten thousand sabres leap from scabbards and glisten in the sun. The trained horses chafe their restraining bits, and as the bugle notes sound the charge, their nostrils dilate and their flanks swell in sympathetic impulse with the dashing riders. "Forward!" shouts the commander. Down the lines and through the columns in quick succession ring the echoing commands. "Forward, forward!" As this order thrill through eager ears, sabres flash, and spurs are planted in palpitating flanks. The madly flying horses thunder across the trembling field, filling the air with clouds of dust and whizzing pebbles. Their iron-rimmed hoofs in remorseless tread, crush the stones to powder and crash through the flesh and bones of hapless riders who chance to fall. As front against front these furious riders plunge, their sweeping sabres slashing edge against edge, cutting a way through opposing ranks, gashing faces, breaking arms and splitting heads, it is a scene of wildest war, a whirling tempest of battle, short-lived, but terrible. —Gen. Gordon in Scribner's.


**CASTORIA**

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher


The Russians are experimenting with a "water-clad" battleship, which has an upper deck of cork and a second deck of armor. The space between the two can be filled with water; then the ship floats a foot under the sea's surface.


### The Most Certain Corn Cure

is Putnam's Painless Corn and Wart Extractor, which has been used successfully for 30 years. It takes out the pain, cures the corn and prevents it returning.


The recent edict of the Czar, granting religious toleration in the empire, will probaby make the condition of Baptists more tolerable than it has been. There are 198 Baptist churches in Russia, with 22,244 members, and last year 1,254 were added by baptism.