

BULGARIA'S DARK CRIMES

LAND OF BLOODY TRAGEDIES, POISON AND CONSPIRACIES.

The Most Lawless Nation on Earth—A Look at Its Political and Social Wickedness Which Makes It an Outcast Among the Nations—Torture is Still Recognized.

Bulgaria, which just now is in the public eye owing to the assassination of Stambouloff, is one of the most uncivilized of civilized nations. It is the land of the outthroat, the torturer and the prisoner. Hedged in by great nations, all anxious to seize it, it is ever at the mercy of enemies without and of conspirators within its narrow confines. It is a veritable plague spot of diplomatic chicanery, of treason, of outrages committed in the name of public honor, of political treachery and of social and moral rottenness.

Although subject to a Christian ruler, it is infinitely more barbaric than Mohammedan Egypt or Buddhist Siam. The murderer of ex-Premier Stambouloff in broad daylight and in the principal and most crowded street of the capital is but one of a vast number of analogous outrages, some known, others left unrecorded, which have stained its recent history.

Kidnappings, forgeries, floggings, arbitrary imprisonment and confiscation of property have been quite as frequent as

THE FRIGHTFUL BUTCHERY

which was used to put Stambouloff out of the way, and the murder of that statesman will have served some purpose if it has the effect of calling the attention of the civilized world to the fact that Bulgaria is very far from being the progressive and up-to-date country that the literary guests of the craven Prince Ferdinand are so fond of picturing her to be.

Several other ministers, several of them colleagues of M. Stambouloff, others his political opponents, have been struck down by assassins in the streets of Sofia. It was but four years ago that his most intimate friend, M. Belcheff the Minister of Finance, was shot down while walking by his side. The two men were not merely bound together by community of political and financial interests, but were even related to each other. Yet after the removal of Stambouloff from the office of Prime Minister he himself was actually charged with having shot his friend and kinsman, and his political adversaries so worked upon the feeling of the weak-minded widow of M. Belcheff that she actually lent her name to the preposterous accusation, the result being that M. Stambouloff was arrested and was out on bail under an indictment for murder when he himself was killed.

Another minister who met with a violent death was Major Panitza, at one time Minister of War, who was arrested by Stambouloff in person, court-martialed and shot twenty-four hours later on charges of conspiracy against Prince Ferdinand, charges which, however, have never been satisfactorily proved until this day.

MARKOFF'S DARING PLOT

Panitza was not the only distinguished dignitary who suffered death at that time, and in the same connection. There was also a Col. Markoff, Chief of the Military Household of the Prince, and Commandant of the Palace, whose conspiracy conveys an idea of the lack of security that prevails at Sofia.

One night a grand ball was to take place at the palace, previous to which the Prince entertained a small company at dinner. The guests had scarcely taken their seats at table when an officer of the name of Major Marinoff asked his neighbor why Col. Markoff was not present.

"Why he has been ill for three days, and not been able to leave his house."
"You astonish me," exclaimed the Major, in tones which attracted the attention of the Prince himself, "for I would swear a solemn oath to the effect that I saw him five minutes ago, coming out of His Highness's bedroom."

"That is impossible," interrupted the Prince, and perceiving that he had failed to carry conviction to the Major's mind, he gave orders that the four Macedonian janissaries, who were on duty at the two entrances of

THE PRIVATE APARTMENTS,

should be relieved and report to him at once in the dining-room. As soon as they entered the Prince inquired if they had seen any one within the last two hours, save those seated at the table. The men having carefully examined the faces of all those present replied in the negative, and were commanded to return to their post. During the remainder of the dinner the Major was the object of much chaff and even taxed with a belief in spiritualism.

The ladies had retired with Ferdinand's mother, the Princess Clementine, and the gentlemen were in the smoking-room with the Prince, when suddenly the curtains were pushed aside. An officer was brought in who had demanded to see the Prince upon a matter of life and death. He was brought to His Highness's presence as pale as death, and with his uniform, that of a lieutenant of the Ferdinand Regiment, much disordered. He said that he had come to Sofia that afternoon and had gone to the cavalry barracks to see a brother officer. While there he fell asleep, but was awakened shortly after dark by the sound of voices in the adjoining room. Hearing the words "Austrian" and "Coburger" repeatedly used, he listened intently, and learned that sharp at midnight, when the Prince's hall was in full swing, two battalions of infantry and two squadrons of cavalry were to surround the palace, while a regiment of artillery with their guns were to command the palace square.

ALL THE WIRES WERE CUT,

Up to this point the Prince had listened with considerable recollection. He then inquired whether he had heard anything else. The lieutenant replied: "Yes,

monseigneur. I heard the following remark made by one of the conspirators: 'Markoff is as well known at the palace as a yellow dog. He is familiar with all the corners and back stairs, and he has given us his sole word of honor that as soon as ever the Prince leaves his apartments for dinner he will cut all the telephonic and telegraphic wires, without any one becoming aware of the fact. The palace will thus be cut off from all communication with the outside world, and none of its occupants will be able to summon assistance from the city.'

At the mention of the name of Markoff the smile vanished from every face, and Major Marinoff hurriedly left the room. Three minutes afterwards he returned with blanched cheeks and in tones of tremulous excitement, exclaimed: "So, I was right after all, sir, when I observed that I had seen that sneaking scoundrel, Markoff, before dinner. Go, gentlemen," he continued, telling the others, who had meanwhile entered, "and convince yourself that I made no mistake. The electric wires have been cut in His Royal Highness's room just beneath the bed, and every wire has likewise been severed in the side-de-camp's room."

Messengers were at once despatched, summoning Prime Minister Stambouloff, and before midnight Markoff, the

PERFECT OF POLICE

and a number of high officers and dignitaries had been arrested. Col. Panitza, the officer who had commanded the left of the victorious Bulgarians at the battle of Slivnitza in 1885, being as stated above, taken a prisoner by the Prime Minister himself.

A few months ago, at a reception given at the palace, police officials suddenly appeared upon the scene, arrested and carried off to jail two of the fairest guests, ladies belonging to the high circles of Bulgarian society. Months elapsed before they recovered their liberty. The sole reason for this outrageous breach of the laws of hospitality on the part of the Prince was that the Princess happened to have been seized with a fit of vomiting after receiving an iced drink from one of these ladies, a circumstance which she at once ascribed as an attempt to assassinate her. The second lady was arrested because she was the sister of the guest who had the misfortune to hand the Prince the iced drink.

There can be no doubt that torture is still recognized in the judicial procedure of Bulgaria. During the trial for conspiracy of Police Official Anonov the prosecutor declared: "Anonov has been closely examined, even beaten and tortured, but he still persisted in denying his guilt." Facsimile letters bearing Stambouloff's signature likewise refer to this or that prisoner having been "tortured in jail," as if it was a mere matter of course. Possibly torture is necessary to keep under control such a

CROWD OF OUT-THROATS

as are now assembled in the Bulgarian capital.

Kessiakoff was high in favor with the present Government and with the Prince, behaved with the utmost savagery during the Turkish war of 1878, forcing the wretched inhabitants of Turkish villages to dig their own graves, into which they were then cast alive or after being bayoneted and shot. He was the ring-leader of the band of conspirators who kidnapped Prince Alexander, the predecessor of Prince Ferdinand, in this palace at night and carried him off into Russia a prisoner, thus forcing his abdication.

Another man, high in royal and official favor at the present moment at Sofia, is Duressna, who with Nicola Tufekchieff murdered Dr. Valkovitch, the Bulgarian Envoy and Minister Resident at Constantinople, three years ago.

It is only natural that Prince Ferdinand should hesitate about returning to Sofia, since he is to all intents and purposes assured of the same fate that has overtaken the man who placed him upon the throne, and who so repeatedly interfered to preserve his life. From henceforth his days are menaced, not only by those who murdered Stambouloff and who have the same "rounds of animosity and revenge against him, but likewise threatened by the numerous relatives, friends and followers of Stambouloff. As matters stand now, if the Prince were to be assassinated not a single court in Europe would or could, according to official etiquette, go into mourning. He is to all intents an outlaw, without recognition among the powers.

PEARL FISHING IN QUEBEC.

A New and Profitable Industry Suggested in the Rivers of the Province.

QUEBEC, Aug. 2.—Recent investigations by those versed in the subject have made it evident that the rivers of Quebec teem with pearls. Though the fact is not generally known, it appears that for some time past a few individuals have devoted much of their time to inland pearl fishing in the province with very satisfactory results, though they may not have become wealthy at it. Fine stones are very rare, though some are occasionally found of the right color and as large as a good sized pea and perfectly round. But the less valuable kinds are very numerous, pearl-bearing shells being common in all the streams below the city of Quebec and in many of those above it. The shells themselves are of beautiful colors.

A fine collection has been taken from the river Nicolet, near Montreal, and if people who really knew something about the habits of the pearl-bearing mollusks were to go into the business here it is possible that a profitable business might be established. Some of the richest pearl rivers in the province are believed to be those in the newly-opened up Lake St. John district, which are now so much frequented by anglers. Remarkably fine specimens have recently been taken out of one of the tributaries of the Peribonca. Fishing for them is not an easy task, as the good shells generally keep themselves in pretty deep water, and are only distinguished with difficulty from the others. Even after obtaining the shells the search for the pearl is a long and delicate one. It may be hidden in the body of the mollusk or broken in too violently opening the shell.

Three large rooms were needed to hold all the 80th birthday presents recently given to Bismarck.

ROUND THE WHOLE WORLD

WHAT IS GOING ON IN THE FOUR CORNERS OF THE GLOBE.

Old and New World Events of Interest Chronicled Briefly—Interesting Snapshots of Recent Date.

Henri Rochefort has followed the example of Zola and Jules Claretie and taken to a bicycle.

Russia produced 297,500,000 pounds of petroleum in 1894, a falling off of over 27,000,000 from 1893. A pound is 36 pounds.

The Emperor of Germany has ordered his children to acquire proficiency in swimming during their stay on the island of Rugen.

Count Tolstoi is an enthusiastic bicyclist and has joined the Moscow Cycling Club, which numbers among its members many locally famous "scorchers."

The aged Baroness Burdett-Coutts is said to be remarkable for the youthfulness of her attire, her taste leaning toward delicate stuffs in pink and rose colours.

Madame Gaches-Sarrante, the French feminine doctor, of some renown, is of the opinion that cycling will eventually drive the modern corset from the garb of the fair sex.

Lady Gwendolen Cecil, Lord Salisbury's literary daughter, has acknowledged the authorship of the recently published story "The Curse of Intellect," which has made a hit in England.

Seven cases are recorded in England during the present century where the bride has been married to the best man by the clergyman's mistake or the groom's stupidity.

Sir Frederick Leighton, who has been seriously ill in Algiers, has excelled in other ways than with the brush. He is a musician of fine taste, a soldier, orator and a man of fashion.

Sir John Pender says that £41,000,000, upwards of \$200,000,000, has been sunk in ocean cables. At present there are 11 cable lines across the Atlantic, and these alone have cost \$70,000,000.

In France it is written, under severe penalties, for anyone to give infants under one year any form of solid food unless such be ordered by written prescription, signed by a legally qualified medical man.

Gladstone looks forward to the future without fear of death. In declining to do some literary work recently on account of press of other business, he agreed to begin the task in the latter part of 1896.

Lady Henry Somerset has set out to abolish the British barmaid by legislative enactment. The chief opposition is said to come from the barmaids themselves, who number 50,000 in the United Kingdom.

A lady died the other day in England and in her will it was found that she had left the whole of her fortune, amounting to \$50,000, to the local newspaper, the perusal of which had given her many happy hours.

Thomas Butler, an Englishman, does not believe "Chinese" Gordon was killed at Khartoum. He thinks the hero is a captive in the wilds of the Soudan. Butler was a companion of Gordon in many of his stirring adventures.

Nonsuit in England is a renunciation by the plaintiff of his suit, generally upon the discovery of some error or defect when the matter is so far advanced that the jury is ready at the bar to deliver a verdict. The plaintiff is to pay all costs.

Mr. Herbert Spencer is irritated by the use which has been made of his name and views in support of socialism, and he goes so far as to say: "I believe the advent of socialism to be the greatest disaster the world has ever known."

W. S. Gilbert, who once said that he would not write any more comedies, has reconsidered his decision. A new play from his pen may be produced by Mr. Willard at the Garrick—a London theatre in which Mr. Gilbert has a proprietary interest.

Long as she has resided in England, the Princess of Wales has never mastered the English accent. "Channel," for instance she pronounces "shannel," and there are many other difficulties of speech which betray that she is a foreigner born and bred.

On the omnibus tickets in London are found a variety of patent medicines. The Dublin tramcar tickets tell the virtues of the whiskey manufactured in that city. Glasgow, which owns its tramcars, prints Scripture texts on the cheap tickets for workmen.

There was an element of superstition in the betting of the ex-King of Serbia at the Paris Grand Prix, when he won £140,000. A mare had won every eighth Grand Prix race previously run, and his idea that a mare would win the 1895 race proved correct.

Cecil Rhodes' estate near Cape Town South Africa, is laid out on an ambitious scale. Among its features are a preserve for big game containing lions and antelopes, several miles of fine avenues, a glen carpeted with violets and hydrangeas, and a museum of Cape Dutch curios and Mata-baie relics.

Since the earthquake in Florence there is hardly a street in the ancient town that does not contain one or more lighted shrines holding figures of the Madonna and saints. In some streets there are as many as four or five of these shrines, with garlands of evergreens and flowers around them and rows of burning candles before the images.

Recent statistics show that the total "banking power," as it is called, of the world is £4,000,000,000, or \$20,000,000,000. Of this North America, controls £1,200,000,000, while in Europe, including Great Britain, France, Germany, Belgium and the Netherlands, all the great "capitalist" nations control but £2,300,000,000.

