

A MATTER OF INSTINCT.

Fate was a cat and Leonard Herrick was a mouse. There had been some race sport, but Herrick was of the opinion that it could not last much longer. He had run this way and that way, and a thousand times he had fancied that he was going to escape. But always the velvet paws, with the long sharp claws springing out of them, had caught him just in time. So at last he lay still, panting, not knowing which way to turn.

He was in a big city all alone. The people who rushed by him were like the thoughts that whirled through his brain; they were shadows and the everlasting train of them had no beginning nor end. He could not distinguish the real men and women whom he saw from those who he merely remembered. Now and again there appeared in the throng of faces of the dead. He did not mind those, but there were others that he shrank from.

He stood with his back against the iron fence in front of Trinity Church. There was just light enough in the western sky to give the pile of stone a shadow which fell upon hurrying thousands who did not notice it.

Herrick's hands were in his pockets. He crumpled a crackling piece of paper which meant that he could live several days longer if he cared to do so. As to a more extended future, he could not picture it. All the lines of his life seemed to end in a knot, which could by no means be united, but must merely be dropped. He remembered that there were miracles, but he could not think of one to wish for.

From 3 o'clock till 4 the crowd in that part of Broadway is rich and prosperous; from 4 to 5 it boasts of wealthy connections and takes a strong interest in life; after 5 it looses caste rapidly, and by 6 it is a lot of weary people going home to supper.

Herrick felt the degeneracy of the throng without really seeing it. If a whole street full of people could get shabby in an hour, was it any wonder that he had done it in five years?

He crossed Broadway and walked down Wall street, slowly and with hesitation, for he had no errand. A voice cried 'Cab, sir!' almost in his ear. He turned and looked up at the man on the box.

'Is it possible,' he said to himself, 'that I still look like a gentleman?' He felt toward the cabman as toward one who had given him a helping hand. Why not pay the debt? To do so would cost him only a day of his life. He had a \$5 in his pocket.

'Yes,' he said, 'take me up to the Fifth Avenue Hotel.'

It was the first place that had come into his mind. He got into the cab, and snapped the door. The cushioned seat and the comfortable support for his head were refreshing. A fancy came to him that he would dine decently and then go to a theatre.

The extravagance would be trifling for it was really of small importance whether he starved to death on Sunday or the following Wednesday. He was in a mood to make a jest of it all.

A strong glare from an electric light struck down into the carriage, and made visible to him a package in brown paper, that looked as if it might be a sandwich. The object protruded from under the seat.

He thought it must be the cabman's supper which had been hidden in some small locker and had fallen upon the floor. The idea that the food should be spoiled was disagreeable to Herrick, and so he picked up the little brown bundle.

It was smaller than he had supposed, and it did not feel like bread. But had it been food and he as the last pang of starvation, the touch of it would not have sent such a thrill through all his frame.

He knew that the contents of that package was money. It felt like a mass of bills, folded, awkwardly wrapped up and fastened with elastic bands. Through the brown covering Herrick could feel the crispness of the government paper. The amount might be a poor man's monthly wages or a rich man's profit on a great transaction.

As to his own conduct in the matter, Herrick had no doubt whatever. Fate had thrown this money into his hands, and fate might take it away, but not if he could hold on tightly enough. His fingers trembled as he picked at the elastic bands. Suddenly, and without his knowing why, the rubber strings vanished with a loud snap that startled him, and the package sprang open on his knees. He caught a flash of green color, and then the cab rolled out of light into shadow.

It seemed a long time before another light struck in upon him. At the moment when it did so he saw a face close to the cab door and he dodged back, covering the biller with his hands. But the chance passenger on the street saw nothing; he was thinking of his own affairs, no doubt, and had no inkling of the strange thing that passed so close to his eyes.

Herrick was himself again in a moment, and he bent forward, eagerly scanning the bills in his hands, and counting them feverishly. There were forty of them, and each was of the denomination of \$1.000.