A Frenchman proposes a tax on corsets. He maintains that the corset is a luxury and its use a harmful deference to an antiquated dictum of fashion. As in France alone about nine million corsets are worn out annually, even a very light tax would appreciably benefit the ever-yawning exchequer. The Frenchman's idea is on par with the Italian's who last year proposed to levy a tax on beards. Taxing vanity, you know.

CHINESE TORTURE.

A Terrible Record of Decapitations in the Hunan Province.

If ghastly tortures and severe punishment would stop crime, China ought to be a Utopia with no breaches of the law; yet during the last few months, mainly because of the presence of forced levies of troops in various provinces, crime has been more conspicuous and brigandage has increased alarmingly. The Pekin Gazette's report from Hunan is appalling. Last year eighty-one men were summarily decapitated in this one province for robberies of the people. They were executed under the new law, which provides that in a case of robbery with violence, if but one member of a gang of robbers be armed with a gun, all are to be executed at once without regard to head or accomplice or whether they have divided spoil. In all these cases the robbers had arms, and many of them confessed that they were disbanded soldiers.

This list does not include over 100 executions made in connection with the suppression of a revolt of the Kolas Hui, or secret society, whose object is to depose the present Manchou dynasty and put a Chinese in its stead.

In Winchow the mandarin has recently taken the torture and punishment of pirates in his own hands. He actually had all the inquisitorial apparatus removed from the magistrate's court to his own official yamen and there set up. Every day two prisoners charged with piracy are brought before him, and he amuses himself by torturing them in all the approved ways. The poor wretches are taken from the hideous jail, where vermin crawl over the floor and walls and the stench is unendurable to a European, to the yamen yard. They are so loaded with chains that they have to be helped along by an official on each side.

Arrived at the yamen, they are made to kneel, without trousers, on a great heap of chains. Then a bar of wood is passed behind the knees, the back is fixed against an upright post by pulling the victim's queue through a hole in it, the arms are stretched out and fastened to a crosspiece, and the thumbs are securely tied with cords. Then a crank is turned, and the devilish machine strains all the cords so that the poor wretch's joints are nearly pulled out of the sockets, and the agony is so great that the strongest man loses consciousness. When the sufferer has fainted servants rush forward, and while several throw water in his face, others beat him with limber switches. When he is revived he is taken out of the machine and removed again to the prison. This process is carried on every morning until the prisoner confesses or gives up the ghost.

It is said that the Winchow mandarin enjoys this torturing with the keen zest of a voluptuary, and that he has devised several new and ingenious variations in the process which are warranted to produce acute agony without seriously impairing the strength of the victim.

QUEEN'S OLDEST SUBJECT.

Hale and Hearty at 103—Reads French and Italian Classics Daily.

Who the Queen's oldest subject is it would be difficult to say. One of the oldest is Margaret Anna Neve, who lives in the Island of Guernsey, and who has attained the age of 103. A relative who contributes an account of the veteran to the Leisure Hour tells that she was born on May 18, 1792, and every day goes through more than many only half her age. She has travelled a good deal in her time, and her last long journey was undertaken when she was ninety-two. She then went to Cracow, in Poland, to see Kosciusko's monument, and also to Russia. On the long journey to Poland her only companion was her sister, who was then eighty-nine years of age.

HOW THE CENTENARIAN SPENDS HER DAY.

When visited recently Mrs. Neve was found in the garden weeding and pulling up buttercups, a task at which she continued for an hour and a half. After gardening she generally goes indoors and reads for an hour and a half, history as a rule, often in French or Italian. Both of which languages she knows as well as English. Milton and Dante have been, and still are, her favorite books. Sometimes she enjoys a little German or Spanish, and she reads her Greek testament frequently. After her dinner at 2 o'clock, when she eats much the same as others do, she has a nap till 4 o'clock; and then she talks and knits and has her tea. About 10 o'clock she retires to rest. She reads family prayers every morning and evening; and when the light is good in the morning she reads without glasses of any sort.

A GUEST A HUNDRED YEARS YOUNGER THAN HERSELF.

Once a week Mrs. Neve has a luncheon party, and one of her favorite guests is her great-nephew, not quite three years old, and rather more than 100 years younger than herself. She walks about the house and grounds entirely by herself, and not long ago went up a step-ladder into a loft to look for something she wanted and to see what was there. She frequently goes out to the meadow to see the cows, and calls them all by their names and feeds them out of her hand. Quite recently a photo of this interesting old lady was sent to be shown to the Queen, who asked if she might keep the likeness, as that of one of her oldest subjects.

Little Brother's Theory.

Miss Pearl (at the table)—Oh, have you heard the news? Mr. Goodheart has broken his engagement with Miss Pinkie. He happened into a theatre the other evening, and there, in the seat right before him, sat Miss Pinkie, with his former rival. That very night he went home and wrote her a letter, bidding her farewell.

Little Brother—I guess Miss Pinkie had on that big hat.

Iben was seen recently at a court ball in Norway, and his small figure fairly blazed with stars, crosses, collars, pendants and other decorations of all kinds from all sources.

YOUNG FOLKS.

Five Little Girls.

There were five little girls with golden hair
Who played by the deep blue sea;
Said they, "Wherever else you roam,
There's none so happy as we.
For the days are long and the sea is blue,
And the sun shines bright and fair;
Oh! we're perfectly sure there are no such girls
Tho' you search out every where."

There were five little crabs from out of the sea—
Oh, five little crabs so fine;
They looked around on the golden sand,
And drew themselves up in a line.
Then the five flaggers were stretched out wide
To the place where those crabs did sit,
And five little tears came rolling down,
For five little hands were bit.

Then five dear mothers with loving care
Kissed each of those fingers sore,
And five little faces looked so glad,
For five little smiles they wore.
No more they thought of the cruel bite,
No more the tear-drops fell,
For those five little wounds had each been kiss'd
And the kiss had made them well.

Then ten little feet sped gladly on,
Sped back to the sea once more;
And five little noses were raised on high,
As they passed the crabs on the shore,
"Twas rude," 'twas bad, 'twas cruel," they said,
"To bite little girls so fair!"
But the crabs looked on and sadly smiled,
And didn't seem much to care.

How "Gumma" Dressed Jack.

Jack came trotting into papa's room one morning with two little black stockings in one hand, two little black boots in the other, and several small articles of clothing over his shoulder.

"Papa," he said, "does you know how to dress yittle boys? Gumma's gone."

"Yes, indeed, my little man," said papa; he lifted Jack to his knee, and began to pull on one small stocking.

"Stop, papa! Stop!" cried Jack.

"Dat ain't a-way! Gumma don't do it dat-a-way!"

"Well, how does 'Gumma' do it?" asked papa, pausing for instruction.

"Dis a-way," said Jack, taking up one foot and then carefully grasping a fat toe in his chubby hand.

"Here, Mither Toe, you an' your buzzers mus' go into your yittle black house. Now don't begin to wiggle. One, two, free—dere you go!" And Jack pulled his stocking over his five toes and up to his knee. Then, looking up into his papa's face he said, "See?"

"Yes," said papa, smiling. Here goes the other foot. Now Mr. Toe, you and all your brothers—"

"No, no, papa!" cried Jack. "Dat one is Misher Toe an' you mus' say 'all your yittle sissers.'"

"Oh, ho!" said papa. "Well, then, Mrs. Toe, and all your little sisters! One, two, three,—there you go!" And the second stocking was on.

"Now," said Jack, "you mus' put on the wool."

"The what?" asked papa.

"The wool to the house." And Jack pointed to his boot.

"Oh, the roof! Very well." And papa put on his boot, and began buttoning it with his fingers.

"Dat ain't a-way!" cried Jack again.

"You mus' get a hooker, and lock all 'e' doors, so all the yittle buzzers and sissers won't get out 'e' house for all day."

"Now see here, young man," said papa, "does grandma go through with all this rigmarole every morning?"

"Of courth," said Jack, looking at papa with surprised eyes.

"Well, papa hasn't the time. So let me get you into your clothes quick, before the breakfast bell rings."

So Jack had to submit to being dressed in a hurry, without his grandmother's pleasant romancing.

The minute he got downstairs he went to his mamma and asked:

"Fen's my gumma comin' home?"

"She is coming to-morrow," said mamma.

"Dat's nice," said Jack; "for," he whispered into mamma's ear, "my papa don't know how to dress yittle boys."

What Can be Done for Public Bathing.

An English parish council clerk gives an account of what the Council of his village has done in the provision of public bathing from which something can be learned. The Council hired land adjoining a stream, ankle deep at one place, with a gradual descent and a gravel bottom. Two old railway cars were bought, repainted and fitted up with pegs and other conveniences for the disposal of clothes. The cars were made open to the river, and the river was inclosed with corrugated iron sheets, so as to increase the privacy of the bath. The place is open for bathers from 6 a. m. to 9 p. m. week days and 6 to 10 Sundays. The cost of an attendant is \$1.25 a week. Two attendants are set apart for females from 2 to 4.30 o'clock. The cost for the year's maintenance will be about \$28, and this includes new ladders for entrance and exit to the water and a diving board. The baths are immensely appreciated in the village, and the place is crowded daily. The young men are forming a swimming and polo club and are organizing a tournament of aquatic sports for the winding up of the season.

Why Some Strikes Fail.

Friend—How's business now, old boy? Bad as ever?

Manufacturer—No; doing better than we were.

Glad to hear that. You told me, some weeks ago, that your mills were running at a loss.

No loss now; not a cent.

Prices gone up!

No. Men are on a strike.

An Idea.

Student—Professor, won't you give me an idea for an essay?

Professor—Write about a student who wanted to write an essay, and hadn't any ideas.

THE FARM.

Making Butter in Hot Weather.

Hot weather is what tries the butter-maker's metal. It is well nigh impossible to succeed in making a really fine article without ice. The next best thing is a spring of cold water running through the milk room. Next to this is a windmill attached to the well in such a manner as to have a tank of fresh water in which to set the milk and cream. Next is the cool cellar and milk set in open pans.

Eternal vigilance is indeed the price of success in making good butter when the thermometer registers up in the nineties or even the eighties.

In the first place the milk, if set in a creamery or in cans of any kind deeper than the common milk pan, must be quickly cooled. With plenty of ice this is an easy matter. Without it, fresh water from the well must be poured into the tank surrounding the milk after that which cooled the milk has been drawn off, say, half an hour after straining, or as soon as the water becomes as warm as the milk. A neglect to do this will result in a great loss of cream and consequently of butter.

The cream must be kept as cool as possible until sufficient has accumulated for churning. If there is an extra can in the creamery this is a good place to keep it. Exposure to the open air in the milk room—covered of course—will sour it sufficiently in twenty-four hours. It should be stirred frequently during the time to ensure its ripening evenly the same as in winter. There is danger of its getting too sour which must be guarded against.

The churning in summer time should always be done early in the morning so as to get it out of the way while it is cool. It is a good plan to start it before breakfast. If one of the men could be spared from the chores to do this job it should be so arranged, as with most churns it is pretty heavy work for a woman. If the churn is not filled too full three-quarters of an hour ought to bring the butter to granules; then add a pint of salt to facilitate its separating from the buttermilk, turn a few times or until the buttermilk will draw off easily, and wash in plenty of cold water. Churn at 58 degrees if possible in summer.

It is an undecided question as to whether the thorough washing of the butter detracts from its flavor. Old time butter-makers often omitted the washing entirely and some of the finest flavored butter we ever tasted was not washed at all. Butter that is thoroughly washed needs less working. Over-worked butter quickly spoils. Butter should be hard enough to resist the ladle or worker or it is not in fit condition to be worked.

When, years ago, ice was not obtainable and the churning a small one, the writer used to hang the butter down the well (which had an open curb) until sufficiently cold and hard to work nicely. A good cellar, if properly managed, keeping it closed during the middle of the day and open when cooler, will keep the butter hard if there is no ice. It should be perfectly sweet and clean, with no vegetables, old boards or trash of any kind around. Screens at door and windows are a necessity.

The care of all milk utensils, as well as those for the butter, must have special attention in hot weather. Never put hot water upon milk pails until they have first been rinsed with cold. Never use soap around dairy utensils of any kind. Hot water, pure and simple, is by far the best cleanser and destroyer of microbes. Let all pails, cans, strainers, etc., be given a good scalding every day. Look out for any cloths in use about dairy. See that they are exchanged very frequently for fresh ones. Rinse and scald them and shake out well before hanging up to dry each time they are used. Make strainer cloth of new bleached butter-cloth and have them large enough to double twice over the lower part of the wire strainer. Don't leave off the cloth strainer. If you do not think it necessary just try it once—no matter how clean your cows may be, if there is nothing on it but milk you may not need it. I think, however, you will be convinced of its usefulness.

Summer-Manuring of Pastures.

Good barnyard manure applied right after the meadows and pastures are mown in the summer give very beneficial results. It can be hauled out from the yards and stables in August or September, and spread over the stubble. The earlier after the meadows are mown the better, and where they are cut in early July, the work can be done profitably then. Thin pastures will also be greatly improved by a mid-summer manuring, and where the grass has been very thin at cutting it is an easy matter then to apply the manure where most needed. By following this method up systematically patchy meadow land can be made even and regular.

Even straw manure that has not been entirely composted will give good results. The straw protects the roots of the grass from the hot sun, and helps to retain the moisture in the soil after each shower. About ten good loads of manure to the acre applied several years in succession will make such a difference in the yield that one would be surprised.

Manure applied in the fall, and then harrowed over lightly, will tend to make new grass seeds sprout at once, and on the whole the pastures seem to be benefited by this harrowing, especially if rain follows right after it. By applying the manure in this way late in summer it does not interfere with the next season's crop of hay, but rather tends to increase its yield. Of course, it keeps the cattle off the pasture for a time, and this certainly should be done for a few weeks in mid-summer any way. Pasturing stock on the meadows right after mowing, when the soil is dry and the sun is very hot, is the surest way to run out a good piece of grass land. After mowing the land needs a rest, and a little stimulating then will help matters a great deal.

By handling our hay fields in this way we can crop them more years in succession than if we neglect them. Six successive

crops of good Timothy off the hay-field is something unusual, and yet that is just what this system will do every time. The question is whether the labor of spreading the manure in late summer will not pay if such results are obtainable.

This year hay is apparently going to be high. Already prices are tending upward, and holders are keeping their old stock for further advances. The coming crop will not be a large one unless more rain falls. We have had for that matter a number of years lately when good hay paid as well as any crop on the farm. If we but handle the grass land properly we will find it the most remunerative on the farm. Good Timothy hay, however, can be raised only on land that is enriched.

FATHER AND SON CURED.

The Village of Whitechurch Develops a Sensation.

The Father Attacked With Rheumatism and the Son With St. Vitus Dance—A Story That Can be Vouched for by All the Neighbors.

From the Wingham Advance.

Mr. Joseph Nixon is the proprietor of the only hotel in the village of Whitechurch, and is known to the whole countryside as a man who thoroughly understands his business, and a jovial companion as well. It is well known in this part of Ontario that Mr. Nixon's hotel was destroyed by fire, but with that energy which is characteristic of him he quickly set to work to re-build. His story, as told a reporter of the Wingham Advance, who recently had occasion to visit his hostelry, will prove of interest: "I was helping to dig the cellar," he said, "and in the dampness and cold I contracted the rheumatism which settled in my right hip. It got so bad that I couldn't sit in a chair without my leg back at the side of the chair, and I couldn't ride in a buggy without letting the affected leg hang out. I suffered a great deal more from the trouble than anyone who has not been similarly affected can



"I WAS HELPING TO DIG OUT THE CELLAR."

imagine. How I was cured is even more interesting. One day I saw a neighbor whom I knew had rheumatism very bad, running down the road. I called him and asked what had cured his rheumatism. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills he promptly replied, and that determined me to try the same remedy. Well, the result is Pink Pills cured me, and that is something other medicines failed to do. I don't know what is in them, but I do know that Pink Pills is a wonderful medicine. And it is not only in my own case," continued Mr. Nixon, "that I have reason to be grateful for what the medicine has done. My son, Fred, about twelve years of age, was taken with an attack of cold. Inflammation of the lungs set in and as he was recovering from this, other complications followed which developed into St. Vitus dance, which got so bad that he could not possibly stand still. We gave him Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, with the result that he is now thoroughly cured, and looks as though he had never had a day's sickness in his life, and if these facts, which are known to all the neighbors, will be of benefit to anyone else, you are at liberty to publish them."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a specific for all diseases arising from an impoverished condition of the blood or a shattered condition of the nervous forces, such as St. Vitus dance, locomotor ataxia, rheumatism, paralysis, sciatica, the after effects of a grippe, loss of appetite, headache, dizziness, chronic erysipelas, scrofula, etc. They are also a specific for the troubles peculiar to the female system, correcting irregularities, suppressions and all forms of female weakness, building up the blood, and restoring the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. In the case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork, or excess of any nature. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold only in boxes bearing the firm's trade mark and wrapper (printed in red ink), and may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y., at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50.

Tobacco-Twisted Nerves.

Millions of men keep asking for stimulants because the nervous system is acutely irritated by nicotine poison. Chewing or smoking destroys manhood and nerve power. It's not a habit, but a disease, and you will find a guaranteed cure in No-To-Bac, sold by Druggists everywhere. Book free. The Sterling Remedy Co., 374 St. Paul St., Montreal.

Every Bone

In my body ached with the dreadful Rheumatism which followed a severe cold. My sufferings were awful. I could not dress myself or comb my hair. My husband had to carry me up and down stairs. I was scarcely able to nurse my little one. Within two weeks after I began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, I felt better. Shortly I was able to walk up and down stairs without help and finally without pain. I was cured. My friends thought I was going to be a cripple, but thanks to God for his blessing on Hood's Sarsaparilla, I now enjoy good health. Mrs. JOHN BLACKBURN, Lower Five Islands, Nova Scotia.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

Hood's Pills should be in every household.

Stop, Lady, Stop!

Lean and lank, He's such a crank; My stars! I thank I'm not his wife: He'll make my life A scene of strife.

Stop, lady, stop! his liver is out of order. "It's just too nice for anything," his wife says, "when he is well." Every wife's husband should, if sick, take Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It puts the liver and kidneys in good working order, purifies the blood, cleanses the system from all impurities, from whatever cause arising, and tones up the functions generally. Once used, it is always in favor. Sold by all dealers in medicine.

Dr. Pierce's Pellets permanently cure constipation, sick headache, indigestion and kindred derangements.

12 Years Old and Weighs 310 Pounds.

There is a girl in Webster, Mass., only 12 years of age who weighs 310 pounds. Her name is Elsie Bates, the only daughter of Abel and Sarah Bates. Her father is a farmer and her mother works on the farm. They are both above the average size, the mother the larger of the two, Elsie walks to school and back, the distance to the schoolhouse being a mile and a half. But few men can handle a pair of oars as easily and gracefully as she can.

"The coming woman doesn't seem to arrive," said Binka. "No," said Tubley. "She's probably putting on her hat."

Failure and Success.

It is often all the little things that constitute the wide difference between success and failure. Some men, earnest in purpose, capable in many ways, seem unable to discern the important elements, and neglect in consequence to grasp the opportunities that if accepted would carry them on to victory. In the same way people are imposed upon by mercenary druggists, who, to gain an additional profit, practise the dishonest method of substitution. Calling for Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor, they accept some worthless, flesh-eating substitute, only to be disappointed or suffer injury. Putnam's Corn Cure is the only reliable one.

A. P. 776.

Walter Baker & Co. Limited,

The Largest Manufacturers of

PURE, HIGH GRADE

COCOA and CHOCOLATES

On this Continent, have received

HIGHEST AWARDS

from the great

Industrial and Food

EXPOSITIONS

IN EUROPE AND AMERICA.



Caution: In view of the many imitations of the labels and wrappers on our goods, consumers should make sure that our place of manufacture, namely, Dorchester, Mass., is printed on each package.

WALTER BAKER & CO. LTD. DORCHESTER, MASS.

FARMERS here is a snap for you. Harris has sample cloth pieces for quilts. Send \$1 for trial. 27, 29, 31 William St., Toronto.

AGENTS WANTED for the Farmers Friend and Account Book, highly recommended by the several Ministers of Agriculture for Canada. Prices low. Terms liberal. Send for circulars. WILLIAM BRIGGS, Toronto, Ont.

STAMMERING Permanently Cured by a strictly Educational System. No advance fees. Write for circular. THE ONTARIO INSTITUTE, 65 Shuter St. Toronto

HAMILTON LADIES' COLLEGE —AND— Conservatory of Music

Will re-open September 9. The oldest Ladies' College in Ontario. Everything first-class. Has 150 rooms. Inspiring instructors, refining associations. Send for terms, &c., to the Principal.

A. BURNS, S.T.D., L.L.D.

CENTRAL Business College.

COR. YONGE & GERRARD STS., TORONTO, ONT. CANADA'S Greatest Commercial School; advantages best in the Dominion; students assisted to positions every week; moderate rates; everything first-class. Catalogues and specimens of penmanship free. SHAW & ELLIOTT, Principals.

WOODSTOCK COLLEGE

Thoroughly Equipped Residential School For Boys and Young Men.

MATRICATION, —RE-OPENS —SEPTEMBER MANUAL TRAINING, —3rd, 1898. TEACHERS' COURSES

Principal—J. L. BATES, B.A. Ph. M., Woodstock, Ont.

PRACTICAL TALKS... On Important Themes.

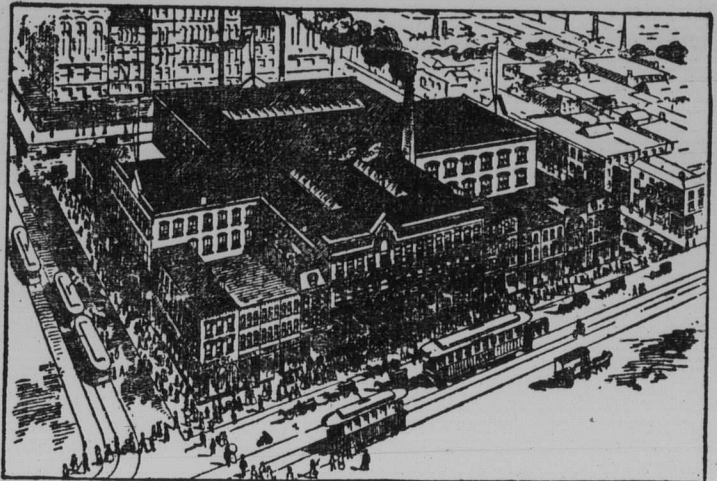
—BY— REV. H. T. CROSSLEY.

Cloth, \$1.00.

Those who know Mr. Crossley—and who does not!—need not be told that his book is terse, practical and spiritual in tone. It contains talks on living questions, such as "Blessings About Providences," "Fasting," "The Lord's Supper," "Music," "Reading," "Health," "Temperance," "The Unpardonable Sin," etc. In the book will be found a fair and full discussion of "The Parlor Dance," "The Theatre," "Cards," "The Weed," "Liquor," etc. In the next thirty-one addresses important counsel is given to young converts and others in the Christian life. The volume contains 400 pages, is neatly bound, with a handsome design in gold showing portraits of Crossley and Hunter on the cover, and is really a marvel of cheapness at one dollar. It is bound to have a wide circulation. Ministers and Christian workers should get it and recommend it to others.

WILLIAM BRIGGS, Publisher, 29-33 Richmond St. West, Toronto

CANADA'S GREATEST STORE.



Bigger than any other, better than any other, with over five acres of selling space and over a thousand employees. Think what that means—a whole town under one roof, and every class of merchandise that goes well together. It sells Groceries as well as Dry Goods, Bicycles as well as Shoes, Furniture as well as Housefurnishings. Easier to tell what isn't here than what is. We buy in the biggest markets, sell on the closest margins and do a business aggregating millions of dollars every year. We have thousands of customers in small towns and villages all over Canada, who appreciate the advantages of

SHOPPING BY MAIL!

Wherever you are, the facilities of the store are at your service. Bright clerks do your shopping for you as carefully and as satisfactorily as though you stood at the counter in person. All orders are filled the same day as received. Requests for samples and inquiries regarding goods receive the same careful attention. Our notion of a store is a store to draw the trade of the country; a store to be chosen all over the country, because it serves its customers near and far so well.

No Branch Stores. Main Entrance, 190 Yonge-st

T. EATON CO.

Yonge St., 190, 192, 194, 196, 198, 200 } All Under Main Entrance: Queen Street West, 10 and 12 } One Roof. 190 YONGE ST. James St., 13, 15, 17, 19, 21, 23, 25 } Albert Street, 15, 17, and 19 } LIMITED, TORONTO

McARTHUR, CORNELL & CO., —MANUFACTURERS AND IMPORTERS OF— White Lead, Colors, Glass, Varnishes, Oils, Chemicals and Dye Stuffs MONTREAL.

BEST VARNISHES For Carriage Work Manufactured by McCaskill, Dougall & Co., Montreal SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

GRANBY RUBBERS

Better this season than ever. Everybody wants them. Every dealer sells them. They wear like Iron.

Karl's Clover Root TEA FOR CONSTIPATION.

ST. LAWRENCE SUGAR REFINING CO.

LABORATORY OF INLAND REVENUE, OFFICE OF OFFICIAL ANALYST, Montreal, April 8th, 1895. "I hereby certify that I have drawn, by my own hand, ten samples of the ST. LAWRENCE SUGAR REFINING CO.'S EXTRA STANDARD GRANULATED SUGAR, and scrupulously taken from ten lots of about 150 barrels each. I have analysed same, and found them uniformly to contain: 99.99 TO 100 per cent. of Pure Cane Sugar with no impurities whatever." (Signed) JOHN BAKER EDWARDS, Ph.D., D.C.L., Prof. of Chemistry and Pub. Analyst, Montreal.

Catarrh—Use Nasal Balm. Quick, positive cure. Soothing, cleansing, healing.

\$15.00 PER WEEK and steady employment, you work in the locality where you live. Send us your address and we will explain the business. Write to day. The Queen Silverware Co., Montreal.

1895 MONTREAL EXPOSITION CO. 1895

Fourth Provincial Exhibition

Thursday 12th, to Saturday 21st, Sept

Grand Agricultural and Industrial Fair.

Splendid Show of Live Stock

Magnificent Horticultural Display

BENCH SHOW OF DOGS

Manufactures. Machinery in Motion.

FINE POULTRY SHOW.

New Special attractions. His orical Musical. Military and other Bands.

For all information apply to

S. C. STEVENSON, Man'gr and Sec., 77 St. Gabriel St., Montreal

Reduced rates on all railways

TEXTILE MILL SUPPLIES Cotton and Woolen. Best English Cut Clothing. Aniline Dyes. High grade Log wood Chips. Write for quotations. ROBERT & CO., 14 St. Michael St., Montreal

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Slate, Sheet-Metal, Tile and Gravel Roofers

Sheet Metal Ceilings, Terra Cotta Tile, Red Black and Green Roofing Slate, Metal Cornices, Felt, Tar, Roofing Pitch, Etc. Gutters, Downpipes, &c., supplied the trade.

Telephone 1936. Adelaide & Widmer Sts TORONTO.

\$500,000.

PRIVATE FUNDS FOR INVESTMENT on Mortgage of Real Estate. Interest at lowest rates. Special arrangements may be made for Church Loans. Apply to Beatty, Blackstock, Nesbitt, Chadwick & Riddle, Bank of Toronto Offices, Church Street, Toronto.