Throughout the later period of the young man's misfortunes he had had substantially but one wish—to rest. Rest has many forms, suited to a vast variety of individual tastes. To Herrick in his day dreams it had always taken the form of travel without care. All paths lie open to a man who has \$40,000, and there is no reason why care should sit behind him as he rides.

Herrick had only the most shadowy thought for the person who had lost this money. He did not even speculate upon the manner of its loss. It had passed into the control of one who needed it, and that was enough.

He disposed of the notes in his pockets in the best interests of comfort and safety. Then he folded up the brown paper and pocketed that also, with a dim consciousness that, if it were left in the cab, it might get the driver into trouble. The fellow was honest, no doubt, and Herrick did not wish that he should suffer a wrong.

He preferred to keep the wrapper himself, and take the risk of it until he could find some means of disposing of it that would be safer than throwing it out of the cab window.

How to leave the cab was a question that concerned him nearly. He did not wish to confront the driver again, for there might be an investigation, and the question of identification might arise, in which case it would be well to have the man know as little as possible of Herrick's personal appearance. He reflected with satisfaction that the spot on Wall street where he had entered the carriage had been rather dark.

The cab stopped suddenly, its path being blocked by a tangle of vehicles. Herrick put his hand upon the latch of the door. It yielded noiselessly; the door swung open.

Herrick stepped out. Turning back for an instant he perceived the cabman sitting upon his box in entire unconsciousness of the fraud that was being practiced upon him. He was a poor man, and doubtless worked hard for all the money that he received. Still, it was reckless to attract his attention again; especially so, after having left the cab in that strange manner.

There was a way to the sidewalk through the press of vehicles. Herrick saw it from the corner of his eye, and was about to take advantage of it. Instead, to his surprise, he found himself turned toward the cabman, and immediately he heard his own voice saying:

'I have decided to get out here. How much do I owe you?'

The cabman named the price, and Herrick paid him with the \$5 bill which had been the sum of his wealth, and the end of it so far as he could see, so short a time before. He counted his change carefully, remembering that he would probably have to wait until the next day before he could break one of the thousands. Enough remained to him from the bill for a supper, a bed and a breakfast.

When he had found a restaurant he ordered a meal and ate it with a relish. It was enchanted food. It was the fare of an Atlantic liner, the delicacies of European hotels, and the fruits of the tropics.

He cared little for his bed. It would be no more than a place to lie and think of the future. It was many a night since he had really slept. Certainly, with so much upon his mind, he would not sleep this night, even if he should try.

So when he had been shown to his room in the hotel he piled the pillows against the headboard of the bed and reclined against them, fully dressed. He was very happy. No question of right or wrong in what he had done or what he expected to do came to torment him. For a long time he had borne his life like a tremendous burden. This had suddenly slipped from his shoulders, leaving his natural powers unimpaired.

In the midst of his first vision of a new life he was aroused by a knocking at the door. He started up; his legs would hardly support him; he had no voice with which to ask who was there. But one explanation was possible; he must have been watched by the police.

He tottered to the door and gave utterance to a horse inarticulate sound.

'Eight o'clock, sir,' cried a voice without. 'You asked asked to be called, sir.'

He rushed to the window and flung open the shutters. Day streamed in, strong and beautiful. The gas flame faded. He knew that he had slept as he had not slept before in years. In the mysterious depths of his life he felt a new strength stirring but it was only nascent as yet.

A bath and a breakfast revived him still more. He felt the exhilaration of a busy day upon which he was entering. He scanned the papers, but so far as he could see they had no news of the money that had been lost. He was not conscious of any excitement in searching for that news. The fear of detection had quite left him. Of all stolen goods money is the hardest to recover.

Presently he found himself riding down town in an elevated railroad train. He was going to a steamship office to arrange for his journey; then to a banker's for a traveler's check book.

His pockets were bulging with money, but there was something in one of them that he couldn't remember to have put there. He pulled it out, and found it to be the brown paper wrapper that had contained the money. As he held it in his hand it was concealed by his newspaper. No fellow passenger could see it; and it was doubly fortunate, because in plain sight upon the paper, were the name and address 'Herbert L. Graham, 40 Wall street.'