Live Stock Markets.

Toronto, Aug. 30.—We had, all told, 55 loads of offerings at the Western cattle market to-day, including 1,800 sheep and lambs, 1,200 hogs, and 50 calves. The tone of the market was somewhat improved, and the buying seemed brisker.

Shipping cattle—Real good exporters are wanted and for such from 4 1/2 to 4 3/4 per lb would be paid. There was not much good stock on sale, and in consequence the demand was not over active but good critters would have been readily picked up. Sales were:—Twenty averaging 1,300 lbs, at 4 1/2 per lb; 19 averaging 1,350 lbs, at \$56 each; 45 averaging 1,300, at \$4.40 per cwt; 18, averaging 1,250 lbs, at 4 1/2 per lb; 20 averaging 1,325 lbs, at 4 3/4 a lb; a lot averaging 1,280 lbs at \$4.35 per cwt; a bunch of mixed averaging 1,225 lbs, at 4c per lb; a load averaging 1,275 lbs, at \$55 each. A bunch of 11, averaging 1,150 lbs, were sold for shipment to Halifax, at 3 1/2 per lb; 6 steers averaging 1,200 lbs for the same place, sold at 3 1/2 per pound. Prices generally were steady.

Butchers' cattle—The lack of good stock in this line is still greatly felt. There were estimated to be only three loads of real good stock offered to-day. Prices remain about the same as those of Tuesday's market. Good butchers' are worth in loads, from 3 to 3 1/2 per lb; mediums at 2 1/2 to 3c per lb; inferiors, from \$2.50 to \$2.65 per cwt; and rough thins from \$2 to \$2.50 per cwt. A few of the transactions to-day were:—Twenty-five averaging 975 lbs, at \$31 each; 25 averaging 1,050 lbs, at \$32.50 each; 8 averaging 1,080 lbs at \$34 each; 12 averaging 1,040 lbs, at 3 1/2 per lb; 15 averaging 930 lbs, at 2 1/2 per lb; and 12 rough cows, averaging 1,020 lbs, at 2 1/2 per lb.

Sheep and lambs—The export demand was not heavy, but the buying generally was fair. A few odd lots of sheep were sold at 4c, but this price was exceptional, and the general run was between \$3.75 and \$3.85 per cwt for ewes and wethers, and \$3 per cwt for bucks. These prices are a fraction above those of Tuesday's market. Butchers' sheep were selling at \$2 to \$3 each, and a few brought \$3.25 per head. Lambs were dearer, and the demand was somewhat improved. Prices ranged between \$2 and \$3 per head, or from 3c to 3 1/2 per lb. A lot of 180 lambs, averaging 72 lbs each, sold for \$2.65 a head.

Calves—The better quality of stock was scarce and price ranged between \$4 and \$6 per head. Good beasts are wanted.

Milk cows are in moderate demand at the old prices.

Hogs—The best selections off cars were bringing \$5 per cwt. The prospects seem to point however to a lower market next week, and about 25c off per cwt may be looked for at Tuesday's market. Thick fat and light were quoted at \$4.50 per cwt; stores, \$4 to \$4.10 per cwt; sows from 3 1/2 to 4c per lb.

Mr. Widmeyer was elected Reeve of Normanby on Monday.

On Tuesday morning week, as Evans Harrison was on his way to the Chesley station to see his son off for Manitoba, he was taken ill and died almost immediately.

Shiloh's Cure is sold on a guarantee. It cures Incipient Consumption. It is the best Cough Cure. Only one cent a dose, 25 cts., 50 cts., and \$1.00. For sale at the People's Drug Store, Mildmay, by J. A. Wilson.

RHEUMATISM CURED IN A DAY.—South American Rheumatic Cure, for Rheumatism and Neuralgia, radically cures in 1 to 3 days. Its action upon the system is remarkable and mysterious. It removes at once the cause and the disease immediately disappears. The first dose greatly benefits. 75 cents. Sold at Mildmay Drug Store.

RELIEF IN SIX HOURS.—Distressing Kidney and bladder diseases relieved in six hours by the "Great South American Kidney Cure." This new remedy is a great surprise and delight on account of its exceeding promptness in relieving pain in the bladder, kidney, back and every part of the urinary passages in male or female. It relieves retention of water and pain in passing it almost immediately. If you want quick relief and cure this is your remedy. Sold by Mildmay Drug Store.

Estray Pig!

CAME into the premises of the undersigned, Lot 8, Con. B. Carrick, about Aug. 25th a black and white pig. The owner can have the same by proving property and paying expenses.
JOHN DARLING,
Mildmay, P. O.
Sept. 3, 1895.

20 CASES OF OLD COUNTRY GOODS!

Just arrived at the CORNER STORE.

We are delighted with the quality! We never saw such good Value! And everybody who see them are astonished at the low prices, but it proves the old saying that "Goods well bought are half sold."

We claim that no person north of Toronto can buy them better or afford to sell them at a closer margin of profit.

MANTES! MANTLES! The best fitting garment in the world direct from Germany. Beautiful English Dress Goods, Serges, Costume Cloths, Worsteds, Tweeds, etc in Endless Variety, bought for spot cash, and to be sold at Low Cash Prices.

MILLINERY! This department will be open in a few days, and we are pleased to announce that we have secured the services of Miss Buschlen of Port Elgin, to take charge, who comes to us very highly recommended and who will, we are sure, sustain our well earned reputation as **LEADERS IN MILD MAY.**

A. J. Sarjeant & Co.

Importers.

Save your Ammonia Soap wrappers When you have 25 Ammonia or 10 Puritan Soap wrappers, send them to us and a 3 cent stamp for postage and we will mail you free a handsome picture for framing. A list of Pictures around each bar. Ammonia Soap has no equal—we recommend it. Write your name plainly on the outside of the wrapper and address W. A. BRADSHAW & Co., 48 & 50 Lombard St., Toronto, Ont. Sold by all general merchants and grocers. Give it a trial.

CATARH RELIEVED in 10 to 60 minutes.—One short puff of the breath through the Blower, supplied with each bottle of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder, diffuses this Powder over the surface of the nasal passages. Painless and delightful to use, it relieves instantly, and permanently cures catarrh, hay fever, colds, headache, sore throat, tonsillitis and deafness. 60 cents. At Mildmay drug store.

Cook's Cotton Root COMPOUND.
A recent discovery by an old physician. Successfully used monthly by thousands of Ladies. Is the only perfectly safe and reliable medicine discovered. Beware of unprincipled druggists who offer inferior medicines in place of this. Ask for Cook's Cotton Root Compound, take no substitute, or inclose \$1 and 6 cents in postage in letter and we will send, sealed, by return mail. Full sealed particulars in plain envelope, to ladies only, 2 stamps. Address **The Cook Company, Windsor, Ont., Canada.**
Sold at Mildmay and everywhere by druggists.

Notice to Creditors

In the Surrogate Court of the County of Bruce re the Estate of John A. Schaefer, late of the township of Carrick, in the County of Bruce, yeoman, deceased.

NOTICE is hereby given pursuant to the R. S. O., Chap. 110, section 35, that all creditors and others having claims against the estate of the said John A. Schaefer who died on or about the 28th day of July, 1895, at the said Township of Carrick are hereby required to send or deliver by post prepaid to B. Walter, Deacon, or G. Witter, Carlsruhe, the Executors of the last Will and Testament of the said John A. Schaefer on or before the First day of October, A. D. 1895, their christian and surnames, addresses, and descriptions and full particulars of their claims, a statement of their accounts duly verified and the nature of the security if any held by them. And the said executors will on and after the said 1st day of October proceed to distribute the assets of the estate among the parties entitled thereto, having regard only to the claims of which they shall then have notice and that they will not be responsible for the assets or any part thereof so distributed to any person of whose claim they shall have no notice at the time of such distribution.

Dated at Mildmay this 29th day of August, 1895
B. WALTER, G. WITTER, Executors.

JNO. BRETHOUR, FIRE AND STOCK Insurance Agent WROXETER.

Represents:
Wellington Mutual Fire Insurance Co.
Waterloo Mutual Fire Insurance Co.
Perth Mutual Fire Insurance Co.
Economic Mutual Fire Insurance Co.
Mercantile Insurance Co.
Brits Insurance Co.

Give John A Call.
PETER HEPINSTALL, Fordwich. General Insurance Agency.
Call and get your Will made.
Or call and get Dr. Wilford Hall's Hygienic pamphlet: "Malaria's Triumph Over Disease Without Medicine," at half farmed cost.
Or ANY INSURANCE, either on village or farm farm property.
Or any writing you require.
Or a loan on real estate at the lowest rates.
CALL ANYTIME.
P. HEPINSTALL.

B. S. COOK, Real Estate & Loan AGENT, FORDWICH, ONT.

Money to Loan on Farm Security at the Lowest Rate of Interest.

Good Notes discounted.

Special Attention given to CONVEYANCING

B. S. COOK, North of the Post Office, FORDWICH

Dulmage

WHAT YOU DON'T SEE, ASK FOR!

- Our Print sales are averaging 50 yards a day. Stacks of them left; designs exquisite and prices right. Tweed and Worsted Suitings in great variety.
- Carpets.
 - Stair Carpet.
 - Window Carpet.
 - Window Holland.
 - Lace Curtains, 40c. to \$5 per set.
 - Art Muslin, bleached and colored.
 - Tabling.
 - Crotches.
 - Salisbury Cloth.
 - Verona Cord.
 - Printed Challies.
 - Wool Delaines.
 - Pink and cream Cashmere and every other shade.
 - Num's Veilings.
 - Not Vailings.
 - Navy and Bk Dress Serges.
 - Lawn Victorias.
 - Lawn checks.
 - Blouse stripes.
 - Flannellets—17 patterns.
 - Shaker Flannels.
 - Carpet warp.
 - Weaving warp.
 - Black Dress Silk.
 - Black Sateens.
 - Velvets and Pinafores.
 - Brown Holland.
 - Yalies.
 - Lunch Baskets.
 - Churns.
 - Butter Trays and Ladles.
 - Washtrubs.
 - Crockery.
 - Glassware.
 - Hardware.
 - Patent Medicines.
 - Top Onions.
 - Potato Onions.
 - Dutch sets.
 - Garden Seeds.
 - Brushes, all kinds.
 - Washing Soda.
 - Whiting.
 - Raw Oil.
 - Lye.
 - Turpentine.
 - Castor Oil, by the lb.
 - Stone Crock.
 - Earthenware Crock.
 - Milk Pans.
 - Milk Pails.
 - Wash Rollers.
 - Tea Kettles.
 - do copper.
 - Dish Pans.
 - Felt Hats, just to hand.
 - Straw Hats for 500 heads.
 - Lace Frillings.
 - Ties and Collars.
 - Top Shirts.
 - Dress Shirts.
 - Scissors.
 - Knives and Forks.
 - Spools.
 - Teapots.
 - Canned Goods.
 - Flour Lines.
 - Bed Cord.
 - Marbles.
 - Wire Clotheslines.
 - Baby Carriages.
 - Croquet.
 - Spices.

WE KEEP EVERYTHING, AND SELL CHEAP.

Lakelet.

All-a-Samee Cheroots 4 FOR 10c
All Imported Tobacco. Better than most 5 Cent Cigars. As good as the ordinary 10 Cent Cigar. It is the manufacturer's profit that has to be cut down when hard times come. Every smoker should try these Cheroots. Assorted colors. For sale by tobacco dealers everywhere.
Creme de la Creme Cigar Co., Montreal.

Blacksmithing. For a First class Cart or Buggy call on **Jos. Kunkel,** GENERAL BLACKSMITH, Mildmay. Repairing and Horseshoeing a Specialty. Prices Guaranteed Right.

This Spot BELONGS TO A. Murat MILD MAY. It will pay you to keep posted on the well assorted stock of FURNITURE and his full line of UNDERTAKING he continually has for sale. REMEMBER **A. Murat Sells Cheap**

PRINTING

- Plain or Fancy Of Every Description
- Bill Heads
 - Note Heads
 - Letter Heads
 - Envelopes
 - Receipts
 - Order Blanks
 - Posters
 - Dodgers
 - Pamphlets
 - Sale Bills
 - Financial Reports
 - School Reports
 - Business Cards calling cards concert Tickets Invitations Programs Etc., etc.

Neat, Clean Work Prices Moderate

The Gazette MILD MAY, ONT

CHURCHES.

E VANGELICAL.—Services 10 a.m. and 7 p.m. Sabbath School at 2 p.m. C. Liesemer, Superintendent. Cottage prayer meeting Wednesday evening at 7:30. Young People's meeting Tuesday evening at 7:30. Choir practice Friday evening at 8 o'clock. Rev. Mr. Haist, Pastor.

PRESBYTERIAN.—Services 10:30 a.m. Sabbath School 9:30 a.m. J. H. Moore, Superintendent. Praying meeting Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock. Rev. Mr. Yeoman, Pastor.

R. C. CHURCH. Sacred Heart of Jesus.—Rev. Father Wey, P. P. Services every Sunday, alternatively at 8:30 a.m. and 10 a.m. Vespers every other Sunday at 3 p.m. Sunday School at 2:30 p.m. every other Sunday.

LUTHERAN.—Rev. Dr. Miller, pastor. Services the last three Sundays of every month at 2:30 p.m. Sunday School at 1:30 p.m.

METHODIST.—Services 10:30 a.m. and 7 p.m. Sabbath School 2:30 p.m. G. Curle, Superintendent. Praying meeting Thursday 8 p.m. Rev. J. H. McBain, B. A., Pastor.

SOCIETIES.

C. M. R. A., No. 76—meets in their hall on the evening of the second and fourth Thursday in each month. A. GOETZ, Pres. K. WELER, Sec.

C. O. P.—Court Mildmay, No. 156, meets in their hall the second and last Thursdays in each month. Visitors always welcome. G. H. LIESEMER, C. R. A. CAMERON, Secy.

C. O. C. P. No. 166—meets in the Forester's Hall the second and fourth Mondays in each month, at 8 p.m. E. N. BUCHHEART, Coun. F. C. JARPER, Rec.

K. O. T. M., Unity Tent No. —, meets in Foresters' Hall, on the 1st and 3rd Tuesdays of each month. J. MCGAAN, Com. F. X. SCHEFFER, R. K.

THE MILDMAZ GAZETTE,

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF EAST BRUCE AND EAST HURON.

Terms:—\$1 per year in advance; Otherwise \$1.25.

ADVERTISING RATES.

	One	Six	Three
	Yr.	Months.	Months.
One column.....	\$50	\$20	\$18
Half column.....	30	13	10
Quarter column.....	18	10	6
Legal notices, 5c. per line for first and 4c. per line for each subsequent insertion.			
Local business notices 5c. per line each insertion. No local less than 25 cents.			
Contract advertising payable quarterly.			

L. A. FINDLAY.

Grand Trunk Time Table.

Trains leave Mildmay station as follows:

GOING SOUTH.		GOING NORTH.	
Express.....	7:04 a.m.	Mixed.....	10:55 a.m.
Mail.....	11:55 "	Mail.....	3:5 p.m.
Mixed.....	3:20 p.m.	Express.....	9:35 p.m.

LOCAL AFFAIRS.

—Miss Kate Hufner has returned from her visit with friends in the west.

—Miss Kate Hickey returned to her home in Macgregor, Ont., this week.

—Mr. Barton Raynor, of Paisley, spent last week at W. H. Huck's, Mildmay.

—Mr. Liesemer, G. T. R. agent Neustalt, spent Sunday with friends in town.

—Miss Sarah Schweitzer left Saturday morning for Buffalo, where she will in future reside.

—Alois Murat is having the front of his furniture store repainted. H. Diebel has the contract.

—A large number from here took in Balls Bros.' circus in Walkerton on Wednesday afternoon.

Lost—In Mildmay, on Labor day, a baby's moccasin. Finder will please leave same at this office.

—According to bills just issued, the Mildmay baseball club is to play in Car-gill on Monday for a prize of \$10.

—A number of letters which arrived on Wednesday mail are held over until next week through lack of space.

—Rev. J. H. McBain and wife arrived here Wednesday evening. Full particulars of the wedding next week.

—\$20,000 private funds to loan at low rate of interest. Apply to S. H. McKay, Barrister, Triffith's block, Walkerton. If

—Wanted—Two apprentices to learn the dress-making. Apply to Misses Beechy. Rooms over J. J. Stiegler's store.

—Sells' Bros.' circus passed here Wednesday morning enroute to Walkerton where they gave an exhibition that day.

—About 2 a.m. Friday morning burglars forced an entrance into J. D. Miller's store, but were disturbed and went away empty handed.

—The numerous persons who took in the excursion to Buffalo and Niagara Saturday night returned home Tuesday evening. They report having had a good time.

—Mildmay and Clifford baseball clubs played a game of ball here Tuesday afternoon. At the close of the seven innings the score stood 11 to 16 in favor of Mildmay. The Clifford boys are as fine a lot of young men as ever visited Mildmay.

—Now that the long summer evenings are drawing to a close, what is the matter with the directors of the public library opening up a reading room. From six o'clock to ten is a long time for our young people to put in without any place but the street corners to while away the time.

—J. W. Green was home for the holiday.

—Wm. Avery spent the holiday with friends in Drayton

—We noticed Mr. Pellow, of Walkerton, in town on Sunday.

—Mr. M. Cameron, of Owen Sound, is visiting his parents here.

—The carpenters are rushing along the woodwork of Hufner and Liesemer's residences.

—Monday, Mr. Geo. Lambert took possession of the business he purchased from Wm. Armour.

—Ramor has it that a lawsuit is pending between a couple of our citizens. No money in law gentlemen.

—Don't forget the 24th of September is the day of the Carrick Branch Agricultural Society's annual exhibition.

—Mrs. J. W. Green and family returned home Thursday afternoon from a months visit with her friends in the west.

—Wm. Lucas and wife of the 3rd concession left on Tuesday morning for a trip to the Pacific coast. It is their intention to go to Edmonton first and from thence on to the ocean.

—It affords us great pleasure to record the marriage of S. H. McKay, barrister, of Walkerton, to Miss Amelia Lamont, daughter of Robert Lamont, of Chesley, which event transpired on Tuesday. The nuptial knot was securely tied by Rev. Mr. Perry, of Wingham, and Rev. Mr. McKenzie, of Chesley. The bride was the recipient of many costly presents. The GAZETTE joins in with Sam's numerous friends in Mildmay in wishing he and his fair bride a long and happy wedded life.

—An exchange has the following to say: "It is said that a man who won't take a paper because he can borrow one, has invented a machine by which he can cook his dinner by the smoke of his neighbor's chimney. The same fellow sits in the back pew to save interest on contributions. He is always borrowing a ride to save the wear and tear of his shoe leather. He is a first cousin to the man who never winds up his watch for fear of breaking the spring. He undoubtedly was a near relative to the man who went into the yard during a cold snap, soaked his hair with water let it freeze and broke it off in order to cheat the barber out of a hair cut.

—Labor Day, the one memento the workman has of the administration of the late Sir John Thompson, is a thing of the past, and was celebrated by the villagers in grand style, a union picnic being held in Mr. Wm. Berry's park. About one o'clock the people commenced to arrive, and by 3 p.m. a large crowd numbering in the neighborhood of 800 or 900 were assembled. About 3:30 the first game of the afternoon was called on, which was a green lacrosse match. Sides were chosen by Thomas Hume and Sam Liesemer. After nearly three quarters of an hours play the score stood one to none in favor of S. Liesemer's side. Next on the program came the baseball match between Formosa and Mildmay clubs, which after a keen game resulted in favor of the latter by 17 to 11. Following is the score by innings:

Formosa.....	2 3 4 2 0 0 0—11
Mildmay.....	6 2 0 3 5 1 *—17

Batteries:—Messner and Seitz; Curle and Lenahan. Dr. Wilson acted umpire to the satisfaction of all. While the above games were in progress, horseshoe and quoit pitching was being conducted in another part of the grounds. In the horseshoe contest Messrs. W. Johnston and Jas. McDonald got first money and Messrs. J. Hessenaur and W. G. Liesemer took second. In quoits Messrs. P. Winer and A. Kunkel of the north end took first; Messrs Keelan and Butchart taking second. After the above matches had been completed, Messrs. Winer and Kunkel played the champions, Messrs. Johnston and Keelan, and succeeded in defeating them, the score standing 21 to 19. Swings were erected in the Presbyterian sheds adjoining the grounds where those who liked that amusement enjoyed themselves to their hearts content. About six o'clock the never to be forgotten part of any picnic program was commenced. The tables fairly groaned under the weight of the good things thereon, but alas the onslaught was so incessant that ere long there was not enough for to have a share of what was going and many went home supperless. Tea being over a number of social games were engaged in, after which the crowd retired from the grove and journeyed to their home well satisfied with the afternoon sport.

Trip up the Great Lakes.

Continued.
At the Soo I left the "S. S. Majestic" and boarded the "Empire" for Duluth. On my way back however I took the S. S. Majestic for Mackinac Island. This island is indeed very famous for the grandeur of its scenery. It is a mass of calcareous rock, rising from the bed of Lake Huron and reaching an elevation of more than 300 feet above the water. Some of the cliffs shoot up perpendicular and tower in pinnacles like ruinous gothic steeples. It is cavernous in some places and in these caverns the ancient Indians, like those of India, have placed their dead. The little old fashioned French town nestles around it in a very primitive style. There are walks and winding paths and among its little hills and precipices of the most romantic character and when the visitor gets on an eminence overlooking the lake, he is transported with sublime views of a most illimitable and magnificent water prospect.

The island of Mackinac show evidence of the former prevalence of the water to the height of two hundred and fifty feet above the present level of the lake. It is said that there has been an unbroken continuance of the kind of aqueous action from that time during the gradual subsidence of the waters to the present condition. The same story seems to prevail in the minds of the people of Duluth. I was there told that the most indubitable evidence can be produced that Lake Superior at one time has touched the rocks over two hundred feet above the present water line. Whether the evidences, of which the people seem to be so convinced, were caused by the deluge or floods, or by the subsidence of the lakes, or the uplift of the island, is proved by no one.

Mackinac I think, is the most attractive, the most agreeable and healthy spots on the whole trip.

After eight hours stay we returned from this famous village with our minds refreshed and body invigorated thinking over the pleasant by-gone recollections of Mackinac.

I shall now return to my trip on the Empire up the grand Lake Superior to the majestic city of Duluth. It was about twelve o'clock at night when our boat passed through the docks to Lake Superior. In the morning after a good night's rest the weather was very calm no wind was felt save that produced by the movement of the vessel. The water itself had the beautiful appearance of a shining looking glass. Not a wrinkle could be noticed and every one seemed to enjoy the fresh and buoyant air of the blue cold waters of Lake Superior.

Soon land disappeared from our view Here and there an island could be noticed and perhaps a steamer at a distance. Sea gulls followed our vessel for miles picking up the crumbs thrown out by the cook or other interested persons.

Nearing Port Arthur we pass a number of islands. Our first stop was made at Fort William and as the vessel had many things to unload, we remained here over three hours. Unfortunately for us however, it was during the night, and we could not see and enjoy the place. This town a few years ago was scarcely of any account. Port Arthur then, which is only a few miles from this Fort was the growing business place. When the C. P. R. was built they demanded from Port Arthur sufficient ground to build a railway track and erect a station in town, and when this was refused Fort William offered the syndicate the amount of property required and any location they desired The consequence was that Fort William was selected as their stopping place.

The town has now, as I am told, 3000 inhabitants and is as large as Port Arthur of which so much was said some years ago. Here too, is a large Catholic church and convent built especially for the Indians. Every Sunday they come in streams to the church. The Gospel is preached in the Indian language. Their children go to school and are educated in the convent. They learn not only to read and write but also knitting, sewing, needlework, etc., so that the interior of their houses, as a well educated Protestant lady told me, become tidy and clean and have the appearance of those of our own race. Leaving these ports our vessel sailed direct without stopping to the great city of Duluth.

Jas. Halliday and Geo. Paline, cattle buyers of Chesley, shipped 500 cattle to the Northwest last week.

Binder Twine

Church's Potato Bug Finish.
Strictly Pure Paris Green.
Hay Fork Ropes.
Patent Window Blinds.
Hardware, Paints and Oils, all at
Rock Bottom Prices.

AT
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MILDMAY * DRUG * STORE

DIAMOND AND TURKISH

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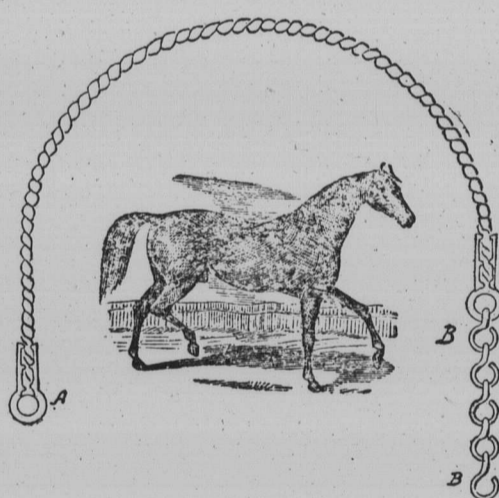
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COMPLETE STOCK OF PURE DRUGS
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For use on all Horses that have any bad habits, such as



Running away, Shying, Kicking, Etc.

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Richard Berry, Patentee,
Mildmay, Ont.

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Full line of Pure Fresh Drugs, Patent Medicines, Trusses, Toilet Articles, also a full line of Wrisley's Toilet Soap.
We have a full supply of the famous

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FIELD AND GARDEN SEEDS in stock,
also the purest of **PARIS GREEN.**

STATIONERY DEPARTMENT

This department is replete with the latest fads in writing paper, envelopes, etc.
Prescriptions accurately compounded.
Night calls promptly attended to.

STORIES OF ADVENTURE.

By midday I had got as far as the village of Saalfeld, but as I was on the direct road for Osterode, where the Emperor was wintering, and also for the main camp of seven divisions of infantry, the highway was choked with carriages and carts. What with artillery caissons and waggons and couriers and the ever-thickening stream of recruits and stragglers, it seemed to me that it would be a very long time before I should join my comrades. The plains, however, were five feet deep in snow, so there was nothing for it but to plod upon our way. It was with joy, therefore, that I found a second road which branched away from the other, trending through a fir-wood towards the north. There was a small auberge at the cross-roads, and a patrol of the Third Hussars of Conflans—the very regiment of which I was afterwards colonel—were mounting their horses at the door. On the steps stood their officer, a slight, pale young man, who looked more like a young priest from a seminary than leader of the devil-may-care rascals before him.

"Good day, sir," said he, seeing that I pulled up my horse.

"Good-day," I answered. "I am Lieutenant Etienne Gerard, of the Tenth."

I could see by his face that he heard of me. Everybody had heard of me since my duel with the six fencing-masters. My manner, however, seemed to put him at his ease with me.

"I am Sub Lieutenant Duroc, of the Third," said he.

"Newly joined?" I asked.

"Last week."

I had thought as much, from his white face and from the way in which he let his men lounge upon their horses. It was not so long, however, since I had learned myself what it was like when a schoolboy has to give orders to veteran troopers. It made me blush, I remember, to shout abrupt commands to men who had seen more battles than I had years, and it would have come more natural for me to say, "With your permission, we shall now wheel into line," or, "If you think it best, we shall trot." I did not think the less of the lad, therefore, when I observed that his men were sometimes out of hand, but I gave them a glance which stiffened them in their saddles.