The train was just stopping at Rector street. That was the station nearest the steamship office. Thrusting the brown paper back in his pocket, he left the car and went with the throng down the street. He was thinking about the accommodations he would choose on the steamer. He continued to think of that and kindred subjects yet he turned north on Broadway instead

of south. Presently he found himself asking an elevator boy in a big building if he knew where Mr. Graham's office was.

Mr. Graham happened to be in his outer office when Herrick entered. He was pouring a story into a gray haired Wall street man, and Herrick heard a few words of it—something about cabs and cash and carelessness.

'I have found the money that you lost, said Herrick. 'Here it is.'

'Don't mind the banker, clutching the bills in his fingers. 'My dear fellow,' tell me all about it.'

'There's nothing to tell,' replied the young man. 'I merely found it in the cab.'

Mr. Graham eyed him a moment, in surprise. 'You take it coolly,' he said. 'I couldn't take it at all,' responded Herrick, with a feeble smile. 'I don't know why. It was instinct, I suppose. My ancestors must have been honest men.'

'Upon my word, you must take one of these notes,' said the banker. 'I've offered it in an ad and—'

'I can't do it,' said Herrick. 'I don't feel it to be right.'

'But, my dear boy,' exclaimed the old man, kindly, 'I must do something for you. I want to believe me. At least come back and take lunch with me. Shall we say 1 o'clock.'

'It will give me great pleasure,' said Herrick; and, bowing, he turned away, and walked out of the office.—*Udica Globe.*

TIS JOYOUS NEWS.

Paine's Celery Compound Cures Are Always Permanent.

The Happy Cures that the Afflicted Desire.

A Report from Mr. Douglas Hixon, of Beamsville, Ont.

A great number of men and women, cured months and years ago by Paine's Celery Compound, have taken the trouble to assure the proprietors of that famous medicine that their cures are permanent.

This noble and bright record of permanent cures, shown only by Paine's Celery Compound, is worthy of special notice, as it is the grandest record of the kind in the world. It should also be noted that all the permanently cured people are residents of our own Canada.

There are some medicines that partially relieve pain and suffering, that assist in building up vain hopes of a new life; but after a few days or weeks the terrible agonies come back again in more alarming forms, and hope and faith are lost forever.

This never happens when Paine's Celery Compound is used as a banisher of disease. The first bottle establishes a joyous feeling of security, and soon a perfect cure is effected which is permanent and lasting.

Mr. Hixon says: 'To-day I think more of Paine's Celery Compound than ever before. Since I was cured—over two years ago—I have never had a bad day or lost a day's work, never having had a return of the rheumatism from which I once suffered so terrible.'

'Through my influence many have used Paine's Celery Compound and have been cured. I wish to affirm once more that it was Paine's Celery Compound that took the rheumatism from my system. I strongly recommend it to all rheumatic and sick people.'

EVERY TRADE HAS ITS DISEASE. Curious Results of Continued Occupation on Men Who Work.

It is well known that there are a number of dangerous trades which give rise to serious diseases; out, as a matter of fact, almost every occupation has some ailment peculiar to itself. A doctor can always tell if his patient is a baker, for instance, by the state of his teeth. The flour dust collects on the teeth, becomes acid, and gives rise to a special kind of decay. Bakers, owing to their irregular life, sleeping in the day and working at night, and because of the hot air and dust, are great victims to consumption. Blacksmiths, strong as they are, very often suffer from paralysis of the whole right side from the continuous shock of hammering, and their eyes become weak from the glare of the fire. Athletes, strange to say, do not, as a rule, enjoy long life. Professional boxers,