"May I ask, monsieur, whether you are going by this northern road?" I asked.

"My orders are to patrol it as far as Arensdorf," said he.

"Then I will, with your permission, ride so far with you," said I. "It is very clear that the longer way will be the faster."

So it proved, for this road led away from the army into a country which was given over to Cossacks and marauders, and it was as bare as the other was crowded. Duroc and I rode in front, with our six troopers clattering in the rear. He was a good boy, this Duroc, with his head full of the nonsense that they teach at St. Cyr, knowing more about Alexander and Pompey than how to mix a horse's fodder or care for a horse's feet. Still, he was, as I have said, a good boy, unspoiled as yet by the camp. It pleased me to hear him prattle away about his sister Marie and about his mother in Amiens. Presently we found ourselves at the village of Hayenau. Duroc rode up to the post-house and asked to see the master.

"Can you tell me," said he, "whether the man who calls himself the Baron Straubenthal lives in these parts?"

The postmaster shook his head, and we rode upon our way.

I took no notice to this, but when, at the next village, my comrade repeated the same question, with the same result, I could not help asking him who this Baron Straubenthal might be.

"He is a man," said Duroc, with a sudden flush upon his boyish face, "to whom I have a very important message to convey."

Well, this was not satisfactory, but there was something in my companion's manner which told me that any further questioning would be distasteful to him. I said nothing more, therefore, but Duroc would still ask every peasant whom we met whether he gave him any news of the Baron called Straubenthal.

For my own part I was endeavouring, as an officer of light cavalry should, to form an idea of the lay of the country, to note the course of the streams, and to mark the places where there should be for every step was taking us farther from the camp round the flanks of which we were traveling. Far to the south a few plumes of grey smoke in the frosty air marked the position of some of our outposts. To the north, however, there was nothing between ourselves and the Russian winter quarters. Twice on the extreme horizon I caught a glimpse of the glitter of steel, and pointed it out to my companion. It was too distant for us to tell whence it came, but we had little doubt that it was from the lance-heads of marauding Cossacks.

The sun was just setting when we rode over a low hill and saw a small village upon our right, and on our left a high black castle, which jutted out from amongst the pine-woods. A farmer with his cart was approaching us—a matted-haired, down-cast fellow, in a sheepskin jacket.

"What village is this?" asked Duroc.

"It is Arensdorf," he answered, in his barbarous German dialect.

"Then here I am to stay the night," said my young companion. Then, turning to the farmer, he asked his eternal question, "Can you tell me where the Baron Straubenthal lives?"

"Why, it is he who owns the Castle of Gloom," said the farmer pointing to the dark turrets over the distant fir forest.

Duroc gave a shout like the sportsman who sees his game rising in front of him. The lad seemed to have gone off his head—his eyes shining, his face deathly white, and such a grin set about his mouth as made the farmer shrink away from him. I can see him now, leaning forward on his brown horse, with his eager gaze fixed upon the great black tower.

"Why do you call it the Castle of Gloom?" I asked.

"Well, it's the name it bears upon the country side," said the farmer. "By all accounts there have been some black doings yonder. It's not for nothing that the wickedest man in Poland has been living there these fourteen years past."

"A Polish nobleman?" I asked.

"Nay we breed no such men in Poland," he answered.

"A Frenchman, then?" cried Duroc.

"They say that he came from France."

"And with red hair?"

"As red as a fox."

"Yes, it is my man," cried my companion, quivering all over in his excitement. "It is the hand of Providence which has led me here. Who can say there is not justice in this world? Come, Monsieur Gerard, for I must see the men safely quartered before I can attend to his private matter."

He spurred on his horse, and ten minutes later we were at the door of the inn of Arensdorf, where his men were to find their quarters for the night.

Well, all this was no affair of mine, and I could not imagine what the meaning of it might be. Rosset was still far off, but I determined to ride on for a few hours and take my chance of some wayside barn in which I could find shelter for Ratanaplan and myself. I had mounted my horse, therefore, after tossing off a cup of wine, when young Duroc came running out of the door and laid his hand upon my knee.

"Monsieur Gerard," he panted, "I beg of you not to abandon me like this!"

"My good sir," said I, "if you would tell me what is the matter and what you would wish me to do, I should be better able to tell you if I could be of any assistance to you."

"You can be of the very greatest," he cried. "Indeed, from all that I have heard of you, Monsieur Gerard, you are the one man whom I should wish to have by my side to-night."

"You forget that I am riding to join my regiment."

"You cannot, in any case, reach to-night. To-morrow will bring you to Kossel. By staying with me you will confer the very greatest kindness upon me, and you will aid me in a matter which concerns my own honour and the honour of my family. I am compelled, however, to confess to you that some personal danger may possibly be involved."

It was a crafty thing for him to say. Of course, I sprang from Ratanaplan's back and ordered the groom to lead him back into the stables.

"Come into the inn," said I, "and let me know exactly what it is that you wish me to do."

He led the way into a sitting-room, and fastened the door lest we should be interrupted. He was a well-grown lad, and as he stood in the glare of the lamp, with the light beaming upon his earnest face and upon his uniform of silver gray, which suited him to a marvel, I felt my heart warm towards him. Without going so far as to say that he carried himself as I had done at his age, there was at least similarity enough to make me feel in sympathy with him.

"I can explain it all in a few words," said he. "If I have not already satisfied your very natural curiosity, it is because the subject is so painful a one to me that I can hardly bring myself to allude to it. I cannot, however, ask for your assistance without explaining to you exactly how the matter lies."

"You must know, then, that my father was the well-known banker, Christophe Duroc, who was murdered by the people during the September massacres. As you are aware the mob took possession of the prisons, chose three so-called judges to pass sentence upon the unhappy aristocrats, and then tore them to pieces when they were passed out into the street. My father had been a benefactor of the poor all his life. There were many to plead for him. He had the fever, too, and was carried in, half-dead, upon a blanket. Two of the judges were in favour of acquitting him; the third, a young Jacobin, whose huge body and brutal mind had made him a leader among these wretches, dragged him, with his own hands, from the litter, kicked him again and again with his heavy boots, and hurled him out of the door, where in an instant he was torn limb from limb under circumstances which are too horrible for me to describe. This, as you perceive, was murder, even under their own unlawful laws, for two of their own judges had pronounced in my father's favour."

"Well, when the days of order came back again, my elder brother began to make inquiries about this man. I was only a child then, but it was a family matter, and it was discussed in my presence. The fellow's name was Carabin. He was one of Santerre's Guard, and a noted duelist. A foreign lady named the Barcess Straubenthal having been dragged before the Jacobins, he had gained her liberty for her on the promise that she with her money and estates should be his. He had married her, taken her name and title, and escaped out of France at the time of the fall of Robespierre. What had become of him we had no means of learning."

"You will think, doubtless, that it would be easy for us to find him, since we had his name and his title. You must remember, however, that the Revolution left us without money, and that without money such a search is very difficult. Then came the Empire and it became more difficult still, for, as you are aware, the Emperor considered that the 18th Brumaire brought all accounts to a settlement, and that on that day a veil had been drawn across the past. None the less, we kept our own family story and our own family plans."

"My brother joined the army, and passed with it through all Southern Europe, asking me everywhere for the Baron Straubenthal. Last October he was killed at Jena, with his mission still unfulfilled. Then it became my turn, and I have the good fortune to hear of the very man of whom I am in search at one of the first Polish villages which I have to visit, and within a fortnight of joining my regiment. And then, to make the matter even better, I find myself in the company of one whose name is never mentioned throughout the army save in connection with some daring and generous deed."

This was all very well, and I listened to it with the greatest interest, but I was none the clearer as to what young Duroc wished me to do.

"How can I be of service to you?" I asked.

"By coming up with me."

"To the Castle?"

"Precisely."

"When?"

"At once."

"But what do you intend to do?"

"I shall know what to do. But I wish you to be with me, all the same."

Well, it was never in my nature to refuse an adventure, and, besides, I had every sympathy with the lad's feelings. It is very well to forgive one's enemies, but one wishes to give them something to forgive also. I held out my hand to him, therefore.

"I must be on my way for Rosset to-morrow morning, but to-night I am yours," said I.

We left our troopers in snug quarters, and, as it was but a mile to the Castle, we did not disturb our horses. To tell the truth, I hate to see a cavalry man walk, and I hold that just as he is "the most gallant thing upon earth when he has his saddle-flaps between his knees, so he is the most clumsy when he has to loop up his sabre and his sabre-tasche in one hand turn in his toes for fear of catching the rowels of his spurs. Still, Duroc and I were of the age when one can carry things off, and I dare swear that no woman at least would have quarreled with the appearance of the two young hussars, one in blue and one in grey, who set out that night from the Arensdorf post-house. We both carried our swords, and for my own part I slipped a pistol from my holster into the inside of my pelisse, for it seemed to me that there might be some wild work before us.

The track which led to the Castle wound through a pitch-black fir-wood, where we could see nothing save the ragged patch of stars above our head. Presently, however, it opened up, and there was the Castle right in front of us, about as far as a carbine would carry. It was a huge, unlovely place, and bore every mark of being exceedingly old, with turrets at every corner, and a square keep on the side which was nearest to us. In all its great shadow there was no sign of light save for a single window, and no sound came from it. To me there was something awful in its size and its silence, which corresponded so well with its sinister name. My companion passed on eagerly, and I followed him along the ill-kept path which led to the gate.

There was no bell or knocker upon the great, iron-studded door, and it was only by pounding with the hilts of our sabres that we could attract attention. A thin hawk-faced man, with a beard up to his temples, opened it at last. He carried a lantern in one hand and in the other a chain which held an enormous black hound. His manner at the first moment was threatening, but the sight of our uniforms and our faces turned it into one of sulky reserve.

"The Baron Straubenthal does not receive visitors at so late an hour," said he, speaking in very excellent French.

"You can inform Baron Straubenthal that I have come eight hundred leagues to see him, and that I will not leave until I have done so," said my companion. I could not myself have said it with a better voice and manner.

The fellow took a sidelong look at us, and tugged at his black beard in his perplexity.

"To tell the truth, gentlemen," said he, "the baron has a cup or two of wine in him at this hour, and you would certainly find him a more entertaining companion if you were to come again in the morning."

He had opened the door a little wider as he spoke, and I saw by the light of the lamp in the hall behind him that three other rough fellows were standing there, one of whom held another of those monstrous hounds. Duroc must have seen it also, but it made no difference to his resolution.

"Enough talk," said he, pushing the man to one side. "It is with your master that I have to deal."

The fellows in the hall made way for him as he strode in among them, so great is the power of one man who knows what he wants over several who are not sure of themselves. My companion tapped one of them upon the shoulder with as much assurance as though he owned him.

"Show me to the Baron," said he.

The man shrugged his shoulders, and answered something in Polish. The fellow with the beard, who had shut and barred the front door, appeared to be the only one among them who could speak French.

"Well, you shall have your way," said he, with a sinister smile. "You shall see the baron. And perhaps, before you have finished, you will wish that you had taken my advice."

We followed him down the hall, which was stone-flagged and very spacious, with skins scattered upon the floor, and the heads of wild beasts upon the walls. At the farther end he threw open a door, and we entered.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

AN UNDERGROUND CITY.

Interesting Discovery Made by Russian Explorers in Asia.

The Russians have made a singular discovery in Central Asia. In Turkestan, on the right bank of the Amou Daria, is a chain of rocky hills near the Bokharan town of Karki, and a number of large caves which, upon examination, were found to lead to an underground city, built apparently long before the Christian era. According to effigies, inscriptions and designs upon the gold and silver money unearthed from among the ruins, the existence of the town dates back to some two centuries before the birth of Christ. The underground Bokharan city is about two versts long, and is composed of an enormous labyrinth of corridors, streets and squares, surrounded by houses and other buildings two or three stories high. The edifices contain all kinds of domestic utensils, pots, urns, vases and so forth. In some of the streets falls of earth and rock have obstructed the passages, but, generally, the visitor can walk about freely without so much as lowering his head.

The high degree of civilization attained by the inhabitants of the city is shown by the fact that they built in several stories, by the symmetry of the streets and squares, and by the beauty of the baked clay and metal utensils, and of the ornaments and coins which have been found. It is supposed that long centuries ago this city, so carefully concealed in the bowels of the earth, provided an entire population with a refuge from the incursions of nomadic savages and robbers.

THE HOME.

Pickles That Will Make Your Mouth Water.

The general rules to be observed are: Avoid the use of metal vessels; when necessary to boil the vinegar use a porcelain-lined or agate preserving kettle. Use wooden forks and spoons. Be sure the pickles are always completely covered with vinegar, and if symptoms of mold appear, boil the vinegar again, adding more spices; if the vinegar is weak take fresh. Do not boil the vinegar with spices above five minutes. Vessels or cooking utensils should be very clean; anything greasy will spoil the pickles. Also have the jars covered, as exposure to the air will render the pickles soft.

Gherkins.

Choose young cucumbers and let them be freshly gathered. Pour over them a strong brine of salt and water boiling hot, cover them close and allow to stand until next day. Stir them gently to remove any sand; drain on a sieve. To every quart of vinegar use ½ oz each of whole black pepper, ginger and allspice, 1 oz mustard seed and 2 cloves of garlic. Allow the vinegar to become boiling hot, place the pickles in a jar and pour the boiling water over them. Cover the top of pickles with vine leaves, allow to stand for a day; if the pickles are not of a good green in color, heat the vinegar to almost boiling and pour it over them again, covering with fresh vine leaves. (As an additional reason for preparing them at home, it is well known that the fine green color of "store" pickles is due to the use of copper.) When the pickles are cold put in a sprig of dill and be sure to cover closely. They will be exceedingly crisp and of a fine green.

India Pickle.

The vegetables to be employed for this favorite pickle are small, hard knots of tender white cabbage, cauliflower in flakes, small cucumbers, green beans, small onions, white radishes half grown, radish pods, small green peppers, celery, horse-radish, nasturtiums and garlic. As all these vegetables do not come in season together, the best method of doing this is to prepare a large jar of pickle at such time of the year as most of the things may be obtained, and add others as they come in season. Thus the pickle will be nearly a year in making, and ought to stand another six months before using, when, if properly managed, it will be excellent, and will keep and continue to improve for years. One advantage of this plan is, that those who grow their own vegetables, may gather them from day to day when they are exactly of the proper growth. These are very much better if pickled quite fresh and all of a size, which can scarcely be obtained if they are all pickled at the same time. The radish pods, peppers, nasturtiums, onions and eschallots are placed in the spiced vinegar raw, the horse-radish is scraped a little and cut in slices half an inch thick. Cauliflower (broken in flakes), beans, cabbage, radishes and gherkins are placed in a strong hot brine, and allowed to remain two days, when they are drained, and over them is poured a small quantity of hot vinegar without spice. Cover closely and when cold drain, and put the vegetables in the general jar. Be very careful that every ingredient be perfectly clean and dry, and that the jar be very closely covered every time it has been opened for the addition of fresh vegetables. For the pickle, to every gallon of good, strong vinegar use 3 oz of bruised ginger, 1 oz cloves, ½ oz each of mace, whole black pepper, and cayenne, 2 oz each of garlic and eschallots, 3 oz salt, 2 oz turmeric and ¼ lb ground mustard. Rub the mustard and turmeric smooth with a little cold vinegar. Place all the spices in vinegar and place over the fire to heat, allow it to become as hot as possible, without boiling, then stir in a little mustard and turmeric. Allow it to become very cold, when put in the vegetables as directed. This process is very simple and the result is a fine pickle. It is not essential to have every variety of vegetable here mentioned, but all are admissible, and the greater variety the more it is approved.

Mangoes.

Although any melon may be used before it is quite ripe, there is a particular variety for this purpose. Cut the top partly off, leaving it hanging by a bit of rind to serve as a hinge. Place in strong brine for two days, first scooping out all the seeds. Chop separately some white cabbage, and for every quart of cabbage four onions and two cloves of garlic, with three green peppers. Sprinkle with salt, allow to remain for two days. Drain off very dry and mix with it some mustard seed. Drain the mangoes, and stuff with the chopped mixture. The lid is now sewed down or tied, by passing a white thread through the lid and around the mango. Prepare a pickle as for gherkins and pour boiling hot over the mangoes during four successive days; and on the last add a little scraped horse-radish to the vinegar just as it boils up. Always cover well while cooling. Place in small jars well covered with vinegar and seal. The large bell peppers are excellent substituted for mangoes.

Household Hints.

It is worth while to get rid of wooden pails and tubs that dry up, as well as the dishpans and basins of metal, and replace them with the light and cheap, as well as durable, paper pails, tubs and dishes. Do away with the heavy iron pots and kettles and buy some kind of patent ware that washes easily and is then as clean as a cup and saucer.

A dainty woman's table should always be supplied with a trio of brushes, namely, a stiff whisk, to keep walking skirts free of dust; one of hair for silk gowns and a soft fine one for lace, velvet and delicate materials of hats. A little oval work basket ought also to stand near at hand, containing a full supply of fresh shoe and corset laces, as well as every sort of button, including black and white ones, for gloves.

It should also contain a small reel, holding silks of every shade for glove mending, and threads silks ready to take that stitch in time. In the small closet she should have bottles of ammonia, alcohol, benzine, besides rolls of linen and flannel and a nail brush to remove stains, which

will get on the most carefully cared for garments.

The comfort of car travel demands a loose robe, of either silk or flannel, for the sleeper. Soft felt hats on a long journey are recommended in place of the stiff toque, or turban, which may be kept with in easy reach. Gloves and shoes should be comfortable, while lingerie is out of place. A black silk petticoat is really indispensable, or one of black mohair, trimmed with silk ruffles. Black hosiery is preferable at all times.

A pie-crust roller of glass, made hollow to receive the packed ice necessary in handling puff paste, is very cheap—so is the glass lemon squeezer, which is durable, if only handled carefully.

Instead of putting big dabs of butter upon the table, which always takes one's appetite away in hot weather, the little crimped butter balls, which we all admire so much, can be easily had by paying eight cents for a pair of butter ladles and keeping them in cold water for a few minutes before they are to be used.

SCENE OF THEIR LABOURS.

How the Martyred Missionaries Spent Their Lives—Efforts to Improve the Condition of Chinese Women and Children—Adopted the Native Mode of Living.

Rev. R. W. Stewart, who, with his wife and five children, was murdered at Ku-Cheng on July 31st, was the head of the Church Missionary Society's mission. Of the English ladies who were butchered Miss Elsie Marshall, Miss Annie Gordon, Miss Bessie Newcombe, and Miss Flora Stewart belonging to the Church of England Zenana Society. Ku-Cheng was the headquarters of Misses Nisbet, Weller, Gordon, Marshall, and Stewart. Miss Nisbet had charge of the founding institution, built at the expense of an Irish clergyman for the accommodation of baby girls deserted by their parents. Miss Weller had charge of the Girls' Boarding school, erected and supported chiefly through the exertions of Miss Bessie Newcombe. This place, according to recent advices, was occupied with nearly sixty girls, Miss Stewart had allotted to her the western section. Miss Gordon spent the greater part of the year at Dong-Gio, the chief centre of the Ping-Nang district. This district had

NO OTHER LADY WORKER, and usually the Sunday service at Dong-Gio was attended by eighty or ninety women. Miss Elsie Marshall's work lay also in the country, and she only returned occasionally to Ku-Cheng as headquarters. Her section, covering more than 300 square miles, lay north of Ku-Cheng. There were several centres in her district at which she was in the habit of stopping for a few weeks or two months at a time. Then she would collect the native women together and talk to them, and visit from house to house.

According to a recent report the other ladies were employed as follows:—The other fixed station in Ku-Cheng district is Sa-Yong, where Miss Codrington and Miss Tolley are located, the latter still learning the language, while at the same time doing many little bits of useful work. The chief feature in Miss Codrington's work is her station class; this is a new departure in our mission, and she is the first to try it. The idea is to gather a class of women from the neighboring villages, and keep them for three months at a time in her house, and assisted by a well-instructed Bible woman, to teach them, day by day, the fundamental truths of Christianity and the chief incidents of the Bible, and then send them back to their homes to be voluntary workers among their people. Besides this station class, Miss Codrington visits regularly the surrounding villages, within a radius of

SIX OR EIGHT MILES, sometimes travelling even further, and holding small classes in these places; thus Sa-Yong, from being so hopeless a station that we had actually withdrawn our catechist, has now a congregation of from fifty to one hundred, and the interest is steadily increasing.

"Ten miles further east, across the mountains, lies the large town of Sang-Yong, and here Miss Maude Newcombe and Miss Burroughs have been working for a year. Station classes have been held at Sa-Yong, a girls' school established, and villages visited, and visible and wonderful success has followed.

"In the far north-west Nang-Wa is the centre mission for your ladies. It is four days' journey over high mountains from Ku-Cheng. Miss Johnson, Miss Bessie Newcombe, Miss Roid, Miss Bryer, and Miss Fleming were at work there. These ladies are living as nearly like the native women as possible; no knives or forks are seen in the house. One knife was kept for an unhappy guest who cannot manage chop-sticks, and though the locality is far from healthy, and the C.M.S. missionaries have one after another felt the effects of malaria, the ladies have in a surprising degree maintained their strength."

Beneficial Exercise.

Clara—I have not seen Mr. Nicefello with you lately.

Maud—He is practising at the boat club.

I did not know he cared for rowing.

He doesn't, but he joined a crew to please me.

To please you?

Yes, I thought rowing would strengthen his arms.

The Old Man Won.

Playing the old game, I see, said the Disagreeable Father to the Charming Youth who was making love to his daughter.

Yes, sir, and hearts are trumps, glibly responded the C. Y.

I make it clubs, retorted the D. F., and closed the game.

CURRENT NOTES.

Serious trouble is expected in Macedonia where heavy fighting is already reported to have taken place between bands of insurgents and the Turkish troops.

The interest taken by Russia in the rising is shown by the recall to St. Petersburg of the principal Russian consuls in Macedonia, in order to receive explicit instructions as to their action from the foreign office.

FROM EGYPTIAN TOMBS.

Marvellous Workmanship in the Jewel Which Have Been Found. The treasures which have been unearthed by M. de Morgan in Dashur, are now on exhibition in the Gizeh Museum of Egypt.

THE QUEEN'S CROWN.

More intricate, but cruder, and, perhaps, less artistic, is the crown of Queen Khno mut. It is made of solid gold, the motives being miniature lyres, also inlaid with emerald, corundum and lapis lazuli.

It will take the French Egyptologists several months to decipher the small hieroglyphics on all these ornaments, heavy earrings and finger rings, which are generously inscribed. Some of them will perhaps only furnish names which will never be identified with the history of ancient Egypt.

CHAMPION CRICKETERS.

A PRINCE FROM FAR AWAY INDIA LEADS THE AMATEURS.

England's National Pastime is an Institution, Not a Game—Some Particulars of the Oxford and Cambridge Cricketers—A Sight at Lord's When a Great Match is On.

If any cricketer, ignorant of the history of the game, was asked why the ground of the Marylebone Cricket Club at London is called "Lord's" he would probably return a



PLAYING FORWARD.

similar reply to that of the player who was asked the origin of the word "Yorker," and say "I don't see what else you could call it," writes a London correspondent. An aristocratic flavor certainly pervades Lord's from one end to the other.

To see Lord's at its best, we do not say its best cricket, one should go there on the occasion of the Oxford and Cambridge, or



S. J. M. WOODS.—BOWLING.

Eton and Harrow matches. The author of "Tom Brown's School-days" said of cricket that it was something more than a game, it was an institution, and we can certainly be convinced of the truth of this statement when we notice the unbroken ring of spectators, ten or twelve deep, on the stands in carriages or in the ordinary seats; it is a sight which cannot be easily paralleled.

This has been a batsman's year—there can be no doubt about that. Never in the annals of the game have so many centuries been chronicled all-round. It was, therefore, to be expected that Dr. W. G. Grace's record of innings of 318, made as far back as 1876, would be approached; but few were prepared for the leviathan score of 424, made by young McLaren ten days ago for Lancashire against Somerset, coupled as it is with another record, the enormous total of 801 for the Lancashire innings. A. C. McLaren is in his twenty-fourth year and learned his cricket at Harrow school, where he captained the eleven and scored 75 against Eton on an almost unplayable wicket. He was immediately asked to play for his county and on his first appearance

compiled 108 runs in first-class style. He was in Australia last Winter with Stoddart's team, and there scored most consistently, coming out next to Mr. Stoddart in the averages. In putting together the large total mentioned above, he was at the wickets for nearly eight hours, hitting freely and yet playing correct cricket with a superb defence.

AN INDIAN PRINCE LEADS THE WAY.

The Indian Prince, Ranjitsinhji, now stands second in the list of the batting averages; at the present moment he is looked upon as the most brilliant batsman of the year, not even excepting the redoubtable "W. G." and the advance made by Sussex this season is not a little due to his dashing performance, combined with a magnificent defence. There was a delightful tale current at Cambridge a year or two ago of this young cricketer while he was studying at that university.



K. S. RANJITSINHJI.

insisted on having Ranjitsinhji as their ruler, and the Government of Bombay had actually to interfere on behalf of the rightful heir. "Smith" was not anxious by any means to leave England, and having qualified by residence for the County of Sussex, he is now thoroughly enjoying himself in the cricket fields of England, instead of captaining an eleven of "all Jammagar."

AN ANGLIO-AUSTRALIAN PLAYER.

In the earlier part of this season S. M. J. Woods received a great deal of attention by reason of his brilliant performances with the bat, and though he has not done so well lately, he has now completed his thousand runs for this year, a performance which has also been accomplished by W. G. Grace, A. E. Stoddart, Prince Ranjitsinhji, A. Ward, Lilley and Abel. Woods is now captain of Somersetshire team and is one of the best all-round players in the world.



A. C. MCLAREN.

all the wickets in the second innings. He made his reputation at Brighton College when a boy, by scoring over 200 runs against twenty-two professionals and masters. As a rugby-football player Woods is a remarkable fine forward, and he has received his international cap for the past five years, though he announces that he will give up this Winter pastime for some less dangerous form of exercise.

A CHAMPION OF CHAMPIONS.

No mention of this season's cricket would be complete without a reference to Dr. W. G. Grace. The "Grand Old Man of Cricket" still heads the batting list, with an average of 73, and wants but 155 to complete his 2,000 notches for the year. Were any proof wanting of his infinite variety of or of his remarkable vitality, it would be found in the fact that after over thirty years of continuous and unsparring

work he is still unmistakably the champion cricketer, as he was in 1885. The moral, indeed, of his exceptional success has been the example he has set to cricketers in all parts of the world of thorough earnestness of purpose. Even now, when the freshness of youth has long passed, he is, in his pursuit of the game, in his eagerness to make as well as to save runs, as young as the youngest of them.

SUMMER SMILES.

"Jones is always growlin' at the world." "Yes; made before he was born; an' he didn't have a chance at it."

Little fishes in the brook— That no cause to flout 'em; They'll be whales as like as not When he tells about 'em.

"What in the world shall I do with baby, John? She's crying for the moon." "That's nothing. Wait till she's 18, and then she'll want the earth."