wrestlers, gymnasts, cyclists, are short lived, and suffer from enlargement of the heart and diseases of the lungs. Boiler-makers get deaf from the continual loud noise. Brewers and brewers' drivers drink beer in such large quantities that they ruin their livers and generally die young. Bricklayers and plasterers are very healthy and they are said to resemble asses in never dying. Butchers are very strong and healthy, but they suffer in health through eating little pieces of raw meat. Cabmen are noted for "nipping," and they endure the natural consequences. The cold, also, affects their faces to such a degree that the muscles of the faces become frequently paralyzed. Carpenters and cabinetmakers are afflicted with varicose veins in the legs, and the action of the shoulder in sawing and planing produces a diseased condition of the large artery that runs from the heart to the arm, so that there is not a carpenter living, a doctor says, in whom a curious noise may not be heard by applying the ear to that blood vessel. Hardly a single china scourer lives to old age without becoming asthmatic. Clergymen's sore throat is, of course, well known. It is said by some result from having the mouth open so frequently, the air going in that way and drying the throat. Others say it is caused by the clerical collar. And others, still, say that it results from the fact that clergymen preach from a pulpit and has to bend his head downward; for barristers, who talk quite as much, do not suffer as much as clergymen being on the same level as their hearers.

Miners, from working in the dark, become very irritable; their eyes get weak, and their lungs become quite black—miners' lung. Cooks, particularly male cooks working in hotels, clubs, and restaurants, get gout from continually tasting rich food; and both male and female cooks get varicose veins and flat foot from long standing, as well as the well-known ache of the face from the heat and dirt. Coopers have a lump on the knee, which is really a little bag of fluid put there by nature to protect the knee from the injurious effects of pressing it against the barrel. Divers' hearts become distended from holding their breath.

Domestic servants are remarkable for suffering from typhoid fever, housemaids are frequently afflicted with poverty of blood from drinking tea and running upstairs. Dressmakers' long hours and confinement result in consumption very often, but more often in indigestion, poverty of blood, and impaired eye-sight. The fumes of nitric acid make goldsmiths' eyes sore, and they get cramps in their fingers from catching small screws. Nearly all the human beings who suffer from that awful disease, glanders, are groomers.

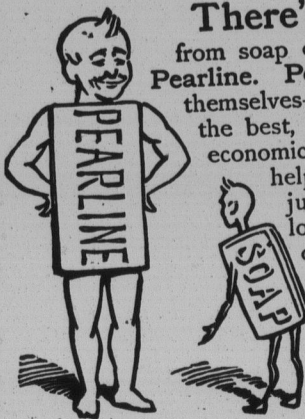
India rubber workers have very bad headaches and great mental depression. Painters are poisoned by the lead they use so much, and all their muscles, but especially the wrist muscles become very weak. Photographers get poisoned by cyanide of potassium. The dust that enters the lungs of potters when they are sitting clay interferes so much with their breathing that "potters' asthma" is a well known disease. Conpositors get cracks and fissures in their lips and small tumors in their mouths from the habit of putting type in their mouths because of the stooping posture and the confined and sedentary life. Politicians are the greatest sufferers of all, the constant dram-drinking giving them indigestion, jaundice, and nervous diseases, killing them at an earlier age than members of any other profession. Sailors, very singularly, suffer greatly from consumption, owing to the cold and damp and the bad air of the fore-castle. Salesmen and saleswomen in shops have a lot of standing, which gives them varicose veins and pains in the feet; cloth scourers, who inhale benzine and turpentine, suffer much from h-adache, lassitude, and nervousness. Shoemakers get their chest pressed in by the last, lose their appetite and strength, and are often injured by the flying stone.

Tea-tasters, although they only take the tea into the mouth and do not swallow it, become so nervous that they can follow their employment for only a period of eight or ten years. The sedentary life of lawyers, artists, students, and literary men gives rise to gout, which is said to kill more wise men than fools; dyspepsia, which made Carlyle's life such a torture, and apoplexy, which carries off hosts of great men.

Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you "this is as good as" or "the same as" it Back. Pearlina. IT'S FALSE—Pearlina is never peddled, and if your grocer sends you something in place of Pearlina, be honest—send it back.