"I see that John's speaking on the financial question." "Oh, yes." "What's the old man doin'?" "Furnishin' the finances."

Tramp—"Say, boss, could yer give a feller a dime fer square meal?" Kind gentleman—"Certainly, if the meal is a good one. Where is it?"

The mother—"How do you know that he has ceased to love you?" Marriageable daughter—"He buttons my gloves twice as quick as he used to."

Dorcas—"My dear, you remind me of the new patent folding bed you bought." Mrs. Dorcas—"How so, love?" Dorcas—"Because you are so hard to shut up."

"'Tis the same old picnic sorrow That comes as the seasons fly; The man with the whitest pantaloons Sits down in the pinkest pie."

He—"Do you think blondes have more admirers than brunettes?" She—"I don't know. Why not ask some of the girls who have had experience in both capacities?"

Feddler—"That little book on 'How to Preserve the Hair' is the key to the entire situation." Baldy—"I am very sorry; but I haven't a single lock that it would fit."

She—"Surely, my dear, you will consider the matter carefully before consenting to Clara's marriage to old Mr. Cashman." He—"Certainly. I shall have his books examined by an expert."

"If within the business world You make yourself a berth, Let printers' ink the fact unfurl That you are on the earth."

"You seem excited, dear, what has happened?" "Poor Jack Murray. I have just rejected him." "Oh, don't mind a little thing like that. Why, I reject him every six months."

There was a man in our town, And he was wondrous wise, He never bragged to his dear wife About his mother's pies.

First Tramp—"What would you do if you had a hundred thousand dollars?" Second Tramp—"In that case I think I'd feel it absolutely necessary to go to work to make it a million."

You may spend a week by lake or coast, But you'll find, when you have had your fun, That the time you need vacation most Is when you've just returned from one.

"A mortal can never tell where he's going to be next in this life," said the moralist. "No," replied the man with a bandage over his eye, "especially if he's learning to ride a bicycle."

The "bicycle face" is all right, If further comment is permissible; It's ruddy, and healthy, and bright, And sometimes pretty and kissable.

"What is the greatest difficulty you encounter in a journey to the arctic regions?" asked the inquisitive man. "Getting back home," was the prompt reply of the professional explorer.

Working Bee—"A fellow came around here hunting for our nest to-day." Queen Bee—"What did you do?" Working Bee—"Those of us who happened to be around at the time gave him a few points."

"I think," said the unsophisticated man "that Groggins must be quite a power in city politics; I was passing his place yesterday, and I noticed in big letters the word 'pull' on his door."

"She has learned all she knows," said the mother of the musical infant prodigy, "in four lessons." "Yes," replied the eminent musician; "but think of the hundreds of lessons it will take her to forget."

Little Elsie (looking at the giraffe at the Zoo)—"Oh, mamma! They have made that poor thing stand in the sun, haven't they?" Mamma—"Why do you say that, my dear?" Little Elsie—"Look at all its freckles."

Mrs. White—"I told Mrs. Green about my troubles, last evening. You do not think she will tell them to anybody else, do you?" Mrs. Gray—"I don't know. She makes no secret of her age, you know, and a woman who will tell her age will tell anything."

Magistrate—"Prisoner, what do you do for a living?" Bunko Man—"Your honor will pardon me if I seem to take undue liberties, but your honor's grammar is much at fault. 'What' can never be a synonym for 'whom.'"

He drew the sword, but not, alas! His country's foes to battle, He drew the sword because he held A ticket at a raffle.

Miss Mildmay—"I am sure that there is good in Mr. Spooner. He certainly is very tender-hearted." Miss Frost—"Yes, he has a heart that has been tendered to about every unmarried woman in town, if that is what you mean."

Lieutenant (in Miss Emily's private sitting-room)—"Emily, I cannot find expression for the feelings which agitate my breast—I love you! (dropping on his knees.) Behold me lying here in the dust before you!" Emily—"I beg your pardon, lieutenant; that is an insult. I dusted everything myself only a minute ago."

FOUNDLINGS IN RUSSIA.

MOSCOW HAS THE BIGGEST BABY FARM IN THE WORLD.

A Vast Foundling Asylum Run by the Government Out of the Profits on Playing Cards—Costs Half a Million Dollars a Year With an Accommodation for 14,000 Infants.

Foundlings are treated better in Russia than in any other country in the world. In Moscow is the biggest "baby farm" to be found anywhere, supported at an actual cost of half a million dollars a year, with an accommodation for 14,000 infants, annually kept up, oddly and curiously enough, by a tax on playing cards.

Playing-cards in Russia are one of the Government's particular little perquisites. Among men and women of every class games played with the conventional pack of fifty-two are greatly in favor, and added to this are many gambling institutions and social clubs wherein the stakes run high, all tending to increase the demand. Importing playing cards is strictly prohibited, and the Government makes every pack used.

The big asylum consists of several large four-story structures, built in the form of a hollow square about a very beautiful strip of garden, and stands almost within a stone's throw of that great church known throughout the world as the Kremlin. It is a curious picture as one walks through this garden on a visit to the institution. Each baby in the asylum has its own wet-nurse, and every pleasant day these nurses promenade along the gravel walks, with their charges, in double line. At the approach of strangers and the matron

THE GIRLS BOY,

down from the waist, and not with a nod of the head, as in the Western custom. They wear picturesque red and blue caps. Iron cribs numbering 1,300 stand out in this garden in summer time, in order that the babies may have a long airing and sleep as much in the sunshine and in the wind as possible. These cribs stand on iron legs, and are about three feet long, two feet deep and two feet wide. The greatest care is taken to keep all of these infants in the best of health, and one looks in vain in their attire for anything resembling safety pins or bandages.

They are literally swathed in soft linen of a surpassing whiteness, and when bedtime comes are put to sleep in their little cribs at the foot of their nurses' couches. Never under any circumstances are they allowed to sleep with their nurses. Babydom in Russia is a very interesting subject. The statistics relating to it show that 25 per cent. of all the babies born in the empire die before they are a year old. Forty-two per cent. die before they are five years old, and yet the population of Russia is increasing at the rate of more than 2,000,000 a year.

A nurse, who recently visited the institution and was conducted through it, had this story to tell of the reception of babies and the immediate treatment of them:

"As I stood in the room, I took out my watch and timed the taking in of half a dozen babies. These were brought in within twenty minutes, and I did not take more than three minutes at the outside to register, wash and take care of each of them. Their mothers, I suppose, brought the babies in. One was a pretty Russian girl, who came in her bare feet, with a bundle in her arms. She took this to a table and handed a slip of paper, on which was written the name of the baby, to the bookkeeper. She was asked the date of its birth, and it was then given a check with a number on it, and her baby was handed over to a girl with a

TAPE MEASURE.

The girl unwrapped the little one in a jiffy and laid it squalling on the scales. She then gave its weight to the bookkeeper, and taking the tape measure from her shoulders ran it around the head of the baby, noted the size of it, and measured its length from crown to sole.

"These figures were put down and the infant was carried off, naked as it was, into the next room and handed over to the washer. First, however, its check of white bone, bearing its number, was tied about its neck, and from this time it lost its name and became a number.

"In the next room an old lady is washing a baby that was brought in five minutes earlier. She speaks to the girl who brings the new baby in, and the baby is dropped gently on a padded table and left a second while number one is dressed.

"It continues to squall and kick as it lies there for five seconds on its back, but stops suddenly as the old lady picks it up. It starts again as she lays it in the copper bath-tub lined with flannel. This has warm water in it, and into it more warm water is flowing.

"With soap the old lady quickly washes the baby, and in ten seconds by my watch she has cleaned every part of its body. She now raises it in her hands and lays it on a dry, padded table. She dries its red limbs with a soft towel and puts a long, little shirt on its body. The old lady wraps around it swaddling clothes, and the infant is complete. It is carried to its little iron crib, and its life as a Russian foundling has begun.

"Eight days later it will be baptized by the priest in a great silver urn, which stands on the floor of the next room, and for the next four weeks it is sure of as good attention and as good food as any baby can have."

Two Points of View.

Mrs. Hardhead (glancing over letters)—This young man who applies for a situation has the stamp on crooked, and it's upside down. Doesn't that indicate he is lazy, careless, and perhaps cranky?

Mr. Hardhead (an old business man)—No, my dear; it indicates that he is a hustler who wastes no time on trifles.

Blew It In.

Woggles had a lot of money at one time. What became of it? He blew it in. How? Invested it in a pneumatic railway scheme.

The Great Clearing Sale !

Still going on at J. D. MILLER'S.

Still more goods that must be sold. We will therefore continue our Great Sale for 30 days longer and guarantee greater bargains than ever, especially in Remnants.

Note the following prices.

Come with the crowd and secure Great Bargains.

Lace Curtains

Still 50 pair of our special \$1.25 curtains, at 75c

1000 yds Frilling at 1c a frill

50 doz. Handkerchiefs at 1c each

16 doz Ladies' Gloves, regular 35c now 10c pair

1000 yds silk ribbon " 5 & 8c now 2c yd

500 " " " 25 & 30c, now 10c

Flannelette

5 pieces pink flannelette " 12 1/2c, now 8c yd

5 " heavy Empress flannelette, regular 15c now 10c yd

5 " flannelette " 5c

100 pair grey blankets, special at 95c pair

25 white bed spreads, regular price \$1.50, at 98c each

10 " " " \$2.00, at \$1.48 each

Another drop in Hosiery

10 doz children's hose, regular price 10 & 15, now 4c pair

25 doz ladies' " " 15 & 20, now 7c

25 pieces table oil cloths at 20c yd for 10 days only.

100 yds table linen 15c

10 doz Ladies' Vests, special line, regular 25c, now 19c

10 " " " 40c, " 25

10 doz men's all wool socks, cheap at 25c 10c pair

5 doz " flannelett shirts 30 19c

2 doz men's colored front shirts, regular price \$1.00, now 50c

3 doz children's shoes, No. 4 50c, now 25c

Special sale in crockery for 10 days only.

100 Scolley bowls, regular price, 15c now 10c

100 plain " " 20 14

24 doz dinner plates " \$1.00 59c

6 doz 1/2 gal pitchers " 50 29

Our Motto: We always lead, we never follow.

J. D. MILLER

Shiloh's Cure, the great Cough and Croup Cure is in great demand. Pocket size contains twenty-five, only 25c. Children love it. Sold at Peoples' Drug Store, Mildmay, by J. A. Wilson.

Mrs. T. S. Hawkins, Chattanooga, Tenn. says, "Shiloh's Vitalizer Saved My Life. I consider it the best remedy for a debilitated system I ever used." For Dyspepsia, Liver or Kidney trouble it excels. Price 75 cts. For sale at the People's Drug Store, Mildmay, by J. A. Wilson.

Captain Sweeney, San Diego, Cal says: Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy is the first medicine I have ever found that would do me any good. Price 50c. Sold at Peoples' drug store, Mildmay, by J. A. Wilson.

RELIEF IN SIX HOURS.—Distressing Kidney and Bladder diseases relieved in six hours by the Great South American Kidney Cure. You cannot afford to pass this magic relief and cure. Sold at Mildmay Drug Store.

Karl's Clover Root, the great Blood purifier gives freshness and clearness to the complexion and cures Constipation, 25 cts, 50 cts, \$1.00. For sale at the People's Drug store, Mildmay, by J. A. Wilson.

HEART DISEASE RELIEVED IN 30 MINUTES.—Dr. Agnew's cure for the heart gives perfect relief in all cases of Organic or sympathetic heart disease in 30 minutes, and speedily effects a cure. It is a peerless remedy for palpitation, shortness of breath, smothering spells, Pain in left side and all symptoms of a diseased heart. One dose convinces. Sold at Mildmay Drug Store.

PISO'S CURE FOR
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.
CONSUMPTION

TAKE THE BEST
CURE THAT
COUGH WITH
SHILOH'S
CURE

25 cts.
50 cts. and
\$1.00 Bottle.
One cent a dose.

It is sold on a guarantee by all druggists. It cures Incontinent Consumption and is the best Cough and Croup Cure.

For sale at the People's Drug Store

Mildmay

Giving Up Business !

The undersigned has determined to give up business and from this date will sell his goods at cost or under in order to clear off the stock. This will be a **GENUINE SALE** and every one will be used alike while stock lasts.

I will keep a full stock of Staples while running off other stock and will sell at cost.

Come and see for yourselves. You will find something different from our usual Selling Out Sales.

Terms: Cash. Produce taken at cash price.

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Big Profits ON Small Investments

Returning prosperity will make many rich, but nowhere can they make so much within a short time as by successful Speculation in Grain, Provisions and Stock.

\$10.00 FOR EACH DOLLAR INVESTED can be made by our Systematic Plan of Speculation.

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It is a well known fact that there are thousands of men in all parts of the United States, who by a systematic trading through Chicago brokers, make large amounts every year, ranging from a few thousand dollars for the man who invests a hundred or two hundred dollars up to \$50,000 to \$100,000 or more by those who invest a few thousand.

It is also a fact that those who make the largest profits from comparatively small investments on this plan are persons who live away from Chicago and invest through brokers who thoroughly understand systematic trading.

Our plan does not risk the whole amount invested on any trade, but covers both sides, so that whether the market rises or falls it brings a steady profit that piles up enormously in a short time.

WRITE FOR CONVINCING PROOFS, also our Manual on successful speculation and our Daily Market Report, full of money making pointers. ALL FREE. Our Manual explains margin trading fully. Highest references in regard to our standing and success.

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Flour ! Flour !

THE ETNA ROLLER MILLS,

Mildmay, which was destroyed last January, is rebuilt and fitted up with the Latest Improved machinery, and with the use of the best Manitoba wheat, the undersigned is now in a position to turn out a high grade family flour.

Special attention given to exchanging of grists and chopping. Hoping to receive a share of the patronage of the surrounding country.

FRED. GLEBE.