There's no help wanted from soap or anything else, when you use Pearlina. Pearlina and water—all alone by themselves—that's everything you need for the best, the easiest, the safest, the most economical washing and cleaning. What help can soap add to it? You might just as well get a horse to help a locomotive. Anything that soap can do, Pearlina can do better—and can do a great deal more besides.

Send it Back. Pearlina is never peddled, and if your grocer sends you something in place of Pearlina, be honest—send it back.



MOVING A MOUNTAIN.

Done by the Use of a Hundred Thousand Pounds of Powder.

A great section of the mountain at San Deigo overhanging Morena dam on one side was torn off by 100,000 pounds of powder, lifted several feet straight up, and then pushed bodily forward forty or fifty feet, trembling over the mighty gorge below the dam, and then falling with an awful roar 125 feet, to remain hereafter for all time as the bulwark of the great dam being built to impound water for the city.

The dam is 43 miles east of the city. For two months or more preparations had been made for the monster blast, in common with another blast that is nearly ready. The plan was to cut tunnels into the side of the mountain at various points about the bed of the creek, and to place in these tunnels, first, great stores of black powder, which ignites slower than giant powder and, therefore, has more pushing power and less shattering effect. On the surface and in places through the mountain side were placed big deposits of giant powder for the purpose of shattering the mass and lifting it up. According to plans the black powder when it exploded would hurl the mass straight forward, making a bridge of granite across the gorge and blocking the stream.

The plans were carried out with the greatest care. Danger was constantly feared from the great mines of powder, but all went well, and the blast was finally ready. A lot of insulated electric wires, connecting with each deposit of powder and attached to exploders, were gathered into one circuit in a tunnel across the gorge and above the blast, where the foreman, John Dugan, stationed himself to press the button.

At 2:45 o'clock the signal was passed along that all was ready. The workmen had posted themselves at a safe distance and eagerly watched to see the stupor dome break in the hillside. Foreman Dugan closed the switch, and a wonderful scene instantly followed. The side of the opposite hill, composed of great boulders and masses of granite in dikes, quivered, rose from its bed of centuries and shot out thousands of little squirming tongues of dust, that gave the whole hill a peculiar fuzzy appearance. This was for a fraction of a second. A growl like the angry diapason of the ocean, sounded deep down in the hill, and before the spectators recovered their equilibrium after the earthquake the mass was falling.

An incessant rattle of rock filled the air like a regiment of musketry. Dust arose in billows and hung over the wrecked hill for an hour. The falling of small rock continued for almost as long. When the dust cleared away it was found that the blast had dislodged a mass of rock 400 feet up and down stream, and an average of sixty feet in height, completely bridging the canon. The engineers estimated that the amount dislodged weighed 150,000 tons. The rock was thrown exactly as the engineers had planned—San Francisco Chronicle.

A CASE OF DIABETES. No Help From Medical Men—Suffered For Many Years—Cured by Dodd's Kidney Pills.

North Bruce, Feb. 22 (Special).—An old and well known settler in this Township, named Thomas Brooks, who lives on lots 7 and 8 in the 14th concession is rejoicing with his neighbors over his recent recovery, and he said:—

'I was cured by using twenty-four boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills and as nothing else ever helped me I say they saved my life.'

'I had tried all the doctors of this locality and was treated for Diabetes hoping and suffering for years.'

From reading of cures I determined to use Dodd's Kidney Pills and I must say that after using the first box I would have considered them reasonable at ten dollars a box.

A Tell-Tale for Boilers. Boilers are apt to explode when there is an insufficient supply of water in them, owing to frost or some other cause stopping the supply pipe, and the 'tell-tale' will be useful to householders. The contrivance is simply fixed in a vertical position in the top of the boiler, apart from the flow or other pipes. Before lighting the boiler fire the cock of the tell-tale is turned on, and if water flows from it the boiler is filled; but if not, there is some stoppage in the pipe and the fire must not be lighted.